







*Presented to the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY

*by the*  
ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE  
LIBRARY

1980

*Fine Binding*

THE GARDNER COMPANY LIMITED









22946  
71141  
BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



# MAGAZINE.

7662  
VOL. XXXII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1832.



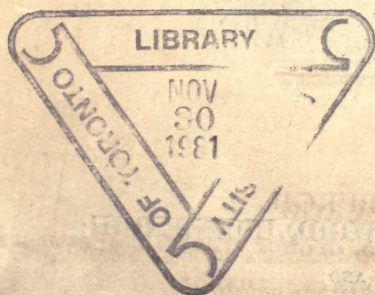
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1832.

AP  
4  
B6  
V.32





*Marble  
edges*

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVI.

JULY, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                          |            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| THE PANDOUR AND HIS PRINCESS. A HUNGARIAN SKETCH,                        | 1          |
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAPTER XL THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER,                 | 22         |
| TO MY BIRDIE,                                                            | 32         |
| HOMER'S HYMNS,                                                           |            |
| No. VI.—HELIUS, OR THE SUN,                                              | 33         |
| No. VII.—MINERVA,                                                        | <i>ib.</i> |
| No. VIII.—DIANA,                                                         | 34         |
| MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES,                                      | 35         |
| THE FALL OF THE CONSTITUTION,                                            | 55         |
| THE SCENE OF THE LAST SIX BOOKS OF THE ÆNEID,                            | 76         |
| PLAN FOR THE GRADUAL ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY,                         | 87         |
| GRIFFIN'S REMAINS,                                                       | 91         |
| CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES. FLIGHT SECOND,                                 | 121        |
| DUTIES OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY,                                        | 139        |
| A NEW SONG, FOR A CONSERVATIVE DINNER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF<br>WATERLOO, | 144        |

---

## EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

---

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

BLACK WOOD

400 XXXI

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVII.

AUGUST, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                 |            |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------|
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAPTER XII. CUBA FISHERMEN, | 145        |
| HESIOD,                                         | 165        |
| CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES. FLIGHT THIRD,         | 177        |
| ELIEZER THE SAGE, AND ELIEZER THE SIMPLE,       | 193        |
| DEVOTIONAL MELODIES. BY DELTA.                  |            |
| No. I.—RETURN—ONCE MORE RETURN,                 | 215        |
| No. II.—OH! WHO IS LIKE THE MIGHTY ONE,         | <i>ib.</i> |
| No. III.—HOW PLEASANT IS THE OPENING YEAR,      | 216        |
| CHATEAUBRIAND. NO. II. GENIE DE CHRISTIANISME,  | 217        |
| SONGS FOR MUSIC. BY MRS HEMANS.                 |            |
| No. I.—OH, SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING,              | 234        |
| No. II.—LET HER DEPART,                         | <i>ib.</i> |
| No. III.—WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE,         | 235        |
| No. IV.—SUMMER SONG,                            | <i>ib.</i> |
| No. V.—ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG,              | 236        |
| No. VI.—THE STREAM SET FREE,                    | 237        |
| UPPER CANADA. BY A BACKWOODSMAN,                | 238        |
| TO THE FUTURE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN,        | 263        |

## EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.





# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                                |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN,                                   |     |
| CHAP. XIII.—THE THUNDER-STRUCK—THE BOXER,                                      | 279 |
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XIII. VOMITO PRIETO,                                  | 300 |
| THE SECRET LOVER. FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAUMI,                                   | 312 |
| FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL,                                       |     |
| CHAP. III.—HOW JOHN'S OTHER MATTERS WERE MANAGED,                              | 313 |
| CHAP. IV.—HOW MADAM REFORM GOT INTO JOHN'S HOUSE,                              | 321 |
| THE SPANISH REVOLUTION,                                                        | 328 |
| PROSPECTS OF BRITAIN UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION,                               | 343 |
| LIVES OF BALBOA AND PIZARRO,                                                   | 359 |
| THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE FINANCES OF THE COUNTRY—CLOSE<br>OF THE SESSION, | 375 |
| NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. No. LXII.                                                   | 381 |

## EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.





# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIX.

OCTOBER, 1832.  
PART I.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| THE PURSUITS OF POLITICS. A POEM. BY TIMOTHY TICKLER, Esq.,<br>F. R. D. S. E.       |     |
| ALPHA, . . . . .                                                                    | 413 |
| TO A ROSE. THE THOUGHT FROM THE ITALIAN, . . . . .                                  | 430 |
| THE REPUBLICAN EXILES, . . . . .                                                    | 431 |
| LINES ON STAFFA, . . . . .                                                          | 452 |
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XIV. SCENES IN JAMAICA, . . . . .                          | 456 |
| THE ENGLISH MARTYRS. A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY. BY<br>MRS HEMANS, . . . . . | 480 |
| DEVEREUX HALL, . . . . .                                                            | 485 |
| HESIOD. NO. II. . . . .                                                             | 506 |
| SISMONDI AND ITALIAN LIBERTY, . . . . .                                             | 518 |
| ANTONIO DI CARARA. A PADUAN TALE, . . . . .                                         | 525 |

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

*Also Just Published,*  
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
No. CC.  
FOR OCTOBER.—PART II.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CC.

OCTOBER, 1832.  
PART II.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                        |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| THE CÆSARS. PART I,                                                    | 541 |
| THE FIRST CÆSAR,                                                       | 559 |
| POLAND,                                                                | 612 |
| FOREIGN AFFAIRS,                                                       | 614 |
| THE YELLOW LEAF. BY DELTA,                                             | 638 |
| A NEW BALLAD OF THE NEW TIMES, ENTITLED "LORD JOHN AND THE<br>PEDLAR," | 640 |
| OUR BOROUGH. BY THE DEAN OF GUILD.                                     |     |
| CHAP. I.                                                               | 642 |
| CHAP. II.                                                              | 647 |
| CHAP. III.                                                             | 649 |
| THE CYCLOP OF EURIPIDES. IN FIVE ACTS,                                 | 652 |
| THE THREE ROOKS. SCENE FROM THE "BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES                |     |
| THE YOUNGER,                                                           | 669 |
| REVOLUTIONARY INROADS—THE BANK—THE CORN LAWS,                          | 671 |
| LYRICS OF THE EAST. BY MRS GODWIN,                                     | 680 |
| LIGHT AND DARKNESS,                                                    | 681 |
| STANZAS. BY A LADY,                                                    | 683 |
| ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL,                                                 | 684 |
| NOTES AMBROSIANÆ. NO. LXIII,                                           | 693 |

## EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;  
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCI.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                               |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| TRADITIONS OF THE RABBINS, . . . . .                                          | 727 |
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XV. THE CRUISE OF THE FIREBRAND, . . . . .           | 751 |
| THE SUPPER OF CALLIAS, . . . . .                                              | 766 |
| GILPIN ON LANDSCAPE-GARDENING, . . . . .                                      | 773 |
| JAMES'S HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE, . . . . .                                     | 786 |
| THE CHOLERA MOUNT. BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ. . . . .                          | 802 |
| LAMENT OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. BY LADY EMMELINE STUART<br>WORTLEY, . . . . . | 804 |
| HESIOD. NO. III. THE SHIELD OF HERCULES, . . . . .                            | 807 |
| THE WORKING OF THE BILL, . . . . .                                            | 824 |
| THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE WHIG GOVERNMENT, . . . . .                     | 840 |
| NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. NO. LXIV., . . . . .                                       | 845 |

## EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



# Journal of the American Medical Association

Published Weekly, except on Sundays, Holidays, and Days when the Session of Congress is in Progress

| Date |     | Volume |     | Page |     |
|------|-----|--------|-----|------|-----|
| 1917 | 1   | 1      | 1   | 1    | 1   |
| 1917 | 2   | 1      | 2   | 2    | 2   |
| 1917 | 3   | 1      | 3   | 3    | 3   |
| 1917 | 4   | 1      | 4   | 4    | 4   |
| 1917 | 5   | 1      | 5   | 5    | 5   |
| 1917 | 6   | 1      | 6   | 6    | 6   |
| 1917 | 7   | 1      | 7   | 7    | 7   |
| 1917 | 8   | 1      | 8   | 8    | 8   |
| 1917 | 9   | 1      | 9   | 9    | 9   |
| 1917 | 10  | 1      | 10  | 10   | 10  |
| 1917 | 11  | 1      | 11  | 11   | 11  |
| 1917 | 12  | 1      | 12  | 12   | 12  |
| 1917 | 13  | 1      | 13  | 13   | 13  |
| 1917 | 14  | 1      | 14  | 14   | 14  |
| 1917 | 15  | 1      | 15  | 15   | 15  |
| 1917 | 16  | 1      | 16  | 16   | 16  |
| 1917 | 17  | 1      | 17  | 17   | 17  |
| 1917 | 18  | 1      | 18  | 18   | 18  |
| 1917 | 19  | 1      | 19  | 19   | 19  |
| 1917 | 20  | 1      | 20  | 20   | 20  |
| 1917 | 21  | 1      | 21  | 21   | 21  |
| 1917 | 22  | 1      | 22  | 22   | 22  |
| 1917 | 23  | 1      | 23  | 23   | 23  |
| 1917 | 24  | 1      | 24  | 24   | 24  |
| 1917 | 25  | 1      | 25  | 25   | 25  |
| 1917 | 26  | 1      | 26  | 26   | 26  |
| 1917 | 27  | 1      | 27  | 27   | 27  |
| 1917 | 28  | 1      | 28  | 28   | 28  |
| 1917 | 29  | 1      | 29  | 29   | 29  |
| 1917 | 30  | 1      | 30  | 30   | 30  |
| 1917 | 31  | 1      | 31  | 31   | 31  |
| 1917 | 32  | 1      | 32  | 32   | 32  |
| 1917 | 33  | 1      | 33  | 33   | 33  |
| 1917 | 34  | 1      | 34  | 34   | 34  |
| 1917 | 35  | 1      | 35  | 35   | 35  |
| 1917 | 36  | 1      | 36  | 36   | 36  |
| 1917 | 37  | 1      | 37  | 37   | 37  |
| 1917 | 38  | 1      | 38  | 38   | 38  |
| 1917 | 39  | 1      | 39  | 39   | 39  |
| 1917 | 40  | 1      | 40  | 40   | 40  |
| 1917 | 41  | 1      | 41  | 41   | 41  |
| 1917 | 42  | 1      | 42  | 42   | 42  |
| 1917 | 43  | 1      | 43  | 43   | 43  |
| 1917 | 44  | 1      | 44  | 44   | 44  |
| 1917 | 45  | 1      | 45  | 45   | 45  |
| 1917 | 46  | 1      | 46  | 46   | 46  |
| 1917 | 47  | 1      | 47  | 47   | 47  |
| 1917 | 48  | 1      | 48  | 48   | 48  |
| 1917 | 49  | 1      | 49  | 49   | 49  |
| 1917 | 50  | 1      | 50  | 50   | 50  |
| 1917 | 51  | 1      | 51  | 51   | 51  |
| 1917 | 52  | 1      | 52  | 52   | 52  |
| 1917 | 53  | 1      | 53  | 53   | 53  |
| 1917 | 54  | 1      | 54  | 54   | 54  |
| 1917 | 55  | 1      | 55  | 55   | 55  |
| 1917 | 56  | 1      | 56  | 56   | 56  |
| 1917 | 57  | 1      | 57  | 57   | 57  |
| 1917 | 58  | 1      | 58  | 58   | 58  |
| 1917 | 59  | 1      | 59  | 59   | 59  |
| 1917 | 60  | 1      | 60  | 60   | 60  |
| 1917 | 61  | 1      | 61  | 61   | 61  |
| 1917 | 62  | 1      | 62  | 62   | 62  |
| 1917 | 63  | 1      | 63  | 63   | 63  |
| 1917 | 64  | 1      | 64  | 64   | 64  |
| 1917 | 65  | 1      | 65  | 65   | 65  |
| 1917 | 66  | 1      | 66  | 66   | 66  |
| 1917 | 67  | 1      | 67  | 67   | 67  |
| 1917 | 68  | 1      | 68  | 68   | 68  |
| 1917 | 69  | 1      | 69  | 69   | 69  |
| 1917 | 70  | 1      | 70  | 70   | 70  |
| 1917 | 71  | 1      | 71  | 71   | 71  |
| 1917 | 72  | 1      | 72  | 72   | 72  |
| 1917 | 73  | 1      | 73  | 73   | 73  |
| 1917 | 74  | 1      | 74  | 74   | 74  |
| 1917 | 75  | 1      | 75  | 75   | 75  |
| 1917 | 76  | 1      | 76  | 76   | 76  |
| 1917 | 77  | 1      | 77  | 77   | 77  |
| 1917 | 78  | 1      | 78  | 78   | 78  |
| 1917 | 79  | 1      | 79  | 79   | 79  |
| 1917 | 80  | 1      | 80  | 80   | 80  |
| 1917 | 81  | 1      | 81  | 81   | 81  |
| 1917 | 82  | 1      | 82  | 82   | 82  |
| 1917 | 83  | 1      | 83  | 83   | 83  |
| 1917 | 84  | 1      | 84  | 84   | 84  |
| 1917 | 85  | 1      | 85  | 85   | 85  |
| 1917 | 86  | 1      | 86  | 86   | 86  |
| 1917 | 87  | 1      | 87  | 87   | 87  |
| 1917 | 88  | 1      | 88  | 88   | 88  |
| 1917 | 89  | 1      | 89  | 89   | 89  |
| 1917 | 90  | 1      | 90  | 90   | 90  |
| 1917 | 91  | 1      | 91  | 91   | 91  |
| 1917 | 92  | 1      | 92  | 92   | 92  |
| 1917 | 93  | 1      | 93  | 93   | 93  |
| 1917 | 94  | 1      | 94  | 94   | 94  |
| 1917 | 95  | 1      | 95  | 95   | 95  |
| 1917 | 96  | 1      | 96  | 96   | 96  |
| 1917 | 97  | 1      | 97  | 97   | 97  |
| 1917 | 98  | 1      | 98  | 98   | 98  |
| 1917 | 99  | 1      | 99  | 99   | 99  |
| 1917 | 100 | 1      | 100 | 100  | 100 |

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCII.

DECEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## Contents.

|                                                                                        |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| THE LADY OF THE GREENWOOD TREE. A LEGEND OF TRANSYLVANIA,                              | 875  |
| PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN. CHAP. XIV. THE<br>MAGDALEN, . . . . .     | 878  |
| TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XVI. THE PIRATE'S LEMAN, .                                    | 912  |
| THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830, . . . . .                                               | 931  |
| THE CÆSARS. CHAP. II. AUGUSTUS, . . . . .                                              | 949  |
| BRISTOL. THE TRIAL OF THE MAGISTRATES, AND REACTION AMONG THE<br>OPERATIVES, . . . . . | 956  |
| THE FAREWELL TO EARTH. BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY,                                | 968  |
| NOT NOW! BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY, . .                                          | 969  |
| THE TWO MONUMENTS. BY MRS HEMANS, . . . .                                              | ib.  |
| THE EARLY DEAD. BY THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA NORTON, .                                    | 971  |
| THE NATOLIAN STORY-TELLER, . . . . .                                                   | ib.  |
| THE BURIAL OF THE MIGHTY. BY MRS HEMANS, . .                                           | 993  |
| PARTITION OF THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS, . .                                       | 996  |
| THE AGE OF WONDERS; OR, THE NEW WHIG WAR, . .                                          | 1010 |

## EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, 45, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH ;  
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

# EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

OF THE  
LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC

OF THE  
LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC

OF THE  
LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC

OF THE  
LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC

OF THE  
LITERARY AND  
SCIENTIFIC



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVI.

JULY, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

THE PANDOUR AND HIS PRINCESS.

A HUNGARIAN SKETCH.

"WHAT is the day's news? Tell me something, my dear Colonel, for I am dying of *ennui*," said the showy Prince Charles of Buntzlau, one of the handsomest men about the court, and incomparably the greatest coxcomb.

"Not much more than yesterday," was the answer of Colonel the Baron von Herbert. "The world goes on pretty much the same as ever. We have an Emperor, five Electors, and fifty sovereign princes, in Presburg; men eat, drink, and sleep notwithstanding; and, until there is some change in these points, one day will not differ much from another to the end of the world."

"My dear Colonel," said the Prince, smoothing down the blackest and longest pair of mustaches in the imperial cuirassiers, "you seem to think little of *us*, the blood, the *couronnés*, the salt of the earth, who preserve Germany from being as vulgar as Holland. But I forget; you have a partiality for the *gens du peuple*."

"Pardon me, Prince," said Herbert with a smile, "I pity them infinitely, and wish that they might exchange with the Landgraves and Margraves, with all my heart. I have

no doubt that the change would often be advantageous to both, for I have seen many a prince of the empire who would make a capital ploughman, while he made but a very clumsy prince; and I have, at this moment, three prodigiously high personages commanding three troops in my regiment, whom nature palpably intended to clean their own horses' heels, and who, I charitably believe, might, by dint of drilling and half-a-dozen years' practice, make three decent dragoons."

"Just as you please, Colonel," said the Prince, "but beware of letting your private opinion go forth. Leopold is one of the new light, I allow, and loves a philosopher; but he is an Emperor still, and expects all his philosophers to be of his own opinion.—But here comes Collini."

Collini was his Italian valet, who came to inform his Highness, that it was time for him to pay his respects to the Princess of Marosin. This Italian's principal office was, to serve his master in place of a memory—to recognise his acquaintance for him as he drove through the streets—and to tell him when to see and when to be blind. The Prince looked at his diamond watch, started from

the sofa, gave himself a congratulatory glance in a mirror, and, turning to Collini, asked, "When am I to be married to the Princess?"

"Poh, Prince," interrupted the Colonel, with something of disdain, "this is too absurd. Send this grinning fellow about his business, and make love on your own account, if you will; or if not, choose some woman, whose beauty and virtue, or whose want of them both, will not be dishonoured by such trifling."

"You then actually think her worth the attentions of a Prince of the Empire?" said the handsome coxcomb, as, with one finger curling his mustaches, he again, and more deliberately, surveyed himself in the mirror.

"I think the Princess of Marosin worthy of the attentions of any King on earth," said the Baron emphatically; "she is worthy of a throne, if beauty, intelligence, and dignity of mind, can make her worthy of one."

The Prince stared. "My dear Colonel!" he exclaimed, "may I half presume you have been speculating on the lady yourself? But I can assure you it is in vain. The Princess is a woman; and allowing, as I do," and this he said with a Parisian bow, that bow which is the very language of superiority, "the infinite pre-eminence of the Baron von Herbert in every thing, the circumstance of her being a woman, and my being a Prince, is prodigiously in my favour."

The Baron had involuntarily laid his hand upon his sword at the commencement of this speech, but the conclusion disarmed him. He had no right to quarrel with any man for his own good opinion, and he amused himself by contemplating the Prince, who continued arranging his mustaches. The sound of a trumpet put an end to the conference.

"Well, Prince, the trumpet sounds for parade," said the Baron, "and I have not time to discuss so extensive a subject as your perfections. But take my parting information with you. I am not in love with the lady, nor the lady with me; her one-and-twenty, and my one-and-fifty, are sufficient reasons on both sides. You are not in love with the lady neither, and—I beg of you to hear the news like a hero—the lady is *not* in love

with you. For the plain reason, that so showy a figure cannot possibly be in love with any thing but itself; and the Princess is, I will venture to say, too proud to share a heart with a bottle of lavender water, a looking-glass, and a poodle."

The Prince raised his eyebrows, but Von Herbert proceeded. "Buntzlau will be without a female sovereign, and its very accomplished Prince will remain, to the last, the best dressed *bachelor* in Vienna. *Au revoir*. I see my Pandours on parade."

Von Herbert and the Prince parted with mutual smiles. But the Prince's were of the sardonic order; and after another contemplation of his features, which seemed, unaccountably, to be determined to disappoint him for the day, he rang for Collini, examined a new packet of uniforms, bijouterie, and otto of roses, from Paris, and was closeted with him for two profound hours.

\* \* \* \* \*

A forest untouched since the flood overhung the road, and a half-ruined huge dwelling.

"Have the patrol passed?"

"Within the last five minutes."

"I wish them at the bottom of the river; they cost me a Turkish carbine, a brace of diamond watches, as I'll be sworn, from the showy fellow that I levelled at, with the valise behind his courier, scented enough to perfume a forest of brown bears."

"Hang those Hulaus," was the answer. "Ever since the Emperor's arrival, they have done nothing but gallop about, putting honest men than themselves in fear of their lives, and cutting up our employment so woefully, that it is impossible to make money enough on the road to give a decent education to one's children. But here comes the captain. We shall now have some news. Speranski never makes his appearance, unless something is in the wind."

This dialogue passed between two Transylvanian pedlars, if a judgment were to be formed from their blue caps, brown cloaks, and the packs strapped to their shoulders. A narrower inspection might have discovered within those cloaks the little heads of a pair of shortscimitars; their trowsers would have displayed to the



curious the profile of two horse pistols, and their boots developed a pair of those large-bladed knives, which the Hungarian robber uses, alike to slice away the trunks of the britchska, to cut the harness of the horse, the throat of the rider, and carve his own sheep's-milk cheese.

The captain came in, a tall, bold figure, in the dress of an innkeeper. He flung a purse upon the table, and ordered supper. The pedlars disburdened themselves of their boxes, kindled a fire on a hearth, which seemed guiltless of having administered to the wants of mankind for many a wild year; produced from an unsuspected storehouse under the floor some dried venison, and the paws of a bear, preserved in the most luxurious style of Hungarian cookery; decorated their table even with some pieces of plate, which, though evidently of different fashions, gave proof of their having been under noble roofs, by their armorial bearings and workmanship, though the rest of their history did not lie altogether so much in high life; and in a few minutes the captain, throwing off his innkeeper hat and drab-coloured coat, half sat, half lay down to a supper worthy of an Emperor, or of a man who generally sups much better, an imperial commissary.

The whole party were forest robbers; the thing must be confessed. But the spirit of the country prevailed even under the rotting roof of "the Ghost's house,"—the ominous name which this old and ruinous, though still stately mansion, had earned among the peasantry. The name did not exactly express the fact; for, when tenanted at all, it was tenanted by any thing rather than ghosts; by some dozens of rough, raw-boned, bold, and hard-living fellows—as solid specimens of flesh and blood as had ever sent a shot right in front of the four horses of a courier's cabriolet, or had brought to a full stop, scimitar in hand, the heyducs and chasseurs, the shivering valets and frightened postilions of a court chamberlain, whirling along the Vienna road with six to his britchska.

Etiquette was preserved at this supper. The inferior plunderers waited on the superior. Captain Speranski ate his meal alone, and in

solemn silence. The pedlars watched his nod; filled out the successive goblets at a glance, and, having performed their office, watched, at a respectful distance, the will of the man of authority. A silver chime announced the hour of ten. One of the pedlars drew aside a fragment of a ragged shawl, which covered one of the most superb *pendules* of the Palais Royal.

If the Apollo who sat harping in gold upon its stytolate, could have given words to his melodies, he might have told a curious narrative; for he had already seen a good deal of the various world of adventure. Since his first transit from the magnificent Horlogerie of M. Sismonde, of all earthly watchmakers the most renowned, this Apollo had first sung to the world and his sister Muses in the chamber of the unlucky Prince de Soubise. The fates of France had next transferred him, with the Prince's camp plate, dispatches, secret orders, and military chest, into the hands of a regiment of Prussian hussars, at the memorable battle of Rasbach, that modern "battle of the Spurs." But the Prussian colonel was either too much or too little a lover of the arts, to keep Apollo and the Nine all to himself; and the *pendule* next rang its silver notes over the Roulette table of the most brilliant of Parisian opera-dancers, transferred from the *salle* of the *Academie* to the Grande Comedie at Berlin. But roulette, wheel of Plutus as it is, is sometimes the wheel of fortune; and the fair La Pirouette, in spite of the patronage of the court and the nation, found that she must, like generals and monarchs, submit to fate, and part with her brilliant superfluities. The *pendule* fled from her Parian mantel-piece, and its chimes were thenceforth to awake the eyelids of the handsomest woman in Hungary, the Countess Lublin née Joblonsky, memorable for her beauty, her skill at *loto*, and the greatest profusion of rouge, since the days of Philip Augustus. Its history now drew to a close. It had scarcely excited the envy of all the countesses of her circle, and, of course, became invaluable to the fair Joblonsky, when it disappeared. A reward of ten times its value was instantly offered. The

Princess of Marosin, the arbiter of all elegance, who had once expressed her admiration of its taste, was heard to regret its loss as a specimen of foreign art. The undone proprietor was only still more undone; for of all beauties, living or dead, she most hated the Princess, blooming, youthful, and worshipped as she was, to the infinite detriment of all the fading Joblonskys of the creation. But no reward could bring it back. This one source of triumph was irrecoverably gone; and from Presburg to Vienna, all was conjecture, conversation, and consternation. So ended the court history of the *pendule*.

When the repast was fully over, Sperauski, pouring out a glass of Tokay from a bottle which bore the impress of the Black Eagle of the House of Hapsburg, and which had evidently been arrested on its road to the Emperor's table, ordered one of the pedlars to give him the papers, "which," said he, with a smile, "that Turkish courier *mis*laid where he slept last night." A small packet was handed to him;—he perused it over and over with a vigilant eye, but it was obvious, without any of the results which he expected; for, after a few minutes' pause, during which he examined every part of the case in which they were enclosed, he threw the letters aside. "What," said he, in a disappointed tone, "was to be expected from those opium-eaters? Yet they are shrewd in their generation, and the scandals of the haram, the propitious day for shaving the Sultan's head, the lucky star for combing his illustrious beard, or the price of a dagger-hilt, are as good topics as any that pass in our own diplomacy. Here, Sturnwold, put back this circumcised nonsense into its case, and send it, do you hear, by one of our *own* couriers, to the Turkish secretary at Vienna; let it be thrown on his pillow, or tied to his turban, just as you please; but, at all events, we must not do the business like a clumsy cabinet messenger. Now, begone, and you, Heinrich, hand me the Turk's meerscham."

The bandit brought him a very handsome pipe, which he said would probably be more suited to the Turk's tobacco, of which he had deposited a box upon the table. Spe-

ranski took the pipe, but, at his first experiment, he found the neck obstructed. His quick conception ascertained the point at once. Cutting the wood across, he found a long roll of paper within. He glanced over its contents, instantly sprang up, ordered the attendance of half a dozen of "his friends," on horseback, looked to the priming of his pistols, and galloped off through the forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the evening of one of the most sultry days of July, and in one of the most delicious yet most lonely spots of the Carpathian hills, a trampling of hoofs, and a jingling of horse-furniture, and a confusion of loud and dissonant voices, announced that strangers were at hand. The sounds told true, for gradually emerging from the glade covered with terebinth trees, wild vines that hung their rich and impenetrable folds over elms, hazels, and cypress, like draperies of green and brown silk over the pillars of some Oriental palace, came a long train of sumpter mules, led horses, and Albanian grooms; next came a more formidable group of horsemen, the bodyguards of the Hospodar of Moldavia, sent to escort Mahommed Ali Hunkiar, the Moslem ambassador, through the Bannat; and then came, seated on the Persian charger given to him from the stables of the Padishah, the brother of the Sun and father of the Moon, Sultan Selim, the most mighty, a little bitter-visaged old Turk, with the crafty countenance of the hereditary hunchbacks of the great city of the faithful. Nothing could be more luxurious than the hour, the golden sunset; nothing lovelier than its light, streaming in a thousand rays, shifts and shapes of inimitable lustre through the blooms and foliage of the huge ravine; and nothing less lovely or more luxurious than the little, old ambassador, who had earned his elevation from a cobbler's stall to the Divan, by his skill in cutting off heads, and had now earned his appointment to the imperial embassy, by his dexterity in applying a purse of ten thousand sequins to the conscience of the slipper-bearer to the slipper-bearer of his highness the Vizier.

Nothing could seem less inclined



to look at the dark side of things at this moment, or to throw away the enjoyments of this world for the good of Moslem diplomacy, than Mohammed Ali Hunkiar, as he sat and smoked, and stroked his long beard, and inhaled the mingled fumes of his Smyrna pipe, and the air aromatic with a host of flowers. But the Turkish proverb, "The smoker is often blinded by his own smoke," was to find its verification even in the diplomatic hunchback. As he had just reached the highest stone of the pass, and was looking with the triumph of avarice, or ambition, if it be the nobler name, down the valley chequered with the troop that meandered through paths as devious, and as many-coloured as an Indian snake, a shot struck his charger in the forehead; the animal sprung high in the air, fell, and flung the ambassador at once from his seat, his luxury, and a certain dream of clearing ten times the ten thousand sequins which he had disbursed for his place, by a genuine Turkish business of the dagger, before he left the portcullis of Presburg.

All was instant confusion. The shots began to fall thick, though the enemy might have been the beasts of the earth or the fowls of the air, for any evidence that sight could give to the contrary. The whole troop were of one opinion, that they must have fallen into the power of the fiend himself; for the shots poured on them from every quarter at once. Wherever they turned, they were met by a volley. The cavalry of the Hospodar, though brave as panthers on parade, yet were not used to waste their valour or their time on struggles of this irregular nature. They had bought their own places, and paid the due purchase of a well-fed sinecure; they had bought their own clothes, and felt answerable to themselves for keeping them in preservation worthy of a court; they had bought their own horses, and, like true Greeks, considered that the best return their horses could make was to carry them as safe out of the field as into it. The consequence was, that in the next five minutes the whole escort was seen riding at will in whatever direction the destiny that watches over the guards of sovereign princes might point the

safest way. The ravine, the hill, the forest, the river, were all speckled with turbans, like flowers, in full gallop; the movement, being of slower movement, took the simpler precaution of turning their mules, baggage, and all, up the retired corners of the forest, from which they emerged only to turn them with their lading to their several homes. All was the most picturesque *melée* for the first half-dozen rounds, all was the most picturesque flight for the next. All was silence thenceforth; broken only by the shots that came dropping through the thickets wherever a lurking turban suddenly seemed to recover its energies, and fly off at full speed. At length even the shots ceased, and all was still and lone. The forest looked as if it had been unshaken since the deluge; the ravine, calm, rich, and tufted with thicket, shrub, and tree, looked as if it had never heard the hoof of cavalry. The wood-dove came out again, rubbed down its plumage, and cooed in peace to the setting sun; the setting sun threw a long radiance, that looked like a pyramid of amber, up the pass. Turban, Turk, skirmish, and clamour, all were gone. One remnant of the time alone remained.

Under a huge cypress, that covered the ground with its draperies, like a funeral pall, lay a charger, and under it a green and scarlet bale. The bale had once been a man, and that man the Turkish ambassador. But his embassy was over. He had made his last salaam, he had gained his last sequin, he had played his last trick, he had told his last lie. "Dust to dust" was now the history of Mohammed Ali Hunkiar.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Hall of the Diet at Presburg is one of the wonders of the capital. The heroes and magnates of Upper Hungary frown in immeasurable magnitude of mustache, and majestic longitude of beard, on its walls. The conquerors of the Bannat, the ravagers of Transylvania, the *potentissimi* of Sclavonia, there gleam in solidity of armour, that at once gives a prodigious idea of both their strength and their terrors. The famous rivers, figured by all the variety of barbarian genius, pour their pictured torrents over the ceiling. The Draave embraces the Saave, the Grau rushes

in fluid glory through the Keisse; and floods that disdain a bridge, flow a hundred leagues asunder, there interlace each other in streams as smiling and affectionate as if they slept in the same fountain. Entering that hall, every true Hungarian lifts up his hands, and rejoices that he is born in the country of the arts, and, leaving it, compassionates the fallen honours of Florence and Rome.

Yet in that hall the Emperor Leopold, monarch of fifty provinces, and even sovereign of Hungary, was pacing backwards and forwards without casting a glance on the wonders of the Hungarian hand. Colonel the Baron von Herbert was at the end of the saloon, waiting the Imperial pleasure. The dialogue, which was renewed and broken off as the Emperor approached or left him, was, of course, one of fragments. The Emperor was in obnoxious agitation. "It is the most unaccountable thing that I ever heard of," said Leopold. "He had, I understand, a strong escort; his own train were numerous; the roads regularly patrolled; every precaution taken; and yet the thing is done in full sunshine. A man is murdered almost under my own eyes, travelling with my passport; an ambassador, and above all ambassadors, a Turk."

"But, your Majesty," said Von Herbert, "is not now in Vienna. Your Hungarian subjects have peculiar ideas on the subject of human justice; and they would as soon shoot an ambassador, if the idea struck them, as a squirrel."

"But a Turk," said the Emperor, "against whom there could not have existed a shadow of personal pique; who could have roused no jealousy at court; who could have been known, in fact, by nobody here; to be killed almost within sight of the city gates, and every paper that he had upon him, every present, every jewel, every thing carried off, without the slightest clue to discovery! Baron, I shall begin to doubt the activity of your Pandours."

The Baron's grave countenance flushed at the remark, and he answered with more than even his usual gravity. "Your Majesty must decide. But, whoever has been in fault, allow me to vindicate my regiment. The Pandour patrol were on

at the first alarm; but the whole affair was so quickly over, that all their activity was utterly useless. It actually seemed supernatural."

"Has the ground been examined?" asked Leopold.

"Every thicket," answered Von Herbert. "I would stake my troopers, for sagacity and perseverance, against so many bloodhounds; and yet, I must acknowledge to your Majesty, that, except for the marks of the horse's hoofs on the ground, the bullets sticking in the trees, and the body of the Turk himself, which had been stripped of every valuable, we might have thought that we had mistaken the place altogether."

"The whole business," said Leopold, "is a mystery; and it must be unravelled." He then broke off, resumed his walk to the end of the hall, then returning, said abruptly—"Look to the affair, Colonel. The Turks have no good opinion of us as it is, and they will now have a fresh pretext, in charging us with the assassination of their ambassador. Go, send out your Pandours, offer a hundred ducats for the first man who brings any information of the murder; offer a thousand, if you please, for the murderer himself. Even the crown would not be safe if these things were to be done with impunity. Look to your Pandours more carefully in future."

The Baron, with a vexation which he could not suppress, hastily replied—"Your Majesty does not attribute this outrage to any of my corps?"

"Certainly not to the Baron von Herbert," said the Emperor, with a reconciling smile. "But, my dear Baron, your heroes of the Bannat have no love for a Turk, while they have a very considerable love for his plunder. For an embroidered saddle or a diamond-hilted dagger, they would go as far as most men. In short, you must give those bold barbarians of yours employment, and let their first be, to find out the assassin."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was afternoon, and the Wiener Straat was crowded with equipages of the great and fair. The place of this brilliant reunion was the drawing-room of the Princess of Marosin,



and the occasion was the celebration of her birthday. Princesses have so many advantages over humbler beauties that they must submit to one calamity, which, in the estimation of many a beauty, is more than a balance for all the gifts of fortune. They must acknowledge their *age*. The art of printing, combined with the scrutiny of etiquette, prohibits all power of making the years of a princess a secret confided to the bosoms of the privy council. As the hour of her first unclosing the brilliancy of her eyes, in a world which all the court poets profess must be left in darkness without them, so the regular periods by which the bud advances to the bloom, and the bloom matures into ripened loveliness, are registered with an annual activity of verse, prose, and pros-  
tration, that precludes all chronological error. Even at the period when the autumnal touch begins to tinge the cheek, and the fair possessor of so much homage would willingly forget the exact number of the years during which she has borne the sceptre, the calculation is continued with fatal accuracy. Not an hour can be silently subducted from the long arrear of Time; and while, with all the female world beneath her, he suddenly seems to stand still, or even to retrograde, with the unhappy object of regal reckoning he moves mercilessly onward, with full expanded wing carries her from climacteric to climacteric, unrestrained and irrestrainable by all the skill of female oblivion, defies the antagonist dexterity of the toilet, makes coiffeur and cosmetics null and void, and fixes the reluctant and lovely victim of the calendar in the awful elevation of "the world gone by." She is a calendar saint, and, like most of that high sisterhood, has purchased her dignity by martyrdom.

But the Princess of Marosin had no reason to dread the keenest reckoning of rivalry. She was on that day eighteen. Eighteen years before that morning, the guns from the grey and war-worn towers of Marosin had announced through a circuit of one of the loveliest principalities of Upper Hungary, that one of the loveliest beings that even Hungary had ever seen, was come from its original skies, or from whatever part of crea-

tion handsome princesses visit this sublunar world. As the only descendant of her illustrious house, she was the ward of the Emperor, but having the still nearer claims of blood, her marriage now occupied the Imperial care. A crowd of Marshalls and Margraves felt that they would make excellent guardians of the Principality, and offered their generous protection. The lady seemed indifferent to the choice; but Prince Charles of Buntzlau, by all acknowledgment the best dressed prince in the Empire, at the head of the hus-sar guard of the Emperor, incalculably rich, and incomparably self-satisfied, had already made up his own mind on the subject, and decided that the Principality, and the lady annexed, were to be his. The Emperor too had given his sanction. Prince Charles was not the man whom Leopold would have chosen for the President of the Aulic Council, though his claims as a master of the ceremonies were beyond all discussion. But the imperial policy was not reconcilable with the idea of suffering this important inheritance to fall into the hands of a Hungarian noble. Hungary, always turbulent, requires coercives, not stimulants; and two hundred thousand ducats a year, in the hands of one of her dashing captains, would have been sufficient to make another Tekeli. The handsome Prince was evidently not shaped for raising the banner of revolt, or heading the cavaliers of the Ukraine. He was an Austrian in all points, and a new pelisse would have won him from the car of Alexander on the day of his entry into Babylon.

Among the faithful of the empire, the Sovereign's nod is politics, religion, and law. The Marshals and Margraves instinctively bowed before the supremacy of the superhuman thing that wore the crown of Charlemagne, and Prince Charles's claim was worshipped by the whole embroidered circle as one of the decisions, which it would be court impiety to question, as it was court destiny to fulfil.

Hungary was once the land of kings, and it was still the land of nobles. Half oriental, half western, the Hungarian is next in magnificence to the Moslem. He gives his



last ducat for a shawl, a jewel-hilted sabre, or a gilded cap, which nothing but his fear of being mistaken for a Turk prevents him from turning into a turban. The Princess Juliana of Marosin sat in the centre of a chamber that might have made the cabinet of the favourite Sultana of the Lord of the Infidels. She sat on a low sofa covered with tapestry from Smyrna; her caftan, girdled with the largest emeralds, was made by the fair fingers of the Greek maidens of Salonichi; her hair, long, black, and drooping round her person, in rich sable wreaths, like the branches of a cypress, was surmounted by a crescent which had won many an eye in the jewel mart of Constantinople; and in her hand she waved a fan of peacocks' plumes, made by the principal artist to the serail of Teheran. Thus Oriental in her drapery, colours, and costume, she sat in the centre of a chamber, which, for its gloomy carvings, yet singular stateliness of decoration, might have reminded the spectator of some Indian shrine, or subterranean dungeon of the dark spirits enclosing a spirit of light; or, to abandon poetry, and tell the truth in plain speech, the chamber reminded the spectator of the formal, yet lavish splendour of the old kingly times of the land, while its possessor compelled him to feel the fact, that all magnificence is forgotten in the presence of a beautiful woman.

The Princess received the homage of the glittering circle with the complacency of conscious rank, and repaid every bow with one of those sweet smiles, which to a courtier are irresistible evidences of his personal merit; to a lover, are spells that raise him from the lowest depths to the most rapturous altitudes; and to a woman, cost nothing whatever. But, to an eye which none of these smiles had deprived of all its powers of reading the human countenance, there was in even this creature of birth, beauty, and admiration, some secret anxiety, which, in despite of all conjecture, proved that she was no more than mortal. There was a wavering of her colour, that bespoke inward perturbation; a paleness followed by a flush that threw the crimson of her gorgeous shawl into the shade; a restless movement of the

fingers loaded with gems; a quick turn of the head towards the door, though the most potential flattery was at the moment pouring into the ear at the opposite side. There were times, when a slight expression of scorn upon her fine features escaped her politeness, and gave sign that she agreed with mankind of all ages, in the infinite monotony, dullness, and common-place of the *élite* of the earth, the starred and ribboned society of the high places of mankind. But all was peace to the emotion of her features, when the door slowly opened; and after a note of preparation worthy of the arrival of the great Mogul, the chamberlain announced, "Prince Charles of Buntz-lau." Pride and resentment flashed across her physiognomy, like lightning across the serenity of a summer sky. Her cheek grew crimson, as the gallant lover, the affianced husband, came bowing up to her; her brow contracted, and the man would have been wise who had augured from that brow the hazard of taking her hand without first securing her heart. But all was soon over; the lovely lady soon restrained her emotion, with a power which showed her presence of mind. But her cheek would not obey even her determination, it continued alternately glowing and pale; wild thoughts were colouring and blanching that cheek; and the fever of the soul was burning in her restless and dazzling eye. On the birth-days of the great in Hungary, it is the custom that none shall come empty-handed. A brilliant variety of presents already filled the tables and sofas of the apartment. But the Prince's present eclipsed them all; it was a watch from the Horlogerie of the most famous artist of Paris, and a chef-d'œuvre in point of setting. The Princess looked at it with a disdain which it cost her an effort to conceal. "Prince," said she, "I regret the want of patriotism which sends our nobles to purchase the works of strangers, instead of encouraging the talents of our own country."—"Yes, but your Highness may condescend to reflect," said the lover, "on the utter impossibility of finding any thing of this kind tolerable except in Paris." The Princess turned to one of the Bohemians who formed her

band of minstrels, and said, "Vladimir, desire the jewel-keeper to bring my Hungarian watch." The Bohemian went on his mission—the jewel-keeper appeared with the watch, and it was instantly declared, by the unanimous admiration of the circle, to be altogether unrivalled in the art. The Prince, chagrined at this discomfiture, asked, with more than the authority of a lover, if the Princess "would do him the honour to mention the artist so deserving of her patronage?" She handed the watch over to him. He opened it, and a paper dropped out. On it was written the name of Mohammed Ali Hunkiar.

"The murdered ambassador!" instinctively exclaimed fifty voices.—The Princess rose from her seat, overwhelmed with surprise and alarm. "The Turkish ambassador!" said she; "then this must have been a part of his plunder." The jewel-keeper was summoned to give account of the circumstances connected with the purchase. His answer was, that "it was no purchase whatever." But he produced a note which he had received along with it. The note was "a request that her Highness would accept so trivial a present on her birth-day, from one of her faithful subjects;" and that, unable to discover the name of the donor, he had accepted it accordingly. Her circle soon after broke up. In a court, all things are known; in a province, all things known or unknown are an invaluable topic as long as they are new. The story of the Hungarian watch was turned into shapes innumerable. But the result of the investigation which immediately took place, by order of the Princess, was, that it had actually been made by an artist of Buda for the Sultan, by whom it was sent among the presents designed for the Emperor. On the fall of the Turk, it had disappeared, like all the rest of his plunder, and had been unheard of until it started into light in the household of the Princess of Marosin.

The little perturbation excited by this incident lasted but till the high and mighty of the circle had withdrawn, to communicate the fact to a dozen other circles, and talk of it until the world was weary alike of the tale and the tellers. But there was a per-

turbation in the mind of this young and lovely being, which came from a deeper source, and lasted longer than even the delight of her dear five hundred friends, in surmising all the possible modes in which the stately relative of Emperors had contrived to charm into her fair hands the most superb *montre* under the roofs of the city of Presburg.

Sunset began to shed its quiet gold on the hill-tops round the city—the sounds of day were fading fast—the glittering crowd had left her halls to silence—and as she walked through the suite of magnificent chambers in her gala dress, tissue with emeralds and rubies, and her regal loveliness contrasting with her eye fixed upon the ground, and her slow and meditative step, she might have been taken for the guardian genius of those halls of ancestry, or a new avatar of the tragic muse. Arrived at the balcony, she almost fell into the flowery seat, below which spread a vast and various view of the most fertile plain of Hungary. But the vision on her eye was not of the harvest heavily swelling before her at every wave of the breeze. Her thoughts were of valleys, where the sun never reached their green depths—of forests, where the roebuck fed and sported in scorn of the hunter—of mountains, whose marble spines were covered only with clouds, and whose only echoes were those of the thunder or the eagle. All before her eye was beauty cultured, and calm pleasure. The peasantry were driving their wains homeward loaded with the luxuriance of the Hungarian fields, proverbially rich where they are cultivated at all. Large droves of quiet cattle were speckling the distant pasture, and enjoying the heat and light of evening. The citizens were issuing from the city gates to taste the freshness of the hour, and troops of the nobles attendant on the imperial ceremony, relieved from the labours of etiquette and antechambers, were driving their glittering equipages through the avenues, or caracolled their Ukraine chargers through the meadows. Yet for the living landscape the young gazer had no eyes. The scene on which her spirit dwelt was one of savage majesty and lonely power. A vast pile of rocks, through which a



way seemed to have been cloven by the thunderbolt, opened on a glen as desolate as if it had never been trodden by the foot of man. Yet, under the shelter of one of its overhanging cliffs, peeping out from a drapery of heath, lichens, and wild flowers, as rich as a Persian carpet, was seen the outline of a rude building, half cottage, half tower, and resting on the slope beside it, a hunter with his boar-spear fixed upright in the turf—a greyhound beside him, and his whole soul employed in listening to the roar of the Mediterranean, whose waters chafed and swelled at the entrance of the ravine, and spread to the horizon like a gigantic sheet of sanguined steel.

The murmur of the church bells for the evening service at length scattered the vision. The mountain forests vanished, the glen of eternal marble was a garden embroidered with all the cultivation of art, and nothing was left of the whole proud picture but the star that now came, like a bride from her chamber, and stood showering radiance upon her head. That star, too, had gleamed upon the sky of the Croatian ravine, and in her enthusiasm she could almost have addressed it like a friend, or put up a prayer to its shrine as that of a beneficent divinity. In the strong sensibility of the moment, she uttered a few broken aspirations to its brightness, and a wish that she might escape the infinite weariness of life, and, like that star, be a gazer on existence, from a height above the cares and clouds of this world. A sudden movement among the shrubs below caught her ear; she glanced down, and saw, with his countenance turned full on her, as if she were something more than human, the hunter whom her fancy had pictured in the glen!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight, when twenty individuals, evidently of high rank, had assembled in an obscure house in one of the suburbs. But it was evident from the plainness of their dress, that they had some object in concealing their rank; and from the weapons under their cloaks, it was equally evident that they had come upon some business, in which either danger was to be guarded against, or violence intended.

For some time there was silence, the only words exchanged were in whispers. At intervals, a low knock at the door, a watchword, and a sign exchanged between the keeper of the entrance and the applicant without, announced a new comer. Still, nothing was done; and as the cathedral bells tolled midnight, the anxiety for the arrival of some distinguished stranger, who had unaccountably delayed his coming, grew excessive. It gradually escaped, too, that the Cardinal di Lecco, the Papal Internuncio, was the expected individual.

The signal was given at last; the door opened, and a pale, decrepit Roman ecclesiastic entered. "Are all our friends here?" was his first question. But the answer was by no means a hospitable one. "By what means, Monsignore," said a tall dark-featured personage, advancing to him, "have we the honour of seeing *you* here? We are upon private business."—"I come by your own invitation," said the ecclesiastic mildly, producing at the same time a letter, which was handed round the circle. "But this letter is to the nuncio of his Holiness; and it was only from him that we desired an answer in person." Then, in a higher tone, and half drawing his sword, an action which was imitated by all, "We must know, reverend signor, who you are, and by what authority you have intruded yourself into this room, or you must prepare to receive the reward due to spies and traitors." The venerable priest's countenance betrayed the most obvious alarm; surrounded by this conflux of indignant visages, and with twenty swords already flashing round his head, it required more than usual firmness to contemplate his situation without awe. The single glance which he cast to the door, seemed to say, how gladly he would have escaped from this specimen of Hungarian deliberation. His perturbation evidently deprived him of defence; he tried to explain the cause of his coming; he searched his dress for some paper, which, by his signs rather than his words, he intimated, would answer for his character. He searched his bosom, all was in vain; his hands became entangled, he made a sudden step to the door, but suspicion was now thoroughly



roured. Every sword was flashing there against his bosom. He tottered back, uttered some indistinct sounds of terror, and fell fainting into a chair.

The question was now how to dispose of him, for that he was not the Cardinal was a matter of personal knowledge to Count Colvellino, the personage who had first addressed him.

The Count, a man of habitual ferocity, proposed that he should be stabbed on the spot—an opinion which met with universal assent; but the difficulty was, how to dispose of the body. To bury it where they were was impossible for men with no other instruments than their swords; to fling it into the river, would inevitably betray the murder by daylight; and even to convey it through the streets, to the river side, might be perilous, from the number of guards and loiterers brought together by the Imperial residence. During the deliberation, the old ecclesiastic returned to his senses. By some accident, his hand had fallen upon the secret packet which contained his credentials; the discovery acted on him as a cure for all his feebleness; and in his delivery of his mission, he even wore an air of dignity. “The length and haste of my journey from Rome,” said the venerable man, “may apologize, most noble lords, for my weakness; but this paper will, I presume, be satisfactory. It is, as you see, the rescript of his Holiness to the Cardinal di Iacoco, whose servant and secretary stands before you. The Cardinal, suddenly occupied by the high concerns of the *Secreta Concilia*, of which he has just been appointed president, has sent me with his signet, his sign manual, and his instructions, as contained in this cipher, to attend the high deliberations of my most honoured Lords, the Barons of Upper Hungary.” The credentials were delivered. All were authentic. Colvellino sullenly acknowledged that he had been premature in condemning the Papal envoy, who now announced himself as the Father *Jacomo di Estrella*, of the Friars *Minors* of the Capital; and the point at issue was directly entered upon. It was of a nature which justified all their caution. The Emperor Leo-

pold was supposed to have brought with him to the throne some ideas, hostile alike to the ancient feudalism of Hungary, and the supremacy of the Roman See. Revolution was threatening in Europe; and the Barons felt violent suspicions of a revolutionary inroad on their privileges, headed by the possessor of the Imperial Crown. The simple plan of the conspirators on this occasion, was the extinction of the hazard by the extinction of the instrument. Leopold was to be put to death in the moment of his coronation, and the heir of the former royal race of Hungary, a monk in the convent of *St Isidore*, was to be placed on the vacant throne. The debate lasted long, and assumed various shapes, in which the Papal Envoy exhibited the complete recovery of his faculties, and showed singular vividness and subtlety in obviating the impediments started to the project of getting rid of Leopold. Still, to overthrow an imperial dynasty, in the very day when its head was in the fullness of power, surrounded by troops, and still more protected by the etiquette that kept all strangers at a distance from the royal person, had difficulties which profoundly perplexed the Barons. But the deed must be done; Colvellino, already obnoxious to suspicion, from his habitual love of blood and violence of life, led the general opinion. After long deliberation, it was decided that as poison was slow, and might fail—as the pistol was too public, might miss the mark, and but wound after all, the secure way was the dagger. But how was this to find the Emperor, through a host of attendants, who surrounded him like a Persian monarch, and through ten thousand men-at-arms, covered with iron up to the teeth, and as watchful as wolves? *Fra Giacomo* then made his proposal. “To attack the Emperor in his chamber,” said he, “would be impossible; and, besides, would be an unmanliness disgraceful to the warlike spirit of the nobles of Hungary.” All voices joined in the sentiment. “To attack him in his passage through the streets, on the day of the coronation, would be equally impossible, from the number of his guards; and equally dishonourable to the high character of the Hungarian

nobles for fidelity to all who trust them." A second plaudit, almost an acclamation, followed the sentiment. Fra Jacomo now paused, as evidently waiting to collect his thoughts, and asked in the humblest voice, whether it was absolutely necessary that Leopold should die? "He or we," cried Colvellino, indignant at the delay of the timid old priest. "He or we," echoed all the voices. "I obey," said the Friar, with a sigh, and clasping his trembling hands upon his bosom. "It is not for an old monk, a feeble and simple man like me, my noble Lords, to resist the will of so many destined to lead the land of their fathers. But let us, if we must be just, also be merciful. Let the victim die at the high altar of the cathedral." A murmur rose at the seeming profanation. The Friar's sallow cheek coloured at this mark of disapproval. He was silent; but Colvellino's impatience spoke. "Let us," said he, "have no womanish qualms now; what matters it where, or when, a tyrant falls? Church or chamber, street or council, all are alike. The only question is, who shall first or surest send the dagger to his heart? Who among us shall be the liberator of his country?" The question remained without an answer. The service was obviously a difficult one at best, and the Brutus was sure of being sacrificed by the swords of the guards. "Cowards!" exclaimed Colvellino, "is this your spirit? 'Tis but a moment since you were all ready to shed your blood for the death of this German puppet, and now you shrink like children." "If it were not in the cathedral," muttered some of the conspirators. "Fools," retorted the haughty Count, "to such scruples all places are cathedrals. But the cause shall not be disgraced by hands like yours. Colvellino himself shall do it; aye, and this good friar shall give me his benediction too on the enterprise." The ruffian burst out into a loud laugh. "Peace, my son," said the priest, with hand meekly waving, and his eyes fixed on the ground. "Let us not disturb our souls, bent as they are on the pious services of the Church and his Holiness the father of the faithful, by unseemly mirth. But let us, in all humility and sincere soberness, do our

duty. The Count Colvellino has nobly offered, with a heroism worthy of his high name, to consummate the freedom of the Hungarian church and state. But this must not be, his life is too precious. If Prince Octar, the last hope of the ancient line of Ladislaus should die, Count Colvellino is the rightful heir. The hopes of Hungary must not be sacrificed."

The Count's dark eye flashed, and his cheek burned up with the flame of an ambition which he had long cherished, and which had stimulated him to this sudden and suspicious zeal for his country. "The Emperor must not put the crown of Hungary on his head and live," said he, in a tone of expressed scorn and hope. "To-morrow," said the Friar, rising as if he could throw off the infirmities of age in the strength of his resolution—"To-morrow, at the moment of the mass, Leopold dies, and dies by my hand." All stared. "Noble lords," said the Friar, almost abashed into his former humility by the sight of so many bold and proud countenances gazing on him, in every expression of surprise, doubt, wonder, and applause—"Noble lords," he pursued, "what is my life that I should value it, except as the means of serving his Holiness and this illustrious country, which has for so many centuries been the most faithful daughter of the Church? To me life and death are the same. But I shall not die. My sacred function to-morrow will bring me close to the Emperor unsuspected. I shall be among the prelates who lead him up to the altar. At the moment when he takes the crown into his hand, and before he has profaned it by its resting on his brow, Hungary shall be free."

A loud outcry of admiration burst from the whole assembly. Colvellino alone seemed to resent the loss of the honour. His countenance lowered, and grasping the self-devoted Friar's sleeve, he said, in a tone of wrath but ill stifled, "Friar, remember your promise. No parleying now. No scruples. Beware of treachery to the cause. But to make all secure, I tell you, that you shall be watched. As Grand Chamberlain, I myself shall be on the steps of the altar, and the slightest attempt at evasion shall be punished by a dagger at least as



sharp as ever was carried by a priest in either church or chamber." Fra Giacomo bowed his head to his girdle, and only asked, in a tone of the deepest meekness, "Count, have I deserved this? Noble Lords of Hungary, have I deserved this? Is treason laid rightly to my charge? If you doubt me, let me go." He turned to the door as he spoke, but even Colvellino's disdain felt the folly of losing so willing an accomplice, and one who, besides, was now so much master of the conspiracy. "Well, then, so be it," murmured the Count, "the cause will be disgraced by the instrument. But this Emperor at least will molest Hungary no more." Fra Giacomo bowed but the deeper. All was now concerted for the deed. The conspirators were appointed to wait in the church of Saint Veronica, behind the cathedral, for the signal of Leopold's death, and thence to proceed to the convent where the heir of Ladislaus was kept, and proclaim him King. Colvellino listened to the latter part of the arrangement with a smile of scorn. They were separated by the sound of the cannon announcing the dawn of the great ceremonial.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning of the coronation found all Presburg awake. The streets were thronged before day with citizens; nobles hastening to the palace; troops moving to their various posts in the ceremony; peasants pouring in from all the provinces, in all the wild festivity and uncouth dialects of the land of the Huns. Then came the Magnates, riding on their richly caparisoned horses, and followed by their long train of armed attendants, a most brilliant and picturesque display. The equipages contained all that the kingdom could boast of female beauty and high birth, and the whole formed a singular and vivid contrast of the strange, the lovely, the bold and the graceful, the rude and the magnificent, the Oriental and the Western,—all that a feudal, half-barbarian people could exhibit of wild exultation,—and all that an empire as old as Charlemagne could combine of antique dignity and civilized splendour.

The sun, which so seldom condescends to shine on regal processions, threw his most auspicious beams on the city of Presburg on this memora-

ble day. But it was in the cathedral that all the opulence of the imperial and national pomp was displayed. The aisles were hung with tapestry and banners of the great feudal families, and crowded with the body guards of the Emperor, and the richly costumed heydukes and chasseurs of the Hungarian lords. The centre aisle was one canopy of scarlet tissue, covering, like an immense tent, the royal train, the great officers of the court, and the Emperor as he waited for the consecration. Farther on, surrounding the high altar, stood a circle of the Hungarian Prelacy in their embroidered robes, surrounding the Archbishop of Presburg, and in their unmoving splendour, looking like a vast circle of images of silver and gold. Above them all, glittering in jewels, looked down from clouds of every brilliant dye, and luminous with the full radiance of the morning, the Virgin Mother, in celestial beauty, the patroness of Presburg, a wonder-working Madonna, "whom Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

At length, to the sound of unnumbered voices, and amid the flourish of trumpets, and the roar of cannon from all the bastions, Leopold entered the golden rails of the altar, ascended the steps, followed by the great officers of the kingdom, and laid his hand upon the crown. At that moment the Grand Chamberlain, Count Colvellino, had knelt before him to present the book of the oath by which he bound himself to the rights and privileges of Hungary. In the act of pronouncing the oath, the Emperor was seen to start back suddenly, and the book fell from his hand. At the same moment a wild scream of agony rung through the cathedral; there was a manifest confusion among the prelacy; the circle was broken, some rushed down the steps; some retreated to the pillars of the high altar; and some seemed stooping, as if round one who had fallen. Vases, flowers, censers, images, all the pompous ornaments which attend the Romish ritual on its great days, were trampled under foot in the tumult; and prelate, priest, and acolyte were flung together in the terror of the time. The first impression of all was, that the Emperor had been assassinated, and the startled flying nobles, and the populace at the gates, spread the report



through the city, with the hundred additions of popular alarm. But the Imperial body guard instantly drawing their swords, and pressing their way through the nobles and multitude up to the altar, soon proved that the chief terror was unfounded, by bringing forward the Emperor in their midst, and showing him to the whole assemblage unhurt; he was received with an acclamation that shook the dome.

But blood had been spilled, the Grand Chamberlain was found pierced to the heart. He had died at the instant from the blow. But by whom he was thus foully murdered, or for what cause, baffled all conjecture. The general idea, from the position in which he fell, was, that he had offered his life for the Emperor's; had thrown himself forward between his royal master and the assassin, and had been slain by accident or revenge. Leopold recollected, too, that in the act of taking the book of the oath, he had felt some hand pluck his robe; but on looking round had seen only the Grand Chamberlain kneeling before him. Enquiry was urged in all quarters, but in vain. Colvellino was a corpse; he remained bathed in his loyal blood, the heroic defender of his liege lord; the declared victim of his loyalty; and a reward of a thousand ducats was declared on the spot, by his indignant sovereign, for the discovery of the murderer. The gates of the cathedral were instantly closed; strict search was made, but totally in vain. Order was slowly restored. But the ceremony was too important to be delayed. The crown was placed upon the imperial brow, and a shout like thunder hailed Leopold "King of Hungary." In courts all things are forgotten.

As the stately procession returned down the aisle all was smiles and salutation, answered by the noble ladies of the court and provinces, who sat ranged down the sides according to their precedence, under pavilions tissue with the arms of the great Hungarian families. In this review of the young, the lovely, and the high born, all eyes gave the prize of beauty, that prize which is awarded by spontaneous admiration, and the long and lingering gaze of silent delight, to the Princess of Marosin. Her dress was, of course, suitable to

her rank and relationship to the imperial line, all that magnificence could add to the natural grace, or dignity of the form; but there was in her countenance a remarkable contrast to the general animation of the youthful and noble faces round her—a melancholy that was not grief, and a depth of thought that was not reverie, which gave an irresistible superiority to features, which, under their most careless aspect, must have been pronounced formed in the finest mould of nature. Her eyes were cast down, and even the slight bending of her head had a degree of mental beauty. It was clearly the unconscious attitude of one whose thoughts were busied upon other things than the pomps of the hour. It might have been the transient regret of a lofty spirit for the transitory being of all those splendours which so few years must extinguish in the grave; it might have been the reluctance of a generous and free spirit at the approach of that hour which would see her hand given by imperial policy, where her heart disowned the gift; it might be patriot sorrow for the fallen glories of Hungary; it might be romance, it might be love. But whatever might be the cause, all remarked the melancholy, and all felt that it gave a deep and touching effect to her beauty, which fixed the eye on her, as if spell-bound. Even when the Emperor passed, and honoured the distinguished loveliness of his fair cousin by an especial wave of his sceptred hand, she answered it by scarcely more than a lower bend of the head, and the slight customary pressure of the hand upon the heart. With her glittering robe, worth the purchase of a principality, drawn round her, as closely as if it were the common drapery of a statue, she sat not unlike the statue, in classic gracefulness, but cold and unmoving as the marble.

But all this was suddenly changed. As the procession continued to pass along, some object arrested her glance which penetrated to her heart. Her cheek absolutely burned with crimson; her eye flashed; her whole frame seemed to be instinct with a new principle of existence; with one hand she threw back the tresses, heavy with jewels, that hung over her forehead, as if they ob-

structed her power of following the vision; with the other she strongly attempted to still the beatings of her heart; and thus she remained for a few moments, as if unconscious of the place, of the time, and of the innumerable eyes of wonder and admiration that were fixed upon her. There she sat; her lips apart; her breath suspended; her whole frame fevered with emotion; the statue turned to life, all beauty, feeling, amaze, passion. But a new discharge of cannon, a new flourish of trumpet and cymbal, as the Emperor reached the gates of the cathedral, and appeared before the assembled and shouting thousands without, urged on the procession. The magic was gone. The countenance, this moment like a summer heaven, with every hue of loveliness flying across it, in rich succession, was the next colourless. The eye was again veiled in its long lashes; the head was again dejected; the marble had again become classic and cold; the beauty remained, but the joy, the enchantment, was no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Baron von Herbert was sitting at a desk in the armoury of the palace. Javelins rude enough to have been grasped by the hands of the primordial Huns; bone-headed arrows that had pierced the gilded corslets of the Greeks of Constantinople; stone axes that had dashed their rough way through the iron headpieces of many a son of Saxon chivalry; and the later devices of war, mail gold-enamelled, silver-twisted, purple-grained, and Austrian, Italian, and Oriental escutcheon, gleamed, frowned, gloomed, and rusted in the huge effigies of a line of warriors, who, if weight of limb, and sullenness of visage, are the elements of glory, must have fairly trampled out all Greek and all Roman fame.

A key turned in the door, and the Emperor entered hastily, and in evident perturbation. He turned the key again as he entered. The Baron stopped his pen, and awaited the commands of his sovereign. But Leopold was scarcely prepared to give counsel or command. He threw a letter on the table.

"Read this, Von Herbert," said he, "and tell me what you think of it. Is it an impudent falsehood, or a

truth, concerning the public safety? Read it again to me."

The Baron read:—

"Emperor, you think yourself surrounded by honest men. You are mistaken. You are surrounded by conspirators. You think that, in offering a reward for Colvellino's murderer, you are repaying a debt of gratitude. You are mistaken. You are honouring the memory of a murderer. You think that, in giving the hand of the Princess of Marosin to Prince Charles of Buntzlau, you are uniting two persons of rank in an honourable marriage. You are mistaken. You are pampering a coxcomb's vanity, and breaking a noble heart. You think that, in sending your Pandours to scour the country, you can protect your court, your palace, or yourself. You are mistaken. The whole three are in *my* power.

"SPERANSKI."

The Baron laid down the paper, and gravely paused for the Emperor's commands. But the Emperor had none to give. He put the simple query—"Is this a burlesque or a reality? Is the writer a charlatan or a conspirator?"

"Evidently something of both, in my conception," said the Colonel; "the paper is not courtly, but it may be true, nevertheless. The writer is apparently not one of your Majesty's chamberlains, and yet he is clearly master of some points that mark him for either a very dangerous inmate of the court, or a very useful one."

Leopold's anxious gesture bade the Baron proceed. He looked again over the letter, and commented on it as he passed along.

"Surrounded by conspirators?" Possible enough. The Hungarian nobles never knew how to obey. They must be free as the winds, or in fetters. The mild government of Austria is at once too much felt and too little. No government, or all tyranny, is the only maxim for the Magnates. If not slaves, they will be conspirators."

"Then this rascal, this Speranski, tells the truth after all?" said the Emperor.

"For the fact of conspiracy I cannot answer yet," said Von Herbert;



"but for the inclination I can, at any hour of the twenty-four." He proceeded with the letter—"You are honouring the memory of a murderer."

"An atrocious and palpable calumny!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What! the man who died at my feet? If blood is not to answer for honour and loyalty, where can the proof be given? He had got besides every thing that he could desire. I had just made him Grand Chamberlain."

Von Herbert's grave countenance showed that he was not so perfectly convinced.

"I knew Colvellino," said he, "and if appearances were not so much in his favour by the manner of his death, I should have thought him one of the last men in your Majesty's dominions to die for loyalty."

"You are notoriously a philosopher, Von Herbert," said Leopold, impatiently. "Your creed is mistrust."

"I knew the Grand Chamberlain from our school-days," said the Baron, calmly; "at school he was haughty and headstrong. We entered the royal Hungarian guard together; there he was selfish and profligate. We then separated for years. On my return as your Majesty's aide-de-camp, I found him the successor to an estate which he had ruined, the husband of a wife whom he had banished from his palace, the colonel of a regiment of Hulans which he had turned into a school of tyranny, and Grand Chamberlain to your Majesty, an office which I have strong reason to think he used but as a step to objects of a more daring ambition."

"But his death, his courageous devotion of himself, the dagger in his heart!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"They perplex without convincing me," said the Baron.

He looked again at the letter, and came to the words, "Breaking a noble heart."

"What can be the meaning of this?" asked Leopold, angrily. "Am I not to arrange the alliances of my family as I please? Am I to forfeit my word to my relative, the Prince of Buntzlau, when he makes the most suitable match in the empire for my relative the Princess of

Marosin? This is mere insolence, read no more."

The Baron laid down the letter, and stood in silence.

"Apropos of the Princess," said Leopold, willing to turn the conversation from topics which vexed him, "has there been any further intelligence of her mysterious purchase; that far-famed plunder of the Turk, her Hungarian chef-d'œuvre?"

"If your Majesty alludes to the Princess's very splendid watch," said the Baron, "I understand that all possible enquiry has been made, but without the effect of tracing any connexion between its sale and the unfortunate assassination of the Turkish envoy."

"So, my cousin," said the Emperor, with a half smile, "is to be set down by the scandalous Chronicle of Presburg as an accomplice in rifling the pockets of Mohammed? But the whole place seems full of gipsyism, gossiping, and juggling. I should not wonder if that superannuated belle, the Countess Joblonsky, lays the loss of her *pendule* to my charge, and that the Emperor shall quit Hungary with the character of a receiver of stolen goods."

"Your Majesty may be the deprecator to a much more serious extent, if you will condescend but to take the Countess's heart along with you," said the Colonel, with a grave smile. "It is, I have no doubt, too loyal, not to be quite at your Majesty's mercy."

"Hah," said Leopold, "I must be expeditious then, or she will be *devoté*, or in the other world, incapable of any love but for a lapdog, or turned into a canonized saint. But in the meantime, look to these nobles. If conspiracy there be, let us be ready for it. I have confidence in your Pandours. They have no love for the Hungarians. Place a couple of your captains in my antechamber. Let the rest be on the alert. You will be in the palace, and within call, for the next forty-eight hours."

The Emperor then left the room. Von Herbert wrote an order to the Major of the Pandours, for a detachment to take the duty of the imperial apartments. The evening was spent at the opera, followed by a Court Ball; and the Emperor retired, more than satisfied with the dancing loy-



alty of the Hungarian beaux and belles.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night was lovely, and the moon shone with full-orbed radiance upon the cloth of gold, embroidered velvet curtains, and high encased silver sculptures of the imperial bed. The Emperor was deep in a midsummer night's dream of waltzing with a dozen winged visions, a ballet in the Grand Opera given before their Majesties of Fairyland, on the occasion of his arrival in their realm. He found his feet buoyant with all the delightful levity of his new region; wings could not have made him spurn the ground with more rapturous elasticity. The partner round whom he whirled was Oberon's youngest daughter, just come from a finishing school in the Evening Star, and brought out for the first time. But a sudden sound of evil smote his ear; every fairy drooped at the instant; he felt his winged heels heavy as if they were booted for a German parade; his blooming partner grew dizzy in the very moment of a whirl, and dropped fainting in his arms; Titania, with a scream, expanded her pinions, and darted into the tops of the tallest trees. Oberon, with a frown, descended from his throne, and stalked away in indignant majesty.

The sound was soon renewed; it was a French quadrille, played by a Golden Apollo on the harp—a sound, however pleasing to earthly ears, too coarse for the exquisite sensibilities of more ethereal tempers. The God of Song was sitting on a beautiful pendule, with the name of *Sismonde* conspicuous on its dial above, and the name of the Countess Joblonsky engraved on its marble pedestal below. The Emperor gazed first with utter astonishment, then with a burst of laughter; his words had been verified. He was in a new position. He was to be the “receiver of stolen goods” after all. But in the moonlight lay at his feet a paper; it contained these words:—“Emperor—You have friends about you, on whom you set no value; you have enemies, too, about you, of whom you are not aware. Keep the *pendule*; it will serve to remind you of the hours that may pass between the throne and the dagger. It will serve, also, to remind you how few hours it may take to bring a noble heart to the

altar and to the grave. The toy is yours. The Countess Joblonsky has already received more than its value.

SPERANSKI.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The Countess Joblonsky *had been* the handsomest woman in Paris twenty years before. But in Paris, the reign of beauty never lasts supreme longer than a new Opera—possibly, among other reasons, for the one that both are exhibited without mercy for the eyes or ears of mankind. The Opera displays its charms incessantly, until all that remain to witness the triumph are the fiddlers and the scene-shifters. The Belle electrifies the world with such persevering attacks on their nervous system, that it becomes absolutely benumbed. A second season of triumph is as rare for the Belle as the Opera, and no man living ever has seen, or will see, a third season for either. The Countess retired at the end of her second season, like Diocletian, but not, like Diocletian, to the cultivation of cabbages. She drew off her forces to Vienna, which she entered with the air of a conqueror, and the rights of one; for the fashion that has fallen into the “sere and yellow leaf” in Paris, is entitled to consider itself in full bloom at Vienna. At the Austrian capital she carried all before her, for the time. She had all the first of the very first circle in her chains. All the Archdukes were at her bidding; were fed at her *petits soupers* of five hundred hungry noblesse, *en comité*; were pilfered at her *loto* tables; were spell-bound by her smiles, laughed at in her boudoir, and successively wooed to make the fairest of Countesses the haughtiest of Princesses. Still the last point was incomplete,—she was still in widowed loveliness.

The coronation suddenly broke up the Vienna circle. She who had hitherto led or driven the world, now condescended to follow it; and the Countess instantly removed her whole establishment, her French Abbé, her Italian Chevaliers, ordinaires and extraordinaires, her Flemish lapdogs, her Ceylonese monkeys, and her six beautiful Polish horses, to Presburg, with the determination to die *devoté*, or make an impress on the imperial soul, which Leopold should carry back, and the impres-

sion along with it, to Vienna. But cares of state had till now interposed a shield between the Emperor's bosom and the lady's diamond eyes. She had at last begun actually to despair; and on this morning she had summoned her Abbé to teach her the most becoming way for a beauty to renounce the world. She was enthroned on a couch of rose-coloured silk, worthy of Cytherea herself, half-sitting, half-reposing, with her highly rouged cheek resting on her snowy hand, that hand supported on a richly bound volume of the *Life of La Valliere*, delicious model of the wasted dexterity, cheated ambition, and profitless passion of a court beauty, and her eyes gazing on the letter which this pretty charlatan wrote on her knees, in the incredible hope of making a Frenchman feel. The Countess decided upon trying the *La Valliere* experiment upon the spot, writing a letter to the Emperor, declaring the "secret flame which had so long consumed her," "confessing" her resolution to fly into a convent, and compelling his obdurate spirit to meditate upon the means of rescuing so brilliant an ornament of his court from four bare walls, the fearful sight of monks and nuns, and the performance of matins and vespers as duly as the day.

At this critical moment, one of the imperial carriages entered the *porte cochere*. A gentleman of the court, stiff with embroidery, and stiffer with Austrian etiquette, descended from it, was introduced by the pages in attendance, and with his knee almost touching the ground, as to the future possessor of the diadem, presented to the Countess a morocco case. It contained a letter. The perusal of the missive brought into the fair reader's face a colour that fairly outburned all the labours of her three hours' toilette. It requested the Countess Joblonsky's acceptance of the trifle accompanying the note, and was signed Leopold. The case was eagerly opened. A burst of brilliancy flashed into the gazer's eyes. It was the superb watch, the long-talked of, the long-lost—the watch of the Princess Marosin, and now given as an acknowledgment of the personal superiority of her handsome competitor. She saw a crown glittering in strong imagination above her head. The *Life of La Valliere*

was spurned from her. The Abbé was instantly countermanded. The Countess had given up the nunnery; she ordered her six Polish steeds, and drove off to make her acknowledgments to the Emperor in person.

But what is the world? The Countess had come at an inauspicious time. She found the streets crowded with people talking of some extraordinary event, though whether of the general conflagration, or the flight of one of the Archduchesses, it was impossible to discover from the popular ideas on the subject. Further on, she found her progress impeded by the troops. The palace was double-guarded. There had evidently been some formidable occurrence. A scaffold was standing in the court, with two dead bodies in the Pandour uniform lying upon it. Cannon, with lighted matches, were pointed down the principal streets. The regiment of Pandours passed her, with Von Herbert at their head, looking so deeply intent upon something or other, that she in vain tried to obtain a glance towards her equipage. The Pandours, a gallant looking, but wild set, rushed out of the gates, and galloped forward to scour the forest, like wolf dogs in full cry. The regiment of Imperial Guards, with Prince Charles of Buntzlau witching the world with the best perfumed pair of mustaches, and the most gallantly embroidered mantle in any hussar corps in existence, rode past, with no more than a bow. All was confusion, consternation, and the clank of sabre sheaths, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The Countess gave up the day and the diadem, returned to her palace, and began the study of *La Valliere* again.

The story at length transpired. The Emperor's life had been attempted. His own detail to his Privy Council was—That before daylight he had found himself suddenly attacked in his bed by ruffians. His arms had been pinioned during his sleep. He called out for the Pandour officers who had been placed in his antechamber; but, to his astonishment, the flash of a lamp, borne by one of the assailants, shewed him those Pandours the most active in his seizure. Whether their purpose was to carry him off, or to kill him on the spot; to convey him to some cavern or forest where they might force



him to any conditions they pleased, or to extinguish the imperial authority in his person at once, was beyond his knowledge; but the vigour of his resistance had made them furious, and the dagger of one of the conspirators was already at his throat, when he saw the hand that held it lopped off by the sudden blow of a sabre from behind. Another hand now grasped his hair, and he felt the edge of a sabre, which slightly wounded him in the neck, but before the blow could be repeated, the assailant fell forward, with a curse and a groan, and died at his feet, exclaiming that they were betrayed. This produced palpable consternation among them; and on hearing a sound outside, like the trampling of the guards on their rounds, they had silently vanished, leaving him bleeding and bound. He had now made some effort to reach the casement and cry out for help, but a handkerchief had been tied across his face, his arms and feet were fastened by a scarf, and he lay utterly helpless. In a few moments after, he heard steps stealing along the chamber. It was perfectly dark; he could see no one; but he gave himself up for lost. The voice, however, told him that there was no enemy now in the chamber, and offered to loose the bandage from his face, on condition that he would answer certain questions. The voice was that of an old man, said he, but there was a tone of honesty about it that made me promise at once.

"I have saved your life," said the stranger; "what will you give me for this service?"

"If this be true, ask what you will."

"I demand a free pardon for the robbery of the Turkish courier, for shooting the Turkish envoy, and for stabbing the Grand Chamberlain in your presence."

"Are you a fool or a madman who ask this?"

"To you neither. I demand, further, your pardon for stripping Prince Charles of Buntzlau of his wife and his whiskers together—for marrying the Princess of Marosin—and for turning your Majesty into an acknowledged lover of the Countess Joblonsky."

"Who and what are you? Villain, untie my hands."

The cord was snapped asunder.

"Tell me your name, or I shall call the guards, and have you hanged on the spot."

"My name!" the fellow exclaimed, with a laugh,—“Oh, it is well enough known every where,—at court, in the cottages, in the city, and on the high-road—by your Majesty's guards, and by your Majesty's subjects. I am the Pandour of Pandours—your correspondent, and now your cabinet counsellor. Farewell Emperor, and remember—Speranski!"

"The cords were at the instant cut from my feet. I sprang after him; but I might as well have sprung after my own shadow. He was gone—but whether into the air or the earth, or whether the whole dialogue was not actually the work of my own imagination, favoured by the struggle with the conspirators, I cannot tell to this moment. One thing, however, was unquestionable, that I had been in the hands of murderers, for I stumbled over the two bodies of the assassins who were cut down in the *melee*. The first lamp that was brought in showed me also, that the two Pandour captains had been turned into the two Palatines of Sidlitz and Frankerin, but by what magic I cannot yet conjecture."

\* \* \* \* \*

A more puzzling affair never had bewildered the high and mighty functionaries of the imperial court. They pondered upon it for the day, and they might have added the year to their deliberations, without being nearer the truth. The roll of the Pandours had been called over. None were missing except the two captains; and certainly the two conspirators, though in the Pandour uniform, were not of the number.

More perplexity still. The imperial horse-guards returned in the evening terribly offended by a day's gallop through the vulgarity of the Hungarian thickets, but suffering no other loss than of a few plumes and tassels, if we except one, of pretty nearly the same kind, Prince Charles of Buntzlau. The Prince had been tempted to spur his charger through a thicket. He led the way in pursuit of the invisible enemy; he never came back. His whole regiment galloped after him in all directions. They might as well have hunted a

mole; he must have gone under ground—but where, was beyond the brains of his brilliantly dressed troopers. He was *un prince perdu*.

Leopold was indignant at this frolic, for as such he must conceive it; and ordered one of his aides-de-camp to wait at the quarters of the corps, until the future bridegroom grew weary of his wild-goose chase, and acquaint him that the next morning was appointed for his marriage. But he returned not.

Next morning there was another fund of indignation prepared for the astonished Emperor. The bride was as undiscoverable as the bridegroom. The palace of the Princess of Marosin had been entered in the night; but her attendants could tell no more, than that they found her chamber-doors open, and their incomparable tenant flown, like a bird from its gilded cage. All search was made, and made in vain. The Prince returned after a week's detention by robbers in a cave. He was ill received. Leopold, astonished and embarrassed, conscious that he was treading on a soil of rebellion, and vexed by his personal disappointments, broke up his court, and rapidly set out for the hereditary dominions.

He had subsequently serious affairs to think of. The French interest in Turkey roused the Ottoman to a war. Orders were given for a general levy through the provinces, and the Emperor himself commenced a tour of inspection of the frontier lying towards Roumelia. In the Croatian levy, he was struck peculiarly with the Count Corneglio Bancaleone, Colonel of a corps of Pandours, eminent for beauty of countenance and dignity of form; for activity in the manœuvres of his active regiment, and one of the most popular of the nobles of Croatia. The Emperor expressed himself so highly gratified with the Count's conduct, that, as a mark of honour, he proposed to take up his quarters in the palace. The Count bowed, reluctance was out of the question. The Emperor came, and was received with becoming hospitality; but where was the lady of the mansion? She was unfortunately indisposed. The Emperor expressed his regret, and the apology was accepted; but in the evening, while, after a day of reviews and riding through the Croa-

tian hills, he was enjoying the lovely view of the sun going down over the Adriatic, and sat at a window covered with fruits and flowers, imperaled with the dew of a southern twilight, a Hungarian song struck his ear, that had been a peculiar favourite of his two years before, during his stay in Presburg. He enquired of the Count who was the singer. Bancaleone's confusion was visible. In a few moments the door suddenly opened, and two beautiful infants, who had strayed away from their attendants, rambled into the room. The Count in vain attempted to lead them out. His imperial guest was delighted with them, and begged that they might be allowed to stay.

The eldest child, to pay his tribute to the successful advocate on the occasion, repeated the Hungarian song. "Who had taught him?" "His mother, who was a Hungarian." Bancaleone rose in evident embarrassment, left the room, and shortly returned leading that mother. She fell at the Emperor's feet. She was the Princess of Marosin, lovelier than ever; with the glow of the mountain air on her cheek, and her countenance lighted up with health, animation, and expressive beauty. Leopold threw his arms round his lovely relative, and exhibited the highest gratification in finding her again, and finding her so happy.

But sudden reflections covered the imperial brow with gloom. The mysterious deaths, the conspiracies, the sanguinary violences of Presburg, rose in his mind, and he felt the painful necessity of explanation.

Bancaleone had left the room; but an attendant opened the door, saying that a Pandour had brought a dispatch for his Majesty. The Pandour entered, carrying a portefeuille in his hand. The Emperor immediately recognised him, as having often attracted his notice on parade, by his activity on horseback, and his handsome figure. After a few *tours d'adresse*, which shewed his skill in disguise, the Count threw off the Pandour, and explained the mystifications of Presburg.

"I had been long attached," said he, "to the Princess of Marosin, before your Majesty had expressed your wishes in favour of the alliance of Prince Charles of Buntzlau. I immediately formed the presumptuous de-



termination of thwarting the Prince's objects. I entered, by the favour of my old friend, Colonel von Herbert, as a private in his Pandours, and was thus on the spot to attend to my rival's movements. The Pandours are, as your Majesty knows, great wanderers through the woods, and one of them, by some means or other, had found, or perhaps robbed, a part of the Turkish courier's dispatches. These dispatches he shewed to a comrade, who shewed them to me; they were of importance; for they developed a plot which the Turks were concerting with some profligate nobles of Presburg, to carry off your Majesty into the Turkish dominions, a plot which waited only for the arrival of the Turkish envoy. I got leave of absence, joined some of the rabble of gypsies who tell fortunes, and rob when they have no fortunes to tell. We met the Turk, a *mêlée* ensued, he was unfortunately killed; but I secured the dispatches. The Turk deserved his fate as a conspirator. His papers contained the names of twenty Magnates, all purchased by Turkish gold. The Magnates were perplexed by his death. They now waited for the arrival of a Romish priest, who was to manage the ecclesiastical part of your Majesty's murder. I went into the woods again, caught the Cardinal alive on his march, put him into the hands of the gypsies, who, feeling no homage for his vocation, put him on a sanative and antipolitical regimen of bread and water for a fortnight, and then dismissed him over the frontier. On the day of the coronation, your Majesty was to have died by the hands of Colvellino. I volunteered the office. Colvellino followed me, to keep me to my duty. I plucked your robe to put you on your guard; saw the Grand Chamberlain's dagger drawn to repay me for my officiousness; and, in self-defence, was forced to use my own. He was a traitor, and he died only too honourable a death."

"But the magic that changed the Pandour captains into Palatines? That Speranski too, who had the impudence to lecture me in my bonds?" asked the Emperor with a smile.

"All was perfectly simple," said

the Count; "the two captains were invited to a supper in the palace, which soon disqualified them for taking your Majesty's guard. Their uniforms were then given to two of the Palatines, who undertook to carry off your Majesty, or kill you in case of resistance. But no man can work without instruments. One of the gypsies, who was to have acted as postilion on the occasion, sold his employment for that night to another, who sold his secret to me. I remained in the next chamber to your Majesty's during the night. I had posted a dozen of the Pandours within call, in case of your being in actual danger. But my first purpose was to baffle the conspiracy without noise; however, the ruffians were more savage than I had thought them, and I was nearly too late. But, two strokes of the sabre were enough, and the two palatines finished their career as expeditiously at least as if they had died upon the scaffold. In this portefeuille are the Turk's dispatches, the Cardinal's prayers, Colvellino's plot, and the Magnates' oaths."

Leopold rose and took him by the hand. "Count, you shall be my aide-de-camp, and a general. You deserve every praise that can be given to skill and courage. But, the watch, the pendule, the trap for that prince of parroquets, Buntzlau?" said Leopold, bursting out into a laugh fatal to all etiquette. "Your Majesty will excuse me," said the Count, "these are a lady's secrets, or the next to a lady's, a man of fashion's. Mystification all. Magic every where; and it is not over yet. The Vienna paper this morning met my astonished eye with a full account of the marriage of his Serene Highness of Buntzlau with the illustrious widow of the Count Lublin *née* Joblonsky. Capitally matched. He brings her his ringlets, she brings him her rouge. He enraptures her with the history of his loves; she can give him love for love at least. He will portion her with his debts, and she is as equal as any Countess in Christendom to return the politeness in kind. *Vive le beau mariage!* A coxcomb is the true *cupidon* for a coquette all over the world."

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## CHAPTER XI.

*The Chase of the Smuggler.*

THE crib in which I was confined was as dark as pitch, and, as I soon found, as hot as the black hole in Calcutta. I don't pretend to be braver than my neighbours, but I would pluck any man by the beard who called me coward. In my small way I had in my time faced death in various shapes; but it had always been above board, with the open heaven overhead, and generally I had a goodly fellowship in danger, and the eyes of others were upon me. No wonder, then, that the sinking of the heart within me, which I now experienced for the first time, was bitter exceedingly, and grievous to be borne. Cooped up in a small suffocating cabin, scarcely eight feet square, and not above four feet high, with the certainty of being murdered, as I conceived, were I to try to force my way on deck; and the knowledge that all my earthly prospects, all my dreams of promotion, were likely to be blasted, and for ever ruined by my sudden spiriting away, not to take into the heavy tale the misery which my poor mother and my friends must suffer, when they came to know it, and "who will tell this to thee, Mary," rose to my throat, but could get no farther for a cursed bump that was like to throttle me. Why should I blush to own it—when the gipsy, after all, jinked an old rich goutified coffee-planter at the eleventh hour, and married me, and is now the mother of half a dozen little Cringles or so? However, I made a strong effort to bear my misfortunes like a man, and, folding my arms, I sat down on a chest to abide my fate, whatever that might be, with as much composure as I could command, when half a dozen cockroaches flew flicker flicker against my face.

For the information of those who have never seen this delicious insect, I take leave to mention here, that, when full grown, it is a large dingy brown-coloured beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong antihysterical flavour, something between rotten cheese

and assafœtida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscene crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust, and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chances to fall asleep with his mouth open, is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potato trap.

At the same time I felt something gnawing the toe of my boot, which I inferred to be a rat—another agreeable customer for which I had a special abhorrence; but, as for beetles of all kinds, from my boyhood up, they had been an abomination unto me, and a cockroach is the most abominable of all beetles; so between the two I was speedily roused from my state of supine, or rather dogged endurance; and, forgetting the geography of my position, I sprang to my feet, whereby I nearly fractured my skull against the low deck above. I first tried the skylight; it was battened down—then the companion hatch, it was locked—but the ladder leading up to it, being cooler than the noisome vapour bath I had left, I remained standing in it, trying to catch a mouthful of fresh air through the joints of the door. All this while we had been slipping along shore with the land wind abeam of us, at the rate of five or six knots, but so gently and silently, that I could distinctly hear the roar of the surf, as the long smooth swell broke on the beach, which, from the loudness of the noise, could not be above a mile to windward of us. I perceived at the same time that the schooner, although going free, did not keep away as she might have done, so that it was evident he did not intend to beat up, so as to fetch the Crooked Island passage, which would have been his course, had he been bound for the



States; but was standing over to the Cuba shore, at that time swarming with pirates.

It was now good daylight, and the *Terral* gradually died away, and left us rolling gunwale under, as we rose and fell on the long seas, with our sails flapping, bulkheads creaking and screaming, and main-boom jiggling, as if it would have torn every thing to pieces. I could hear my friend Obed walking the deck, and whistling manfully for the sea breeze, and exclaiming from time to time in his barbarous lingo, "Souffle, souffle, San Antonio." But the saint had no bowels, and there we lay roasting until near ten o'clock in the forenoon. During all this period, Obed, who was short-sighted, as I learned afterwards, kept desiring his right arm, Paul Brandywine, to keep a bright look-out for the sea breeze to windward, or rather to the eastward, for there was no wind—"because he knowed it oftentimes tumbled down right sudden and dangerous at this season about the corner of the island hereabouts; and the pride of the morning often brought a shower with it, fit to level a maize plat smooth as his hand."—"No black clouds to windward yet, Paul?"

Paul could see nothing, and the question was repeated three or four times. "There is a small black cloud about the size of my hand to windward, sir, right in the wake of the sun, just now, but it won't come to any thing; I sees no signs of any wind."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, and look toward the sea, and he went up and looked, and said there is nothing; and he said go again seven times, and it came to pass the seventh time, that he said, behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand."

I knew what this foreboded, which, as I thought, was more than friend Obed did; for he shortened no sail, and kept all his kites abroad, for no use as it struck me, unless he wished to wear them out by flapping against the masts. He was indeed a strange mixture of skill and carelessness; but, when fairly stirred up, one of the most daring and expert, and self-possessed seamen I had ever seen, as I very soon had an ugly opportunity of ascertaining.

The cloud on the horizon conti-

nued to rise rapidly, spreading over the whole eastern sky, and the morning began to lower very ominously; but there was no sudden squall, the first of the breeze coming down as usual in cats' paws, and freshening gradually; nor did I expect there would be, although I was certain it would soon blow a merry capful of wind, which might take in some of the schooner's small sails, and pretty considerably bother us, unless we could better our offing speedily, for it blew right on shore, which, by the setting in of the sea breeze, was now close under our lee.

At length the sniffer reached us, and the sharp little vessel began to *speak*, as the rushing sound through the water is called; while the wind sang like an Eolian harp through the taught weather rigging. Presently I heard the word given to take in the two gaff topsails and flying jib, which was scarcely done, when the moaning sound roughened into a roar, and the little vessel began to yerk at the head seas, as if she would have cut through them, in place of rising to them, and to lie over, as if Davy Jones himself had clapperclawed the mast heads, and was in the act of using them as levers to capsize her, while the sails were tugging at her, as if they would have torn the spars out of her, so that I expected every moment, either that she would turn over, keel up, or that the masts would snap short off by the deck.

All this, which I would without the smallest feeling of dread, on the contrary with exhilaration, have faced cheerily on deck in the course of duty, proved at the time, under my circumstances, most alarming and painful to me; a fair strae death out of the maintop, or off the weather-yard arm, would to my imagination have been an easy exit comparatively, but to be choked in this abominable hole, and drowned darkling like a blind puppy—the very thought made me frantic, and I shouted, and tumbled about, until I missed my footing and fell backwards down the ladder, from the bottom of which I scuttled away to the lee-side of the cabin, quiet, through absolute despair and exhaustion from the heat and closeness.

I had remarked that from the time the breeze freshened, the everlasting Yankee drawling of the crew, and the endless confabulation of the cap-

tain and his mate, had entirely ceased, and nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognising his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea and wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, "aye, aye, sir," from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically and well. "Come, the vagabonds are sailors after all, we shan't be swamped this turn;" and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after, I could hear the captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, "There it comes at last—put your helm hard aport—down with it, Paul, down with it, man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we goes, clean and for ever." Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and haulyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion, through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gaily to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness I could now distinctly hear every word that was said on deck.

"Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain," quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; "but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta Bay over the headland?"

"Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess."

"The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl, I calculate; it is a gun or I mistake."

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usual-

ly hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he pinned me into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more slunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; at length, Paul, to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke.

"A schooner, sir, is rounding the point."

As I afterwards learned, the Negroes who had witnessed my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat shoving off, and Mr Fyall immediately dispatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the *Gleam*, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

"Well, I can't help it if there be," rejoined the captain.

Another pause.

"Why, I don't like her, sir; she looks like a man-of-war—and that must have been the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing."

"Eh?" sharply answered Obed, "if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul."

A long, long look.

"A man-of-war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord," cried Obed, in great perplexity, "what shall we do?"

"Why, pull foot, captain," promptly replied Paul; "the breeze has lulled, and in light winds she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave."

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swish of the water, as they threw bucketsful on the sails, to thicken them and make them hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.



"Starboard," quoth Obed—"rap full, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and fore-sail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff-topsail yet—set it, Paul, set it;" and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel. "Come, weather me, now, see how she trips it along—poo, I was an ass to quail, wan't I, Paul?" No chance, now, thought I, as I descended once more; "I may as well go and be suffocated at once." I knocked my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, and to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, amongst a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a *goglet* or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half and half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up at the top of my pipe, "Ye Mariners of England." My jovialty was soon noticed on deck.

"Eh, what be that?" quoth Obed, "that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?"

"We be all on deck, sir," responded Paul.

"It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad."

"We shall soon see," said Paul, as

he removed the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his little short-sighted pig's eyes, into which, in my pot valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutton fist, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

"You makes yourself at home, I sees, and be hanged to you," said Obed, laying the emphasis on the last word, pronouncing it "yoo—oo" in two syllables.

"I do, indeed, and be damned to yoo—oo," I replied; "and why should I not? the visit was not volunteered, you know; so come down, you long-legged Yankee smuggling scoundrel, or I'll blow your bloody buccaneering craft out of the water like the peel of an onion. You see I have got the magazine scuttle up, and *there* are the barrels of powder, and here is the candle, so"—

Obed laughed like the beginning of the bray of the jackass before he swings off into his "heehaw, heehaw"—"Smash my eyes, man, but them barrels be full of pimento, all but that one with the red mark, and that be crackers fresh and sharp from the Brandywine mills."

"Well, well, gunpowder, or pimento, I'll set fire to it if you don't be civil."

"Why, I *will* be civil; you are a curious chap, a brave slip, to carry it so, with no friend near; so, civil I will be."

He unlocked the companion hatch and came down to the cabin, doubling his long limbs up like foot rules, to suit the low roof.

"Free and easy, my man," continued the captain, as he entered. "Well, I forgive you—we are quits now—and if we were not beyond the Island Craft, I would put you ashore, but I can't stand back now."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Simply, because one of your men of war schooners an't more than hull down astarn of me at this moment; she is working up in shore, and has not chased me as yet; indeed she may save herself the trouble, for ne'er a schooner in your blasted service has any chance with the tidy little Wave."

I was by no means so sure of this.

"Well, Master Obediah, it may turn up as you say, and in a light wind, I know you will either sail or sweep away from any one of them; but, to be on the square with you, if it comes on to blow, that same hooker, which I take to be his Britannic Majesty's schooner, Gleam, will, from his greater beam, and superior length, outcarry and forereach on you, aye, and weather on you too, hand over hand; so this is my compact—if he nails you, you will require a friend at Court, and I will stand that friend; if you escape—and I will not interfere either by advice or otherwise, either to get you taken or to get you clear—will you promise to put me on board the first English merchant vessel we fall in with, or, at the longest, to land me at St Jago de Cuba, and I will promise you, on my honour, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, that I will never hereafter inform against you, or in any way get you into trouble, if I can help it. Is it done? Will you give me your hand upon it?"

Obed did not hesitate a moment; he clenched my hand and squeezed it, till the blood nearly spouted from my finger-ends; one might conceive of Norwegian bears greeting each other after this fashion, but I trust no Christian will ever, in time coming, subject my digits to a similar species of torture.

"Agreed, my boy, I *have* promised, and you may depend on me; smuggler though I be, and somewhat worse on occasion mayhap, I never breaks my word."

There was an earnestness about the poor fellow, in which I thought there could be no deception, and from that moment we were on what I may call a very friendly footing for a prisoner and his jailer.

"Well, now, I believe you, so let us have a glass of grog, and"—

Here the mate sung out, "Captain, come on deck, if you please; quickly, sir, quickly."

By this time it had begun to breeze up again, and as the wind *rose*, I could see the spirits of the crew *fell*, as if conscious they had no chance if it freshened. When we went on deck, Paul was still peering through the telescope.

"The schooner has tacked, sir." A dead silence; then giving the glass a

swing, and driving the joints into each other, with such vehemence as if he would have broken them in pieces, he exclaimed, "She is after us, so sure as I ben't a niger."

"No! is she though?" eagerly enquired the captain, as he at length seized the spy-glass, twisting and turning it about and about, as he tried to hit his own very peculiar focus. At length he took a long, long, breathless look, while the eyes of the whole crew, some fifteen hands or so, were riveted upon him with the most intense anxiety.

"What a gaff topsail she has got—my eye!—and a ringtail with more cloths in it than our square sail—and the breeze comes down stronger and stronger!"

All this while I looked out equally excited, but with a very different interest. "Come, this will do," thought I; "she *is* after us; and if old Dick Gasket brings that fiery sea-breeze he has now, along with him, we shall puzzle the smuggler, for all his long start."

"There's a gun, sir," cried Paul, trembling from head to foot.

"Sure enough," said the skipper; "and it must be a signal. And there go three flags at the fore.—She must, I'll bet a hundred dollars, have taken our tidy little Wave for the Admiral's tender that was lying in Morant Bay."

"Blarney," thought I; "tidy as your little Wave is, she won't deceive old Dick—he is not the man to take a herring for a horse; she *must* be making signals to some man-of-war in sight."

"A strange sail right a-head," sung out three men from forward all at once.

"Didn't I say so?"—I had only *thought* so. "Come, Master Obediah, it thickens now, you're in for it," said I.

But he was not in the least shaken; as the matter grew serious, he seemed to brace up to meet it. He had been flurried at the first, but he was collected and cool as a cucumber *now*, when he saw every thing depending on his seamanship and judgment. Not so Paul, who seemed to have made up his mind that they must be taken.

"Jezebel Brandywine, you are but a widowed old lady, I calculate. I shall never see the broad, smooth



Chesapeake again,—no more peach brandy for Paul;” and folding his arms, he set himself doggedly down on the low taffarel.

Little did I think at the time how fearfully the poor fellow’s foreboding was so soon to be fulfilled.

“There again,” said I, “a second puff to windward.” This was another signal gun I knew; and I went forward to where the captain was reconnoitring the sail a-head through the glass. “Let me see,” said I, “and I will be honest with you, and tell you if I know her.”

He handed me the glass at once, and the instant I saw the top of her courses above the water, I was sure, from the red cross in her foresail, that she was the Firebrand, the very corvette to which I was appointed. She was so well to windward, that I considered it next to impossible that we should weather her, but Obediah seemed determined to try it. After seeing his little vessel snug under mainsail, foresail, and jib, which was as much as she could stagger under, and every thing right and tight, and all clear to make more sail should the breeze lull, he ordered the men below, and took the helm himself. What queer animals sailors are! We were rising the corvette fast; and on going aft again from the bows, where I had been looking at her, I sent my eye down the hatchway into the men’s birth, and there were the whole crew at breakfast, laughing and joking, and enjoying themselves, as heartily, apparently, nay, I verily believe in reality, as if they had been in a yacht on a cruise of pleasure, in place of having one enemy nearly within gunshot astern, and another trying to cut them off a-head.

At this moment the schooner in chase luffed up in the wind, and I noticed the foot of the foresail lift. “You’ll have it now, friend Obed; there’s at you in earnest.” While I spoke, a column of thick white smoke spouted over the bows of the Gleam, about twenty yards to windward, and then blew back again amongst the sails and rigging, as if a gauze veil had for an instant been thrown over the little vessel, rolling off down the wind to leeward, in whirling eddies; growing thinner and thinner, until it disappeared altogether. I heard the elport this time, and the shot fell close alongside of us.

“A good mark with that apple,” coolly observed the captain; “the long Tom must be a tearer to pitch its mouthful of iron this length.”

Another succeeded; and if I had been still pinned up in the companion, there would have been no log now, for it went crash through it into the hold. “Go it, my boys,” shouted I; “a few more as well aimed, and heigh for the Firebrand’s gun-room!”

At the mention of the Firebrand I thought Obed started, but he soon recovered himself, and looking at me with all the apparent composure in the world, he smiled as he said, “Not so fast, Lieutenant; you and I have not drank our last glass of swizzle yet, I guess. If I can but weather that chap a-head, I don’t fear the schooner.”

The corvette had by this time answered the signal from the Gleam, and had hauled his wind so, that I did not conceive it possible that the Wave could scrape clear, without coming under her broadside. “You won’t try it, Obed, surely?”

“Answer me this, and I’ll tell you,” rejoined he. “Does that corvette *now* carry long 18’s or 32-pound carronades?”

“She carries 32-pound carronades.”

“Then you’ll not sling your cot in her gun-room this cruise.”

All this time the little Wave was carrying to it gallantly, her jib-boom bending like whalebone, and her long slender topmasts whipping about like a couple of fishing-rods, as she thrashed at it, sending the spray flashing over her mast heads at every pitch; but notwithstanding her weatherly qualities, the heavy cross sea, as she drove into it, headed her off bodily, and she could not prevent the Gleam from creeping up on her weather quarter, where she peppered away from her long 24-pounder, throwing the shot over and over us.

To tack, therefore, would have been to run into the lion’s mouth, and to bear up was equally hopeless, as the corvette, going free, would have chased her under water; the only chance remaining was to stand on, and trust to the breeze taking off, and try to weather the ship, now about three miles distant on our lee-bow, braced sharp up on the opposite tack, and quite aware of our game.

As the corvette and the Wave neared each other, he threw a shot at us from the boat gun on his topgallant forecastle, as if to ascertain beyond all doubt the extent of our insanity, and whether we were serious in our attempt to weather him and escape.

*Obed held right on his course, like grim Death.* Another bullet whistled over our mast-heads, and, with the aid of the glass, I could see by the twinkling of feet, and here and there a busy peering face through the ports, that the crew were at quarters fore and aft, while fourteen marines or so were all ready rigged on the poop, and the nettings were bristling through the whole length of the ship, with fifty or sixty small-arm men.

All this I took care to communicate to Obediah. "I say, my good friend, I see little to laugh at in all this. If you do go to windward of him at all, which I greatly doubt, you will have to cross his fore-foot within pistol-shot at the farthest, and then you will have to rasp along his whole broadside of great and small, and they are right well prepared and ready for you, that I can tell you; the skipper of that ship has had some dedication, I guess, in the war on your coast, for he seems up to your tricks, and I don't doubt but he will tip you the stem, if need be, with as little compunction as I would kill a cockroach, devil confound the whole breed! There,—I see his marines and small-arm men handling their firelocks, as thick as sparrows under the lee of a hedge in a snow-storm, and the people are training the bulldogs fore and aft. Why, this is downright, stark staring lunacy, Obed; we shall be smashed like an egg-shell, and all hands of us whipped off to Davy from your cursed foolhardiness."

I had made several pauses in my address, expecting an answer, but Obed was mute as a stone. At length I took the glass from my eye, and turned round to look at him, startled by his silence.

I might have heard of such things, but I had never before seen the working of the spirit so forcibly and fearfully demonstrated by the aspect of the outward man. With the exception of myself, he was the only man on deck, as before mentioned, and by this time he was squatted down

on it, with his long legs and thighs thrust down into the cabin, through the open skylight. The little vessel happened to carry a weather helm, so that his long sinewy arms, with their large veins and leaders strained to cracking, covered but a small way below the elbow by his jacket, were stretched as far as they could clutch the tiller to windward, and his enormous head, supported on his very short trunk, that seemed to be countersunk into the deck, gave him a most extraordinary appearance. But this was not all; his complexion, usually sallow and sunburnt, was now ghastly and blue, like that of the corpse of a drowned man; the muscles of the neck, and the flesh of the cheeks and chin were rigid and fixed, and shrunk into one half of their usual compass; the lips were so compressed that they had entirely disappeared, and all that marked his mouth, was a black line; the nostrils were distended, and thin and transparent, while the forehead was shrivelled into the most minute, and immovable wrinkles, as if done with a crimping instrument, while over his eyes, or rather his eye, for he kept one closed as if it had been hermetically sealed, he had lashed with half a dozen turns of spun-yarn a wooden socket, like the but-end of an opera glass, fitted with some sort of magnifier, through which he peered out a-head most intensely, stooping down, and stretching his long bare neck to its utmost reach, that he might see under the foot of the foresail.

I had scarcely time to observe all this, when a round shot came through the head of the mainsail, grazing the mast, and the very next instant a bushel of grape, from one of the bow guns, a 32 lb. carronade, was crashed in on us a-midships. I flung down the glass, and dived through the companion into the cabin—I am not ashamed to own it; and any man who would undervalue my courage in consequence, can never, taking into consideration the peculiarities of my situation, have known the appalling sound, or infernal effect of a discharge of grape. Round shot in broadsides is a joke to it; musketry is a joke to it; but only conjure up in your imagination, a shower of iron bullets, of the size of well grown plums, to the number



of from sixty to one hundred and twenty, taking effect within a circle, not above ten feet in diameter, and that all this time there was neither honour nor glory in the case, for I was a miserable captive, and I fancy I may save myself the trouble of farther enlargement. I found that the crew had by this time started and taken up the planks of the cabin floor, and had stowed themselves well down into the run, so as to be as much out of harm's way as they could manage, but there was neither fear nor flinching amongst them; and although totally devoid of all gasconade, on the contrary, they had taken all the precautions men could do in their situation, to keep out of harm's way, or at least to lessen the danger, there they sat, silent, and cool, and determined. I shall never undervalue an American as an enemy again, thought I. I lay down on the side of the little vessel, now nearly level as she lay over, alongside of Paul Brandywine, in a position that commanded a view of Obed's face, through the small scuttle. Ten minutes might have elapsed—a tearing crash—and a rattle on the deck overhead, as if a shower of stones had been thrown from aloft on it.

"That's through the mainmast, I expect," quoth Paul.

I looked from him to the Captain; a black thick stream of blood was trickling down behind his ear. Paul had noticed it also.

"You are hurt by one of them splinters, I see; give me the helm now, Captain;" and, crushed down as the poor fellow appeared to be under some fearful and mysterious consciousness of impending danger, he nevertheless addressed himself to take his Captain's place.

"Hold your blasted tongue"—was the polite rejoinder.

"I say, Captain,"—shouted your humble servant, "you may as well eat pease with a pitchfork, as try to weather him. You are hooked, man, flounder as you will. Old Nick can't shake you clear—so I won't stand this any longer;" and making a spring, I jammed myself through the skylight, until I sat on the deck, looking aft, and confronting him, and there we were stuck up like the two kings of Brentford, or a couple of *smiling cherries* on one stalk. I have often laughed over the figure

we must have cut, but at the time there was that going on, that would have made *Comus* himself look grave. I had at length fairly aroused the sleeping devil within him.—"Look out *there*, Lieutenant—look out *there*,"—and he pointed with his sinister claw down to leeward. I did so—*whew!*—what a sight for poor Master Thomas Cringle! "You are booked for an outside place, Master Tommy"—thought I to myself—for *there* was the corvette in very truth—she had just tacked, and was close aboard of us, on our lee quarter, within musket-shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing, multitudinous sea surging along her sides, and washing up in foam, like snow flakes, through the mid-ship ports, far aft on the quarter deck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipeclay. The press of canvass she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and above all, the clean, well-stowed white hammocks filled the nettings, from taffarel to cathead—oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-by to the bolt-ropes, bending the masts like willow-wands (as if the devil, determined to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddlesticks to play a spring with, on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays,) and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying every thing up to the house-holes, and driving the brine into mist, over the fore-top, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sun.

beams in momentary rainbows. We were so near, that I could with the naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men. There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered, with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage.

There they were in groups about the ports, (I could even see the captains of the guns, examining the locks,) in their clean white frocks and trowsers, the officers of the ship, and the marines, clearly distinguishable by their blue or red jackets. *I could discern the very sparkle of the epaulets.*

High overhead the red cross, that for a thousand years "has braved the battle and the breeze," blew out strong from the Peake, like a sheet of flickering white flame, or a thing instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign haulyards, and to escape high into the clouds: while, from the main-royal-mast-head, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light. Oh! it was a sight "most beautiful to see," as the old song hath it,—but I confess I would have preferred that pleasure from t'other side of the hedge.

There was no hailing nor trumpeting, although, as we crossed on opposite tacks when we first weathered her, just before she hove in stays, I had heard a shrill voice sing out, "Take good aim, men—Fire;" but *now* each cannon in thunder shot forth its glance of flame, without a word being uttered, as she kept away to bring them to bear in succession, while the long feathery cloud of whirling white smoke, that shrouded her sides from stem to stern, was sparkling brilliantly throughout with crackling musketry, for all the world like fireflies in a bank of night fog from the hills, until the breeze blew it back again through the rigging, and once more unveiled the lovely craft in all her pride and glory. "You see all that?" said Obed.—"To be sure I do, and I feel something too;" for a sharp rasping jar was repeated in rapid succession three or four times, as so many shot struck our hull, and made the splinters glance about merrily; and the musket-balls were mottling our top sides and spars, plumping into the timber, *whit, whit!* as

thick as ever you saw schoolboys plastering a church door with clay-pellets. There was a heavy groan, and a stir amongst the seamen in the run. "And, pray, do you see and hear all that yourself, Master Obed? The iron has clenched some of your chaps down there.—Stay a bit, you shall have a better dose presently, you obstinate old——"

He waved his hand, and interrupted me with great energy—"I dare not give in, I cannot give in; all I have in the world swims in the little hooker, and strike I will not so long as two planks stick together."

"Then," quoth I, "you are simply a damned, cold-blooded, calculating scoundrel—brave I will never call you." I saw he was now stung to the quick.

"Lieutenant, smuggler as I am, don't goad me to what worse I may have been; there are some deeds done in my time, which at a moment like this I don't much like to think upon. I am a desperate man, Master Cringle; don't, for your own sake, as well as mine, try me too far."

"Well but"—persisted I. He would hear nothing.

"Enough said, sir, enough said; there was not an honest trader nor a happier man in all the Union, until your infernal pillaging and burning squadron in the Chesapeake captured and ruined me; but I paid it off on the prize-master, although we were driven on the rocks after all. I paid it off, and, God help me, I have never thriven since, enemy although he was. I see the poor fellow's face yet, as I"—He checked himself suddenly, as if aware that he might say more than could be conveniently retracted. "But I dare not be taken; let that satisfy you, Master Cringle, so go below—below with you, sir"—I saw he had succeeded in lashing himself into a fury—"or, by the Almighty God, who hears me, I shall be tempted to do another deed, the remembrance of which will haunt me till my dying day."

All this passed in no time, as we say, much quicker than one can read it; and I now saw that the corvette had braced up, sharp to the wind again, on the same tack that we were on; so I slipped down like an eel, and



once more stretched myself beside Paul, on the leeside of the cabin. We soon found that she was after us in earnest, by the renewal of the cannonade, and the breezing up of the small arms again. Two round shot now tore right through the deck, just beneath the larboard coamings of the main hatchway; the little vessel's deck, as she lay over, being altogether exposed to the enemy's fire, they made her whole frame tremble again, smashing every thing in their way to shivers, and going right out through her bottom on the opposite side, within a dozen streaks of her keel, while the rattling of the clustered grapeshot every now and then made us start, the musketry all the while peppering away like a hail shower. Still the skipper, who I expected every moment to see puffed away from the tiller like smoke, held upon deck as if he had been bullet-proof, and seemed to escape the hellish tornado of missiles of all sorts and sizes by a miracle. "He is in league with the old one, Paul," said I; "howsoever, you must be nabbed, for you see the ship is fore-reaching on you, and you can't go on t'other tack, surely, with these pretty eylet holes between wind and water on the weather side there? Your captain is mad—why will you, then, and all these poor fellows, go down, because *he dare* not surrender, for some good deed of his own, eh?"

The roar of the cannon and noise of the musketry made it necessary for me to raise my voice here, which the small scuttle, like Dionysius's ear, conveyed unexpectedly to my friend, the captain, on deck.

"Hand me up my pistols, Paul."

It had struck me before, and I was now certain, that from the time he had become so intensely excited as he was now, that he spoke with a pure English accent, without the smallest dash of Yankeeism. "So, so: I see—no wonder you won't strike, you renegade," cried I.

"You have tampered with my crew, sir, and abused me," he announced, in a stern, slow tone, much more alarming than his former fierceness, "so take that, to quiet you;" and deuce take me if he did not, the moment he received the pistols from

his mate, fire slap at me, the ball piercing the large muscle of my neck on the right side, missing the artery by the merest accident. Thinking I was done for, I covered my face with my hands, and commended myself to God, with all the resignation that could be expected from a poor young fellow in my grievous circumstances, expecting to be cut off in the *prima vera* of his days, and to part for ever from —. Poo, that there line is not my forte. However, finding the hæmorrhage by no means great, and that the wound was in fact slight, I took the captain's rather strong hint to be still, and lay quiet, until a 32 lb. shot struck us bang on the quarter. The subdued force with which it came, showed that we were widening our distance, for it did not drive through and through with a crash, but lodged in a timber; nevertheless it started one of the planks across which Paul and I lay, and pitched us both with extreme violence bodily into the run amongst the men, three of them lying amongst the ballast, which was covered with blood, two badly wounded, and one dead. I came off with some slight bruises; however not so the poor mate. He had been nearest the end or *but* that was started, which thereby struck him so forcibly, that it fractured his spine, and dashed him amongst his shipmates, shrieking piercingly in his great agony, and clutching whatever he could grasp with his hands, and tearing whatever he could reach with his teeth, while his limbs below his waist were dead and paralysed.—"Oh, Christ! water, water," he cried, "water, for the love of God, water!" The crew did all they could; but his torments increased—the blood began to flow from his mouth—his hands became clay-cold and pulseless—his features sharp, blue, and death-like—his respiration difficult—the choking death-rattle succeeded, and in ten minutes he was dead.

This was the last shot that told—every report became more and more faint, and the musketry soon ceased altogether.

The breeze had taken off, and the Wave, resuming her superiority in light winds, *had escaped*.

## TO MY BIRDIE.

'Tis many a long year now, Birdie!

Aye, sure—some seven years good,  
Since I rhymed to you one day,  
On a certain morn of May,  
In an idle, sing-song mood.

I remember it all as well, Birdie,  
The hour, and the place, and the mood,  
As if time, since slipt away,  
Were little more than a day,  
And yet it is seven years good!

A great sum of life struck off, Birdie!  
And I feel it has told with me—  
But you're looking as young and bright  
As you did in that May morn's light,  
And you're singing more merrily.

For then you was moping and mute, Birdie,  
Though I begg'd (and you seem'd to  
hear me)  
That you'd tune up that little throat,  
But you never vouchsafed a note,  
Not a single note to cheer me.

And your silence seem'd very unkind;  
For, in sooth—as I well remember—  
Though Earth wore her best array,  
That beautiful month of May  
My heart was as sad as December.

For then first I felt myself lonely,  
Quite—quite left alone upon earth,  
Hid for ever the last loving face,  
And even the old dog's place,  
Forsaken beside the hearth.

And I—though a sickly creature,  
Might still live lingering on,  
Like a trampled passion-flower,  
Torn from the native bower,  
When all it had clung to, was gone.

I sat at my pleasant window,  
Where the myrtle and rose peep'd in,  
And without, such a smile serene  
Pervaded the whole fair scene,  
That sorrow seem'd almost a sin.

And I tried to rejoice with Nature,  
For my heart was not sullen though sad;  
But the cloud of my spirit lay  
On all beautiful things that day,  
And I could not—I *could not* be glad.

So I turned again to the task  
That had dropt unperceived on my knee,  
And my needle began to ply,  
Busily—busily—  
As fast, as fast could be.

Stitch after stitch I set,  
Mechanically true,

But the seeming gaze intent,  
On that dull labour bent,  
Had little with thought to do.

And soon from the careless finger  
A crimson drop was drawn—  
And next—from a source less near—  
Another, as crystal clear,  
Dropt on the snowy lawn.

And my eyes grew dim—and again  
My hands fell listlessly—  
And the sound of my very breath,  
In that stillness as deep as death,  
Was a distress to me.

“ Oh! for a sound of life  
From a single living thing,”  
Impatiently I cried—  
And *thou wert* by my side,  
Birdie! and didst not sing.

'Twas then, that rhymed remonstrance  
(So touching!) I spake to thee,  
Not surely less improving,  
Than it was deeply moving,  
And its effect on me

Was wondrously relieving—  
For as my verse flow'd on,  
Sad thoughts it did beguile,  
And for a little while  
My loneliness was gone.

And from that very morning,  
Birdie! I do opine,  
There has been more in thee  
Than common eyes can see—  
Or any eyes but mine.

'Tis not because thy music  
Is ceaseless now all day,  
(As many a deafened guest  
Can feelingly attest,)  
That thus of thee I say:

But, that when night is round us,  
And every guest is gone,  
And by the taper's beam,  
Or fire-light's redder gleam,  
With thee I'm left alone,

Forth from thy wiry prison,  
Soft silvery tones 'gin swell,  
More sweet and tender far  
Than tenderest warblings are  
Of love-lorn Philomel—

And thou, the while, fast perched,  
As if asleep—so still!  
That tremulous under tone,  
Liquidly gurgling on,  
Like a tiny, tinkling rill—



And when I watch thee closer,  
 Small creature ! with surprise,  
 Half doubtful, if from thee  
 That marvellous melody,  
 I meet thy wakeful eyes,

Those bright black eyes, so strangely,  
 Methinks, that answer mine ;  
 It surely seems to me,  
 Some spirit thou must be,  
 Pent in that plamy shrine—

But whether spirit, fairy,  
 Or mortal bird thou art,  
 I thank thee, pretty creature !  
 My comforter ! my teacher !  
 I thank thee from my heart—

My comforter I call thee—  
 For many a heavy hour,  
 Hath lightened of its sadness,  
 Nay—half attuned to gladness,  
 Thy small pipe's witching power.

And often time while list'ning,  
 I've caught th' infectious tone ;  
 And murmured fitful words—  
 And touched a few faint chords,  
 Wild music of my own ;

Till to the realms of Cloud land,  
 Freed Fancy winged her flight,  
 Far, far beneath her leaving

This world of sin and grieving—  
 So, Birdie, with good right

My *Comforter* I call thee—  
 My *Teacher* thou should'st be ;  
 For sure some lesson holy,  
 Of wisdom, meek and lowly,  
 May reason learn from thee.

Debarred from choicest blessings  
 Inferior, good to prize—  
 Thou hymn'st the light of Heaven,  
 Though not to thee 'tis given  
 To soar into the skies.

Content thou art, and thankful,  
 For some poor gather'd weed ;  
 Though nature's charter'd right,  
 In gardens of delight,  
 Gave thee to sport and feed—

Thou renderest good for evil,  
 For sad captivity  
 Sweet music—all thy treasure ;—  
 Oh Birdie ! when I measure  
 Philosophy with thee,

I feel how much I'm wanting,  
 Though more is given to me—  
 That thou—poor soul-less creature !  
 Mayst truly be the teacher  
 Of proud humanity.

C.

## HOMER'S HYMNS.

## No. VI.—HELIUS, OR THE SUN.

DAUGHTER of Jove, Calliope, begin, sweet muse, and sing to me  
 Of Helius, God that shines above ; whom in her nuptial bed  
 Euryphaessa bare the Son of Heaven and Earth Hyperion,—  
 Hyperion, that in bond of love with his own sister wed.  
 To them were fairest offspring born ; with roseate arms the gentle morn  
 Aurora, and the mellow-hair'd Selene, Queen of Night ;  
 And the unwearied Helius, that ever shineth glorious  
 To mortals and immortals, riding in his chariot bright.  
 Beneath his helmet gold-besprent look out his eyes omnipotent,  
 And rays of splendour shoot around out from his beaming face :  
 Touch'd by his cheek's celestial glow, his locks about his temples flow  
 In waving gold, and brilliant light and everlasting grace.  
 His air-wrought mantle floats behind, and crisps and glitters to the wind ;  
 He stands up in his chariot high, that sturdy stallions draw.  
 The steeds well-yoked in golden link through Heaven's broad pathway to  
 the brink  
 Of ocean drives the wondrous God, and fills the world with awe.  
 Hail, Helius, hail ! do thou impart new warmth and vigour to my heart,  
 Propitious ; 'tis from thee begins my bold adventurous story,  
 From thee I dare in hymns and odes to lift the fame of demigods,  
 E'en as the Olympian choir above proclaim their deeds of glory.

## No. VII.—MINERVA.

PALLAS MINERVA, goddess bright, with azure eye of heavenly light,  
 I sing, in council wisest best, in battle brave victorious.

Of arm the foe-girt town to save, the virgin Queen sedate and grave,  
Whom Jove from out his awful head begat all great and glorious,  
And flaming in her arms of gold—amazed the Gods beheld her bold  
Leap forth from Jove's immortal front, and shake the glittering spear;  
Then all Olympus quaked with dread beneath the mighty virgin's tread;  
Earth shriek'd a direful shriek, and ocean rock'd with instant fear,  
Commingle his dark waters wide, and backward rush'd the heaving tide:  
Hyperion's son in Heaven's mid course drew up his reins, and staid  
His panting steeds, and wond'ring stood—till th' azure-eyed in placid mood  
From her immortal shoulders down her glittering armour laid.  
Then Jove in rapture view'd the sight. Pallas Minerva, Goddess bright,  
Daughter of Jove th' Omnipotent, heaven's Egis-bearing king,  
All hail, thy guardian weapon wield, and with thine arm protecting shield  
The bard, that mid his varying verse again thy praise shall sing.

#### NO. VIII.—DIANA.

"QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,"

With jocund cry and golden quiver,  
Startled from his sylvan lair,

Flies the hart before her ever.

I, the virgin sister, sing

Of the golden-sworded King.

O'er woody hills and windy crags

She pursues, rejoicing, flying

Sends her shafts among the stags;

Sure the prey—and at their dying,

Tremble all the tops of hills,

Shriek the woods, the rocks, the rills.

Beasts around do howl and roar,

Shudders earth, and sea resoundeth;

Dauntless joyeth she the more,

And wheresoe'er she willeth, boundeth

By dingle, dell, o'er mountain top,

And shafts do fly, and beasts do drop.

Sated with the joyous chace,

She her flexile bow unbendeth;

In sister love, with queenly pace

To the Delphian mansion tendeth,

To lead in dance and harmony

The Muses nine and Graces three.

Graces three and Muses nine,

Together link'd await—receive her—

High she hangs her bow divine,

And her golden-shafted quiver;

All her glittering raiment on,

To raise the choral unison.

They from their immortal throats,

Pouring sounds divinest, rarest,

Dancing as the music floats,

Blithely hymn Latona, fairest;

Blest in offspring to delight,

Excellently good and bright.

The glorious King, the quiver'd Queen,

Sprung of mighty Jove, excelling

They in gifts of soul and mien,

All upon Olympus dwelling;

Hail, my songs again to share,

You that best and greatest are!



## MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.\*

THE age of Napoleon is one, of the delineation of which history and biography will never be weary. Such is the variety of incidents which it exhibits—the splendid and heart-stirring events which it records—the immortal characters which it portrays—and the important consequences which have followed from it, that the interest felt in its delineation, so far from diminishing, seems rather to increase with the lapse of time, and will continue through all succeeding ages, like the eras of Themistocles, Cæsar, and the Crusades, to form the noblest and most favourite subjects of historical description.

Numerous as have been the Memoirs which have issued from the French press during the last fifteen years, in relation to this eventful era, the public passion for information on it is still undiminished. Every new set of Memoirs which is ushered into the world with an historical name, or any pretensions to authenticity, is eagerly read by all classes on the continent. English translations generally appear in due time, but they are, in general, so extremely ill executed, as to give no conception whatever of the spirit of the original; and as there is not one reader out of an hundred who can read French with such facility as to make it a matter of pleasure, the consequence is, that these delightful works are still but imperfectly known to the British public. Every person intimately acquainted with their composition, must have perceived in what an extremely unfavourable aspect they appear in our ordinary translations; and in the utter ignorance of the principles of revolution which pervades the great bulk of the best informed classes in this country, compared to what obtains on the other side of the Channel, is to be found the best evidence, that the great historical works which have recently appeared on the events of the last forty years in France, have had no share whatever in the formation of public opinion in this country.

The Duchess of Abrantes undertakes the work of Memoirs of her own Times with singular and almost peculiar advantages. Her mother, Madame Permon, a Corsican lady of high rank, was extremely intimate with the family of Napoleon. She rocked the future emperor on her knee from the day of his birth, and the intimacy of the families continued till he was removed to the command of the army of Italy, in April 1796. The authoress herself, though then a child, recounts with admirable esprit, and all the air of truth, a number of early anecdotes of Napoleon; and after his return from Egypt she was married to Junot, then Governor of Paris, and subsequently admitted as an habitual guest in the court circle of the First Consul. In her Memoirs, we have thus a picture of the private and domestic life of Napoleon from his cradle to his grave; we trace him through all the gradations of the *Ecole Militaire*, the artillery service, the campaigns of Italy, the return from Egypt, the Consulate, and the Empire, and live with those who have filled the world with their renown, as we would do with our most intimate acquaintances and friends.

It has always struck us as a singular proof of the practical sagacity and just discrimination of character in Sir Walter Scott, that though his *Life of Napoleon* was published before the *Memoirs of Bourienne*, the view which he gives of Napoleon's character is substantially the same as that drawn by his confidential secretary, his school companion, and the depositary of his inmost thoughts. This is very remarkable. The French are never weary of declaiming on the inaccuracies of the Scottish biographer, and declare that he wrote history in romance, and romance in history; but they have never been able to point out any serious or important error in his narrative. The true reproach against Sir Walter's work is of a different kind, and consists in this, not that he has incor-

\* 2 vols. Colburn. London. The Translations are executed by ourselves, as we have not seen the English version.

rectly stated facts, but unjustly coloured opinions; that he has not done justice to any of the parties whose conflicts desolated France during the revolution, and has written rather in the spirit of an English observer, than one participant in the feelings of the actors in those mighty events. There is but one way in which this defect can be avoided by a native of this country, and that is, by devoting himself for years to the study of the memoirs and historians of the Revolution, and by acquiring, by incessant converse with the writings, somewhat of the spirit which animates the people of the continent. The object to be attained by this, is not to imbibе their prejudices, or become infatuated by their errors, but to know and appreciate their ideas, and do that justice to passions directed against this country, which we willingly award to those excited in its favour.

The character of Napoleon has been drawn by his contemporaries with more graphic power than any other conqueror in history; and yet so varied and singular is the combination of qualities which it exhibits, and so much at variance with what we usually observe in human nature around us, that there is no man can say he has a clear perception of what it actually was:—Brave, without being chivalrous; sometimes humane, seldom generous; insatiable in ambition; inexhaustible in resources; without a thirst for blood, but totally indifferent to it when his interests were concerned; without any fixed ideas on religion, but a strong perception of its necessity as a part of the mechanism of government; a great general with a small army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception, and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind; without extensive information derived from study; but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honours; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities, such as perhaps never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the total and systematic

disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts. He was totally without the *droiture*, or honesty, which forms the best and most dignified feature in the Gothic or German character. The maxim, *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, never seems to have crossed his mind. His intellect was the perfection of that of the Celt or Greek; without a shadow of the magnanimity and honesty which has ever characterised the Roman and Gothic races of mankind. Devoted as he was to the captivating idol of posthumous fame; deeming, as he did, that to live in the recollection and admiration of future ages “constituted the true immortality of the soul,” he never seems to have been aware that truth is essential to the purest and most lasting celebrity; and that the veil which artifice or flattery draws over falsehood during the prevalence of power, will be borne away with a merciless hand on its termination.

In the Memoirs of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles, the opposite character of their minds, and of the races to which they belonged, is singularly portrayed. Those of the latter are written with a probity, an integrity, and an impartiality above all praise; he censures himself for his faults with a severity unknown to Cæsar or Frederick, and touches with a light hand on those glorious successes which justly gained for him the title of Saviour of Germany. Cautious, judicious, and reasonable, his arguments convince the understanding, but neither kindle the imagination nor inspire the fancy. In the Memoirs of Napoleon, on the other hand, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud, there are to be seen in every page symptoms of the clearest and most forcible intellect; a *coup d'œil* over every subject of matchless vigour and reach; an ardent and impassioned imagination; passions which have ripened under a southern sun, and conceptions which have shared in the luxuriant growth of tropical climates. Yet amidst all these varied excellencies, we often regret the simple *bonhomie* of the German narrative. We admire the clearness of the division, the lucid view of every subject, the graphic power of the pictures, and the forcible perspicuity of the language; but



we have a total want of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military success; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

The character of Napoleon has mainly rested, since the publication of his work, on Bourienne's Memoirs. The peculiar opportunities which he had of becoming acquainted with the inmost thoughts of the First Consul, and the ability and graphic powers of his narrative, have justly secured for it an immense reputation. It is probable that the private character and hidden motives of Napoleon will mainly rest with posterity on that celebrated work. Every day brings out something to support its veracity; and the concurring testimony of the most intelligent of the contemporary writers tends to shew, that his narrative is, upon the whole, the most faithful that has yet been published. Still it is obvious that there is a secret rankling at the bottom of Bourienne's heart against his old school-fellow. He could hardly be expected to forgive the extraordinary rise and matchless celebrity of one who had so long been his equal. He evinces the highest admiration for the Emperor, and, upon the whole, has probably done him justice; yet, upon particular points, a secret spleen is apparent; and though there seems no ground for discrediting any of his facts, yet we must not in every instance adopt implicitly the colouring in which he has painted them. It is quite plain that Bourienne was involved in some money transactions, in which Napoleon conceived that he made an improper use of the state secrets which came to his knowledge, in his official situation of private secretary; and that to

this cause his exile into honourable and *lucrative* banishment at Ham-burgh is to be ascribed. Whether this banishment was justly or unjustly inflicted, is immaterial in considering the credit due to the narrative. If he was hardly dealt with, while our opinion of his individual integrity must rise, the weight of the feelings of exasperation with which he was animated, must receive a proportional augmentation.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes are well qualified to correct the bias, and supply the deficiencies of those of his private secretary. As a woman, she had no personal rivalry with Napoleon, and could not feel herself mortified by his transcendent success. As the wife of one of his favourite and most prosperous generals, she had no secret reasons of animosity against the author of her husband's elevation. Her intimate acquaintance also with Napoleon, from his very infancy, and before flattery or power had aggravated the faults of his character, renders her peculiarly well qualified to portray its original tendency. Many new lights, accordingly, have been thrown upon the eventful period of his reign, as well as his real character, by her Memoirs. His disposition appears in a more amiable light—his motives are of a higher kind, than from preceding accounts; and we rise from the perusal of her fascinating volumes with the impression, which the more extensively we study human nature we shall find to be the more correct, that men are generally more amiable at bottom than we should be inclined to imagine from their public conduct; that their faults are fully as much the result of the circumstances in which they are placed, as of any inherent depravity of disposition; and that dealing gently with those who are carried along on the stream of revolution, we should reserve the weight of our indignation for those who put the perilous torrent in motion.

But leaving these general speculations, it is time to lay before our readers a few extracts from these volumes themselves, and to communicate some portion of the pleasure which we have derived from their perusal. In doing so we shall adopt our usual plan of translating the pas-



sages ourselves; for it is impossible to convey the least idea of the original in the circumlocutions of the ordinary London versions.

Of the early youth of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire of Paris, with the management of which he was in the highest degree dissatisfied, we have the following interesting account:—

"When we got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had contained himself before his sister, broke out into the most violent invectives against the administration of such places as the Maison St Cyr, for young ladies, and the Ecole Militaire for cadets. My uncle, who was extremely quick in his temper, at last got out of all patience at the tone of cutting bitterness which appeared in his language, and told him so without reserve. Napoleon was then silent, for enough of good breeding still remained to make youth respect the voice of those advanced in years. But his heart was so full as to be almost bursting. Shortly after he led back the conversation to the subject, and at last his expressions became so offensive that my father said to him rudely, 'Be silent; it ill becomes you, who are educated at the expense of the King, to speak in that manner.'

"My mother has often since told me, she was afraid Napoleon would be suffocated at these words. In an instant he became pale and inarticulate. When he recovered his voice, he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'I am not an élève of the King, but of the State.'

"A fine distinction truly,' replied my uncle. 'Whether you are an élève of the King, or of the State, is of no consequence; besides, is not the King the State? I desire that you will not speak in such terms of your benefactor in my presence.'

"I will do nothing to displease you, M. Comnene,' replied the young man.

"Permit me only to add, that if *I was the master*, and had the power to alter these regulations, they should be very different, and for the good of the whole.'

"I have recounted that scene only to remark these words—'If *I was the master*.' He has since become so, and all the world knows what he has done for the administration of the Ecole Militaire. I am convinced that he long entertained a painful sense of the humiliation he underwent at that establishment. At our arrival in Paris, he had been a year there, and that whole period was one of contradiction and disgust. He was not loved by his companions. Many persons who were acquainted with my father, declared

to him that Napoleon's character was such as could not be rendered sociable. He was discontented with every thing, and expressed his censure aloud in such decided terms, as made him pass with these old worthies for a young firebrand. The result of this conduct was, that his removal into a regiment was unanimously demanded by every one at the school, and thus it advanced the period of his promotion. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy, which was stationed at Grenoble. Before his departure, he came to live some time with us: My sister was at a convent, but she came frequently home during the period of her vacation. I recollect that the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as joyous as young men generally are on such an occasion: but his boots gave a singularly ridiculous appearance to his figure: they were of such enormous dimensions, that his little legs quite disappeared within them. Every body knows that nothing has so quick an eye for the ridiculous as childhood, so the moment that my sister and I saw him come into the room with these enormous boots, we burst out into immoderate fits of laughter. Then, as subsequently, he could not endure pleasantry, when he was its object: My sister, who was considerably older than I, answered, that as he had girded on his sword, he should consider himself as the Chevalier of Dames, and be highly flattered by their joking with him.

"It is easy to see,' said Napoleon with a haughty air, 'that you are a little miss just let loose from school.'

"My sister was then thirteen years old: it may easily be imagined how such an expression hurt her. She was of a very gentle disposition,—but neither she nor any other woman, whatever her age or disposition may be, can bear a direct insult to her vanity—that of Cecile was keenly offended at the expression of little miss escaped from school.

"And you,' said she, 'are nothing but a Puss in Boots.'

"Every one burst out a laughing: the stroke had told most effectually. I cannot describe the wrath of Napoleon; he answered nothing, and it was as well he did not. My mother thought the epithet so well applied, that she laughed with all her heart. Napoleon, though little accustomed at that time to the usage of the world, had a mind too fine, too strong an instinctive perception, not to see that it was necessary to be silent when his adversary was a woman, and personalities were dealt in: whatever her age was, she was entitled to respect. At least, such was then the code of politeness in



those who dined at table. Now that utility and personal interest alone are the order of the day, the consumption of time in such pieces of politeness is complained of: and every one grudges the sacrifices necessary to carry into the world his little contingent of sociability.

"Bonaparte, though grievously piqued at the unfortunate epithet applied to him by my sister, affected to disregard it, and began to laugh like the rest; and to prove that he bore her no ill will on that account, he bought a little present, on which was engraved a Puss in Boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabrus. This present cost him a good deal, which assorted ill with the straitened state of his finances. He added a beautiful edition of 'Puss in Boots,' for my sister, telling her that it was a *Souvenir* which he begged her to keep for his sake.

"'The story-book,' said my mother, 'is too much: if there had only been the engraving, it was all well; but the book for Cecile, shews you were piqued against her.'

"He gave his word to the contrary. But I still think with my mother, that he was piqued, and bitterly so: the whole story was of no small service to me at a future time, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs."—I. 52, 53.

Several interesting anecdotes are preserved of the Reign of Terror, singularly characteristic of the horrors of that eventful period. The following picture is evidently drawn from the life:—

"On the following day, my brother Albert was obliged to remain a considerable time at home, to put in order the papers which my father had directed to be burnt. He went out at three o'clock to see us: he found on the road groups of men in a state of horrible and bloody drunkenness. Many were naked down to the waist; their arms, their breasts, bathed in blood. At the end of their pikes, they bore fragments of clothes and bloody remnants: their looks were haggard; their eyes inflamed. As he advanced, these groups became more frequent and hideous. My brother, mortally alarmed as to our fate, and determined at all hazards to rejoin us, pushed on his horse along the Boulevard where he then was, and arrived in front of the Palace Beaumarchais. There he was arrested by an immense crowd, composed of the same naked and bloody men, but with an expression of countenance altogether infernal. They set up hideous cries:

they sung, they danced; the Saturnalia of Hell were before him: No sooner did they see the cabriolet of Albert, than they set up still louder cries: An Aristocrat! an Aristocrat! and in a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by a raging multitude, in the midst of which an object was elevated and presented to his view. Troubled as the sight of my brother was, he could distinguish long white hair, clotted with blood, and a face beautiful even in death. The figure is brought nearer, and its lips placed on his. The unhappy wretch set up a frightful cry. He knew the head: it was that of the Princess Lamballe.

"The coachman whipped the horse with all his strength; and the generous animal, with that aversion for blood which characterises its race, rushed from that spectacle of horror with redoubled speed. The frightful trophy was overturned, with the cannibals who bore it, by the wheels of the carriage, and a thousand imprecations followed my brother, who lay stretched out insensible in the bottom of the cabriolet.

"Serious consequences resulted to my brother from that scene of horror. He was taken to a physician, where he was soon taken seriously ill of a burning fever. In his delirium, the frightful figure was ever present to his imagination. He never ceased, for days together, to see that livid head and those fair tresses bathed in blood. For years after, he could not recall the recollection of that horrible event without falling into a swoon, nor think of those days of woe without the most vivid emotion.

"A singular circumstance concluded this tale of horror. My brother, in 1802, when Commissary General of Police at Marseilles, received secret instructions to watch, with peculiar care, over a man named Raymonet, but whose real name was different. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the sea; appeared in comfortable circumstances, but had no relation nor friend; he lived alone in his solitary cabin, and received every morning his provisions from an old woman, who brought them to his gate. The secret instructions of the Police revealed the fact, that this person had been one of the principal assassins at the Abbaye and La Force, in September 1792, and was in an especial manner noted as the most cruel of the assassins of the Princess Lamballe.

"One morning my brother received intelligence that this man was at the point of death; and, gracious God! what a death! For three days he had endured all the torments of hell. The accident

which had befallen him was perfectly natural in its origin, but it had made him suffer the most excruciating pains. He was alone in his habitation; he was obliged to drag himself to the nearest surgeon to obtain assistance, but it was too late; an operation was impossible, and would not even have assuaged the pains of the dying wretch. He refused alike religious succour and words of consolation. His deathbed was a chair of torture incomparably more agonizing than the martyrdom of a Christian. He died with blasphemies in his mouth, like the Reprobate in Dante's *Inferno*."—I. 95.

The French, who have gone through the Revolution, frequently complain that there are no descriptions given in any historical works which convey the least idea of the Reign of Terror; so infinitely did the reality of that dreadful period exceed all that description can convey of the terrible. There might, however, we are persuaded, be extracted from the contemporary Memoirs (for in no other quarter can the materials be found) a picture of that memorable era, which would exceed all that Shakspeare or Dante had figured of human atrocity, and take its place beside the plague in Thucydides, and the annals of Tacitus, as a lasting beacon to the human race, of the unheard of horrors following in the train of democratic ascendancy.

One of the most curious parts of the Duchess's work is that which relates to the arrest of Napoleon after the fall of Robespierre, in consequence of the suspicions that attached to him, from his mission to Genoa with the brother of that tyrant. It appears, that whatever he may have become afterwards, Napoleon was at that period an ardent republican: not probably because the principles of democracy were suited to his inclinations, but because he found in the favour of that faction, then the ruling power in France, the only means of gratifying his ambition. Salicetti, one of the deputies from Corsica, occasioned his arrest after the fall of Robespierre, and he was actually a few days in custody. Subsequently, Salicetti himself was denounced by the Convention, and concealed in the house of Madame Permon, mother to the Duchess of Abrantes. The whole details which follow this event are highly interest-

ing; and as they afford one of the few really generous traits of Napoleon's character, we willingly give them a place.

"The retreat of Salicetti in our house was admirably contrived. His little cabinet was so stuffed with cushions and tapestry, that the smallest sound could not be heard. No one could have imagined where he was concealed.

"On the following morning at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived. He was dressed in his usual costume; a grey great-coat, buttoned up to the throat, a black neckcloth, round hat, which came down over the eyes. To say the truth, at that period no one was elegantly dressed, and the personal appearance of Napoleon did not appear so singular as it now does, upon looking back to the period. He had in his hand a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. That piece of gallantry was so unusual to him, that we immediately began to laugh. 'It appears,' said he, 'I am not *au fait* at my new duties of *Cavaliere Servente*.' Then changing the subject, he added, 'Well, Madame Permon, Salicetti has, in his turn, reaped the bitter fruits of arrest. They must be the more difficult to swallow, that he and his associates have planted the trees on which they grow.' 'What!' said my mother, with an air of surprise, and making a sign to me at the same time to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?' 'Do you not know,' replied Napoleon, 'that his arrest was yesterday decreed at the Assembly? I thought you knew it so well, that he was concealed in your house.' 'In my house!' replied my mother, with a well feigned air of surprise; 'Napoleon, my dear child, you are mad! In my house! That implies that I have one, which unfortunately is not the case. My dear General, I beg you will not repeat such nonsense. What have I done to entitle you thus to sport with me as if I were deranged, for I can call it nothing else?'

"At these words Napoleon rose up; he crossed his arms, advanced immediately opposite to my mother, where he stood for some time without saying a word. My mother bore, without flinching, his piercing look, and did not so much as drop her eyelid under that eagle's eye. 'Madame Permon,' said he at length, 'Salicetti is concealed in your house: Nay, do not interrupt me. I do not know it for certain, but I have no doubt of it, because yesterday at five o'clock he was seen on the Boulevard, coming in this direction, after he had received intelligence of the decree of the



Assembly. He has no friend in this quarter who would risk life and liberty to save him but yourself; there can be no doubt, therefore, where he is concealed."

"This long harangue gave my mother time to regain her assurance." What title could Salicetti have to demand an asylum from me? He knows that our sentiments are not the same. I was on the point of setting out, and had it not been for an accidental letter from my husband, I would have been now far advanced on my road to Gascony."

"What title had he to seek an asylum in your house?" replied Napoleon, "that is the justest observation you have yet made, Madame Permon. To take refuge with a lonely woman, who might be compromised for a few hours of concealment to a proscribed culprit, is an act that no one else would be capable of. You are indeed his debtor; are you not, Mademoiselle Loulou?" said he, turning to me, who had hitherto remained silent in the window.

"I feigned to be engaged with flower-pots in a window, where there were several bushes of arbutus, and did not answer him. My mother, who understood my motive, said to me, 'General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear.' I then turned to him; the remains of my trouble might shew him what had passed in the mind of a girl of fifteen, who was compelled, in spite of herself, to do an unpollite thing. He took my hand, pressed it between his two, and, turning to my mother, exclaimed, 'I ask your pardon; I have been in the wrong; your daughter has given me a lesson.' 'You give Laurette more merit than she really has,' replied my mother. 'She has not given you a lesson, because she does not know wherefore she should do so; but I will do so immediately, if you persist in believing a thing which has no foundation, but might do me irreparable mischief if it were spread abroad.'

"Bonaparte said, with a voice full of emotion, 'Madame Permon, you are an uncommonly generous woman, and that man is a wicked man. You could not have closed your door upon him, and he knew it; and yet you expose yourself and that child for such a man. Formerly I hated him; now I despise him. He has done me a great deal of harm; yes, he has done me a great deal of harm, and you know it. He has had the malice to take advantage of his momentary ascendancy to strive to sink me below the water. He has accused me of crimes; for what crime can be so great as to be a traitor to your country? Salicetti conducted himself in that affair of loans, and my arrest, like a miserable wretch. Junot was going

to have killed him, if I had not prevented him! That young man, full of fire and friendship for me, was anxious to have fought him in single combat; he declared that if he would not fight, he would have thrown him over the window. Now he is proscribed; Salicetti, in his turn, can now appreciate the full extent of what it is to have one's destiny shattered, ruined by an accusation."

"Napoleon," said my mother, stretching out her hand to him, "Salicetti is not here. I swear he is not. And must I tell you all?" "Tell it; tell it," said he with extreme impatience. "Well, Salicetti was here yesterday at six o'clock, but he went out at half-past eight. I convinced him of the impossibility of his remaining concealed in furnished lodgings. He admitted it, and went away."

"While my mother spoke, the eyes of Napoleon continued fixed upon her with an eagerness of which it is impossible to convey an idea. Immediately after, he moved aside, and walked rapidly through the chamber. 'I was right, then, after all,' he exclaimed. 'He had then the cowardice to say to a generous woman, Give your life for me. But did he who thus contrived to interest you in his fate, tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Did he wash his hands before he touched yours to implore mercy?'

"'Napoleon, Napoleon!' exclaimed my mother in Italian, and with great emotion, 'this is too much. Be silent, or I must be gone. If they have murdered this man after he left me, at least it is no fault of mine.' Napoleon at this time was not less moved. He sought about every where like a hound after its prey. He constantly listened to hear him, but could hear nothing. My mother was in despair. Salicetti heard every thing. A single plank separated him from us; and I, in my inexperience, trembled lest he should issue from his retreat and betray us all. At length, after a fruitless search of two hours, he rose and went away. It was full time; my mother was worn out with mortal disquietude. 'A thousand thanks,' said he, as he left the room; and above all, Madame Permon, forgive me. But if you had ever been injured as I have been by that man! Adieu!'—I. 147, 148.

A few days after, Madame Permon set out for Gascony, with Salicetti, disguised as a footman, seated behind the carriage. Hardly had they arrived at the first post, when a man arrived on horseback, with a letter for Madame Permon. They were all

in despair, conceiving they were discovered, but upon opening it, their apprehensions were dispelled; it was from Bonaparte, who had received certain intelligence from his servant that Salicetti, his mortal enemy, was in the carriage with her, and had been concealed in her house. He had learned it from his servant, who became acquainted with it from Madame Permon's maid, who, though faithful to misfortune, could not conceal the secret from love. It was in the following terms:—

"I never wished to pass for a hypocrite. I would be so, if I did not declare that for more than twenty days I have known for certain that Salicetti was concealed in your house. Recollect my words on the 1st Prairial; I was then almost sure of it, now I know it beyond a doubt. Salicetti, you see, I could repay you the injury you have done me; in doing so, I should only have requited the evil which you did to me, whilst you gratuitously injured one who had never offended you. Which is the nobler part at this moment—yours or mine? I have it in my power to revenge myself, but I will not do it.—Perhaps you will say that your benefactress serves as your shield, and I own that that consideration is powerful. But though you were alone, unarmed, and proscribed, your head would be safe from my hands. Go—seek in peace an asylum where you may become animated with nobler sentiments towards your country. My mouth is closed on your name, and will never open more on that subject. Repent, and appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.—Madame Permon—My warmest wishes attend you and your daughter. You are two helpless beings, without defence. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be ever with you! Be prudent, and do not stop in the great towns. Adieu! receive my kindest regards.—N. BONAPARTE."—I. 160.

We regard this letter and the previous transaction to which it refers, if it shall be deemed by those intimately acquainted with the parties as perfectly authentic, as by far the most important trait in the character of Napoleon during his early life which has yet appeared. It demonstrates that at that period at least his heart was accessible to generous sentiments, and that he was capable of performing a noble action. Admitting that he was, in a great de-

gree, swayed in this proceeding by his regard for Madame Permon, who appears to have been a woman of great attractions, and for whom, as we shall presently see, he conceived warmer feelings than those of mere friendship, still it is not an ordinary character, and still less not an ordinary Italian character, which from such motives would forego the fiendish luxury of revenge. This trait, therefore, demonstrates that Napoleon's character originally was not destitute of generosity; and the more charitable, and probably the more just, inference is, that the selfishness and egotism by which he was afterwards so strongly characterised, arose from that uninterrupted and extraordinary flow of prosperity which befell him, and which experience every where proves is more fatal to generosity or interest in others than any thing else in the course of man here below.

Of the voyage along the charming banks of the Garonne from Bordeaux to Toulouse, our authoress gives the following just and interesting account:—

"That mind must be really disquieted or in suffering, which does not derive the highest pleasure from the voyage by water from Bordeaux to Toulouse. I have seen since the shores of the Arno, those of the Po, the Tagus, and the Brenta; I have seen the Arno in its thundering cascade, and in its placid waters; all traverse fertile plains, and exhibit ravishing points of view: but none of them recall the magical illusion of the voyage from Bordeaux to Toulouse. Marmande, Agen, Langon, La Reole,—all those towns whose names are associated with our most interesting recollections, are there associated with natural scenery prodigal of beauty, and illuminated by a resplendent sun and a pure atmosphere. I can conceive nothing more beautiful than those enchanted banks from Reole to Agen. Groups of trees, Gothic towers, old castles, venerable steeples, which then, alas! no longer called the Catholics to prayer. Alas! at that time, even the bells were absent,—they no longer called the faithful to the house of God. Every thing was sad and deserted around that antique porch. The grass was growing between the stones of the tombs in the nave; and the shepherd was afar off, preaching the word of God in distant lands, while his flock, deprived of the



Bread of Life, beheld their infants springing up around them, without any more religious instruction than the savages of the desert."—I. 166.

The fact here mentioned of the total want of religious instruction in the people of the country in France, is by far the most serious consequence which has followed the tempests of the Revolution. The thread of religious instruction from parent to child, has, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity in the western world, been broken over the whole of France. A whole generation has not only been born, but educated and bred up to manhood, without any other religious impressions than what they received from the traditions of their parents. Lavalette has recorded, that during the campaigns of Napoleon in Italy, the soldiers never once entered a church, and looked upon the ceremonies of the Catholics in the same way as they would have done on the superstition of Hindostan or Mexico. So utterly ignorant were they of the elements even of religious knowledge, that when they crossed from Egypt into Syria, they knew not that they were near the places celebrated in Holy Writ; they drank without consciousness at the fountains of Moses, wound without emotion round the foot of Mount Sinai, and quartered at Bethlehem and on Mount Carmel, ignorant alike of the cradle of Christianity, or of the glorious efforts of their ancestors in those scenes to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

What the ultimate consequences of this universal and unparalleled break in religious instruction must be, it is not difficult to foretell. The restoration of the Christian worship by Napoleon, the efforts of the Bourbons during fifteen years to restore its sway, have proved in a great degree nugatory: Christianity, reappearing in the garb of political power, has lost its original and destined hold of the people; it is regarded by all the ardent and impetuous part of the nation, as a mere collection of antiquated prejudices or nursery tales, adopted by government for political purposes, and fitted only to enslave and fetter the human mind. The consequence has been, an universal eman-

cipation of the nation, in towns at least, from the fetters of religion,—a dissolution of manners pervading the middling and lower orders to a degree unparalleled in modern Europe,—and an universal inclination in the higher to adopt selfish maxims in life, and act upon the principles of individual interest and elevation. This is the great feature of modern society in France,—the distinguishing characteristic which is alike deplored by their writers, and observed by the strangers who visit their country. They are fast descending into the selfishness and egotism which, in ancient times, were the invariable forerunners of political decline. This character has become incapable of sustaining genuine freedom; from the fountains of selfishness its noble streams never yet flowed. The tempests of Democracy will for a time agitate France, because the people will long strive to shake off the restraints of government and religion, in order that no fetters may be imposed on their passions; when they have discovered, as they will soon do, that this leads only to universal suffering, they will sink down quietly and for ever under the shadow of Despotism. And this will be the consequence and the punishment of their abandonment of that which constitutes the sole basis of lasting or general freedom—the Christian religion and private virtue.

One of the convulsions attended with the least suffering in the whole course of the Revolution, was the 13th Vendémiaire, 1795, when Napoleon, at the head of the troops of the Convention, 5000 strong, defeated 40,000 of the National Guard of Paris, on the very ground at the Tuilleries, which was rendered famous, thirty-five years after, by the overthrow of Charles X. and the dynasty of the Bourbons. The following description, however, conveys a lively picture of what civil war is, even in its least horrible forms.

"During some hours, we flattered ourselves that matters would be arranged between the National Guards and the Convention; but suddenly at half-past four the cannon began to discharge. Hardly was the first report heard, when the reply began on all sides. The effect was immediate and terrible on my poor father;

he uttered a piercing cry, and, calling for succour, was soon seized with a violent delirium. In vain we gave him the soothing draughts which had been prescribed by M. Duchesnois. All the terrific scenes of the Revolution passed before his eyes, and every new discharge which was heard pierced him to the heart. What a day! what a night! Our windows were broken in pieces; towards the evening the section retired, and they fought under our eyes; but when they came to the church of St Roch, and the theatre of the Republic, it seemed as if the house would fall to pieces.

"My father was in agony; he cried, he wept. Never shall I forget the horrors of that dreadful night. Our terrors rose to the highest pitch, when we heard that barricades were erected in the Rue de la Loi. Every hour of that dreadful night was to me like the hour of the damned, of which Father Bridagne speaks, *Toujours jamais*. I loved my father with the sincerest affection, and I adored my mother. I saw the one dying with the discharges of cannon, which resounded in his ears, while the other, stretched at the foot of that bed of death, seemed ready to follow him. There are some recollections which are eternal; never will the remembrance of that dreadful night, and of those two days, be effaced from my memory; they are engraven on my mind with a burning iron."—I. p. 190.

Salicetti fell ill in their house, from anxiety on account of the fate of Ronce and his accomplices, who were brought to trial for a conspiracy to restore the Reign of Terror. The picture she gives of his state of mind when on the bed of sickness, is finely descriptive of the whirl of agony which infidelity and democracy produce.

"We had soon a new torment to undergo; Salicetti fell ill. Nothing can equal the horrors of his situation; he was in a high fever, and delirious; but what he said, what he saw, exceeds any thing that can be conceived. I have read many romances which portrayed a similar situation. Alas! how their description falls short of the truth! Never have I read any thing which approached it—Salicetti had no religion; that added to the horrors of these dreadful scenes. He did not utter complaints; blasphemies were eternally poured forth. The death of Ronce and his friends produced the most terrible effect on his mind; their tragic fate was incessantly present to his thoughts. One, in particular, seemed never to quit his bedside; he spoke to him, he listened, he

answered; the dialogues between them, for he answered for his dead friend, were enough to turn our brains. Sometimes he fancied himself in a chamber red with blood. But what caused me more terror than all the rest, was the low and modulated tone of his voice during his delirium; it would appear that terror had mastered all his other faculties, even the acutest sufferings. No words can convey an idea of the horror inspired by that pale and extenuated man, uttering, on a bed of death, blasphemies and anathemas in a voice modulated and subdued by terror. I am at a loss to convey the impression of what I felt, for, though so vividly engraven on my memory, I know not how to give it a name."—I, p. 156.

It is well sometimes to follow the irreligious and the Jacobins to their latter end. How desperately do these men of blood then quail under the prospect of the calamities they have inflicted on others; how terribly does the evil they have committed return on their own heads; how infinitely does the scene drawn from the life, exceed all that the imagination of Dante could conceive of the terrible!

It is well known what a dreadful famine prevailed in Paris for some time after the suppression of the revolt of the 13th Vendemiare. Our authoress supplies us with several anecdotes, highly characteristic of the period, and which place Bonaparte's character in a very favourable light.

"At that period famine prevailed in Paris, with more severity than anywhere else in France; the people were literally suffering under want of bread; the other necessities of life were not less deficient. What an epoch! Great God! the misery was frightful—the depreciation of the assignats went on augmenting with the public suffering—the poor, totally without work, died in their hovels, or issuing forth in desperation, joined the robbers, who infested all the roads in the country.

"Bonaparte was then of great service to us. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only the black bread of the Sections, which was unwholesome and hardly eatable. Bonaparte sent us every day some rolls of bread, which he came to eat with us with the greatest satisfaction. At that period, I can affirm with confidence, since he associated me in his acts of beneficence, that Napoleon saved the lives of above an hun-



dred families. He made domiciliary distributions of bread and wood, which his situation as military commander enabled him to do. I was intrusted with the distribution of these gifts of wood and bread to ten families, who were dying of famine. The greater part of them lodged in the Rue St. Nicholas, close to our house. That street was inhabited at that time by the poorest class. No one who has not ascended one of its crowded stairs, has an idea of what real misery is.

"One day Bonaparte, coming to dine at my mother's, was stopped in alighting from his carriage by a woman, who bore the dead body of an infant in her arms. It was the youngest of six children. Misery and famine had dried up her milk. Her little child had just died—it was not yet cold. Seeing every day an officer with a splendid uniform alight at our house, she came to beg bread from him, 'in order,' as she expressed it, 'that her other infants should not share the fate of the youngest; and if I get nothing, I will take the whole five, and we will throw ourselves together into the river.'

"This was no vain threat on the part of that unhappy woman, for at that period suicides succeeded each other every day. Nothing was talked of but the tragic end of some family. Bonaparte entered the room with the expression of melancholy, which did not leave him during the whole of dinner. He had at the moment given a few assignats to that unhappy woman; but after we rose from table, he begged my mother to make some enquiries concerning her. She did so, and found that her story was all true, and that she was of good character. Napoleon paid her the wages due to her deceased husband by the government, and got for her a small pension. She succeeded in bringing up her children, who ever after retained the most lively sense of gratitude towards 'the General,' as they called their benefactor."—I. 195.

The Duchess gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the Revolution. Being on a subject where a woman's observations are more likely to be accurate than those of a man, we willingly give a place to her observations.

"Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong.

Forty thousand livres a-year fifty years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten. The furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room—the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation; for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see, totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du bize* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

"It is said that every thing is simplified, and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, 'So much the better, this is equality.' By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

"The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to avoid the odious noise and

smells of the street, you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers amongst us, that every day you see put into the lumber-room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.

"I scold because I am growing old. If I saw that the world was going the way it should, I would say nothing, and would perhaps adopt the custom of our politicians, which is, to embrace the last revolution with alacrity, whatever it may be. See how comfortable this is, say our young men, who espouse the cause of the last easy chair which their upholsterer has made for them, as of the last of the thirteen or fifteen constitutions which have been manufactured for them during the last forty years. I will follow their example; I will applaud every thing, even the new government of Louis-Philippe; though, it must be confessed, that to do so requires a strong disposition to see every thing in the most favourable colours."—I. 197, 198.

The authoress apologizes frequently for these and similar passages, containing details on the manners, habits, and fashions during the period in which she lived; but no excuse is required for their insertion. Details of ball dresses, saloons, operas, and theatres, may appear extremely trifling to those who have only to cross the street to witness them; but they become very different when they are read after the lapse of centuries, and the accession of a totally different set of manners. They are the materials from which alone a graphic and interesting history of the period can be framed. What would we give for details of this sort on the era of Cæsar and Pompey? with what eagerness do we turn to the faithful pages of Froissart and Monstrellet for similar information concerning the chivalrous ages; and with what delight do we read the glowing pictures in Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, in Quentin Durward and Kenilworth, of the manners, customs, and habits of those periods! To all appearance, the world is changing so rapidly under the pressure of the revolutionary tempest, that, before the lapse of many generations, the habits

of our times will be as much the object of research to the antiquary, and of interest to the historian, as those of Richard Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince are to our age.

We have mentioned above, that Napoleon's interest in Madame Permon appeared to have been stronger than that of mere friendship. The following passage contains the account of a declaration and refusal, which never probably before was equalled since the beginning of the world:—

"Napoleon came one day to my mother, a considerable time after the death of my father, and proposed a marriage between his sister Pauline and my brother Permon. 'Permon has some fortune,' said he; 'my sister has nothing; but I am in a situation to do much for my connexions, and I could procure an advantageous place for her husband. That alliance would render me happy. You know how beautiful my sister is: My mother is your friend: Come, say yes, and all will be settled.'

"My mother answered, that her son must answer for himself; and that she would make no attempt to influence his choice.

"Bonaparte admitted that my brother was a young man so remarkable, that, though he was only twenty-five years of age, he had judgment and talents adequate to any situation. What Bonaparte proposed was extremely natural. He contemplated a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five, who had L.500 a-year, with a handsome exterior; who drew as well as his master, Vernet; played on the harp much better than his master, Kromphultz; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as a native, and had such talents as had made his official duties in the army of the south a matter of remark. Such was the person whom Napoleon asked for his sister; a ravishing beauty and good daughter, it is true; but that was all.

"To this proposal Napoleon added another; that of a union between myself and Joseph or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'In truth, my dear Napoleon, you have become a high-priest to-day; you must needs marry all the world, even children.' Bonaparte laughed also, but with an embarrassed air. He admitted that that morning, in rising, a gale of marriage had blown over him, 'and to prove it,' said he, taking the hand of my mother, and kissing it, 'I am resolved to com-



mence the union of our families by asking you to marry myself as soon as the forms of society will permit.'

"My mother has frequently told me that extraordinary scene, which I know as if I had been present at it. She looked at Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering on stupefaction; then she began to laugh so immoderately that we all heard it, though we were in the next room.

"Napoleon was highly offended at the mode in which a proposal, which appeared to him perfectly natural, was received. My mother, who perceived what he felt, hastened to explain herself, and to shew that it was at the thoughts of the ridiculous figure which she herself would make in such an event that she was so much amused. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us speak seriously. You imagine you know my age, but you really do not: I will not tell you, for I have a slight weakness in that respect: I will only say, I am old enough, not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph. Let us put an end to this pleasantry; it grieves me when coming from you.'

"Bonaparte told her that he was quite serious; that the age of his wife was to him a matter of no importance, provided she had not the look, like her, of being above thirty years old; that he had deliberately considered what he had just said; and he added these remarkable words:—'I wish to marry: My friends wish me to marry a lady of the Fauxbourg St Germain, who is charming and agreeable. My old friends are averse to this connexion, and the one I now propose suits me better in many respects. Reflect.' My mother interrupted the conversation by saying, that her mind was made up as to herself; and that as to her son, she would give him an answer in a day or two. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, smiling, that, though she had not entirely given up the idea of conquests, she could not go just so far as to think of subduing a heart of six-and-twenty; and that she hoped their friendship would not be disturbed by this little incident. 'But at all events,' said Napoleon, 'consider it well.'—'Well, I will consider it,' said she, smiling in her sweetest manner, and so they parted.

"After I was married to Junot, and he heard it, he declared that it appeared less surprising to him than it did to us. Bonaparte, at the epoch of the 13th Vendemiaire, was attached to the war committee: His projects, his plans, all had one object, and that was the East. My mother's name of Commene, with her

Grecian descent, had a great interest in his imagination. The name of Calomeros, united with Commene, might have powerfully served his ambition in that quarter. 'The great secret of all these marriages,' said Junot, 'was in that idea.'—'I believe he was right.'—I. pp. 202, 203.

All the proposed marriages came to nothing; the duchess's brother refused Pauline, and she herself Joseph. They little thought, that the one was refusing the throne of Charlemagne, the other that of Charles V., and the third, the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The following picture of three of the most celebrated women in the Revolution, one of whom eminently contributed by her influence to the fall of Robespierre, shews that the fair authoress is not less a master of the subject more peculiarly belonging to her sex.

"Madame D. arrived late in the ball-room. The great saloon was completely filled. Madame D., who was well accustomed to such situations, looked around her to see if she could discover a seat, when her eyes were arrested by the figure of a young and charming person, with a profusion of light tresses, looking around her with her fine blue eyes, with a timid air, and offering the most perfect image of a young sylph. She was in the act of being led to her seat by M. de Trenis, which showed that she was a beautiful dancer; for he honoured no one with his hand, but those who might receive the title of *la belle danseuse*. The young lady, after having bowed blushing to the Vestris of the room, sat down beside a lady who had the appearance of being her elder sister, and whose extremely elegant dress was attracting the attention of all around her. 'Who are these ladies?' said Madame D. to the Count de Haulefort, on whose arm she was leaning. 'Do you not know the Viscountess Beauharnais and her daughter Hortense?'

"'My God!' said the Count, 'who is that beautiful woman?' who at that moment entered the room, and towards whom all eyes were immediately turned. That lady was of a stature above the ordinary; but the perfect harmony in her proportions prevented you from perceiving that she was above the ordinary size. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but more beautiful than the work of Phidias. You saw the same perfection in the arms, neck, and feet, and the whole figure animated by an expression of be-

nevolence, which told at once, that all that beauty was but the magic reflection of a mind animated only by the most benevolent and generous feelings. Her dress had no share in contributing to her beauty; for it was a simple robe of Indian muslin arranged in drapery like the antique, and held together on the shoulders by two splendid cameos; a girdle of gold, which encircled her figure, was elegantly clasped in the same way; a large golden bracelet ornamented her arm; her hair, black and luxuriant, was dressed without tresses, *a la Titus*; over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red cachemire, a dress at that period extremely rare, and highly in request. It was thrown round her in the most elegant and picturesque manner, forming thus a picture of the most ravishing beauty. It was Madame Tallien, so well known for her generous efforts at the time of the fall of Robespierre."—I. 222.

This description suggests one observation, which must strike every one who is at all familiar with the numerous French female memoirs which have issued from the Parisian press within these few years. This is the extraordinary accuracy with which, at any distance of time, they seem to have the power of recalling, not only the whole particulars of a ball-room or opera, but even the dresses worn by the ladies on these occasions. Thus the ball here described took place in 1797. Yet the Duchess has no sort of difficulty in recounting the whole particulars both of the people and dresses in 1830, three-and-thirty years after. We doubt extremely whether any woman in England could give as accurate an account within a month after the event. Nor does there seem to be any ground for the obvious remark that these descriptions are all got up *ex post facto*, without any foundation in real life; for the variety and accuracy with which they are given evidently demonstrates, that however much the colours may have been subsequently added, the outlines of the sketch were taken from nature. As little is there any ground for the suspicion, that the attention of the French women is exclusively occupied with these matters, to the exclusion of more serious considerations; for these pages are full of able and sometimes profound remarks on

politics, events, and characters, such as would have done credit to the clearest head in Britain. We can only suppose that the vanity which, amidst many excellencies, is the undoubted characteristic both of the men and women in France, is the cause of this extraordinary power in their female writers, and that the same disposition which induces their statesmen and heroes to record daily the victories of their diplomacy and arms, leads their lively and intelligent ladies to commit to paper all that is particularly remarkable in private life.

Some interesting details are preserved, as to the reception of Napoleon in Paris by the Directory after the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor. The following quotations exhibit the talent of the author, both for the lighter and more serious subjects of narrative in the best light:

"Junot entered at first into the famous battalion of volunteers of the Côté d'or. After the surrender of Longwy they were moved to Toulon; it was the most terrific period of the Revolution. Junot was then a sergeant of grenadiers, an honour which he received from the voluntary election of his comrades on the field of battle. Often, in recounting to me the first years of his adventurous life, he has declared that nothing ever gave him such a delirium of joy, as when his comrades, all, he said, as brave as himself, named him sergeant on the field of battle, and he was elevated on a seat formed of crossed bayonets, still reeking with the blood of their enemies."

It was at that time that, being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St Culottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"'You will change your dress,' said the commander, 'and you will go there to bear this order.' He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes; his eyes kindled with fire. 'I am not a



say," said he, 'to execute their orders; seek another to bear them.' 'Do you refuse to obey?' said the superior officer; 'do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?' 'I am ready to obey,' said Junot, 'but I will go in my uniform, or not at all.' The commander smiled, and looked at him attentively. 'But if you do, they will kill you.' 'What does that signify?' said Junot; 'you know me little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?' And he set off singing.

"After he was gone, the superior officer asked, 'What is the name of that young man?' 'Junot,' replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. 'He will make his way,' he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding, covered all present with gravel and dust. 'Well,' said Junot, laughing, 'we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink.'"

"Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his aid-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity."—I. 268.

A singular incident, which is stated as having happened to Junot at the battle of Lonato, in Italy, is recorded in the following curious manner:—

"The evening before the battle of Lonato, Junot having been on horseback all the day, and rode above 20 leagues in carrying the orders of the General-in-Chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue, without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly

was he asleep, when he dreamed he was on a field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman, clad in armour, with whom he was engaged; that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle. In the struggle the vizor, the casque of the horseman, fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton; soon the armour fell off, and Death stood before him armed with his scythe. 'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but I will seize one of your best friends.—Be-ware of me!'

"Junot awoke, bathed with sweat. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aid-de-camps, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so: Junot received two wounds—one on the left temple, which he bore to his grave, and the other on the breast; but Muiron was shot through the heart."—I. 270.

The two last volumes of this interesting work, published a few weeks ago, are hardly equal in point of importance to those which contained the earlier history of Napoleon, but still they abound with interesting and curious details. The following picture of the religion which grew up in France on the ruins of Christianity, is singularly instructive:—

"It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden; and, after the Constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fête of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of

1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

"Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fête in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that Princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be clothed in external forms. 'My friend,' said Voltaire, to the atheist Damilville, 'after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drank your sparkling champagne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God.—But if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company.' But when Robespierre wished to bring back to something like discipline the crew of the vessel which was fast driving on the breakers, he found the thing was not so easy as he imagined. To destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty. He was omnipotent to do evil; but the day that he gave the first sign of a disposition to return to order, the hands which he himself had stained with blood, marked his forehead with the fatal sign of destruction."—VI. 34, 35.

The "omnipotence to do evil, and the impotence to do good," is not confined to the French Revolutionists. It exists equally on this side of the Channel. Powerful to pull down and destroy our institutions, the Reforming Administration are powerless in arresting the work of devastation. The day that they at-

tempt to coerce the passions they have raised; the moment that they pause in the work of demolition, that instant Fate has marked them for her own.

After the fall of Robespierre, a feeble attempt was made, under the Directory, to establish a religious system founded on pure Deism. To the faithful believer in Revelation, it is interesting to trace the rise and fall of the first attempt in the history of the world to establish such a faith as the basis of national religion.

"Under the Directory, that brief and deplorable government, a new sect established itself in France. Its system was rather morality than religion; it affected the utmost tolerance, recognised all religions, and had no other faith than a belief in God. Its votaries were termed the Theophilanthropists. It was during the year 1797 that this sect arose. I was once tempted to go to one of their meetings. Lareveilliere Lepaux, chief grand priest and protector of the sect, was to deliver a discourse. The first thing that struck me in the place of assembly, was a basket filled with the most magnificent flowers of July, which was then the season, and another loaded with the most splendid fruits. Every one knows the grand altar of the church of St Nicholas in the Fields, with its rich Corinthian freize. I suspect the Theophilanthropists had chosen that church on that account for the theatre of their exploits, in a spirit of religious coquetry. In truth, their basket of flowers produced an admirable effect on that altar of the finest Grecian form, and mingled in perfect harmony with the figures of angels which adorned the walls. The chief pronounced a discourse, in which he spoke so well, that, in truth, if the Gospel had not said the same things infinitely better, some seventeen hundred and ninety-seven years before, it would have been decidedly preferable either to the Paganism of antiquity, or the mythology of Egypt or India.

"Napoleon had the strongest prejudice against that sect. 'They are comedians,' said he; and when some one replied that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of some of their chiefs, that Lareveilliere Lepaux was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in fine, that their morality consisted in nothing but virtue, good faith, and charity, he replied—

"'To what purpose is all that? Every system of morality is admirable. Apart from certain dogmas, more or less ab-



surd, which were necessary to bring them down to the level of the age in which they were produced, what do you see in the morality of the Widham, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius? Every where a pure system of morality, that is to say, you see protection to the weak, respect to the laws, gratitude to God, recommended and enforced. But the evangelists alone exhibit the union of all the principles of morality, detached from every kind of absurdity. There is something admirable, and not your commonplace sentiments put into bad verse. Do you wish to see what is sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? *Repeat the Lord's Prayer.* Your zealots,' added he, addressing a young enthusiast in that system, 'are desirous of the palm of martyrdom, but I will not give it them; nothing shall fall on them but strokes of ridicule, and I little know the French, if they do not prove mortal.' In truth, the result proved how well he had appreciated the French character. It perished after an ephemeral existence of five years, and left not a trace behind, but a few verses, preserved as a relic of that age of mental aberration."—VI. 40—43.

This passage is very remarkable. Here we have the greatest intellect of the age, Napoleon himself, recurring to the Gospel, and to the Lord's Prayer, as the only pure system of religion, and the sublimest effort of human composition; and Robespierre endeavouring, in the close of his bloody career, to cement anew the fabric of society, which he had had so large a share in destroying, by a recurrence to religious impressions! So indispensable is devotion to the human heart; so necessary is it to the construction of the first elements of society, and so well may you distinguish the spirit of anarchy and revolution, by the irreligious tendency which invariably attends it, and prepares the overthrow of every national institution, by sapping the foundation of every private virtue.

The arrest of the British residents over all France, on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, was one of the most cruel and unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's government. The following scene between Junot and the First Consul on this subject, is singularly characteristic of the impetuous fits of passion to which that great man was subject, and which occasionally betrayed him into actions

so unworthy of his general character.

"One morning, at five o'clock, when day was just beginning to break, an order arrived from the First Consul to repair instantly to Malmaison. He had been labouring till four in the morning, and had but just fallen asleep. He set off instantly, and did not return till five in the evening. When he entered he was in great agitation; his meeting with him had been stormy, and the conversation long.

"When Junot arrived at the First Consul's, he found his figure in disorder; his features were contracted; and every thing announced one of those terrible agitations which made every one who approached him tremble.

"'Junot,' said he to his old aid-de-camp, 'are you still the friend on whom I can rely? Yes or no. No circumlocution.'

"'Yes, my general.'

"'Well then, before an hour is over, you must take measures instantly, so that *all the English*, without one single exception, should be instantly arrested. Room enough for them will be found in the Temple, the Force, the Abbaye, and the other prisons of Paris; it is indispensable that they should *all* be arrested. We must teach their government, that entrenched though they are in their isle, they can be reached by an enemy who is under no obligation to treat their subjects with any delicacy.—The wretches,' said he, striking his fist violently on the table, 'they refuse Malta, and assign as a reason'—Here his anger choked his voice, and he was some time in recovering himself. 'They assign as a reason, that Lucien has influenced, by my desire, the determinations of the Court of Spain, in regard to a reform of the clergy; and they refuse to execute the Treaty of Amiens, on pretence that, since it was signed, the situation of the contracting parties had changed.'

"Junot was overwhelmed; but the cause of his consternation was not the rupture with England. It had been foreseen, and known for several days. But in the letters which were now handed to him, he perceived a motive to authorize the terrible measure which Napoleon had commanded. He would willingly have given him his life, but now he was required to do a thing to the last degree repugnant to the liberal principles in which he had been trained.

"The First Consul waited for some time for an answer; but seeing the attitude of Junot, he proceeded, after a pause

of some minutes, as if the answer had already been given.

"That measure must be executed at seven o'clock this evening. I am resolved that, this evening, not the most obscure theatre at Paris, not the most miserable restaurateur, should contain an Englishman within its walls."

"My General," replied Junot, who had now recovered his composure, "you know not only my attachment to your person, but my devotion in every thing which regards yourself. Believe me, then, it is nothing but that devotion which makes me hesitate in obeying you, before entreating you to take a few hours to reflect on the measure which you have commanded me to adopt."

"Napoleon contracted his eye-brows. — 'Again!' said he. 'What! is the scene of the other day so soon to be renewed? Lannes and you truly give yourselves extraordinary license. Duroc alone, with his tranquil air, does not think himself entitled to preach sermons to me. You shall find, gentlemen, by God, that I can square my hat as well as any man; Lannes has already experienced it; and I do not think he will enjoy much his eating of oranges at Lisbon. As for you, Junot, do not rely too much on my friendship. The day on which I doubt of yours, mine is destroyed.'

"My General," replied Junot, profoundly afflicted at being so much misunderstood, "it is not at the moment that I am giving you the strongest proof of my devotion, that you should thus address me. Ask my blood; ask my life; they belong to you, and shall be freely rendered; but to order me to do a thing which will cover us all with——"

"Go on," he interrupted, "go on by all means. What will happen to me because I retaliate on a perfidious government the injuries which it has heaped upon me?"

"It does not belong to me," replied Junot, "to decide upon what line of conduct is suitable to you. Of this, however, I am well assured, that if any thing unworthy of your glory is attempted, it will be from your eyes being fascinated by the men, who only disquiet you by their advice, and incessantly urge you to measures of severity. Believe me, my General, these men do you infinite mischief."

"Who do you mean?" said Napoleon.

"Junot mentioned the names of several, and stated what he knew of them."

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me," replied he. "One of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul were to desire me to kill my father, I would kill him.'"

"I know not, my General," replied Junot, "what degree of attachment to you it is, to suppose you capable of giving an order to a son to put to death his own father. But it matters not; when one is so unfortunate as to think in that manner, they seldom make it public."

"Two years afterwards, the First Consul, who was then Emperor, spoke to me of that scene, after my return from Portugal, and told me that he was on the point of embracing Junot at these words: so much was he struck with these noble expressions addressed to him, his general, his chief, the man on whom alone his destiny depended. 'For in fine,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'I must own I am rather unreasonable when I am angry, and that you know, Madame Junot.'"

"As for my husband, the conversation which he had with the First Consul was of the warmest description. He went the length of reminding him, that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, the most solemn assurances had been given him of the safety of all the English at Paris. 'There are,' said he, 'amongst them, women, children, and old men; there are numbers, my General, who night and morning pray to God to prolong your days. They are for the most part persons engaged in trade, for almost all the higher classes of that nation have left Paris. The damage they would sustain from being all imprisoned, is immense. Oh, my General! it is not for you whose noble and generous mind so well comprehends whatever is grand in the creation, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet.'—VI. 406—410.

With the utmost difficulty, Junot prevailed on Napoleon to commute the original order, which had been for immediate imprisonment, into one for the confinement of the unfortunate British subjects in particular towns, where it is well known most of them lingered till delivered by the Allies in 1814. But Napoleon never forgave this interference with his wrath; and shortly after, Junot was removed from the government of Paris, and sent into honourable exile to superintend the formation of a corps of grenadiers at Arras.

The great change which has taken place in the national character of France since the Restoration, has been noticed by all writers on the subject. The Duchess of Abrantes' observations on the subject are highly curious.

"Down to the year 1800, the national



character had undergone no material alteration. That character overcame all perils, disregarded all dangers, and even laughed at death itself. It was this calm in the victims of the Revolution which gave the executioners their principal advantage. A friend of my acquaintance, who accidentally found himself surrounded by the crowd who were returning from witnessing the execution of Madame du Barri, heard two of the women in the street speaking to each other on the subject, and one said to the other, 'How that one cried out! If they all cry out in that manner, I will not return again to the executions.' What a volume of reflections arise from these few words spoken, with all the unconcern of those barbarous days!

"The three years of the Revolution following the 1793, taught us to weep, but did not teach us to cease to laugh. They laughed under the axe yet stained with blood;—they laughed as the victim slept at Venice under the burning irons which were to waken his dreams. Alas! how deep must have been the wounds which have changed this lightsome character! For the joyous Frenchman laughs no more; and if he still has some happy days, the sun of *gaiety* has set for ever. This change has taken place during the 15 years which have followed the Restoration; while the horrors of the wars of religion, the tyrannical reigns of Louis XI. and XIV., and even the bloody days of the Convention, produced no such effect."—V. 142.

Like all the other writers on the modern state of France, of whatever school or party in politics, Madam Junot is horrified with the deterioration of manners, and increased vulgarity, which has arisen from the democratic invasions of later times. Listen to this ardent supporter of the revolutionary order of things, on this subject:—

"At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the *old* company of France, and not of what is *now* termed good company, and which prevailed 30 years ago only among postillions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth *did not smoke in the apartments of their wives*, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they *generally washed their hands*; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they *bowed to the lady at its head in entering and retiring*, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful *not to turn*

*their back on those with whom they conversed*, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of some thing else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

"The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these 15 years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution—every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a *cheap* ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows."—V. 156, 157.

We expect, if the present system of democracy continues long in France, to see the vulgarity of American manners introduced into the French capital; to behold gentlemen sitting with their feet upon the backs of chairs in the saloons of the Faubourg St Germain, and each member of the Chamber of Deputies chewing tobacco, with all its hideous accompaniments, under the splendid roof of the Legislative Body. Fortunately, such evils will lead to their ultimate remedy. The dissolution of morals and manners will overthrow the existing institutions of the country; anarchy and licentiousness, with all its debasing accompaniments, will cease; and if liberty perishes with the grossness to which it has given birth, and ages of despotism are endured, the friends of order will at least have the consolation of

reflecting, that all this degradation and ruin have been brought about against their most strenuous exertions, by the insane passions of those who invoked its name to cover their own excesses.

While we are concluding these observations, another bloody revolt has occurred at Paris; the three glorious days of June have come to crown the work, and develop the consequences of the three glorious days of July. After a desperate struggle, maintained with much greater resolution and vigour on the part of the insurgents than the insurrection which proved fatal to Charles X.; after Paris having been the theatre, for three days, of bloodshed and devastation; after 75,000 men had been engaged against the Revolutionists; after the thunder of artillery had broken down the Republican barricades, and showers of grape-shot had thinned the ranks of the citizen-soldiers, the military force triumphed, and peace was restored to the trembling city. What has been the consequence? All the forms of law have been suspended; military commissions established; domiciliary visits become universal; several thousand persons thrown into prison; and, before this, the *fusillades* of the new heroes of the Barricades have announced to a suffering country that the punishment of their sins has commenced. The liberty of the press is destroyed, the editors delivered over to military commissions, the printing presses of the Opposition journals thrown into the Seine, and all attempts at insurrection, or words tending to excite it, and *all offences of the press tending to excite dissatisfaction or revolt*, handed over to military commissions, composed exclusively of officers! This is the freedom which the three glorious days have procured for France!

The soldiers were desperately chagrined and mortified at the result of the three days of July; and well they might be so, as all the subsequent sufferings of their country, and the total extinction of their liberties on the last occasion, were owing to their vacillation in the first revolt. They have now fought with the utmost fury against the people, as they did at Lyons, and French blood has amply stained their bayonets; but it has come too late to wash out the stain of their former treason, or revive the liberties which it lost for their country.

Polignac is now completely justified for all but the incapacity of commencing a change of the constitution with 5000 men, four pieces of cannon, and eight rounds of grape-shot to support it. The ordinances of Charles X., now adopted with increased severity by Louis Philippe, were destined to accomplish, *without bloodshed*, that change which the fury of democracy rendered necessary, and without which it has been found the Throne of the Barricades cannot exist. It is evident that the French do not know what freedom is. They had it under the Bourbons, as our people had it under the old constitution; but it would not content them, because it was not liberty, but power; not freedom, but democracy, not exemption from tyranny, but the power of tyrannizing over others, that they desired. They gained their point, they accomplished their wishes,—and the consequence has been, two years of suffering, followed by military despotism. We always predicted the three glorious days would lead to this result; but the termination of the drama has come more rapidly than the history of the first Revolution led us to anticipate.



## THE FALL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

If any man had predicted sixteen years ago—when the British Constitution had survived, majestic and unharmed, the shock of the French Revolution; when the Duke of Wellington received, amidst an uncovered House of Commons and a nation's transports, the thanks of the Speaker for a prostrated Napoleon and a delivered world—that, during the lifetime of the existing generation, this constitution should be overthrown, and that hero become the object of popular obloquy, he would have been deemed the most visionary prophet that ever libelled a grateful people. If he had predicted that this terrible revolution was to be accomplished, not by the single efforts of the lower orders, or the party who, in every age, are inclined to revolutionary measures, but the proudest and the haughtiest, and those *once* esteemed the wisest in the realm; that the Ministers of the Crown were to force on the frantic innovation, and the Sovereign to be implicated in undermining the monarchy; that a large part of the aristocracy were to place themselves at the head of the Revolution, and a great majority of the House of Commons to vote for the abolition of the ancient constitution; that the rural freeholders were to be deluded into voting away their own power, and placing themselves beneath an insolent and domineering urban faction; that the House of Peers was to be chained with fetters of iron, and its greatest and noblest driven into seclusion to avoid instant destruction; that the wealth and intelligence and property of the country were to stand aloof during the fearful struggle, and behold their birthright and liberties, the laws of their forefathers, and the constitution of ages, violently torn from them by a reckless and desperate democratic faction; that the Throne itself was to be pledged to the work of destruction, and its highest prerogatives turned to the overthrow of its bravest defenders; it would have been thought that the heaven itself would fall before such a change could be accomplished. Yet we have lived to see all this

come to pass. Within the tapestried chamber which still recounts the destruction of the Spanish Armada; under the roof which covered the hall of William Rufus; close to the sacred walls which yet contain the bones of Edward the Confessor; on the spot where Alfred established, a thousand years ago, the foundation of the monarchy, the triumphant destroyer has stood, and a peal of exultation broke from the Demons of wickedness on earth and in hell, at the fall of the noblest monument of wisdom, the firmest bulwark of virtue, that the blessing of God ever bestowed upon a suffering world.

Dreadful as has been the consternation, profound the grief, unmeasured the indignation, of all the wise and the good throughout the land at this terrible revolution, it is not the part of those who love their country, and are resolved to do their duty to it while a plank of the vessel remains together, to give way either to hopeless dejection or unmanly despair. There is a point of depression, says Mr Hume, in human affairs, from which the transition is necessarily to the better; and though the observation has been repeated till it has become proverbial, it is in moments such as the present that we alone feel its truth. During the long struggle of virtue with wickedness, of religion with infidelity, of tempered freedom with brutal oppression, the defenders of order are often doomed to witness the melancholy spectacle of the utter hopelessness of all their efforts to save the people from self-destruction. They see falsehood generally inhaled; truth in vain urged against the passions of the moment; fraud and treachery triumphant in the senate; virtue, wisdom, and knowledge trampled under foot by the multitude. To struggle against such a torrent; to portray the inevitable consequences of popular delusion; to oppose to passion reason, to falsehood truth, to excited imagination sobered judgment, is often a painful, and, to all appearance, a hopeless task. But truth is one and eternal, error is mutable and transient; *magna est veritas et prævalebit*,

should be the maxim of the wise and the good, in the worst aspect of human affairs. The success which damps and extinguishes futile or ill considered opposition, confirms and renders immutable the cause of truth. Thenceforward it becomes matter of history; party excitation, momentary passion, are no more; and the bitter fruits of error, ripening under the laws of an unchangeable Providence, bring home to the most infatuated the lamentable delusions under which they have acted.

It is with these feelings of sorrow for our country, but increased confidence in our own principles; of indignation at the recklessness of others, and the proud consciousness of having done our own duty, that we regard the recent fall of the British Constitution. The fond wish of the patriot and the hero in so many past ages, *Esto perpetua*, is now no more. The long glories of its steady and tranquil reign; the matchless celebrity of its arts and its arms; the steady growth of its industry; the dignified and majestic tenor of its administration; the general freedom which it developed; the relief to suffering which it afforded; the restraint to vice which it occasioned; the religious institutions which it had created—all, all are lost. Henceforth the country is a mere democracy; the steadiness of patrician sway is at an end, and, in its stead, the vacillating and unstable rule of the multitude is established.

This prospect, which, to those who regard only the fate of their own country, is fraught with such melancholy feelings, is the source of very different emotions to those who contemplate the progress of the human race. We have struggled long and resolutely to arrest the evil; but the revolutionary spirit has prevailed; the rock of Sisyphus has been rolled to the summit of the mountain, and it is about, in its recoil, to crush the hands that raised it. The work is finished. Human madness and guilt have run their course; and the laws of nature are about to resume their immortal reign. We are soon to witness the long period of national punishment—to see delusion expire under the pressure of suffering and anarchy; sink under the fury it has excited, and ambition prostrated by the passions it

had awakened. We are destined to see a nation which neglected and despised all the choicest blessings of Providence, which ran riot in the fulness of national prosperity, and was drunk with the intoxication of national glory, sink and suffer under the worst instruments of the Divine vengeance, the lash of its own passions and vices. With their own hands they have pulled down the ancient and undecayed fabric which sheltered their fathers, and the old time before them—with their own hands they have written their sentence—with their own lips they have pronounced their doom. It was in the midst of the triumph of revolution, the riot of rejoicing, and the blaze of illuminations, that the handwriting on the wall appeared to the people of England; and while they were celebrating, like the Assyrians of old, their triumph over an imaginary enemy, their empire was taken from them and given to another people.

Dark and disastrous, however, as is the future fate of the British empire, we do not think its case hopeless, or that, after having gone through the degradation, distraction, and suffering which must follow the destruction of the Constitution, it may not yet witness, in the decline of its days, some gleams of sunshine and prosperity. The laws of nature have now come to aid the cause of order; its usual suffering will attend the march of revolution; experience will soon dispel the fumes of democracy; the reign of Political Unions, of Jacobin Clubs, and tri-color flags, must, ere long, come to an end; the suffering, anxiety, and distress consequent on their despotic rule, the suspension of all confidence, and the ruin of all credit, must consign them to the dust, amidst the execrations of their country, if they are not subverted by the ruder shock of civil warfare and military power. The distress, misery, and stagnation in every branch of industry, already consequent on the Reform Bill, have been so extreme, that they must long ago have led to its overthrow, not only without the resistance, but with the concurrence, of all the Reformers who are not revolutionists, had it not been for the delusion universally spread by the revolutionary journals, that the exist-



ing distress was not owing to Reform, but the resistance which it had experienced, and that the danger of revolution, great in the event of the measure being thrown out, was absolutely nugatory in the event of its being passed. These two sophisms have alone carried the bill through the resistance it experienced from the property, education, and talent of the country, and blinded men's eyes to the enormous evils which not only threatened to follow its triumph, but attended its progress. But these delusions cannot much longer be maintained. Reform is now victorious—the bill is passed unimpaired and unimpaired, and its whole consequences *now rest on the heads of its authors, and its authors alone.* When it is discovered that all the benefits promised from it are a mere delusion; that stagnation, distress, and misery, have signalized its triumph; that trade does not revive with the contracted expenditure of the rich, nor confidence return with the increased audacity of the poor; that the ancient and kindly relations of life have been torn asunder in the struggle, and the vehemence of democracy has provided no substitute in their stead; that interest after interest, class after class, are successively exposed to the attacks of the revolutionists, and the ancient barrier which restrained them is removed; the eyes of the nation must be opened to the gross fraud which has been practised upon them. Then it will be discovered that the aristocratic interest, and the nomination boroughs, which supported their influence in the Lower House, were the real bulwark which protected all the varied interests of the country from the revolutionary tempest, and that every branch of industry is less secure, every species of property is less valuable, every enterprise is more hazardous, every disaster is more irretrievable, when its surges roll unbroken and unresisted into the legislature.

It is from this very circumstance, however, that our chief, and indeed our only hope of the country is founded. Hitherto the great body of the middling classes have stood aloof from the contest, or they have openly joined the reforming party. They were carried away by the prospect of the importance which they would

acquire under the new Constitution, and did not perceive that it was their own interests which were defended, their own battle which was fought, their own existence which was at stake, in the contest maintained by the Conservative party. Now the case is changed. The old rampart is demolished, and unless these middling ranks can create a new one, they must be speedily themselves destroyed. From the sole of their feet to the crown of their head, the middling classes of England at present stand exposed to the revolutionary fire; every shot will now carry away flesh and blood. Deeply as we deplore the misery and suffering which the exposure of these unprotected classes to the attacks of revolution must produce, it is in the intensity of that suffering, in the poignancy of that distress, that the only chance of ultimate deliverance is to be found. Periods of suffering are seldom, in the end, lost to nations, any more than individuals; and it is years of anguish that expiate the sin, and tame the passions, of days of riot and licentiousness.

The Constitution, indeed, is destroyed, but the men whom the Constitution formed, are not destroyed. The institutions which protected all the classes of the state, the permanent interests which coerced the feverish throes of democracy, the conservative weight, which steadied all the movements of the people, are at an end; the peril arising from this sudden removal of the pressure which hitherto regulated all the movements of the machine, is extreme, but the case is not utterly hopeless. It is impossible at once to change the habits of many hundred years' growth;—it is difficult in a few years to root out the affections and interests which have sprung from centuries of obligation;—it is not in a single generation, that the virtues and happiness fostered by ages of prosperity, are to be destroyed. As long as the British character remains unchanged—as long as religion and moral virtue sway the feelings of the majority of the people—as long as tranquil industry forms the employment of her inhabitants, and domestic enjoyments constitute the reward of their exertion, the cause of order and civilisation is not hopeless. Revolutions, it is true, are always ef-

fectured by reckless and desperate minorities in opposition to opulent and indolent majorities; but it is the ennobling effect of civil liberty to nourish a spirit of resistance to oppression, which outstrips all the calculations of those who ground their views upon what has occurred in despotic monarchies. Recent events afford abundant confirmation of this observation. The Revolutionists of France, in *three weeks* after the meeting of the States-General, effected the union of the three orders in one Chamber—in other words, the Revolution. In England, the Conservative party, under the most adverse circumstances, kept the revolution at bay for 15 months, and at length the Peers were prostrated and the Crown overthrown, only by a violent stretch of the prerogative, to crush the undaunted defenders of its own independence.

In revolutions, the period of general reaction invariably comes; but the great danger is, that it comes too late to save the country from the consequences of their former intemperance. When England found itself under the despotic tyranny of the Long Parliament, or the iron rule of Cromwell—when the head of the monarch fell on the scaffold, and the liberties of the country expired under the Protector, with what feelings of agony did they waken from the fatal delusions of 1642! When Louis and Marie Antoinette perished under the guillotine—when the revolutionary axe was lifted in every village, and suspended over every head in France—when every mother wept her son, and every family mourned its flower swept off in the ranks of the Directory, with what bitter anguish did they look back to the tranquil and prosperous days of the monarchy! Repeatedly, during the progress of the revolution, the reaction was so violent, that it would have stopped its advance, but for the fearful military force which the government had arrayed on their side. The factions of Paris, headed by the National Guard, 40,000 strong, rose in open revolt against the Revolutionary Government in October 1795, and was only defeated by the cannon of the army, and the military genius of Napoleon. The bayonets of Augereau, and 12,000 French grenadiers, were re-

quired to dissolve the Royalist Chambers, which the free elections of the years 1796 and 1797 had produced. France willingly surrendered its freedom in 1800, and submitted for fifteen years to the despotic authority of Napoleon, rather than incur the hazard of any farther continuance of those alternations of oppression, which constituted the melancholy history of its democratic convulsions. And the suffering consequent on the revolution of July became at last so poignant, that the respectable classes hailed with joy even the arbitrary decrees and total suspension of their liberties by Marshal Soult.

The reaction *has* come in this country, in all the higher and educated classes, to an extent which the warmest supporter of the Constitution could hardly have hoped for. It has come too late, however, to save the Constitution, because the Government forced on the revolution by the aid of the Commons, who had assembled during the first transport of the Reform passion. It has not come too late, however, let us hope, to give a tolerable security, for a time at least, under the new constitution, to life and property. The whole powers of the state are now centred in the House of Commons; the Crown, and the House of Peers, are henceforth of hardly any weight in the scale. The last hopes of the nation rest on the character of their next representatives. If a majority of them are conservative, the march of revolution may for a time be stayed, and England preserve the best part of its institutions, till another three glorious days at Paris again intoxicate the public mind, and the vessel of the state, deprived of the ballast which enabled it so long to ride out this gale, is swamped in the waves.

In commemorating the fall of the Constitution, many reflections naturally arise as to the causes by which this vast change has been brought about, the consequences to which it is likely to lead, and the means of escape which still remain to the institutions and property of the country. Such a retrospect will exhibit many faults on both sides; but they are faults of a very different character on the revolutionary and the conservative side, and we may already



anticipate the sober decision of history on many of the steps in this fatal progress.

Powerful as inconsiderable events frequently are on the final issue of change in human affairs, it is never by such causes that the great streams which divide the human race are first put in motion. General, powerful, and long-continued causes are alone adequate to affect the masses of mankind, and produce that dissatisfaction at existing institutions which first calls into activity the energy and guilt of revolutionary ambition. Ministerial recklessness, party ambition, may at last regulate the direction of the torrent, but it is not such causes which first put it in motion. The ambition of the Whigs, the recklessness of the revolutionists, the fraud of power, the violence of the populace, have in the end precipitated the change; but the Conservative party must look in their own weakness and indiscretion for the first causes which gave it birth. Strange as it may appear, the remote cause of these changes is to be found in the unexampled glory and success with which, under their direction, the nation combated the first French Revolution.

There is a natural tendency in the powers of thought, and the efforts of understanding, to resist the domination of long established influence, to get free from the bonds of authority, and cut through the fetters of power by the adamant edge of genius. Nor is it without benevolent designs, and for wise purposes, that this tendency is universal in mankind. It is this reaction of genius against violence, of the powers of the understanding against the force of the passions, of the spirit of freedom against the tyranny of power, which steadies the march of human events, and brings back the oscillations of the political pendulum to the centre of truth and justice. The Conservative party may well recognise the force of a power from which, since the days of popular tyranny began, they have derived such incalculable support.

The long political ascendancy of the Tories, and the unexampled triumphs with which the war was closed, naturally drove talent into the side of Opposition. The Whigs always made it their boast that all

the talents were on their side; and without admitting the truth of the statement since the lamentable display of weakness which they have made since their accession to power, it may at least be admitted, that in writing and popular declamation, they had at that time decidedly the better of their opponents. They early felt the power of the press, and they laboured ably and assiduously to turn it to the best advantage. While their adversaries were acting or combating, they were writing and declaiming; while the whole talent of the Conservative side was engaged in struggling with the might of Napoleon, or directing in all its various departments the immense machine of British power, they were incessantly occupied in getting possession of all the varied channels of public thought. Their activity and energy in this department was excessive, and soon began to produce a marked change on the sentiments of the high and educated classes. While the excitement of the war continued, this change was not generally perceived, and the great majority of the nation was carried enthusiastically along with the splendid tide of national glory. But no sooner had the cannon of Wellington's victories ceased to thrill every British heart with exultation, than the incessant and daily influence of the press was perceptible, and it became evident to the most casual observer that the tide was setting rapidly in, in favour of liberal principles.

This tendency was increased, to an extent which has never been sufficiently appreciated, by the influence of foreign travelling upon our young men of all ranks, but especially upon those of the higher and noble classes. Travelling has a natural tendency to increase the liberal principles of every intelligent mind; but this salutary influence was swelled to a dangerous degree, by the excessive admiration which Englishmen every where found existing among the most ardent and enthusiastic in the continental states, for the free institutions of this country, and the aversion to tyranny which they contracted from the example of its operation which so many despotic empires afforded. The dangers of revolution and democracy were past, and matter of history; those of des-

potism were present, and matter of observation. Hence the one sunk deep in the minds of the thinking few, and the other guided the thoughts of the inconsiderate many; in other words, the one affected the tens, the other the thousands. It became a matter of common observation, accordingly, that, whatever the political principles of a young man were when he set out to the continent, he always returned a Whig or a Liberal; and numbers of the most important men in the country, who had stood by the vessel of the state during all the storms of the French Revolution, had the mortification of discovering that the inheritors of their titles and their fortune had abandoned all their political principles amidst the flattery of French liberalism, or the smiles of Italian beauty.

Meanwhile the Tories remained universally, and to an extent which now appears almost inconceivable, negligent, as to the press at least, of their cause. They reposed in fancied security on the laurels of Wellington and Nelson; the cannon of Trafalgar and Waterloo yet echoed in their ears, and the ascendancy of the government, which had achieved these immortal triumphs, seemed established beyond the possibility of overthrow. Among the numerous close and startling analogies which the progress of the English has to that of the French Revolution, none is more remarkable than the complete delusion which existed in both countries as to the stability of the institutions and the government, against which the press was directing its unobtrusive but incessant warfare. The English Tories reposed in as complete supposed security on the edge of the volcano which burst forth in 1831, as the French nobility did on the surface of the stream of fire which enveloped the state in 1789.

Not only did they make no attempt to stem the current which was setting in so widely and fearfully in favour of innovation; but they seem to have thought that they could afford to give every indulgence to the enemy. They even sported with the passion for innovation, as if it had been a harmless or inconsiderable element in society. The Ministers of State took the lead in the insane

career, and Mr M'Culloch commenced his lectures in London in favour of the modern dogmas of free trade and metallic currency, with Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson as disciples! It became accordingly proverbial at that time, that the Tories were becoming Whigs; that they gave up every thing to their political adversaries, and secured a majority, or rather extinguished opposition, in the House of Commons, by adopting all the suggestions of the Opposition. An article, often written with ability, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*; it was immediately praised to the skies in all the Whig journals; its principles were adopted in all the Whig coteries; any opposition to it was stigmatized as the height of illiberality and ignorance; and in due time, bred between Whig rashness and Tory credulity, a legislative measure was proposed, and passed amidst the acclamations of both parties in Parliament, and the deep and unheeded execrations of all the reflecting men in the country. Mr Canning contrived to elude Lord Brougham's sarcasm on this point by the well-known story of the Thunder in the Theatre: but it was not on that account felt to be the less true, or the less characteristic of the temper of the times.

Had this rage for liberal opinions and legislative innovations been confined merely to matters of opinion, the evil day might have been for long postponed; and although the hold which the Whigs had got of the press, and the inconsiderable effort made to resist them in that department, must, in the end, have secured for them a Revolutionary triumph, the catastrophe would probably not have occurred so soon, had not the Tories, in the spirit of conciliation and concession to the Movement Party, and without being in the least aware of the consequences, adopted several of their suggestions, which not only struck deep into the established interests of the country, but utterly alienated the affections of those great and important bodies in the State, the trading and agricultural classes, on whom they had hitherto mainly depended. It is hardly necessary to name them; they constitute the leading feature of legislation for the last fifteen



years: Free Trade, the Change in the Currency, the Reduction of the Duty on Spirits, and Catholic Emancipation. All these measures emanated from the Edinburgh Review: they were all sedulously nursed in the Whig circles: they were all lauded to the skies in the liberal journals, and they have all proved destructive to the best interests of the country.

Admitting that Mr Smith's argument is invincible, and that Free Trade, if it could be begun *de novo* by all nations without any previous interest being affected by the change, would be the most beneficial for every branch of industry, the question presented to the British Statesmen was, whether it was practicable to introduce this great alteration in a country, where an anxious system of legislation, for 200 years, had established numerous and important interests under the system of protection; where millions of men were dependant on the exclusion of foreign competition; and it was at best extremely doubtful, whether any other nation would act on the system of reciprocity, and give to our manufacturers any share of those advantages which we yielded to theirs? This nice and delicate question, which Mr Smith pronounced more than doubtful, as applied to this country, the Whig dogmatists, with their accustomed arrogance, decided at once in favour of the innovating theory. Under the tuition of Mr McCulloch, and the auspices of Mr Huskisson, the Free Trade system was forced on the country against the wishes, and in spite of the remonstrances, of all the practical men engaged in manufactures or commerce. Their petitions were disregarded, their anger decided, their complaints thrown over the table: enquiry was denied, investigation refused: when complaining of starvation, they were referred to the exports and imports, and assured they were in a most prosperous condition. Amidst the general applause of the Legislature, the praises of the liberal press, and the mutual compliments of the Opposition and Ministerial benches, the harsh measures were forced on the country, and the consequence was what might have been anticipated from any consider-

able sudden and uncalled-for political changes. Other nations drew closer and closer their laws of exclusion as we relaxed ours. Distress and discontent became general in the manufacturing districts, and the fatal idea generally prevailed among them, that the great interests of the country were not represented, and that British flesh and blood were sacrificed to the theories of cold-blooded political economists.

To augment the evil, the great changes in the currency in 1819 and 1826 were carried into effect at the earnest recommendation of the Whig leaders, and by the influence of the liberalized Tories in the Cabinet. The effects of these disastrous changes are well known. Never, perhaps, did legislative innovation inflict such deep wounds on society; and never, without revolutionary confiscation, were such wide-spread and sweeping convulsions in property introduced. In a few years whole classes in society were destroyed: debts were augmented in a fearful progression: the national embarrassments became overwhelming: individual distress speedily terminated in insolvency: the holders of property constantly found it getting cheaper on their hands; and fortunes of the greatest magnitude melted away under the ceaseless falls in the value of the produce in which they consisted. This terrible change, too, was forced on the country by the Whigs, and yielded to by the liberalized Tories, in defiance of all the remonstrances of the commercial classes. In Scotland alone, by an unanimous and unprecedented exertion of the nation, the change was averted, and a system, tried by a century of experienced benefits, saved from destruction at the hands of visionary innovation. Cobbett clearly saw the consequence of this prodigious change. He has declared, that the moment he heard in America that the Bank was to resume cash payments, he ordered his goods to be packed up, and his family to prepare to return to England: convinced that the cause of Parliamentary Reform, hopeless heretofore, was now certain of success. The event has proved that he was not mistaken in his anticipations.

The unfortunate measures thrust

upon a yielding Tory Administration by the incessant clamour of the Whigs for the reduction of the duties on beer and ardent spirits, produced consequences hardly less ruinous to the national fortunes. If they did not directly affect the public wealth, they led to effects destined to be ultimately still more disastrous by the demoralization introduced into the labouring classes, the life of intoxication to which they habituated them, and the unrestrained indulgence of passion which they introduced. These fatal changes not only undermined the foundations of social order by destroying the restraint of private virtue, but they tended directly and immediately to foster the spread of anarchical principles, by the seditious and atrocious publications to which they incessantly exposed the minds of the least educated or qualified to judge of the community. Tempted to the ale-house by the desire for drinking, they found their minds exposed there to a poison not less inflammatory and ruinous than the ardent spirits which wasted and destroyed their bodies. A furious and deceitful press was to be found in every ginshop and ale-house, incessantly dealing forth calumny, abuse, and misrepresentation, against every thing sacred, or venerable, or useful in society; and while their frames were weakened by copious potations of spirits, their principles were destroyed by the insidious inhaling of political falsehood. Thence, in a great measure, have sprung those fierce and menacing Political Unions, who have recently usurped almost the whole authority in the state, and threaten soon to reduce the fair realm of England to the thralldom of Jacobin clubs and incendiary societies.

Still, however, notwithstanding so many circumstances of alienation, the affections of the great body of the people of England were decidedly with the Conservative party, and the Whigs felt it to the bottom of their hearts. They had seen how strong the feeling was in favour of the monarchy, when it was roused by the arrogance of Earl Grey's administration in 1807, and how loudly the loyal feelings of the English peasantry responded to the appeal to save the Crown from thralldom, and

the national religion from invasion, at that memorable period. As long as the Tories stood forth as the supporters of the Crown and the National Faith, they felt that, as a party, they had no chance of success. It became, therefore, indispensable at all hazards to break up this formidable union, and thence the incessant efforts which they directed towards Catholic Emancipation.

On looking back to the long and energetic efforts which the Whigs made to force through this great innovation against the known opinions of the English people, and comparing it with the total indifference which they have since evinced to the increased sufferings of the Irish peasantry, it is evident that religious toleration was a mere name, and that the real object for which the party struggled was something very different, and which it was necessary never to divulge. Catholic Emancipation was a change which merely went to admit some thirty or forty Catholic gentlemen into Parliament, or open to some ten or twenty barristers the road to the Bench, and for this the whole liberal party in England struggled incessantly for thirty years. The great questions which really affected the interests of the Irish poor, to which British patriots had long turned their anxious attention, and on which the fate and the bread of millions depended, met from them with no sort of attention. Not a whisper escaped them on the establishment of poor laws to relieve its suffering population, and check the perilous growth of their numbers; or on the opening the means of emigration to its overflowing multitudes; or on the establishment of fisheries, or roads, or harbours, to afford them bread, and contribute to the spread of industrious habits; or on the possibility of correcting the ruinous absenteeism of its great proprietors. While the contest raged loud and long about Emancipation, which merely opened the path of ambition to hundreds, these great questions, upon which the bread and the fate of millions depended, were quietly consigned to the vault of all the Capulets; or if they were touched on at all, it was only to broach the incredible paradox, that the Irish were perfectly mistaken in ascribing any



bad effects to the absentees; and that the spending of five or six millions a-year in London, Paris, or Naples, instead of Dublin, or the Irish counties, was no sort of detriment to its innumerable inhabitants.

The real motive which led to the long and anxious agitation of the Catholic question by the Whig party, to the utter neglect of all the real interests of the Emerald Isle, is now sufficiently apparent. They felt that the Tories were irresistible as long as they were backed by the loyal and religious feelings of the English people, and united in the firm support of the Church and the Throne. The utter discomfiture they had received on an appeal to the people, in the great contests with the Tories in 1784 and 1807, left not a chance of regaining the reins of power, but by depriving them of that firm support from the rural electors which arose from community of religious feeling. To effect this separation, was the incessant object of Whig tactics for thirty years. Party ambition, on this, as on other occasions, assumed the language of virtue. They spoke of justice, liberality, and toleration; of the fair reign of Christian charity; of brotherly love and affection, unstained by political distinction or religious rancour. The pleasing theme carried away the young and the generous of the English aristocracy; and it soon became painfully evident, that while the great body of the English peasantry were firm in the faith and loyalty of their fathers, the younger and more influential classes of the aristocracy were fast giving way under the seducing influence of liberalized ambition.

At this critical juncture, when the Tories could with difficulty maintain their ground against the united influence of the Whigs, and the younger and more liberal of their own body, O'Connell commenced the infernal system of agitation in Ireland, and, under the mask of patriotism, inflicted on his country evils infinitely greater than they had suffered from the English sword for two centuries. The threat of insurrection, the increasing clamours of the advocates for the change, and the menacing aspect of the country, overcame the firmness of the British leaders, and Catholic Emancipation was passed,

by an united effort of the Whigs, the liberal Tories, and the Crown, against the loudly-expressed opinion of the English people.

The consequences of this measure have been disastrous beyond what its bitterest enemy could have anticipated. We have heard that the Duke of Wellington has since said, that he would give his right arm if he could undo what he then did; and it is worthy of the magnanimity of his character to have made the avowal. But that, alas! is impossible; and the effects of the change soon became such as even his firmness and capacity have proved unable to remedy. It not only produced divisions, all but irremediable, among the Conservative party, but it took away the great link which united them to the people. The friends of the monarchy felt as if the heaven itself had fallen, when the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel wielded the power of the Crown to carry through the change. The Tories lost the great ground of appeal which had so often carried them through all their difficulties with the peasantry, and were looked upon, if not by the most enlightened, at least by the most upright, sincere, and respectable portion of the community, as men who had sacrificed the outworks of the constitution to obtain the praise of an ambitious and irreligious political faction. The rural population of England, who had petitioned so loudly against Catholic Emancipation, felt that they were not duly represented in Parliament, when the measure was forced through against their wishes: the cry for Reform was joined in by many of the oldest and firmest friends of the monarchy, and symptoms of a dangerous coalition on this subject began to appear between the most vehement of the Revolutionary and Conservative parties. Above all, the Revolutionary party gained a great and lasting victory: the power of agitation, even over the strongest interests and dearest affections of the nation, became evident; and the fatal truth was openly proclaimed, that by exciting the passions of the people, in opposition to their interests, and spreading terror, misery, and suffering among the labouring poor, on any subject of popular ambition, such a

degree of sickness, disquietude, and anxiety may be spread through the state, as will make them submit, for the sake of momentary quiet, to any innovation.

These were the great errors of the Conservative party, which brought about, among a portion of the community who would never have otherwise felt it, a desire for Reform, which obliterated, in the opinion of a large portion of the nation, all the glorious services which they had rendered to England and the cause of humanity by resisting the French Revolution, and has delivered the government of the state to a set of desperate and reckless innovators, who have never ceased the work of agitation till they have overthrown the Constitution. We allude to them now with regret, because they detract from the well-earned fame of the illustrious men who form the heads of that party, and recall painful emotions, which we would willingly bury in oblivion. But the course of events is the province of history; the conduct of public men is its peculiar object of observation; and if we would avoid falling deeper into the abyss of revolution, we must examine with rigid impartiality into our own and our opponents' errors, which have precipitated us so far down its descent.

And, to do the Tories justice, the errors of their administration since the peace have been the errors of a great and beneficent party. They proceeded from no narrow or contracted views, from no selfish or degrading ambition, from no tyrannical or reckless spirit. They were the failings of the rulers of the state during a great and mighty struggle; of men, who had achieved a victory of immortal celebrity, and deemed their own power unassailable from the magnitude of the services they had rendered to their country. Their fault consisted in an undue indulgence to their political adversaries; in suffering their own sounder and better judgment to be overborne by the declamation and speculations of others not possessing a tittle of their zeal or practical ability; in mistaking the loud clamour of the popular party for the sober judgment of the thinking men in the country. They did wrong, from the anxious desire

to do right, and were misled, by the applause of the liberal party, into measures to which they never could have been forced by their power. All that they have done that is good was done from their own principles, and in conformity with their own inclinations: their greatest errors were forced on them by the innovating spirit and rash speculations of their opponents. History will record that their long rule was one of justice, moderation, and lenity; that in fifteen years after the peace, they took off thirty-five millions a-year of taxes, and paid off sixty millions of the public debt! that by them national faith was rigidly upheld, national tranquillity preserved inviolate, and national honour gloriously maintained; that the lenity and indulgence of their government had almost led to the extinction of party spirit, diffused, notwithstanding all the errors forced upon them by the Whigs, and all the suffering thence occasioned to particular classes of society, unexampled prosperity through the nation, and raised the British empire to a height of power and glory unrivalled even in the most splendid days of the Roman empire.

But there is no unmitigated good in human affairs. The immense increase of the manufacturing towns of Great Britain, during this long period of sunshine and prosperity, is one of the chief causes of the moral whirlwind in which we have since been involved. Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, have, during the last twenty years, nearly tripled their inhabitants, and the whole manufacturing districts have undergone, in that period, a similar and unexampled increase. This immense change, silently advancing, has subverted in a great degree the ancient and stable equilibrium of the British empire. The rural population, always inferior to the urban in energy, vehemence, and popular enthusiasm, has now been outnumbered by it. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of Great Britain are attached to cities, and dependant on the interests, and swayed by the passions, of urban life. Ours is no longer a rich country, with flourishing cities interspersed over its surface, but an aggregate of vast towns, united to each other by splendid roads, and a high-



ly-cultivated intermediate country. The consequences of this prodigious change have been in the highest degree important, and constitute perhaps the remote cause of the perilous predicament in which society is now placed. The national character is no longer formed, the national fortunes are no longer swayed, by the steady and independent feelings of the English peasantry—by men who have been educated in the faith, and nurtured in the feelings, of their fathers—and in whose veins the ancient blood of the Saxons and Normans still flows in unpolluted streams. Since the vast increase of its manufacturing industry, Old England is no more. The hereditary character of the people, preserved unchanged for a thousand years, has been exchanged for the fierce passions and unbridled ambition which in every age have characterised manufacturing societies; and, instead of the steady adherence to ancient institutions, which so long distinguished the English character, the feverish desire for change which sprung up with the French Revolution, has become predominant with a large and noisy portion of our people.

It is the coincidence of this vast increase in the numbers of the manufacturing classes, with the extension of the power of reading to almost all the youth of the lower orders, that has beyond all question produced the restless and feverish temper of the present times. God forbid that we should assert that education cannot be extended to the poor without involving them in the fury and the infidelity of French democracy; but melancholy experience proves, that it cannot be extended to a *corrupted and vicious* poor, without producing these disastrous effects. Like every other great power in human affairs, the press becomes an instrument of virtue or of vice, according to the character of the person to whom it is intrusted; like the Amreeta Cup in Kehama, it confers an immortality of bliss or of agony, as it is taken by a virtuous or a corrupted spirit. In the rural districts of Great Britain, the spread of reading has led chiefly to an extension of religious knowledge, or the diffusion of useful information; in the manufacturing, and in all the

great towns, it has augmented enormously the growth of democracy and irreligion—an aversion to the restraints of this world and the next. Such is the eternal law of nature; and it is the great means of purification which Omnipotence provides for the sins and the corruptions of nations. With the increase of knowledge and the acquisition of power, these corrupted societies hourly increase in wickedness and depravity; their passions become ungovernable, their desires insatiable, their arrogance insupportable; all the restraints of virtue, all the influence of religion, all the fetters of authority, are dissolved under the perpetual influence of the revolutionary action; the fabric of society crumbles and totters, with the dissolution of the bonds which held it together; with their own hands its members accumulate the materials of combustion—with their own hands they apply the torch, and a general conflagration at last obliterates the scene of depravity and corruption.

It is this rapid and fearful increase of the revolutionary spirit, in all the great cities of the empire, from causes beyond the reach of human control, which renders it now painfully evident that the Conservative party committed a great error in not earlier conceding, on *Conservative principles*, and to strengthen the Conservative interest in the legislature, members to the great manufacturing towns.

It is quite evident, that if it was inevitable that the additional members acquired by the great towns were necessarily to be of a democratic or revolutionary character, the Conservative party would have been perfectly right to resist to the very uttermost the concession of one single member to the manufacturing interest, because, as it was apparent that the aristocratic party was already hard-pressed by the revolutionary, it would have been in the highest degree unsafe to have made any addition, however small, to the force of the enemy. But though such it is to be feared will most certainly be their character under the Reform Bill, the case might have been widely different with members elected under a rational system of constituency. Every thing depends

on the class of men to whom the elective franchise is extended. That the L.10, or 3s. 10d. men will return revolutionary representatives, may be considered as all but certain; but what would have been the result if the return had been vested in persons paying L.20 and upwards a-year of direct taxes, or inhabiting houses worth L.80 a-year and upwards of yearly rent? A Conservative constituency would, in the end, to a moral certainty, have been thus created, because it would have been composed of men who were to be the victims, not the gainers, by spoliation; and the friends of the constitution would have drawn useful and efficient allies, instead of enemies, from the ranks of their opponents.

This was the great error of the Conservative body, that having a principle in the constitution already developed, which provided for the gradual change of the representation upon the conviction of any borough for bribery, they did not anxiously fix upon that principle as the means of giving Conservative members to the great unrepresented towns. Can any body doubt what would have been the character of the representative, that on any crisis would have been returned by fifteen hundred of the most respectable citizens of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Edinburgh, or Glasgow? Whether such an addition to the Conservative ranks would have ultimately arrested the march of revolution, may well be doubted, seeing that the Whigs would instantly have put themselves at the head of the democratic party, and raised the same cry against such a rational system of representation for the great towns, which they afterwards did against the nomination boroughs; but the Conservative party would have had the immense advantage of having done nothing on their part to precipitate the torrent,—of having put their adversaries clearly in the wrong, if not in the eyes of the populace, at least in those of the thinking men in the country, and of posterity,—and of having secured some support at least from the better and respectable classes in those great nurseries of republican ambition.

It was in this state of the country, and of public feeling, that the late

French Revolution broke out; and that, too, at the most inauspicious moment for the preservation of our constitution; shortly after the dissolution of Parliament, when the nation was agitated by general elections; when the Conservative party, sullen and discontented, were brooding over the recent violent invasion of the Protestant constitution, and the Whigs were straining every nerve to improve the immense advantage which the divisions of their opponents, and the consternation consequent on Catholic Emancipation, had occasioned. That fatal event—fatal to France, fatal to Poland, fatal to Belgium, fatal to England, fatal to every state which has imbibed its spirit—immediately threw the Revolutionary party in this country into an ecstasy of delight. The spectacle of a regular government being overthrown by an insurgent mob, of regular soldiers falling before revolutionary barricades, of a dynasty falling under the blows of an exasperated populace, was too much for their entranced senses. The tricolor flag was rehoisted at Paris, amidst the transports of all the Movement party in this country; Jacobin enthusiasm revived, after a slumber of thirty years, and revolutionary ambition again raised its hydra head, after having groaned in silence since the triumph of Waterloo. With characteristic recklessness and haste, the Whigs instantly seized on the fruitful theme; they thundered on every hustings in the kingdom on the glorious spectacle, and lavished on the Duke of Wellington, late the object of their fulsome adulation, while heading the first inroad on the Constitution, the most furious abuse for shewing a tendency even to resume his old defensive position against the tricolor flag. They never stopped to enquire what was the real cause, or probable tendency of the convulsion; they never bestowed a thought on the question which time has since so lamentably resolved,—Whether it was likely to accelerate or retard the progress of freedom; whether it was occasioned by defensive or offensive measures on the part of the Crown; whether the ordinances were justified by stern necessity, or the result of a tyrannical spirit;



whether, in fine, the Revolution was to terminate in the mild and tranquil freedom of the Restoration, or subject France anew to the rule of Jacobin clubs and Republican bayonets? These points, indispensable to a sound or rational solution of the question, and which two subsequent years of suffering, closed by a second bloody revolt, have too clearly resolved, were never so much as thought of amidst the transports of the barricades; all who ventured to draw the veil from the eyes of the people, and ourselves among the foremost, were made the object of furious invective; and the people, misled by their popular leaders, and swayed by their generous sympathy for freedom, even when clothed in the worst of disguises, shared in the universal transport, and returned in unprecedented numbers the leaders of the Movement party to the House of Commons.

The result of this vehement passion, coupled with the sullen exasperation of the old Constitutional party of England, at the great concession made to Whig clamour and intimidation, by the admission of the Catholics into Parliament, is well known. By an unprecedented combination of Whigs, Ultra-Tories, and Radicals, the Duke of Wellington was thrown into a minority of twenty-nine on the very first division of the new Parliament; there being found in the ranks of his opponents General Gascoigne and Mr Hobhouse, the Marquis of Chandos and Mr Hume, Mr Sadler and Colonel Jones, Mr Brougham and Sir Thomas Lethbridge—the friends of the Monarchy, and the supporters of Revolution; the old and respectable friends of Whig freedom, and the ardent proselytes of new-born Jacobinism; those whose hearts yet bled at the recent wound inflicted on the Constitution, and those who panted for an opportunity to pierce it to the heart, combined to overthrow its noblest defender; one who, if he had been once misled by the Liberal party, had amply atoned for his error, and had recently prepared for the perilous days to the Constitution which were approaching, by nailing its colours to the mast! The annals of civil discord do not contain a more lamentable instance of the ruin of

the noblest institutions by the intemperate zeal of their own defenders; and, as if nothing should be wanting to render unpardonable the desertion of the Ultra-Tory party, they had before their eyes in France a recent example of the fatal effects of such divisions in presence of a reckless and insatiable democratic foe. Thirty of the Ultra-Royalists in the French Chamber, called the party *Agier*, united, in March 1830, with the *Côté Gauche*, to vote against the Crown, from a feeling of spite at the existing administration; the Ministry in consequence was thrown into a minority; a dissolution ensued in a highly excited state of public feeling; the new representatives promised to be still more democratic than the old ones; no alternative remained to the Crown but abdication, or a change of the constitution; Polignac attempted it upon the same grounds of necessity which are put forward by the Revolutionary party to justify the overthrow of the British Constitution; but he attempted it without an adequate military force to support the change, and the fall of the Monarchy was the consequence.

Deeming, as we have always done, that it is deeply to be regretted that the Tory Administration on the East Retford question, and on similar occasions before, had not extended the disfranchised members to the great towns, it is not the less apparent, as we have all along maintained, that the Duke of Wellington did perfectly right in declaring resolutely against Reform at all in November 1830, *during the continuance of the mania produced by the French Revolution.* That disastrous event totally changed the probable effects of the measure, by totally changing the spirit and desire in which it was demanded. Members for the great towns were no longer sought from the rational and constitutional desire of having their interests, wants, and situation represented in the legislature, but from the fierce and insatiable passion for democratic ascendancy. Any concession, how small soever, in presence of such an enemy, was evidently as perilous as any retreat or abandonment of positions in presence of a numerous and desperate foe. The moment the signal of re-

treat before such an enemy, even on the most inconsiderable question, is given; their audacity and fury increase tenfold. The example of Catholic Emancipation, the concessions of Louis XVI., and those of William IV., and their obvious consequences, will assuredly not be lost on posterity.

The great misfortune was, that, when the Duke of Wellington made this wise declaration, at that critical time, which was founded on exactly the same principle as Mr Pitt's stand against Reform after the rise of the infernal spirit of 1793, he was *not supported by the Conservative party generally*; but that they took that opportunity, seeing him hard pressed, to unite with the partisans of Revolution for his overthrow. There was the dreadful mistake. Seeing that when the danger approached, he had lowered the neutral colours which he had lately shewn, had again hoisted the British standard, and was preparing to defend the old vessel to the last extremity, they should have cordially succoured the generous resolution. In the presence of danger, the boldest course is frequently the most prudent. Can there be any doubt, that, if the Conservative party had all rallied round this illustrious leader on this perilous occasion, as they did round Mr Pitt on the similar crisis in 1793, the Revolutionists would have been quelled, and the Constitution saved? Had half the Tories joined the ranks of Opposition when Jacobinism first arose on the 10th August, would not 1792 have been 1832? It was this fatal defection, at the critical moment, and not the declaration against Reform, that threw power into the hands of the Whigs; in other words, ruined the Monarchy.

We have now performed, with painful feelings, but scrupulous impartiality, a necessary duty; that of tracing the errors of the Conservative party, which have contributed to bring the nation into its present disastrous state. There remains a more grateful task; that of following with just admiration their heroic conduct in adversity, appealing to the justice of posterity from the violence of present times, and consigning, in merited terms, the destroyers of the Constitution to the execra-

tions of ages. Here, also, we have every wish to be impartial, and we trust we shall be so. The anxiety of the moment is over; the Reform Bill has become the law of the land; and, as such, is entitled to demand the willing obedience of every British subject; but the means by which it has been brought about, have become the subject of history; and the character of its authors, after having passed through the ordeal of political discussion, now stands before the bar of posterity for eternal judgment.

Earl Grey, as all the world knows, ascended into office under the pledge of Reform; and every man, of whatever party, must have felt that he was bound to have carried that pledge into effect. He stated, however, that his ideas on this subject had undergone a material alteration since the first ardour of youth had passed away; that he would now stand or fall by his order; and that whatever Reform he introduced should be renovation, not innovation, and be based on the fundamental principles of the Monarchy, not rested on any speculative or theoretical ideas of improvement. On this footing he stood pledged to the nation; and, in their anxiety to see this great question settled on a satisfactory basis, they overlooked errors which would have proved fatal to any preceding administration. The total failure of the budget, not a shred of which was left to stand in the legislation of the country, and the signal defeat on the Timber Duties, were a sufficient indication that they held their places merely on tolerance, and that the expectation of their Reform measure alone upheld their tottering administration.

At length the Reform Bill was ushered in on 1st March 1831, and it must be fresh in the recollection of every one with what breathless astonishment it was received by all classes in the country. It is hard to say whether the Whigs, the Tories, or the Radicals, were most struck with amazement. It is now well known, that had it been brought to a vote on the first reading, it would have been thrown out by an immense majority, and such a proposition never probably again been tendered to a British Parliament. Time, ince-



sant discussion for fifteen months, and the subsequent melancholy march of revolution, have habituated our minds to this as they do to all other democratic changes, but when the fearful inroad on the Constitution was first announced to minds as yet unused to the fatal rapidity of revolutionary advance, it seemed as if the earth itself was about to swallow up its offspring.

Talleyrand has said, that "the convulsions consequent on *that speech alone* would not be allayed for thirty years." And the remark was that of one well versed in the springs of revolution, and familiar with the restless spirit which had compelled him to swear allegiance to *thirteen* different constitutions. There are certain projects which, by the common consent of mankind, must never be so much as seriously broached, if we would avoid throwing society into convulsions. The division of property, the democratic ascendancy of the lower orders, are subjects which never yet were seriously entertained by the populace, without anarchy being the consequence, and society being conducted through a long period of suffering to military despotism. But these projects are usually pressed on an unwilling legislature by the lower orders; and the enthusiasm of Hope, the contagion of Desire, are checked by the slender prospect afforded of prevailing in such a struggle against the government. But on this occasion the government itself took the lead in the dreadful step. A change confessedly greater than had been attempted by Cromwell, the Long Parliament, or those who expelled James II.,—an alteration which was nothing less than a demolition and reconstruction of the whole constitution of Parliament,—a total destruction, without any equivalent, of 168 seats, and a transference of the immense power they conveyed to a new and highly democratic electoral body, *a majority of whom inhabited houses rented at below £12 a-year*, was seriously brought forward by the Ministers of the Crown, and supported by the whole weight of the sovereign power, and the whole influence of the Whig nobility.

It will probably never be known, certainly not during the lifetime of the present generation, what the real

intentions and serious expectations of Ministers were in bringing forward this enormous innovation. That they expected it to be thrown out by a great majority, has since been confessed in his place in Parliament by the most honest and candid, and not the least able of their number, Lord Althorp. That they were completely ignorant of its real tendency, and, in particular, entirely in the dark as to the practical operation of the £10 clause, has been abundantly proved by the vigorous and repeated, though unsuccessful attempts, which they made to get quit of it, when tied to the stake by the Radical party. Did they never expect that it would be carried, but threw it out like an Agrarian law, not in the idea that it could ever become part of the institutions of the realm, but that it would prove the source of never-ending disquiet to their successors? Did they expect that it would prove an everlasting thorn in the side of the Conservative rulers of the realm, and give themselves a rallying word, a war-cry, by which they might at all times thereafter assemble the mobs of towns round their banner? However this may be, it is certain that it was not only proposed, but seriously insisted in, by the united influence of the Crown, the Radicals, the Whigs, and the Ministerial aristocracy.

Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party committed what is now known to have been a great mistake, in not taking advantage of the feelings of astonishment and horror which the proposal at first generally excited, to have it at once thrown overboard. Had this been done, the Constitution would probably now have been safe. But the error, great as it was, was a natural one, and only shewed how little we *then* knew of the principles of revolution, in which dear-bought experience has since made us such adepts. He conceived, and nine-tenths of the men of sense in the country conceived with him, that the enormity of the change would awaken a feeling of unanimous resistance to it in all the respectable or influential classes; that the boroughs threatened with disfranchisement would instantly send instructions to their representatives to throw out the measure, and that the county voters, seeing that they were

to be overwhelmed by a mass of tenants and ten-pound freeholders, would do their utmost to resist the change. Those more familiar with the principles called forth in revolutionary changes, feared, what experience has since proved to have been a well-founded apprehension, that a different principle would come into operation. This principle is the contagion of kindred feeling awakened in similar ranks, by the prospect of an enormous benefit to their *class of society*; and the impossibility of expecting that the electors were to resist the tempest of innovating passion, the deluding prospects, and the inflammatory considerations, which had already turned the heads of many of the ablest men, the greatest proprietors, and the noblest blood in the realm. They recollected that the Revolution was achieved by the junction of 49 of the nobility and 127 of the clergy of France to the Tiers Etat, in direct opposition to the interests of their own orders, and that in a few months they received the reward of their insane conduct by having all their property confiscated to the service of an ungrateful state. The result soon proved that their apprehensions were too well-founded, and that in a similar crisis, similar effects may be anticipated in all ages and countries of the world.

The Reformers have frequently referred to the result of this appeal to the people, as decisive evidence of the generality and depth of the feeling in favour of Reform which previously existed in the country. There never was a more complete mistake. It only demonstrated that a tempest was excited by the prodigal offer of political power to the lower orders, and that in all ages, by similar means a similar effect may be produced. No one will be hardy enough to assert that the desire for an Agrarian Law, or the division of property, was then general among the middling ranks; but if any administration could have been found profligate enough to propose such measures for the sake of a momentary popularity, there can be no doubt of the reception they would have met with from the masses of mankind. If, instead of proposing to put 112 seats in Parliament into Schedule A, they had proposed to

put the estates of 112 of the greatest proprietors in England into that schedule, and divide their lands among the ten-pound tenants of the great towns, a tempest greatly more violent than even that in favour of the Reform Bill would instantly have arisen. Then it would at once have been seen, how numerous are the supporters, how loud the clamour, how menacing the acts of the gainers compared to those of the victims by spoliation. Henry VIII. had no difficulty in raising a tempest among the courtiers in favour of religious reform, when he proposed to divide the church lands amongst them; the patriotism of the Russells waxed singularly warm when the abbey lands of Woburn danced before their eyes. No one ever doubted the power at all times of raising up the poor, by the proposal to divide amongst them the power or the possessions of the rich; what was always doubted was, whether men of property and respectability could be found to make from the seat of government such a proposal. But experience has now proved that the democratic passion and political ambition can effect that prodigy.

The dissolution of Parliament consequent on the rejection of General Gascoigne's motion, it is now confidently asserted by those who have the best sources of information, was wrung from a reluctant monarch by a gross delusion practised on his too confiding judgment. It was represented to him that the Tories had stopped the supplies, and that the Government could not be carried on unless a dissolution took place, when, in point of fact, the supplies *had been granted*, and all that the Opposition had done was to postpone the consideration of part of the *estimates* for a single night. And accordingly the King, in his speech dissolving Parliament, was obliged to thank them for having *granted the supplies*. But of what avail was that? The fraud had answered its purpose; the dissolution was effected; and under circumstances which gave the Reformers the advantage of having the sanction of the King's name for the introduction of measures likely, in their ultimate result, to be eminently perilous to the Crown. That was the fatal measure for the Crown:



when William went to Parliament to dissolve the Commons, who had placed the salvation of the Constitution within his grasp, he passed the Rubicon, never again to return.

Then commenced a system of intimidation, delusion, and ruffian violence, such as never had been witnessed in England before, and we trust in God never may be witnessed in England again. The leading Ministerial Journal, that which has so often since enjoyed the benefit of the confidential communications of Ministers, and obtained and published state papers, known only to two or three of the Cabinet, laboured day after day to impress upon the mob of England the only effectual way to bear down all opposition. It urged them to assail the Tory candidates with brick-bats, to plaster them with mud, to duck them in horse-ponds. The Reforming press generally repeated and enforced the infamous advice, and the nation resounded with every species of calumny, abuse, and falsehood, against the Conservative party. These frauds and this violence prevailed; the rural electors were deluded by the unconstitutional and unauthorized use of the King's name; "the most popular King since the days of Alfred," was lauded to the skies as the leading Reformer of the realm, and the men who were destined, not twenty months after, to remind him of the tragic fate of Louis XVI., and "that a fairer head than that which ever decked the shoulders of Adelaide, Queen of England, had rolled upon a scaffold," resounded incessantly in the ears of the freeholders the wishes of their popular sovereign. The unconstitutional fraud prevailed in some places, the force of ruffian violence triumphed in others; the Conservative party were generally deterred from coming forward by the desperate aspect of public affairs, and the imminent peril to their lives and their properties if they resisted the torrent. Amidst revolutionary transports, showers of stones, broken windows, wounded electors, and every species of popular outrage, the cause of Reform generally triumphed, and the only surprising thing is, that in the general wreck of law and order, so many as 250 friends of the Constitution were reckoned to maintain a hopeless contest in the Lower House.

When, in consequence of this atrocious system of revolutionary violence, a majority of 136 was secured for the Reform Bill in the House of Commons, and the bill was sent to the Upper House, a majority of 41, of the Barons of England, to their immortal honour, and at the manifest hazard of their lives, rejected it at once. Then instantly was resumed the infernal work of agitation; instead of yielding to the declared opinion of the greatest proprietors and wisest men in England, representing, as they did, that of nine-tenths of the education and property of the kingdom, and bringing forward a new measure, founded on a compromise between the two independent branches of the legislature, and which, if at all in unison with the Constitution, the Peers would have been too happy to pass, they declared that they would bring in a bill as efficient as the last; they falsely boasted, through all their organs in the press, that they had the unlimited power from the King to create Peers, and, therefore, that resistance in the Upper House was hopeless, and they recommenced, through their ruffian followers in the country, the work of intimidation, violence, and revolution. Bristol was soon in flames—Nottingham Castle burnt and sacked—Derby overwhelmed by brutal violence, while the whole press resounded with threats of murder and fire-raising against the courageous Peers and Bishops who had, for a time at least, saved their country and government; and the Ministry never, until driven to it by excesses which it was impossible to overlook, took the slightest steps to arrest the infuriated rabble.

At this critical juncture, the Conservative party in England did not act with the firmness which might have been expected from them, or which the heroic stand made by their leaders seemed to authorize the friends of the Constitution to expect. Ireland and Scotland spoke loudly forth; the Protestants of the former kingdom, seeing the dagger at their throats, roused themselves with the characteristic bravery of their race, and the friends of the Constitution shewed a front, and spoke in strains of eloquence, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other

places, which, if generally followed in the great towns in England, would have consigned the Reform Bill, with its parent administration, to the dust, amidst the execrations of ages. But the memorable example was *not* followed. The English towns, though containing a Conservative party fully as strong as those of Ireland and Scotland, did nothing. The Peers were *not* supported as they had a right to expect, and the Ministry were allowed to retain their places and commence afresh the work of revolution, after having sustained a shock which would have proved fatal to the strongest of their predecessors.

Meanwhile the veil was beginning to drop from the eyes of the English electors. The truth began to be generally known that the King's name had been taken in vain—that he would not crush the House of Peers by a fresh inundation—and the perilous tendency of the stream on which we had embarked, became manifest to the most careless observers. The rural electors began to see that their darling Reform would soon saddle them with a free trade in corn; the urban, that it was destroying their business, and threatened to swallow up their property. All the elections since the general one, demonstrated this. The contests at Dublin, Liverpool, Grimsby, Dorsetshire, Pembroke-shire, and latterly Berkshire, left the Ministers not a hope on a second appeal to the people. The Whigs saw that they were declining—the prospect of a county election now threw them into an agony of apprehension—they knew that another general election would reduce them to a minority in the House of Commons, and that the nation, recovered from its stupor, and escaped from the jaws of revolution, would never again intrust them with the reins of power. Every thing, therefore, depended upon making the most of the Parliament which had been assembled under the transports of Reform, and keeping, at all hazards, possession of the power, from which, if once driven, they knew they had not a chance of return.

For this purpose, while they brought forward a new bill in the Lower House, even more democratical than the former, and thus shewed that, with a revolutionary party,

compromise cannot be hoped for, and that war to the knife (we mean constitutional war only) is the sole alternative left, they at the same time incessantly represented, through their organs in the press, that the King was pledged to their measures, and that he would at once create 100 Peers, if necessary, to ensure their success. This statement, which they have since *admitted to have been false*, was put forth in the most confident terms, day after day, with all the circumstances of official accuracy. The day even on which Earl Grey had gone down to the King (15th January) to arrange the creation, was pompously set forth by the chief Ministerial journal, and the country assured again and again, by those possessing evident marks of the confidence of government, that a *carte blanche* had been obtained, and its execution only suspended until it should be seen whether the Peers would not be so pliant as to render so large a creation unnecessary. The Morning Chronicle has since admitted, that all this was *false*; that "Earl Grey *never* had the unrestrained power of creating Peers." And it is notorious, that the King, when urged by his Ministers to adopt their advice of a large creation, *accepted their resignations in preference*. But in the meantime this falsehood answered its purpose—it paralysed the friends of the Constitution throughout the country, who never suspected the gross fraud which had been practised against them—it gave energy and vigour to the Revolutionary party, by the prospect of certain success—it covered over the gross incapacity of Ministers, which the flames of Jamaica, the abandonment of Belgium, the fall of £4,000,000 in the revenue, and the universal anxiety and distress, had made manifest to the most frantic Reformer—and it accelerated the progress of the new Bill in the Lower House, by the prospect of an irresistible force in the hands of Ministers to coerce the Upper.

When the bill was brought up a second time, after a glorious and able resistance from the Conservative party in the Commons, to the House of Peers, a new system of perfidy commenced, now matter of history, and which the "execrations of



ages will leave inadequately censured." Seeing that if the bill was thrown out again on the second reading, the falsehood of their professions of an unlimited power to create Peers would become manifest, that a dissolution of the Commons would probably follow, and their party be utterly routed, as in 1784 and 1807, on an appeal from the Throne to the people, they contrived to get an over-confiding Monarch *pledged to the leading provisions of the Reform Bill*, and thus implicated the King *personally* in their measures, in a way and to an extent never before known in the Constitution. At the same time, they publicly held out in the House of Peers, that if the House would let the bill into committee, it should "be in their Lordships' hands," and no effort made to overwhelm their deliberations by an unconstitutional exercise of power. On the contrary, Earl Grey declared, that if a collision occurred between the two Houses, the proper course was to dissolve Parliament, and reserve the creation of Peers as a *last resource*, to be adopted in the event of its becoming evident that the Bill sent up by the Commons *after such dissolution* would be thrown out by the Upper House. Having by these professions gained over many of the Conservative Peers to vote for the second reading, and thus landed the bill in committee, and saved himself and his party from the immediate ruin which threatened them by its rejection, Earl Grey, instantly on the first vote in the committee against Ministers, flew to the King, insisted on the creation of little short of 100 Peers, and on this flagrant violation of the Constitution being refused, resigned his office.

We do not concur with many of the Conservative party, who think that the vote on Lord Lyndhurst's motion was on an immaterial point, and that it was not indicative of the existence of a majority in the Lords, who were resolved to modify the bill. On the contrary, we admit that it clearly shewed that the most dangerous clauses in the bill would be altered in the committee. But the point we rest on is this—Was not that *precisely the compromise* which Earl Grey pledged himself to Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Harrowby, Lord

Gage, and the other Waverers, to allow in committee? Have they not, in consequence of the violation of the pledge, loudly and indignantly proclaimed in Parliament, that they were deceived, and voted, with unheard-of expressions of resentment in consequence, against the third reading? The bill then was got into committee by a direct fraud, and the honour of the Ministry stands stained by a breach of public faith.

The King's constitutional resistance to the creation of Peers would unquestionably have proved fatal to the revolutionary project, and saved the Constitution, had it not been for the fatal pledge to the leading principles of the bill, which the Ministers had had the art to extract from his unsuspicious temper. The King being pledged to schedule A, the L10 clause, and all the other democratic clauses, the return of the Conservative party to office, to carry through the bill they had so long and conscientiously opposed, was impossible. All the deplorable consequences likely to follow its adoption, would, in that event, have been laid on them, while their character would have been irretrievably ruined in the estimation of the country, by what would have been deemed a sacrifice of principle to ambition. The Duke of Wellington might afford to run the risk of such an imputation; no inferior man could. The return of the Tories to power to carry through the dregs of the revolutionary system, could have produced only ruin to themselves, and, by blasting them, destroyed the last hopes of the country. It would have been Catholic Emancipation over again, on a far greater scale, and a far more momentous question. It was the most fortunate circumstance that has occurred, both to them and to England, in these disastrous days, that they had magnanimity and wisdom enough to reject power on such conditions.

*Cetera quis nescit.* The Whigs returned to office on the promise of a creation of Peers to any extent to ensure the passing of the Bill, and the Conservative Peers, though amounting to a *decided majority* of the whole House, retired to avoid the fatal exercise of the prerogative. The best and bravest, the first and noblest subjects of the Crown, were

driven into voluntary exile, to avoid the same destruction to the Upper, which democratic ambition had already effected to the Lower, House of Parliament. Amidst deserted benches and a death-like silence, the tears of the patriotic, and the newly awakened terrors of the ambitious, the old Constitution was overturned, and the ancient Genius of England seemed to strike with horror its unworthy children, even in the moment of their parricidal triumph.

Such has been the history of the Reform Bill: of that mighty and portentous change, which, uprooting all our institutions, is destined to send us adrift upon the sea of innovation: to peril the ancient frame of British society on the ephemeral theories of French democracy; and, depriving us at once of the weight of a thousand years' duration, render our future constitutions, to all human appearance, as shortlived and disastrous as the fleeting changes of the French Republic. It has been carried through from first to last, by fraud, intimidation, and an appeal to the worst passions of the people. The people were deceived as to the King, the King as to the people; the electors as to the effect of the measure, the populace as to the benefits they would derive from it; the Waverers as to the course to be pursued by Government in the event of their yielding; the Monarch as to the temper with which a free exercise of judgment by the Peers would be received by the administration. At the same time violence of every sort was perpetrated from one end of the kingdom to the other; the friends of the constitution could not stand forth but at the hazard of their lives; and many of the meetings in support of administration resounded with guillotines and scaffolds, beheaded kings and exiled nobility. In the midst of this unparalleled scene of duplicity, violence, and deceit, the revolutionary spirit has been incessantly agitated among the people, the worst passions of the populace excited by the impunity afforded in most cases to all their excesses, and the judgment of the nation perverted by a furious, irreligious, and Jacobinical press. By such means, and such agents, was the Constitution of England overthrown.

On reviewing the melancholy history of vice, deceit, and violence, by which this deplorable catastrophe was produced, we are almost tempted to ask, with the Roman poet, whether there is really a Providence which directs human affairs; or whether, from the elevated regions of bliss, the Supreme Being beholds with indifference the fate and the suffering of nations?—

*“Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem;  
Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.  
Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,  
Absolvitque Deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum  
Injustos crevisse queror: tolluntur in altum,  
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.”*

It is this gradual but certain fall of all the fumes of democracy, and all the madness of revolutionary ambition, that the world is now about to witness. As certainly as there is a God in the Heavens, so certainly will this generation not expire before all is accomplished. With bitter regret, with curses long, because impotent to save, will the nation then look back to the delusion of these times. But in the course of this terrible retribution, when Vice is receiving its punishment from the consequences of its excesses, and Virtue is suffering under measures which it strove to prevent, let the Conservative party always recollect that the fate of England can be rendered hopeless *only by an appeal to force*, or by a desertion of their country, and their still remaining duties, by the Conservative party. Let them be of good cheer; the laws of Nature do not act in vain in favour of virtue, religion, and patriotic duty. The suffering, misery, and agony, which is about to tame the fierce spirits of democracy, will restore at last, though after a dismal interval, their sway in the state: the cause of England is only hopeless, if, like the French nobility, they desert it.

What a spectacle does this lamentable history we have now sketched out, present of the firmness of the British Constitution; and how admirably arranged was that wonderful fabric which the providence of



God permitted to be put together to perform the mighty services it has rendered, and was rendering, at its fall, to the cause of humanity! Notwithstanding all the disastrous circumstances which have now been detailed; notwithstanding a combination of chances, unparalleled since the history of Europe began; notwithstanding a fatal division among its supporters, and an unprecedented cause of exultation to its enemies at the critical moment, such was the strength of the fabric that three times it repulsed the spoiler. At the division on General Gascoigne's motion, on the rejection of the first Bill, and on the carrying of Lord Lyndhurst's motion, the overthrow of the Revolution was certain, if not supported by an immediate exertion of the power of the Executive. Thrice the Conservative party brought victory to the foot of the throne, and required only that the power of the Monarch should *not be exerted* to destroy the Monarchy; and thrice success was torn from them by an effort of the prerogative. The spectacle is as instructive as it is extraordinary. The Constitution was so strong, that it was unassailable on all the sides from whence alone danger on the ordinary principles of society was to be apprehended: it has been pierced to the heart by a stroke from the quarter where it was not thought men could be found reckless enough to strike it.

With glory ineffable to the British aristocracy, with honour now snatched beyond the power of fate, has the Constitution of England fallen. There is no long period of weakness or decay: no decline of virtue, or failure of patriotism, no long and degrading history of the empire, succeeding the triumphs of the Republic, sullied the overthrow of the British nobility. They fell in the fulness of

their glory and their usefulness; overshadowed by the laurels of Trafalgar and Waterloo, with the conquest of Napoleon to signalize their last hours, and the earth overspread with their mighty dominion. In the long history of human virtue, of heroic actions, and of patriotic duty, what spectacle can be placed in comparison? With truth did Lord J. Russell say, that the character of the Duke of Wellington is public property; and we may thank his measure for drawing forth its most illustrious qualities. Other ages have seen the subversion of freedom by military force; other nations have wept before the march of victorious power; and other ages have seen the energies of mankind wither before the blast of warlike ambition. It has fallen to our age alone to witness, it has been his high prerogative alone to exhibit, a more animating spectacle,—to behold power applied only to the purpose of beneficence; Victory made the means of moral renovation; conquest become the instrument of freedom's exultation. With undying pride the British historian can now record, that while the Duke of Wellington disdained to follow the footsteps of Cæsar or Cromwell, he exerted his mighty energies in the cause of freedom; that the world's great victor passed untainted through the ordeal of ambition; and that the arm which overthrew Napoleon, yielded to the force of moral duty. The glory of this last triumph will eclipse that of all the others, because it belongs to himself alone: he will share, in his military career, his honours with Napoleon and Alexander; but in that with revolution in his own country, he will find no rivals! and an exulting posterity will point to his career as uniting that of *both* of the greatest men of antiquity,

"And honour Cæsar's less than Cato's sword."

## THE SCENE OF THE LAST SIX BOOKS OF THE ÆNEID.

If you mount the tower of the modern senate-house on the Capitoline Hill of Rome, it is easy, with the help of a tolerably good glass, to see almost the whole scene of the last six books of the Æneid. It lies on the shore only sixteen miles from Rome. Notwithstanding its nearness to a city frequented by such a crowd of curious and active travellers, it is seldom visited. Even the enthusiast in the search of classical antiquities contents himself, for the most part, with a day's excursion, after the manner of Eustace, to Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, (one only of the boundaries of the scene,) and, strange as it cannot but appear, the Troad, though far off in Asia, has been oftener explored and described than the coeval Latium of Virgil, which, in comparison, may be said to lie at the door of every traveller. It is not perhaps difficult to account for this. First, there is the vast inferiority of the Latin to the Greek poem, and especially of the latter half of the Latin, in which the *Iliad* is so laboriously yet faintly imitated, and in which, at the same time, the scene of which I am speaking is exclusively laid. The fame which Virgil conferred either on persons or on places, may almost be said to have died away in the presence of that heritage of glory which the Ionian bard bequeathed in perpetuity to whatever he touched. Secondly, the topography of the Troad, including the site of Troy, since the time of Jacob Bryant, has been the subject of the most learned controversies. It has been thought to involve the credibility of Homer, for whom is claimed, from his great antiquity, an authority, both as a geographer and as a historian, which the Roman poet does not share with him in the smallest degree. Thus every new visitor is urged to the Troad, amongst other incentives, by the self-complacent hope that the solution of the important problem of where Troy was may have been reserved for his sagacity. In the third place, when you are at Rome, it is the absorbing study of Rome itself which eclipses the interest of the most celebrated places

in the neighbourhood, while at Constantinople, the only eternal city is that immortal dream of one which the traveller carries with him across the Hellespont, to an unpeopled and melancholy plain, and which is not less immortal because the ruins of the real Troy have been for ages irrecoverably buried.

Other more obvious causes, however, have chiefly led to this comparative neglect of the Virgilian scene. The few miles of coast which form it are infected with malaria; they are a sanctuary for assassins; there is not a single tavern where the traveller can rest for the night, nor is there even an oven in the wretched villages that now stand on the ruins of the capitals of Turnus and Latinus, or of the city of the Trojan stranger. The wood-cutter, the cowherd, the charcoal-burner (*carbonaro*), the buffalo-keeper, the frog-fisher, the fisherman, the coast-guard, consisting of a corporal and two privates, stationed at *Tor Paterno*—such are the elements of the present population, and the bread they all eat is baked in Rome. Most of them are Neapolitans. In June they go away to their native mountains, and come down again at the end of September. Scarcely a human being stays behind except the fisherman, who, building his rush cabin on the sands close to the waves, is never known to sicken, and the *guarda-costa*, whose pay is doubled during the pestilential months of summer.

The various sanctuaries for man-slayers, which the Popes had established in imitation of the Jews, were abolished by the French, but restored by *Leo XII.* in 1824, and are in full force at present. Some tradition had said that *St Peter* lived a part of his time at Ostia, and a part of his time at Porto, a village on the more distant mouth of the Tiber. Both these places were accordingly made Episcopal sees, and, with their environs, supposed to have been ennobled by the presence of the chief apostle, were included in the list of asylums. In the spring of 1823, when I visited this shore with the



determination to remain long enough for the purposes of a tolerably complete survey, I slept at Pratica, in a lodging procured for me by the tavern-keeper at his mother-in-law's house. Perceiving that he was a 'forestiero' though an Italian, I enquired of the old woman whence he might be, and drew from her, by degrees, that he was a murderer, who had fled from justice to the coast; that he had some years before settled in the village, opened a tavern, and married her daughter. His disposition was violent and quarrelsome; and I was in such terror of him, that I slept with my window and door barricaded with the strongest materials I could find. Without, therefore, having recourse to speculative or refined reasons, it must be admitted that it is much more agreeable to ride from Rome to the maritime plain of the *Æneid*, and, after a hasty glance at some one spot upon it, return to sleep at Rome, than by a residence there even of a few days, be exposed at once to bad fare, malaria, and the possibility of receiving some grievous bodily harm.

Pratica, the village of which I have just spoken, stands on the ruins of the ancient Lavinium. The proofs of this are undeniable. The houses of the present village, containing about forty ragged and sickly inhabitants, are built over mosaic pavements of considerable beauty; and the adjacent fields present the ground plans of whole streets of ancient houses. An ancient fountain, still in use, stands, according to the custom of antiquity, outside the town,\* not far from what once was a gate; a basaltic road crosses close to the village, coming from Rome, and going down to the sea-side. The distances, too, from Pratica to various places, as compared with those from Lavinium to the same places, coincide. Thus Pratica is sixteen miles from Rome; so is Lavinium in the Itinerary of Antonine; six from Laurentum, in which it agrees with the map of Peutinger, and three from the shore, the same number which Dionysius and Strabo have marked for Lavinium.

Inscriptions excavated on the spot, four of which I copied, bear the name of Lavinium, or of Lauro-Lavinium, the appellation of the Laurentine territory, where the town stood, having been prefixed for the purpose of distinguishing it from Lantivium or Lannivium, another town not far distant, which, from the similarity of the name, affected to dispute with Lavinium the honours of its origin.

Lavinium, to which Pratica has succeeded, occurs in Virgil only by anticipation, as it was not till after the marriage of Æneas with Lavinia, that he founded the long predestined city, and called it by his wife's name. It is here first mentioned, because, from the tower of a dilapidated house in it, belonging with the rest of the village to the Prince Borghese, you command the best *near* view of the scenery of the *Æneid*. From that elevated point you see that Lavinium itself and Ardea, the capital of Turnus and of the Rutuli, six miles further towards the Pontine Marshes, are both situated on the edge of the great plain of Rome, where it terminates towards the sea. This edge, viewed from the sea, forms a line of low hills, which, though somewhat irregular, may be described generally as parallel to the shore, and at a mean distance from it of four miles. Looking from the tower of Pratica into the interior of the country—to the east is the Alban Mountain, the most beautiful part of all the landscape; its sides covered with the verdure of forests and vineyards; its extinct craters transformed into fertile valleys, or placid lakes; its peaked summit shooting up into the proper *Ida* of the Virgilian scenery, its outline falling to the sea and to the plain in one of those graceful and majestic slopes, which almost serve to distinguish volcanic from other hills. At the base of the summit, and beyond the nearest lake, may be described the situation of Alba Longa, the town of a single street, destined for a short time to supersede the primitive colony at Lavinium, and then itself to be lost in a mightier. Still looking inland, and over the great plain, you

\* The fourth *Georgic* contains a pleasing allusion to this custom, where it describes the economy of bees,

Sed circum tute sub moenibus urbis aquantur.

discover to the west the city of the Seven Hills, on one of which rose the little town of Evander, the venerable ally of *Æneas*. It is after glancing in succession on these three places, that the language in which *Livy*\* has drawn the genealogy of Rome, cannot fail to be recollected. "Lavinium ab Trojá: ab Lavinio Alba; ab Albanorum stirpe regum oriundi Romani essent." The great plain itself is closed to the north by the noble framework of mountains where *Tur-nus* sought for and obtained allies, who were the ancestors, according to *Virgil*, of the *Æqui* and *Volsci* of later times. These mountains sweep round the group of Alban hills, and then round the Pontine Marshes, and descend into the sea at *Terracina*. Leaving the inland prospect and turning towards the sea, you look from the same tower directly down upon what is more properly the theatre of the events which form the catastrophe of the *Æneid*. This celebrated spot is a maritime plain of very small extent, bounded to the north by the chain of low hills already spoken of, to the south by the Mediterranean, to the west by the *Tyber*, and to the east by a line which we may draw from *Ardea* to the sea. It is not more than sixteen miles long, and four or five wide. The plain, however, for such it is called, is very far from being a level, for along the shore runs a double line of sandy ridges. The nucleus of the innermost ridge (which is also the highest) is formed almost every where of the ruins of villas, which the younger *Pliny*, whose *Laurentine villa* is buried among the rest, has said in his well-known letter, were more like cities than individual houses belonging to private citizens. It is covered, too, with vegetation, while the outer consists of sand only, either naked, or scantily clothed with juniper bushes. In consequence of these ridges the ground between the chain of low hills and the shore is thrown into the shape of a conch shell, of which the hills form the upper, and the sand bars the lower lip; the rivulets that drain the hills are choked up at their entrance into the sea; the rain water collects

in the hollow of the plain, and the stagnation which follows is the cause of the destructive exhalations which at present emanate from the soil. The plain itself seems to have been formed by the gradual retirement of the sea from the line of low hills, for wherever it is excavated, a stratum of marine sand is found not far below the surface.

Bad as is the air, and miserable as is the population, the scene itself is one of variety and of interest. *Niebuhr* says that nothing will grow here but some kinds of fir. Nothing can be less true. The woods which cover at present a large part of the ground are exceedingly diversified. They are of two kinds, very distinct from each other. The first, called "*Macchie*," (a word which has puzzled exceedingly the Roman etymologists,) are low, dense, entangled woods, more or less humid, which supply Rome with fire-wood and charcoal, replacing the lopped branches by a most extraordinary rapidity of vegetation. They are the prevailing woods. You see in them the wild olive and the dark ilex, which predominate and give to these "*macchie*" their general character; and the bay-tree, though very rarely, for there is now no odoriferous grove of laurels round *Laurentum* as in the time when *Virgil* wrote, or when *Commodus* was sent there by the court physicians to derive health from their perfume.† They contain besides several kinds of thorn, the sorb and the spurge-laurel, the pear, the mulberry-tree, and the fig in a wild state, the fine-leaved heath—*erica cinerea*—growing to the size of a large shrub, myrtles in abundance, and rosemary, and many other fragrant and evergreen plants that seem to delight in the marshy richness of the soil. On the brow of the hills at *Castel Romano*, these woods are thick and dark enough to hide a few wild boars, which are not now found, as they are painted in the *Æneid*, feeding on the reeds of the *Laurentine marsh*. It is these woods—if any—which answer to that in which *Euryalus* lost himself, though in *Dryden*, whose translation I quote, the

\* L. i. c. 23.

† *Odoratum lauri nemus*. *Æn.* vi. 658. *Herodian*, i. 36.



resemblance is spoilt by introducing the beech where the original has the ilex:—

Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,

Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;

Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts were worn.

The other woods—few in comparison—consist of forest trees. Such are the oak wood near the sea below Pratica, and the fine wood of elms and cork-trees in the vicinity of that village. Such especially is the noble pine wood, half-way between Ostia and Tor Paternò, in the depths of which, not far from the site of the Laurentine Villa, is a castellated house of the Chigi family—Castel Fusano—going to ruins. The columnar trunks of the pines of this wood rise to an extraordinary height before they give off the horizontal branches, which, every where touching each other, form a leafy awning agitated by the gentlest wind, and softening the sun's rays in such a manner, that they produce on the verdure of the ground the peculiar tint of moonlight. It was beneath this awning that most of the notes were written from which these remarks have been drawn.

It will be recollected that the death of the pet stag of Sylvia, the daughter of Latinus's herdsman, was the immediate occasion of the war between the Trojan followers of Æneas, and the natives already exasperated by the arts of Juno. There is no stag now in the territory of Latinus, but wild roe deer, the *capreoli* of the Latins, are found in one part of the woods. The spring, when the females bring forth their twin offspring, is the time for taking them. The sportsman is armed with a bag-pipe as well as a gun; with the pipe he produces a sound imitative of the feeble cry of the young ones, and the mother is shot as she advances with instinctive tenderness and haste to the spot whence the cry proceeds. Porcupines too are taken in these woods for the Roman market. As they sleep in the day and come out of their holes at night in search of fruits, they are hunted by torch-light and with dogs, which are dreadfully

lacerated in the attack, and seldom escape without the loss of one or both eyes. I may add to this little notice of the natural history of the Virgilian Latium, that I not unfrequently saw in the woods the beautiful hopoo—the *upupa epops* of naturalists—known there by the name of bubbola, from the peculiar noise it makes, and distinguished by its folding crest of a light orange colour, which it erects on the least alarm. It would however convey a very erroneous impression of the scene I am describing to represent it as all covered with woods. These extend chiefly along the brow of the low hills, and along the sea-shore. Green and pleasant meadows lie between Pratica and Ardea, which pass down almost to the shore; the cows that graze there are among the largest in Italy; the Borghese horses, once famous—a pie-bald race, after some of which the ethereal team in the celebrated Aurora of Guido was coloured—were bred in these pastures. There are extensive fields too between the low hills and Tor Paterno, which stands on the site of the ancient Laurentum, though these fields are overgrown in many places with asphodel, a plant noxious to cattle; and between Ostia, the pine wood, and the sea, there are swampy pastures still more extensive, over which were ranging at the time of my visit at least a thousand buffaloes.

The only river connected with the landscape of Virgil, as it exists in nature, is the Tiber. But the poet always associates with this river another—the Numicius—including them generally in the same verse, and not failing to honour the latter with the epithet of the sacred stream:

Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis vada  
sacri Numici.

Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid  
force,

And where Numicius opes his holy source,

There is nothing in the *Æneid* that teaches us the situation of this stream, but as it is ascertained without much difficulty from other sources, and performs an important part in the story of Æneas after Virgil has done with it, I shall briefly describe its course. It will be first, however, convenient to settle the site of Lau-

rentum and of Ardea, because it is between these two places that the Numicius will be found.

The picture which Virgil has drawn of Laurentum, is one of the most splendid creations of epic poetry. Where it stood, you now find, in one of the loneliest and wildest spots on the shore, close to the sea, a single row of five buildings, one of them once a tower; which, except a stable at one end, converted into a tene-ment for the coast-guard, who keeps there a look-out against Barbary corsairs, are all in ruins. They were blown into the air—so strange are the vicissitudes of human things—by the crew of an English man-of-war that blockaded this coast during the French occupation of the Papal States, and demolished every fortification from the Tiber to the Liris. There is not the least doubt that this ruined tower—Tor Paterno—occupies the place of the capital of King Latinus. There are ruins there three-quarters of a mile in extent, with two ancient wells, a fountain, a suburban villa, an aqueduct on arches, and the pavements of two ancient roads, one running through the ruins along the shore, the *Via Severiana*—and the other coming down to them over the hills from Rome, the *Via Laurentina*, minutely described by Pliny, who preferred it to the Ostian road when he visited his marine villa, three miles nearer the Tiber. The distances, too, correspond; six from Lavinium, as marked in the map of Peutinger—sixteen from Rome, as in the *Itinerary of Antonine*. Nor is the decisive testimony of an inscription, which has been sadly mutilated by Cluverius, bearing the names of the *Quinquennales Laurentes*, and erected by the *Senatus Populusque Laurens* to the Emperor Antoninus Pius.

Ardea, the other town, the city of Turnus, and the capital of the Rutuli, makes an inconspicuous figure in the verses of Virgil when compared with Laurentum. This occupies the centre of the scene. The battles of the last books are fought either under the walls of the Trojan camp, which was pitched on the eastern bank of the Tiber, of which I shall presently speak, or in the space between the Tiber and Laurentum, close to the shore, or under the walls

of Laurentum. It is from the citadel of Laurentum that the signal of war is sounded by Turnus; there also the councils of the chiefs are held; and the procession of matrons, to appease the divine anger, is led by the sorrowful Lavinia through the streets of her father's city. Ardea is noticed only when two infuriated messengers are sent in succession from Juno to Turnus, the last of whom finds the Rutulian chief in the sacred grove of his ancestor and domestic god, *Pilumnus*. It continues to retain its ancient name—a circumstance which may still be expressed in the same sonorous lines which the poet has employed—

——“*locus Ardea quondam  
Dictus avis: et nunc magnum manet Ar-  
dea nomen.*”

vii. 412.

It rises on a steep insulated rock. A part of the ancient walls is left, not made, as Niebuhr asserts, of those vast polygonal blocks which are to be traced to the first Pelasgic colonists of Italy, but of small oblong stones of lithoid tufa, the same kind of stone as the rock itself, and as the Tarpeian rock of the Capitol. The streets of the ancient city still serve the purpose of streets to the miserable handful of its present inhabitants, fifteen or twenty in number. They are exceedingly curious, being excavated in the solid rock, and opening on each side into subterranean galleries, that lead to apartments of various sizes—the cellaring of the ancient houses. Outside the town, the base of the vertical rock is cut all round into sepulchral chambers, entered by narrow doors, and containing within niches for urns and partitions for sarcophagi, and representing the best possible example of the *spelæa* of antiquity. I might accumulate other proofs, such as the most incredulous antiquary could not resist, but I will add only, that the basaltic pavement of the *Via Ardeatina* still terminates at this interesting rock, and that it is the same distance from Rome, nearly twenty miles, at which Ardea is placed by Strabo.

The Numicius, not an imaginary but a real stream, flowed somewhere between the two towns, whose ruins have been briefly enumerated. The



elder Pliny, recounting in their order the maritime places on this coast, says, "In principio est Ostia—Laurentum—Lucus Jovis Indigitis, amnis Numicius—Ardea." The manner in which it is related in the native legend that Æneas came to his end, as well as the narrative of Anna Perenna's death, brings us a step nearer to the exact situation of this stream. This legend, differing from that which Virgil has followed, told that Æneas plunged into the Numicius after the loss of a battle that was fought against Turnus, in the fields below Lavinium,\* and the grove in which he was afterwards worshipped, and the tumulus raised to his memory, stood in the same fields, on the side towards Laurentum. The romantic adventures of Anna Perenna have been sung by Ovid, in his *Fasti*, with such inimitable tenderness and simplicity, that it would be difficult to find them surpassed in the most exquisite of our English ballads. Anna is the link which connects the Carthaginian with the Latin part of the story; and it is an historical fact, that ought not to be lost sight of, that a most early and constant communication was kept up between Carthage and this particular part of the coast. The proof of it is a treaty of navigation and commerce between Laurentum and Ardea with three other places, on the one part, and Carthage, on the other:—a treaty which has been preserved to us by Polybius, and is the most ancient in existence: it goes back to the kings of Rome. Anna, after the death of her sister Dido, was forced to fly from Carthage. She was wrecked on the Laurentine shore, just at the moment when Æneas happened to be walking on the sands with his faithful friend Aclates.

They recognised her. Æneas wept at the name of Eliza, and conducting her sister to his home in Lavinium, commended her to the kind offices of his Latin wife. But, unfortunately, Lavinia, who saw in her only an odious rival, was meditating her destruction, when, warned by Dido in a vision, Anna fled from Lavinium, threw herself in despair into a stream

which flowed past the town, the Numicius, and was ever after worshipped as the Naiad of its waters. I cannot dismiss this legend—adduced for another purpose—without remarking, that it suggests a far better defence of the anachronism for which Virgil is universally censured, than can be found in the laboured apologies of critics; for, if Anna was the contemporary of Æneas, Dido was so too, and the credit of Virgil is saved.

Of the six insignificant rivulets, or fosses, as they are called on the spot, which issue from the chain of low hills between the Tiber and Ardea, and traverse the plain to fall into the sea, almost every one has been at some time or other pointed out as the Numicius; but it will be seen from what has been said, that the only one which can claim the name is that which flows under Pratica—the ancient Lavinium. This rivulet was long ago fixed upon by Cluverius, but has since been robbed of its honours. It takes its rise in the hills beyond a few houses called Santa Petronella; bends towards Pratica, under which it turns a mill, and after a course in all of about six miles, enters the sea, close to Tor Vaianico, one of the demolished towers.

In summer, as well as all the other rivulets, it nearly vanishes: in spring, the body of water was very inconsiderable, two or three yards across, and nowhere more than ankle deep. The preference which its vicinity to Lavinium gives this over the other fosses, is in a great degree confirmed by the existence of a little chapel dedicated to Santa Petronella, on the hill which overhangs the stream near its origin, for it cannot be doubted that this saint descended, not from St Peter, as the martyrologists pretend, but from the corruption of Anna Perenna, whose temple might stand near the source of the stream of which she was the Naiad. Such canonizations in Italy are not uncommon: St Orestes, from Soracte, is a familiar example; and St Juvenal is now a very popular saint in the neighbourhood of Aquino, where the poet was born.

One only feature of the Virgilian

\* Calpurnius Piso, apud A. V. in orig. G. R.

plain remains to be described—I mean the Lake of *Æstia*. It extends in a direction parallel to the sea, and about three miles from it—beginning at the pine wood of Castel-Fusano, and stretching to within less than a quarter of a mile from the Tiber, on the Roman side of the modern village of *Æstia*. In coming from Rome in order to reach this village, you cross the lake over a causeway. About two miles long and a quarter of a mile broad, it is shallow, half evaporated in summer, and surrounded by a deep border of tall reeds, (the *Arundo donax*.)

It is a question to which the conclusion of this kind of survey naturally gives rise—Has Virgil departed from or adhered to the topography of the scene—has he preserved the grander features of nature, neglecting the trivial—or has he gone on unembarrassed by the recollection, that the localities he was painting—dear as they were to every class—to the people, because they loved the legendary lays of old Latium, to the scholars, because they believed in the historical truth of the Trojan colony—that these localities lay almost at the gates of Rome, and might be gone over at no cost of either time or labour? In the opening of the sixth book, as compared with other passages, the position and bearings of the Trojan camp are laid down in so circumstantial a manner, that we begin at least by supposing that the poet had in his eye the real nature of the places. This might be thought to be the more probable, because both Livy\* and Dionysius† mention a spot on the eastern bank of the Tiber, half a mile from the sea, to which tradition in their days gave the name of Troja—that name so full of sad but endearing associations, by which the camp of the wanderers was called. With this spot corresponds in situation the little fortified village of modern Ostia, about three miles and a half from the sea, and less than half a mile from ancient Ostia,—for the ruins of this once celebrated seaport, built by Ancus Martius on an elbow of land between the Tiber and the sea, are now three miles inland; such is the length of the delta which

the deposits of the Tiber have in twenty-three centuries formed at its mouth. That camp, sometimes drawn as a fortress, sometimes swelling into a city, *Æneas* placed a little way up the Tiber, a bend of which defended its right side, while the fleet was moored in another bend. The camp fronted the sea; and in the front there was a gate, and the Trojans, when the camp is threatened, repair to the left side of the walls to meet the enemy. I shall quote the translation of Dryden whenever it preserves the sense of the original.

Meantime the Trojans run where danger calls,

They line their trenches, and they man their walls;

In front extended to the left they stood,  
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.

Thus Turnus, shut into the camp, fights his way to the right side of it, and leaps into the Tiber.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,

But with slow paces measures back the field,

And inches to the walls where Tiber's tide,

Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high,

Plunged in the flood, and made the waters fly.

And, again, Nisus in pointing out the way he should take,

— locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,  
Qui patet in bivio porte, qua proxima ponto.  
*Æneid*, 237.

If, however, from the appearance of precision and detail affected in this part of the picture, we should be led to expect a uniform character of exactness throughout, our disappointment will be great; for from the episode of Nisus and Euryalus to the single combat between *Æneas* and Turnus, which concludes the poem, the distances of the places, their relative situation and physical properties, have been altered or disregarded without the least reluctance. In that admirable episode, the *bivium*, in the passage last cited, is a pure

\* L. i. c. i.

† L. i. c. 53.



invention of poetry, and in the first proposal which Nisus makes to Euryalus, a hill is stationed near the fortress, which hill has no existence in the real scene. The object of the departure of these young soldiers from the camp, is to find Æneas in what afterwards was Rome, and tell him of the danger of his Trojans after the miraculous disappearance of the ships, and the close investment of the camp by the enemy. Nisus says very truly that their guide to the Pallanteum of Evander is the Tiber, and asserts that he is perfectly acquainted both with the situation of the city, and the course of the river.

— Nec nos via fallit euntes.

Vidimus obscuris primam sub vallibus urbem

Venatu assiduò, et totum cognovimus amnem. ix. 243.

After this declaration, it is certainly not a little astonishing to find them deliberately taking the contrary direction;—proceeding east instead of north—traversing the whole hostile camp, when the way Nisus himself had determined to select, lay through only a small corner of it, making for the shore towards Laurentum, instead of the banks of the Tiber, behind their own fortress, and thus falling in with a detachment of 300 cavalry, which the Queen of Laurentum had sent in aid of the Latins, with Volscens at their head, by whose arm they both perish. After this, it would be idle to attempt by a change of reading, as is sometimes done, to vindicate Virgil from the charge of geographical error in another part of the same episode,\* where he represents Nisus as going to, and returning from, the Alban lakes to the Laurentine woods in a few minutes, or an hour at most, though the distance is forty miles. It is proposed to read 'lucos,' instead of 'lacus,' though the quantity of the first syllable of 'lucos' will not do for the verse, and it is not known that any groves in particular were ever called "Alban." Or the difficulty is evaded by substituting "locos," though nothing can be more contrary to the taste of Virgil than to use a vague and indefinite term when

a specific locality is intended, not to mention that the nearest part of the Alban territory would still be distant from Laurentum fifteen miles. The truth is, that the poet who has been so careless of his consistency in one part of the story, would not scruple to annihilate a few inconvenient miles in another, especially as in the 5th book, where Nisus and Euryalus contend in a foot-race, the swiftness of the former is compared to the winds, and to the wings of the thunderbolt.

Ventis et fulminis oclor alis.

These incongruities, glaring as they are, are not likely to spoil the pleasure which every reader must derive from the pathetic story in which they occur. It is hardly worth while to enquire whether they might have been avoided without impairing the effect of the narrative; but if they could not, as perhaps they could not, who, for the sake of topographical nicety, would have lost any part of that picture in which the figures have so much expression, and the colouring so much chiaroscuro—where the rising moon blends itself with the dying fire-lights of the hostile camp—where such an awful stillness is followed by a tumult so terrible—where the daring courage of Nisus is less beautiful than his generous and devoted love,—where we tremble in succession for the enemy, unconscious of impending destruction, and sunk in the deep sleep that follows revelry and wine, and for the young heroes cut off in the flower of their age and the moment of their triumph?

In the tenth book, the disembarkation of Æneas and his Etruscan auxiliaries on the Laurentine shore, is rendered more interesting by conferring a tide on the sea, whose ebb and flow are known to be almost imperceptible; and the shore itself, which is a completely flat sand, is diversified by the introduction of a lofty rock.

Forte ratis, celsi conjuncta crepidine saxi,  
Expositis stabat scalis, &c. x. 653.

In the same book, a miracle is wrought by Juno for the deliverance of her favourite Turnus. The king

of the Rutuli pursues the phantom of *Æneas*, till he is entrapped on board a ship belonging to the king of *Clusium*, where the Trojan prince seems to seek refuge. The ship, without the aid of oar or canvass, carries him securely to his own capital, *Ardea*.

Now *Ardea* stands at present, as we have seen where it stood in the days of *Virgil*, four miles from the shore, and the poet is in the dilemma of either removing *Ardea* to the shore, where it never was, or placing a navigable river between the sea and *Ardea*, where there is in nature only one of those insignificant fosses which I have mentioned in speaking of the *Numicius*. Another imaginary river is intruded into the vicinity of *Laurentum*, in the last book—where an eagle is seen by the *Laurentians* transfixing a swan, and then, chased by innumerable birds, obliged to let go his prey, which drops into the river beneath. This river found its way into the *Virgilian* scene only because it happened to be in the verses of *Homer*, which *Virgil* has imitated in the passage alluded to.\*

*Æneas*, before he makes his attack on *Laurentum*, is represented as moving his camp to nearly half way between the *Tiber* and that city. Here he distributes his forces into two parts, and gives orders that the cavalry should advance in a straight line along the coast to the city, while he himself makes a detour with the light infantry along the heights of the mountain.

— Ipse ardua montis  
Per deserta, jugo superans, adventat ad  
urbem. xi. 511-14, 26-8, 44.

Where is the mountain? *Laurentum* is four miles even from the low hills; and, to suppose with *Heyne* and the commentators, that he intends the *Alban* mountain, which is twenty miles behind *Laurentum*, is to involve the poet in a gratuitous absurdity. *Turnus* having heard of the circuit which *Æneas* is making, prepares to surprise him by an ambuscade as he descends from it, and plants himself on a mountain platform which overhangs a deep winding wooded ravine.

Enclosed with rocks a winding valley  
lies,  
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted  
for surprise;  
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain  
stands,  
Whence the surveying sight the nether  
ground commands;  
The top is level—an offensive seat  
Of war—and from the war a safe re-  
treat.  
Thither young *Turnus* took the well-  
known way,  
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush  
lay. xi. 522—529.

These descriptions, which vary the events of the war so poetically, are pure fiction. There are no such mountains, nor any such defile.

I might adduce other examples scattered through the last six books of the *Æneid*, in order to shew that in delineating the smaller physical features, the minutiae of the scene, there is the same indifference to the fidelity of the likeness as in painting the larger: as, for instance, where he calls the dull tufa of the *Aventine* hill “*acuta silex*,” and where the *Tiber*, which is remarkable for being, even in its most terrible inundations, laden only with sand, is represented as dragging into the sea “*saxa volantia*.”

But as any criticism founded on such examples might be thought to be too refined, I shall conclude these remarks, which I hope will have served in some measure to illustrate more amply and exactly than has yet been done one branch of the poetical conduct of *Virgil*, by an inaccuracy which occurs at the close of the last book. The interest of the single combat between *Æneas* and *Turnus* is increased by the impossibility of *Turnus*'s escape. A vast marsh is represented to be on the one hand; on the other the city of *Laurentum*; and the Trojan troops completed the boundary of that fatal field, by forming a line on both sides reaching from the marsh to the city. Pent within this circle, *Turnus* must conquer or die. Now the only marsh in the scene of *Virgil* is the marshy lake of *Cestia*, four miles from *Laurentum*, whereas its distance ought to be at farthest a few hundred yards.

\* Compare *Æn.* xii. 244, et seq. with *Il.* μ, 200, and *Od.* ε, 160.



Having sufficiently answered the question of the exactness or inexactness of the topography of Virgil, the answer itself may be thought to suggest another question. The errors which Homer has committed in his topography of the Troad, have been advanced as a proof that there was no such place as Troy, and that the whole subject of the Iliad is a fiction. We have seen Virgil, while he preserves some of the prominent features of the scene of his last books, the Alban mount, the towns, the sea, the Tiber, the Numicius, the general character of the plain, recomposing the scene at his pleasure, creating rivers, and mountains, and ravines, as he wants them, and arbitrarily contracting or enlarging the distances to suit the convenience of the moment. Are we to infer from this, that he treated the arrival of Æneas and his Trojans as a fable, and that he no more believed in his own Trojan descent than we do in ours, notwithstanding the tradition which Geoffrey of Monmouth has preserved, that the Britons sprung from Brutus, the grandson of Æneas? No inference would be more incorrect, for the poem itself furnishes the clearest evidence that the subject was selected in order to celebrate seriously the historical origin of the Romans, and especially of the Julian family, the great patrons of the poet, who very gravely claimed to be called after their direct ancestor Julius, the son of Æneas. The conduct of Virgil requires no elaborate explanation. It is the mere license of a poet. It is the exercise of the same liberty of imagination which has filled the Latin scene with supernatural agents—gods, and furies, and Naiads, visions, and prodigies, and is closely allied to that spirit of exaggeration so essential to poetry, which knows how to exalt the meanest materials; which, in the books I have been considering, converts the few swampy acres over which the sceptre of Latinus extended, into “great Latium;” his little town of Laurentum into a city rivalling in magnificence Rome itself; and his handful of forces into hosts, “numerous as the waves of the Libyan sea, or as beards of corn in harvest.”

There is this difference between the subject of the Iliad and the

Æneid, that the probability of the historical events of the former stands or falls almost entirely with Homer; while that of the settlement of the Trojan colony in Latium is quite independent of Virgil. We have in our hands a great number at least of the sources whence Virgil derived the materials which he has used with such consummate skill. We have especially Dionysius, who, at the same time that the poet was embellishing this event with all the ornaments of his art, was engaged in composing a sober and consecutive history of it; and although we may not choose to take the precise version of it which the historian has preferred, who, writing under the strong bias of system, is determined to make it hold together at all points, yet his authorities give to that settlement so high a degree of historical verisimilitude, that it is more unreasonable to reject than to receive it as true history. Nor is there much weight in the objections which have been so often repeated after Bochart and Cluverius, that such a voyage in those early days is incredible; that the Trojan colony in Latium is directly contradicted by a passage in the twentieth book of Homer; that there are no traces of Phrygian in the Latin language, nor in the Roman religion any of the divinities or ceremonies which the colonists must have brought with them from Troy. To the first of these objections it may be replied, in the words of Niebuhr, “that the voyage to Latium cannot be called impossible, since the boldness of mariners is not at all confined by the imperfection of their vessels, nor is their knowledge of distant regions to be measured by the conceptions of their countrymen who remain at home, in an age when there are no books, or maps, or men of learning.” The passage of Homer is part of a prophecy of Neptune, which predicts that Æneas and his descendants should continue to rule over the Trojans for many generations.

Νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας ὅτι Τροάσιν ἀναξί,  
καὶ παῖδες παῖδων, τοῖς καὶ μετόπισθε  
γενήσονται.

Il. xx. v. 307.

What Strabo observes is undoubtedly curious; that some copies of

Homer's text had *παντας*, instead of *τρίους*. Virgil had before him one of these, when he inserted 'cunctis' in his translation of the lines—

Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur  
orīs,  
Et natī natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.  
iii. 96.

O'er the wide world the Ænean house  
shall reign,  
And children's children shall the crown  
sustain.

It has been insinuated that the reading *παντας*, not found in any manuscript now extant, was a forgery of some Roman anxious to reconcile Homer with Roman history at the time when the conquests of the Romans seemed to authorize an alteration of the text by which it was made to foretell that they would become masters of the world. But there is no need for this extreme opinion. The prophecy of the received text—in a form intentionally a little mysterious, after the prophetic manner—was as correctly fulfilled by the dominion of Æneas over the Trojans in a distant land, as if they had remained in the Troad. Certain it is, that in the age of Homer there were no Trojans in the Troad, which was covered at that time with Æolian colonies. The crews of a few small vessels were not likely to exercise any great or permanent influence over the language of the natives, on whose territory they took up their abode. But who shall now say that the most ancient Latin—that, for example, spoken in the time of the Roman kings,—preserved no vestige of Trojan? The Arval hymn, written in the reign of Numa, is at present unintelligible to the keenest scholar in Germany. The Trojan dialect (it differed from the Phrygian) is absolutely unknown; and thus we are in the most perfect ignorance of the two languages necessary to be compared in order even to begin the investigation of this point.

The affinity, however, between the

religion of the Latins and Trojans is indisputable. Virgil, who seems to give up the question of language, maintains the resemblance between the modes and objects of worship of the two people:

Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.—xii. 834.

Sacra, deosque, dabo.—xii. 192.

The most ancient manner of sacrificing in the days of Camillus, to whom it occasioned an accident, was referred to Æneas.\* Latium was indebted to the Trojans for the worship of the Penates, which some Lavinians, for their sanctuary was in Lavinium, told Timæus, the Sicilian historian, (early in the fifth century,) were bronze caducei with a vessel of Trojan earth.† It was during a sacrifice made to them in the first century of Rome, that Tatius was murdered.‡ They derived from the same source Pallas, Vesta, and Venus, in whose temple, between Ardea and Lavinium, from time immemorial all the people of the Latin name assembled on the return of certain solemn days. The environs of Lavinium were indeed covered with Trojan memorials, some, it may be, real, others of course fabulous. I have before spoken of the tumulus erected to Æneas on the banks of the Numicius, and I name it again only to remark, that Livy refers to this monument in so reverential a manner that he must have believed it to be genuine.|| When Varro paid a visit to Lavinium, they shewed him the bronze images of the portentous white sow with her thirty young, and the sow herself embalmed. The credulous antiquary seems to have placed the utmost confidence in the identity of the relic.§ When Dionysius went there, they led him to the wooden hut where Æneas had sacrificed the same sow; they shewed him, likewise, two Trojan altars, and a miraculous spring connected with the Trojan legend.

The remark with which I shall conclude is more important. The

\* Epitome of the lost books of Dion. Hal. Angelo Mai's Ed. i. xii. c. 22.

† Dion. Hal. i. 68.

‡ Liv. i. 14.

§ Ibid. 2. Situs est, quemcumque cum dici jus fasque est, super Numicium flumen.

§ De Re Rust. xi. 4.



story of Æneas's arrival in Latium, and of the Trojan colony, though widely known in foreign countries at a very early period, was a native story, and not imported from Greece. The proof of this is, that it had become national before any Greek books were in circulation among the Romans. The diffusion of the story out of Italy is shewn in an interesting manner by the motive which Pyrrhus, in the fifth century of Rome, assigned, among others for his invasion—that he was descended from the Æacidae, and therefore the natural enemy of Romans, who were sprung from the Trojans.\* The nationality of the belief is manifest from the fact that it was recognised by the state at a still earlier period,—that is to say, at a period when the Roman senate was in the habit of expressing the most haughty con-

tempt for foreigners. Yet this august body made it a condition of an alliance with King Seleucus, that the Ilrians should pay him no tribute, because they are of the same lineage with the Roman people.†

The diversity of the narratives in which Æneas and his colony have been transmitted to us, cannot affect the foundation of truth which belongs to it; for this variation it shares even with the transactions of modern history. Nor ought we to banish it as altogether unworthy of credit, because it has been encumbered or adorned by so many vulgar inventions, or elegant fictions, any more than we should expel Charlemagne from authentic history, because his exploits have been woven by Ariosto into the most extravagant of all romances.

G.

#### PLAN FOR THE GRADUAL ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF I judge correctly from my impressions as a constant reader and admirer of your Magazine, there will be but slight necessity for an apology in handing you the enclosed suggestions on a subject to which the attention of the public must (if the West India Colonies are to be preserved) be immediately and seriously turned. Should you, on perusal, consider them worthy of a place in your columns, they are quite at your service; and I rest my justification, for thus obtruding my opinions, on the purity of my motives, and the circumstance of the property of my family and myself being identified with the welfare of the Colonies.

You will see that the plan was drawn up previous to the late disturbances in Jamaica, which will account for the absence of all allusion to these events—an omission which will be best supplied by the reflections which must force themselves on the minds, not only of the Abolitionists, but of my fellow Colonists.

Your most obedient servant,

A. B. C.

LONDON, June 8, 1832.

The following plan for the gradual extinction of Negro Slavery, is respectfully submitted to the consideration of the British public, by an individual whose attention has been particularly directed to the subject, during a residence of fourteen years in the Island of Jamaica, and who, from his own experience as an owner of slaves, is induced to believe,

that on some such plan as is hereafter detailed, this most desirable and important measure may be rendered safe in its operation, and certain in its effect. That the time of its accomplishment is deferred to a somewhat distant, yet definite period, of which the interval is intended to be devoted to prepare the Negro mind and habits for the ap-

\* Pausanias Attic. c. 12.

† Suetonius Claud. 25.

proaching change, will, it is hoped, obtain the concurrence of the advocates of abolition, on the ground that such postponement is essential to its success, which must necessarily be endangered by any premature or immediate alteration in the condition of a race so open to excitement as the slave population of the West Indies. On the other hand, it is believed that the planter will find, in the proposed settlement of a question which cannot continue to be agitated without danger to his interests, that due regard has been had to his claims on the protection of that legislature, under the sanction of whose acts his property has been invested, and that such equitable compensation is thereby awarded to him for the privileges which he will be required gradually to surrender, as may lead him to promote that new order of things which, in its immediate effect, will give a definite value to estates now fluctuating under the prospect of a change uncertain in its nature and extent; and, as an ultimate result, establish the security of the master on the healthful and salutary change of condition which will thenceforth bind the labourer to the soil.

Before proceeding further, however, it may be proper to state why it is considered that an immediate or sudden abolition would be not merely destructive to the interests of the planter, but ineffectual also to improve the state of the slave. Emancipation to the Negro mind conveys only the idea of a total remission of labour, and as emancipation necessarily implies the absence of compulsion, the continued cultivation of the estates must thenceforth depend on the willingness of the Negroes to labour for hire, a result to which,—so far as regards the effectual working of the plantations,—experience gives little or no countenance. The incentives to labour that exist in countries far advanced in civilisation, operate not here—the Negroes have no artificial wants to gratify. Even their love of dress has been greatly exaggerated, and applies only to those who are attached to the towns, a number small in proportion to the aggregate population, and dif-

fering widely in degree from the native simplicity of the Negro character. In a climate, therefore, where raiment is unnecessary for protection, and the toil of a day will provide for the subsistence of a week, it would surely be rash to introduce a change of system without due preparation, since from so decided a measure one of two results must ensue—either that the plantations would be abandoned to ruin from the Negroes refusing to work, and thus, by extinguishing the ordinary means of their existence, inducing a state of destitution which would probably terminate in famine or insurrection,—events fearful even to contemplate;—or that the Negro, in consenting to labour for hire, would lose his present advantage of support in sickness and old age, without attaining any adequate benefit from relaxation of toil or discipline, since, the position being once established of the subjection of the physical force of the Negroes to the superior intelligence and moral power of the free classes, the total dependence of the labourer on the planter would probably expose him to acts of rigour and oppression, unknown to the light yoke of his present bondage.

The continued existence of slavery, however, cannot but be considered as a stigma on a nation whose institutions are directly opposed to so debasing a system; and neither the improved condition of the slaves, nor their cheerful submission to their present lot, can justify the continuance of the practice longer than the necessity of providing for its safe abrogation demands. In attempting to embody such provision in the following plan, it is hoped that a definite period for the extinction of slavery may now be safely fixed.

It is proposed that a law be passed, enacting that every slave child born after the 31<sup>st</sup> day of 18—, shall, on attaining the age of twelve months, be produced by the owner at the next quarterly vestry, or bench of magistrates, held in the district, accompanied by its mother, or other natural guardian, and that the owner shall receive the sum of L. . . ,\* as a consideration for relin-

\* Say L.6 sterling—L.10 Jamaica currency.



quishing thenceforth all title or claim of ownership in such child.

The name of the child thus rendered free, should be registered in the books of the parish where the mother is domiciled, and a contract then and there entered into by the magistrates as natural guardians of the child on the one part, and the planter on the other, by which the latter, being re-possessed of the child as an apprentice, should be made responsible for the due care of its infancy and education in riper years, receiving, as a remuneration for such superintendence and protection, the subsequent labour of the apprentice for a given number of years. A distinct code of laws would, at the same time, be requisite, to provide public schools in each district, for the general education of the apprentices on plain and salutary principles, keeping closely in view the regulation of their conduct as to promoting order and industry, and repressing all tendency to idleness or insubordination; as also to restrain vagrancy. To guard against the evil consequences which might result from the failure of the planter, the estate should be legally charged with the maintenance of the apprentices until they are of sufficient age to provide for themselves. In the event also of its being desirable, from the exhaustion of a plantation, to remove the working gang to other situations, a power should be vested in the magistracy to sanction the removal of the apprentices. On the transfer of properties, by sale or otherwise, the purchaser or occupant should succeed to the responsibility of the former proprietor, as also to his right in the unexpired term of service of the indentured apprentices.

The presumed objections to the foregoing plan may probably be met in the following order:—

*First*, As to the fund for compensation to the planter on his assuming the charge of the apprenticed child. It is conceived that so earnest is the desire of the British nation for the extinction of slavery, that no obstacle would be raised against the providing of a fund by Parliament, or even much difficulty found in collecting subscriptions to carry into effect any plan that should be sanctioned by Government, as affording

a reasonable expectation of its safe and secure accomplishment. Nor would the amount required be so considerable as might at first be apprehended; since, by deferring the operation of the measure for five or seven years, the accumulations by investment in the mean time, would be brought in aid; and the measure itself being limited to the present generation of slaves, with whose offspring all necessity for compensation to the planter would cease, the principal subscribed might, after a certain number of years, be safely applied to its completion.

*Secondly*, As to the risk incurred by the planter of the death of the apprentice, before his labour has repaid the cost of care and education. It is believed that this risk will be best met by giving him a chance of corresponding advantage in the prolonged servitude of the apprentice. A sufficient education would probably be secured to the apprentice, by his attendance twice or thrice a-week at the public school from the age of five to twelve years, the intervals being given to light and regular labour on the property. His farther services from twelve to twenty-five, would amply remunerate the planter for past expenses, and hold out also a strong inducement to be careful of the health and lives of those under his control. That the period of emancipation is deferred till one year after the birth of the child, is intended to prevent abuse, and a waste of funds, in case of immediate death, an event not uncommon, and also to give both the parent and the planter an additional motive for the preservation of the child. Nor can the planter expect an advantage from a change of system which he does not now possess. The hazard of the infant dying at the breast, is a natural risk which he should be content to incur.

The third objection contemplates the possibility of the Negro refusing to labour for hire at the expiry of his apprenticeship, and the consequent spread of vagrancy therefrom. It is confidently hoped, however, that the long previous preparation for this event would altogether overcome that repugnance to labour, and eagerness for its remission, which at present form an insuperable obstacle to sudden or immediate emancipa-

tion. Education may reasonably be expected to produce a cultivation of intellect, expanding into habits and desires incapable of gratification by other means than the emoluments derived from labour. The connexions formed by the youth of both sexes, would also strengthen their attachment to the soil; and their previous enjoyment of a state of freedom—more perfect in degree from its salutary restraints—would render the change from servitude to self-guidance of so little actual importance to those whose habits and occupations were already fixed, that they might be expected to fall almost imperceptibly into the practice of working for hire, at rates proportioned to their ability, and the services required of them. Another considerable advantage, however, may be anticipated from a change of system, in the employment of the present increasing free black and coloured population as cultivators of the soil, a species of labour to which, during the existence of slavery, not even the pressure of want will induce them to have recourse. Hence it is, that leaving the work of tillage exclusively to slaves, they eagerly resort to towns, generating a degree of vagrancy which, as has been before observed, will require, under a new order of things, to be remedied by law. It is hoped, that from the introduction of a purer system, these prejudices will disappear, and that a race of small settlers will soon arise, from whom the improvement of the great natural resources of the islands may be gradually looked for.

A fourth objection is presumed, merely for the purpose of meeting any obstacle that can reasonably be anticipated in the possible repugnance of the proprietor of the soil to its being made chargeable with the maintenance of apprentices in whom he has no immediate interest. When it is remembered, however, that he is now bound with his goods,

real and personal, for the support of his slaves, not only while they are serviceable to him, but also when they are incapacitated from labour, and that, by the proposed plan, his responsibility will cease at the expiration of each apprenticeship, it must at once be admitted that this objection has no force or value.

It remains only to recapitulate the advantages which might be expected to result to the colonist from the adoption of the proposed plan, as fixing a specific value on his property, and defining distinctly the interest which could be offered and secured to a purchaser or mortgagee—as providing a set-off from the expense of hire, by charging the labourer with rent of houses and grounds—and further, as the payment of wages may lead to a more economical mode of management than now exists, and tend gradually to the invention and application of machinery to purposes at present effected by manual labour, thereby enabling the planter to compete in the home-market with any other producer of a like commodity.

Finally, although the individual who has the honour to suggest the foregoing plan, does not presume it to be free from objection, he trusts that none of an insurmountable nature will be found; and in offering his best assistance to the furtherance of any change or modification by which the proposed object may be more securely attained, he ventures to indulge a hope, that in some such plan will be found the means of abolishing slavery, and establishing the prosperity of the West India islands on the firmer basis of a happy and increasing population, gradually developing their resources to the mutual benefit of the colonies and the parent state, and form the extension of a healthful system of freedom, acquiring a tone and character more nearly assimilated to those countries where slavery is unknown.



## GRIFFIN'S REMAINS.\*

ALL nations, great and small, having any distinctive character of their own, may be said to hate one another, not with a deadly but a lively hatred. Love of country is inseparable from individual pride; and the dearer she is to her children, the more haughtily do they admire their mother. Slight or scorn, shewn to her by any alien, is felt to be a personal insult to themselves; and she, again, regards every demonstration of such feelings towards the least of her offspring, as disrespectful or contemptuous of herself, and will vindicate her native worth by vengeance on all offenders. Thus it is that all communities, the more firmly they are bound together, are the more "jealous and quick in honour;" the *amor patriæ*, because sacred, is exclusive; and no good son of the state can be a citizen of the world.

Every people should have their own specific and peculiar character; and so they will have, if they have any government deserving the name, and any institutions. These naturally mould each other; and when hardened by time, blows, that would once have broken both, rebound from them with a cheerful din, like hammering from the anvil. The once soft clay has been indurated into adamant; and firm then the finest workmanship on the Corinthian capitals of the social structure as the plainest on its pediments.

So far, then, from deprecating national jealousies, dislikes, animosities, and hatreds, we have always been anxious to contribute the little that lay in our power to their successful cultivation. Heaven forefend that we should ever be so lost to all sense of duty as good citizens and good Christians, as to seek to smoothen down and wear away those peculiar asperities which are among the strongest safeguards of national and individual independence, and entitle communities to rejoice each in the nature as well as the name of a se-

parate people! We leave that vain task to your slobbering cosmopolites. They foolishly tell us that it is unphilosophical to talk of nations being natural enemies; the idiots absolutely going the length of denying that the English and French are so, knowing all the while that *they* eat frogs, and *we* eat oxen. But besides that sufficient reason, there are many others subordinate, of which we need now mention but one—we are Islanders. Ships—colonies—and commerce! What countless multitudes of causes for our hating all continental nations are crowded into these three omnipotent words!

But while it is thus obviously the duty of all states to hate, it is no less their duty to love, one another; nor have they far or long to seek for good grounds on which to build up a substantial fabric of either affection. Materials, too, are lying close at hand, and every people is provided with the "genius and the mortal instruments." But before we begin to build, and while we are building—and the work is never brought to an end—we must understand ourselves and others. We must see and know things as they are; there must be no falsehood—no injustice; for if there be, we shall hate where we should love, and love where we should hate; and in our blind and wilful ignorance, we shall strengthen the hands of our natural enemies against us, and be preparing the decadence of our own greatness, or its overthrow.

All national *prejudices*, therefore, we would extirpate and fling into the sea. By prejudices we mean false judgments formed before taking means within our reach, that would have enabled us to form true; as, for example—and one such illustration is worth a thousand—with regard to the American frigates. We—not our captains—though perhaps some even of them—but our civilians—believed that ours would blow them out of the

---

\* Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin: with a Biographical Memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John M'Vickar, D.D. 2 vols. New York: 1831.

water. The said civilians had some dim idea of a British frigate, of an American, none; and though they could not estimate too highly the skill and bravery of our tars—matchless both—yet they did estimate too lowly by far the power that hoists “the bit of striped bunting.” Thus the nation expected—demanded impossibilities of her heroes—and was mortified, humiliated, that Dacre was sunk by Decatur.

The opinion broached in the first sentence of our article, which you thought a paradox, you perceive now is a truism. It is so especially when applied to our neighbours the Americans. We call them our neighbours, for the Atlantic, now-a-days, is not much wider than was formerly Fleet Ditch. The two countries cordially hate and love each other, according to the laws of nature. And all that we have to do is to preserve those feelings, respectively, in proper proportion; so that England and America, flourishing in amicable animosity, and inspired with reciprocal respect, command for aye the admiration of all the rest of the world.

It would not be less absurd to suppose it possible for two fine women to love each other, without any spice of jealousy, which is a gentle word for hatred, than to suppose that two ugly women, who imagine their faces to be constantly throwing unpleasant reflections on their opposing features, could lead a life of perpetual friendship. Now, England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature.

Disencumbering ourselves of all illustrative imagery, which by trailing on the ground is apt to impede

progress, what would America have England to think, feel, say, and write about her, the United States? Does she really consider herself an elegant, graceful, and polished people? All the nations of Europe and Asia, and most of the African tribes, would shake their heads, like Mandarins, on the enunciation of such a bare idea. On two counts in the indictment drawn up against her, she has been found guilty by a Jury—neither packed nor special—but chosen indiscriminately from the whole world—smoking and spitting;—which, though not capital crimes, are in all civilized countries punishable by transportation. They necessarily include, too, the perpetual perpetration of many lesser enormities, endurable, perhaps, but certainly inexcusable by the politer sort of people in the other three quarters of the globe.

We have never yet been able clearly to comprehend the meaning of the answer which the Americans themselves make to these serious accusations. They say, that such crimes as those charged in the two first counts in the indictment, are confined to the inferior classes—that they are unknown in *good society*—and that Mrs Trollope and the rest, who dwell, it must be confessed, upon them with the fascination of disgust, never were admitted among the privileged and unexpectorating orders. But is this a republican reply? Do the spitters, indeed, form a vast majority of the population? And are the few alone—the Exclusives—forbid to set foot on their own saliva?

The fact seems to be—but if wrong we shall most cheerfully be corrected—that the freedom so much boasted of, and, we presume, enjoyed in America—of necessity gives birth to coarse manners—to manners, at least, that would be felt coarse in any long civilized but yet enslaved part of the world. The Americans seem at all times and in all places to keep themselves almost angrily conscious of the liberty which is their birthright, and was won to them by Washington. That circumstance must never be suffered to sleep. It is, therefore, kept perpetually awake, by exercise of the rights which freedom confers.

But in the common affairs of life those rights can relate but to man-



ners. Therefore, they all spit; and as the gob plumps on the carpet, Jonathan feels that he is free. To crush it in the seed within the apple of your throat, or mumble it into a bandana, would shew that you were a slave.

America, in short, is an immense Free-and-Easy club. Every man-child is born into it; yet were it kept up by elections, 'tis not possible to conjecture on what principle a candidate could be black-balled. Of such an association coarseness must be the fundamental feature; for the ordinary members, who have need of no other qualification than that of being "free-born Americans," amount to some dozen millions; and here and there a few thousand honoraries are left to swallow their spittle in a state of slavery, very much resembling that under which the tongues of all decent people in our island have absolutely cleaved to the roof of their mouths for centuries.

We are far from saying that there may not be much happiness enjoyed by human beings who have chosen something like the above as the beau-ideal of the manners of social life. They may find it vastly pleasant, who are in a manner born to it, and, under such a code, spit up from their cradle. But we and other nations, separated as we are by the multitudinous sea, from what may be considered as the most ancient, if not venerable of the American institutions, are satisfied to know that it flourishes at a distance, and would be averse to its establishment under a monarchical government, with the form and spirit of which it is not only uncongenial, but incompatible, nor less so with a hereditary peerage.

We more than suspect, then, that our manners are, on the whole, preferable to those of the Americans; though ours are in much bad enough, and must frequently offend, on their visits to our shores, our Transatlantic brethren. But it is for them, not for us, to point them out in their periodicals. The great law of manners seems to be, restraint on all exhibitions of indulgencies of small selfishnesses when we are in company with civilized Christians. It becomes, when obeyed habitually, so easy that it is not felt, yet so strong that it cannot be violated without a feeling

as instant and decisive in its own sphere as that of conscience. In this country, its sphere is comprehensive; and manners are with us the minor morals. We do not say that it is not so in America. But we do say that the law of manners there is comparatively lax both in practice and in principle; and that it there disregards many feelings as false or valueless, of which the truth and worth can be proved; and therefore ought to be respected—by the highest reason.

We therefore hope that all true Britons hate American manners, and, to the full extent of their influence, the American people. They must either do that, or hate their own manners and themselves; for manners are not matters of indifference, but of mighty importance to the whole moral and intellectual character. "Manners maketh man," is a wise old adage; and it is painful to see what they have made of the Americans. But in a century or less there will be a fine smash among their democratic institutions; under a nobler order of things, the distinctions of rank and wealth will operate very differently from what they now do; and with a government obeying a higher voice, the national character will be at once elevated and refined, and distinguished only by the freshness and boldness of the prime of youth from that of the old islanders from whom they sprung, and which—in spite of all the evil influences that folly and wickedness have of late conspired to let loose against it—will then, we fear not, be conspicuous still, in the long glory of its perfect manhood, on whose bright vigour imagination cannot figure the descent of obscuring and benumbing old age.

Our friends, the Americans, must not be unduly incensed by these hurriedly expressed, but slowly considered remarks; for they know that many thousands of themselves have many thousand times been many thousand degrees more severe on John and Sandy than we have now been on Jonathan. They cut us up in all directions, and sometimes "do not leave us the likeness of a dog." They seldom scruple to avow, with an easy air of self-satisfied assurance, a sense of their national superiority over all us doting denizens of the

old Eastern world, with its superannuated institutions; and they must lay their account with occasionally meeting from Europeans—for there is still life in a mussel—the “retort courtécus” and the “quip modest.” We have in our possession as many American libels on Britain as would make a pile of papers that could not be burned without danger of setting our chimney on fire. But we have never suffered their most abusive sarcasms to disturb our equanimity; and cheerfully confess that they contain not a little salutary truth. So far from being insensible to their virtues—physical, moral, and intellectual—we do sincerely admire—nay, cordially love the Americans. They are a brave, enterprising, energetic, intelligent, and prosperous people; and they are growing more like ourselves every generation, under the influence of philosophy and literature. Their schools and colleges are diffusing more and more widely the gentlemanly spirit which is the sure test of liberal and enlightened education; and great numbers of their ablest young men are continually carrying back to their native land, not only the accomplishments, but the knowledge and the wisdom which are the fruit of judicious foreign travel. Not a few are with us every year in Scotland; and were we to form our opinion of their countrymen in general from the young Americans with whom we have made acquaintanceship and friendship, we should think almost as highly of our brethren across the western wave as of ourselves; and that surely is praise sufficiently high to satisfy the inhabitants of any reasonable quarter of the world.

In spite of all the spitting, smoking, and dram-drinking, that pollutes the otherwise pure atmosphere of Columbia, the Americans, compare them with whom we may, are a moral people. Many things there seem to be in their domestic economy, in their household arrangements, which might be changed for the better; nor can we approve of the principles on which seems to be regulated the society of the sexes. European gallantry, as it is called, is often of a degenerate, of a bastard kind; but, at the worst, it is better than American boorishness; and we have

never yet met with any man, not a “free-born American,” who admired the habitual behaviour of males, in that land of liberty, either to maids or matrons. *Chivalrous* is a word they would laugh at with a cigar in their mouth; and the queerest of all God’s creatures to them must appear a knight kneeling at the feet of his mistress, and praying for glove or scarf to wear during the eclipse of her countenance. They have no romance in their character; and though they, no doubt, make love at last every whit as well as we do in *substantialibus*, their addresses are more useful than ornamental; even as lovers, they are free-born Americans, when they should be the most slavish of Yankees; and as husbands, though affectionate and faithful, their habits are far from being domestic; Benedick is by no means confidential to his “mutual heart;” and heads hold secrets unknown to each other and undesired, when lying on the same pillow. We cannot reconcile this close system of nuptial felicity to our sense of what is either pleasant or right; and we wonder the more angrily that it should prevail in a country where the women are so beautiful, and so amiable, and so loving, and would, had they more devoted husbands, be the best wives in the whole world, with the exception of Scotland.

As for the literature of the Americans, we have always spoken more highly of it than any other European journal. Would that we knew it better; we hope to do so ere a few years elapse; and we wish some benevolent reader in Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or any other of their beautiful cities, would send us over some of their standard works, and the productions as they appear of the best living writers. We pledge ourselves to speak of them in a brotherly spirit of love, and to do justice to genius. It delighted us so to speak, a month or two ago, of Bryant. There are other worthies (conspicuous among them the fair Sigourney) whom we wish to see flourishing in our far-flying leaves; nor mean we to confine our regards to their poetical literature—but to extend them to their political and moral philosophy—and to their theology too, of which there must be much that



will prove more to our taste, than, with all their eloquence, the discourses of that amiable but over-rated unitarian, Dr Channing.

There is no other kind of communication more likely than this, to awaken and keep alive a generous friendship between the two great countries, who, we devoutly trust, will be not only at peace, but in love, in *secula seculorum*.

In pursuance of our design to give faithful pictures of the American mind, in fair critiques on the best American books, we turn now to the remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin. Few copies can be in Britain; and we have seen none but very short, though kind, notices of the work, in our periodicals. It is therefore, as Mr Coleridge says, "as good as MS.;" and we cannot well fail, by little else than extract and abridgement, to make from it a good article.

The life of a domestic studious young man, says the editor of the volumes of which we are about to give some account and some specimens, terminating before its twenty-sixth anniversary, cannot possess many materials for interesting the public. At the best, it can be but an amiable and flattering picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed; and the highest aim it can propose, is the delineation of a virtuous and well spent youth. Professor M'Vicker deems it due, therefore, in justice both to himself and his readers, to say beforehand, that such is all his Memoir professes to be; and that it must serve as his apology for dwelling at large upon many little incidents of boyhood and youth, which, in any other light, would appear trifling and irrelevant. They serve to fill up a moral picture, which he knows to be just, thinks to be interesting, and fain would hope will be found to be useful.

With such sentiments we do most sincerely sympathize; the excellent editor has performed his labour of love in a humane, philosophical, and christian spirit; and from his hands the Life and Remains of Edmund Griffin have been to us scarcely less impressive and affecting than those of Kirke White, from the hands of Mr Southey. We cannot doubt for a moment, that thousands of British

hearts will be touched with affection and esteem for the delightful character of their American brother, whom it pleased Providence to cut off in the prime of life, when, like a young fruit-tree, he was thickly covered with bright and beautiful blossoms, that would assuredly have grown into richest fruits. True, that we have here "a picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed;" yet it had performed enough for the allotted time it flourished, and has not gone to its reward in Heaven without leaving on earth memorials of its worth, that "time will not willingly let die." They may not, perhaps, "interest the Public;" for the public desires strong and coarse excitement, alike here and across the Atlantic. But they will interest, and that too most deeply, the Private; nor will their beneficent influence be small on numberless kindred spirits pursuing the same high studies on the same humble paths, whether destined to a longer or an equally brief, a brighter or a more obscure career.

Edmund D. Griffin, second son of George Griffin, Esq. of New York, was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of September, 1804. When he was about two years old, his parents removed to the city of New York. He possessed the usual vivacity and buoyancy of childhood, but with great delicacy of constitution; and with a view to strengthen his health, much of his time was passed in the country, where he continued at various schools, until the age of twelve years. It appears that he was always at the head of his class, which is surely better, notwithstanding the subsequent eminence of some distinguished boobies, than to be always at the bottom; and it was the uniform prediction of his teachers, that if his life and health were spared, he would one day be an ornament to his family and his country. In early boyhood he evinced all that deep attachment to the domestic circle which characterised him through life; and his heart overflowed with all the family affections. In his twelfth year, he was sent to the school of Mr David Grahame, in the city of New York, that his dearest desire might not be denied him, that of being near his parents; and

nine little volumes of essays still remain in his schoolboy hand. The neat and orderly arrangement of these early manuscripts is, we are told by his affectionate biographer, remarkable, and displays a trait peculiarly characteristic of the author. Whatever he did was done with care, arranged with taste, and disposed in order. This distinguished alike his books, his papers, his academic exercises, and his personal appearance; in which latter particular there was always evidently a punctilious regard to neatness—a virtue, adds the Professor, if it may be so called, which seems to have some inward connexion with the tendencies of a pure and well-ordered mind. A few sentences are quoted from these little essays, which shew in their simplicity that the “child is father of the man,” and that the days of Edmund Griffin “were linked each to each by natural piety.” Speaking of the Bible, the boy says all the man could say. “Here we see examples of meekness, forbearance, and fortitude, unrivalled and unexampled in profane history. Here we read all the labours of the cross, and the triumphs of Christianity. Here we may learn that the maxims of Confucius are empty and vague; that the promises of Mahomet are false, and his Koran is but a lie.”

In his thirteenth year, Edmund visited, with his parents, the place of his birth,

“On Susquehanna's side, sweet Wyoming.”

He kept a journal of his tour; and from it we see how alive his heart was to nature. As he approached the wild and romantic scenes of his infancy, he exclaims,—“Oh, nature, sweetest nurse both of the sense, mind, and body, how beautiful dost thou appear! Thy wide-spreading fields, thy shelving declivities and hills, thy awful mountains and precipices, either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe.” To the traveller, as he approaches from the east, the valley of Wyoming opens suddenly, and with great beauty, from the brow of an eminence, familiarly known as “Prospect Rock.” Young Edmund thus describes it:—“When we had ascended the second mountain, we went a short distance from the road upon a ledge of rocks, And what was

it first struck my sight? Was it a darkly frowning wilderness beneath me? Did a rushing, foaming cataract pour its streams along? No; a scene more lovely than imagination ever painted, presented itself to my sight—so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful—that even the magical verse of Campbell did not do it justice. The valley extends far and wide, beautified with cultivated fields, and interspersed with beautiful groves. The Susquehanna meanders through it, now disappearing and losing itself among the trees, now appearing again to sight, till it is at last entirely hidden among the mountains. I saw the Susquehanna roll its waves along, and scarcely knew that nearer to me flowed a slow and silent stream.” Nor was the heart of the boy insensible to heroic aspirations. He was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, a distinguished revolutionary officer, who was long regarded as the patriarch of that secluded village, having commanded on the side of its defenders in the memorable, but ill-fated engagement (3d July 1778,) which terminated in the devastation of the British, and their Indian allies, of that beautiful, and now classic valley. Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, had said that John Butler, the commander of the Indians, was the brother of Colonel Zebulon Butler; and that hero's grandchild, in his journal, says, with much animation, “this is false. My blood boils in my veins when I hear that a stranger, a man not at all acquainted with Wyoming or its inhabitants, should presume to call so cruel a traitor as John Butler the brother of my grandfather, for there was not even the most distant relationship between them.” This is a fine trait. “On the Sunday preceding our departure, we visited the grave of grandpapa.” “The grave of this vilified hero of the valley,” says his sympathetic biographer, “naturally attracted the steps of his indignant grandson, and he found it embellished with the uncouth, but pious rhymes, of some poet of the wilderness—

‘Distinguish'd by his usefulness  
At home and when abroad,  
In court, in camp, and in recess,  
Protected still by God.’”



On this Sunday an incident occurred, long remembered with interest by those present; and we must give it unabridged, in the Professor's own words:—

"It happened that the solitary pastor of the valley was on that day absent on some neighbouring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, *extempore* prayers (it being a presbyterian congregation) were offered up by some of the elders. After this a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to Edmund's father, either out of compliment to his standing, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father not being very well, transferred the book to his son; Edmund's modesty for a moment shrunk from it—but the slightest wish of his father was ever a paramount law with him: so he arose and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected proved to be an impressive one. The reader was less than thirteen years of age; in the language of affection, of 'angelic beauty;' and many of those present saw him now for the first time since, but a few years before, they had caressed him an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader, by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was 'indescribable and overpowering.' They remembered the words of the Psalmist, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength;' and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when, after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel; this was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death. An Episcopal church had in the mean time been erected in the valley, where the ordinances of religion were regularly administered, and where Edmund was listened to with affectionate admiration. The praises bestowed upon him owed, no doubt, somewhat of their fervour, to the touching recollections of his earlier visit."

With a swelling bosom Edmund bade Wyoming farewell. "Farewell, Wyoming! Perhaps, farewell for ever.

VOL. XXXII. NO. CXCVI.

Thy groves might be the recesses of departed sages; thy forests, those of the forgotten Druids of antiquity; thy cultivated fields, the product of the amusement of those who, during life, loved rural scenes and enjoyments; thy open areas, the places where the shades of youths exercised themselves in warlike sports; thy Susquehanna the bathing-places of nymphs and naiads; and thy houses, the dwellings of those who had formerly been *discreet housewives*."

The vacation of the following year was made happy, by a visit to the Falls of the Passaic. After describing a scene of great beauty, the boy says, "How divine are our sensations! We look up with gratitude to the Creator of all things, and not only *know* but *feel* that he is a Father." In wandering about the Falls he met a melancholy stranger, playing on his native bagpipes. "I thought," says he, "of the Highlands of Scotland. I saw in imagination's eye, a Wallace, or a Bruce, leading Scotia's chiefs upon some daring enterprise. I saw the chieftains of other times, the turf-raised monument, the four grey stones that rested on the body of heroes; methought I heard the deserted, blind, and mournful Ossian lamenting for his child." Returning with the setting sun, he thus writes:—"We saw the sun setting in his beauty; the fields of grain look more lovely under his influence, and the river reflects his golden beams in its clear lucid channel; the village spire shines like gold; the tinkling of the cow-bell is heard, as the village boy is driving her from the cot; the milkmaid with her pail; the old people sitting at the door enjoying the cool air, the children sporting on the green, the farmer returning with his plough, happier than the king in his palace, &c." All these pretty descriptions shew how early his fine spirit was imbued with a high, and also a homely love of Nature, in which he delighted to the last, and which in riper years was sometimes vented in language, by earnestness and enthusiasm of feeling made poetical, though it can hardly be said that he ever was a poet.

When in his fourteenth year, and properly thought by his father to be too young for College, however well

fitted by attainments, Edmund was placed at a school just then rising into great celebrity. Here is a noble picture.

"This was kept by Mr Nelson, distinguished at that time as the Blind Teacher, in the city of New York, and afterwards more widely known as the learned classical professor in Rutgers College, New Jersey. The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man; and as death has now turned his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penniless and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit himself as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even to the minutest points of critical reading. In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr N. and the Classical Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. 'True,' said Mr N. colouring with strong emotion; 'but permit me to observe,' added he, turning his sightless eyeballs towards the book he held in his hand, 'that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma.' At this pe-

riod a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily; scholars flocked to him in crowds; competition sunk before him; and in the course of a very few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honourable independence. Nor was this all; he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done; and he felt proud to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that college which a few years before he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness."

It was at this school that young Griffin first became acquainted with his biographer, who says he "knew him then a lovely boy, full of sensibility and generous ardour, bearing with blushing modesty the honours heaped upon him, in a race where he rarely or never failed to come off victor; and such he may say he continued to know him the remainder of his short life." Some specimens are given of his translations from Virgil and Ovid, done with much elegance and spirit.

In the autumn of this same year, (1819,) when he was just fifteen years old, Edmund appeared among the candidates for admission into Columbia College. The examination for entrance into that college, was at that time long and rigid, continued for several days, and terminated in an arrangement of their names in the order of merit. The older schools were not willing to yield pre-eminence to a blind competitor. Their choice scholars were



therefore studiously drilled for the occasion; and most of the teachers, and many anxious fathers, were in close attendance to encourage their sons or pupils by their presence, or perhaps to become judges of the impartiality of the decision. Among these, says Professor M'Vicar, Mr Nelson might always be distinguished; the first to come, the last to go; the most anxious, and yet the most confident; his blind steps, as he entered the hall, being followed, rather than directed, by the youth who attended him, so singularly resolute was he in all his motions. His beloved pupil, Edmund Griffin, on this occasion triumphed over all competitors, though some of them were by much his seniors, and of more than ordinary talent and attainments.

From all the Professors during his connexion with the college, Edmund received marks of high approbation and confidence; but in the venerable President (the late Dr Harris,) he excited a feeling more akin to the affection of a parent. During a fever which had brought him very low, "his venerable and venerated friend" visited him in his father's house; and the meeting, as described by his father, was a touching one. Edmund had risen trembling from his seat to receive the President; but the "good old man hastened to him, extended his arms, and folded his emaciated form to his bosom; neither spoke for nearly a minute, and both wept, as those who had longed but despaired to meet again." In August 1823, at the age of nineteen, he took the usual degree of A.B.; and, on parting, the highest honours were adjudged him amidst universal applause. His biographer, in the following beautiful passage, has set before them a picture which all generous youths will do well to study, and, if possible, to make it a true picture too of their own academical life.

"Edmund's habits of study at this period might be recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed; and, partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal

was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three P.M., the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bedtime. While a schoolboy, this was at the primitive hour of nine o'clock, and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which, in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night: it was a change, however, which he both lamented and condemned; and had his life been spared, would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning hours which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine: with the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time, lest haply when old they pay the penalty of having divorced a life of study from one of healthy enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labour almost incredible at his early years: having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the students are attended with comparatively little danger to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this end; he enjoyed the health which flows from equanimity. His mind was singularly well balanced; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers, but preserved, on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession,

and an even sweetness of temper, which to a stranger savoured of coldness; but to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. "He did every thing," says Mr. G., "apparently without effort; and, so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author speaks from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the midst of the highest exertion; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners the warm-hearted exclamation, 'He has the face of an angel.'"

Such was Edmund Griffin in his nineteenth year—a youth of whom any country—England or Scotland—might have been proud;—and many such there are, at this hour, in their cottages and halls, destined, with all their talents and attainments equal to his, and some of them, no doubt, with genius superior, to perish, perhaps, ere their prime, or to pass obscurely, but happily, through the light of the valley of life into the shadow of that of death, and to leave behind them, in the humble sphere of their prolonged usefulness, but a fast-fading name, unknown altogether to the wider world. A few favoured spirits find biographers, and continue to live on earth in their "Remains." They shine, like the lesser lights, in their own quiet region of the skies; nor are they obscured by the larger luminaries. 'Tis pleasant, but mournful to the soul, to look at these fair emblems of purity and peace, withdrawn unstained and undisturbed from the storms of the world. His schoolboy and college years were the most felicitous allowed to this noble boy. He was happy ever in the vernal dawn of his own moral and intellectual and religious being, brightening more and more into the perfect day. The desire of knowledge has been with some gifted spirits a burning—a devouring passion; with him it was a tranquil and steady affection, that did indeed grow with what it fed on, but found constant contentment in every new acquisition, and loved the sweet seasons of study because they were all so like one another, and because the closing year contained at last such

a quiet crowd of hours, days, weeks, and months, all blended together in the dream of memory by the magic of one lustrous and unclouded light. As every study had its hour—says his amiable and enlightened biographer,—and every hour its employment, the day was always free for its own labours; no neglect of yesterday burdened it, or threw hurry and anxiety into his preparation or performance of a prescribed task. But he beautifully adds—a still greater blessing rested upon it. As industry was the surest road to ease, in it seems to have been also that to innocence and virtue, and to have left his moral character, not only without blemish, but above suspicion. This indeed was to have been expected from that generous industry which belonged as much to the heart as to the head, and which, springing from high and pure motives, led naturally to the pursuit and practice "of whatever was pure, lovely, or of good report."

Emerging from the retirement of college life, thus crowned with honours, and at an age most accessible to flattery, a little youthful vanity, says the good Professor, might have been pardoned to him, especially as to all other exculpatory circumstances was joined the reputation of great personal beauty; yet did he continue to be noticed for a modesty of manner approaching to shyness, and a diffidence which was sometimes mistaken for coldness, and still oftener set down to the charge of affectation. With so many fine accomplishments, such love of knowledge, and so much sensibility, the choice of a profession was to Edmund Griffin a perilous thing; and in a state of doubtfulness, he took that step from which he thought he could most easily recede. He entered his father's office as a student of law, and there remained about two months, diligently devoted to the study of it; but there was a voice within that called him to more sacred duties; and at length, after some delay, and much doubt of his own faithfulness, he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry, and that in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which, at that time, no member of his family belonged. On this choice of a pro-



fession, Professor M'Vickar, among many other excellent observations, has the following—

Edmund's preference of the Episcopal church, though suddenly avowed, had been slowly and deliberately formed. His first doubts arose in pursuing his academic course of civil history. The period of the Reformation arrested his attention, the circumstances of haste and distrust which then attended the establishment of the presbyterian form of church government, bearing so evidently the marks of expediency and not choice, together with the open declaration of many of its leaders to that effect, putting themselves on the ground of necessity, in casting off the jurisdiction of bishops; these things very naturally startled him in his prepossessions, and led him to farther enquiry. In attending the prayers of the church, which he then occasionally did, he became deeply impressed with the beauty and devotion of its noble liturgy. In its solemn and impressive services, its grave and decorous regularity, there was something peculiarly attractive to one of his refined and almost fastidious taste. His feelings revolted from any thing like an approach to familiarity of language addressed to the Deity. He argued, that public worship demanded the consecration of the lips, as well as the heart; that the name of God should be like his nature, "clothed in majesty;" and that the fervour of Christian boldness should never go so far as to make man forget the humility that belongs to a "worm of the dust;" these securities he missed in extempore prayer, but found in the ritual of the church. In this matter, too, his judgment went with his feelings; in the use of prescribed forms he recognised, as he often said, the strongest bulwark against both error of doctrine and fanaticism of life; and whether he looked into the past history or present state of the Christian church, he found abundant proof of the necessity of such safeguards. His own country was full of warning examples; and when he saw the pathless ocean of error into which so many churches had wandered for the want of such a landmark, of such an abiding test by which to try the doctrines of the living preacher, he may be said to have *clung* to the liturgy of the church as to the pillar, or rather the anchor of Christendom.

In a letter written to a Presbyterian friend, October 29, 1823, he avows his preference of the Episcopal Church, and asks his friend to excuse his want of delicacy in speaking thus plainly against the feelings

he entertains in favour of his own denomination. "My preference of the Episcopal Church arises from my conviction of the superior purity of its origin, the greater certainty of its doctrines, and the beauty, holiness, and devotion of its forms." In the same letter he writes thus of his religious connexions, and of his views on entering on the ministry.

"With respect to my motives for entering the profession:—I have chosen it not, believe me, for a maintenance or a name. No; I could not sell my soul to everlasting death, for the means of keeping the breath of life in this mortal frame. I could not grasp at the fleeting shadows of earthly fame, forsaking the substantial and inestimable good of everlasting glory. I acknowledge, most fully, the truth of your description of the unsanctified man who takes upon himself the character of a minister of God. I know that he must be hypocritical, perjured, impious. I know that he must be, in this life, as wretched as restraint, self-denial, and conscience, can make an unregenerate man; and that he must have his portion in the world to come, beside that betraying disciple whose character and conduct his most nearly resemble. Mere worldly honour, mere worldly prudence, would deter me from making all my life a lie—my whole existence a scene, a reality of wretchedness. But I hope I have that within me which will render it unnecessary to call these principles into exercise. My heart is changed from what it once was. I acknowledge the existence of sin within me, and I abhor it as the cause of every evil, as the bar to every good. I love, admire, revere the character of God. I believe in the character of Jesus Christ, as the only means of salvation; I love his character, his attributes; I love him as the voluntary sacrifice for my sins, the atoning victim for my iniquities. I love his cause—the greatest, the most philanthropic, the most all-important, that ever engaged the attention of mankind. To this cause, it is my hope and prayer to be made the instrument of good. Though my heart is changed, I cannot firmly say it is regenerate; and believe me when I say, that I will never approach the communion-table until my hope is stronger and more constant."

The same strain of fervent piety runs through a letter written to a friend shortly after, on the death of a sister:—

"Dear ——— I write to you under circumstances of affliction, which it has

not been the lot of our family ever before to experience. Our dear Ellen is no more. She died last Sunday evening, after an illness of about four weeks. We feel resigned to this providence of God, not only because it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should suffer affliction, but because our beloved relative gave the most consolatory evidences of having made her peace with God, and of her being about to enter upon the joys of heaven. She was informed of her danger about two weeks before her death. She was heard in prayer. She called her dear father to pray with her; and when informed she was dying, about thirty-six hours before her end, though she was perfectly possessed of her reason, the king of terrors had no terror for her. Ought we not to be thankful, my dear —, instead of repining that she is taken from us to be with her God? For my own part, I shall think of her hereafter, not with the bitterness of grief, but with the sad, yet sweet and soothing recollection we derive from joys that are gone. I shall regard her not as she lay upon the bed of death, though even there the smile of a seraph dwelt upon her lips—not as she now lies in her narrow house, as calm, as pure, as innocent as the statue of a saint, but as a blessed spirit calling to my spirit, bidding me prepare to appear before my God, to stand with her in the presence of her Redeemer, and enjoy with her the beatitude of heaven. Pray with me, my dear —, that I may be enabled to attain that preparation. My composure does not, I trust, arise from insensibility; from God I have sought for consolation, and I trust it is from God I have found it. Pray for my dear parents; they will see this letter, and join in the request that they may have that consolation which cometh down from above. Pray for all of us, my dear —, that our hearts may be purified in the furnace of affliction; and that we may have reason to thank God, not only for her, but for ourselves; that our sister, daughter, and friend, has been taken from us. Let not this deprivation damp the joy of my dear cousin —'s bridal; we trust that it has been our sister's bridal also, and that the bridegroom whom she has wedded, is one who, throughout all the endless ages of eternity, will be able to drive every pain and every sorrow far, very far from her heart."

In August 1826, after three years devotion to theological studies, he was admitted into deacon's orders by Bishop Hobart—"The warm, the energetic friend, the liberal patron

of youthful merit, then engaged in one of those frequent and laborious visitations through his extensive diocese, which, though to human eye they shortened his usefulness, have yet left behind them such an apostolic seal of his ministry, as is in itself a blessing, and may well awaken into emulation thousands of those who follow him." Mr Griffin was appointed by his diocesan to accompany him on his Episcopal visitation; and at Utica stopped, to supply, for a time, the pulpit of a clergyman who took his place as travelling companion. On his return to New York, he was appointed, along with a dear friend, agent of the General Theological Seminary, in which they had both been educated for some years, and went to Philadelphia to collect contributions for that establishment.

"His return was marked by one of those little incidents which are treasured up in the memory of parents when death has removed the object of them. Edmund, at all times a devoted student, had no great collection of books. A good theological library was therefore the great object of his ambition, and its acquisition, at this period, was one of those pleasing surprises with which parents love to gratify a darling child. A highly valuable one, the property of a deceased clergyman, was for sale. It was purchased by Mr Griffin unknown to his son, and during his absence on this tour transferred to his study, which was converted into a neat and well-furnished library. On entering, upon his return, his well-known room, he was lost first in astonishment, and then in delightful thankfulness. Such a son, what father would not love to gratify? The loss of such a son, what can enable a father to bear, but that hope which looks beyond the grave?"

About this period he was appointed assistant to the rector of St James's Church; but his health soon after becoming very precarious, he made a tour to Baltimore and Washington, from which he derived much benefit, and to confirm it was then advised to visit Europe, for which, accordingly, he set sail in October 1828, being then twenty-two years of age.

Mr Griffin passed two months in Paris; and his Journal (though that part of it is not published) contains many picturesque descriptions of what he saw and heard, especially



of the personal appearance, manners, and character of its *savans* and popular lecturers. But he longed to cross Mont Cenis. The ardour with which he greeted Italy's names of glory and scenes of interest, none, says his biographer, can fully appreciate, "but the youthful scholar from the New World." This assertion seems somewhat startling; but it is thus explained, and, as he thinks, no doubt established by the ingenious Professor. "Those of England, or the Continent, may visit the monuments of Italy better qualified to *examine* and to *judge*; but to *feel* their power belongs peculiarly to the American student." What American student ever felt their power—like Byron? But let us hear our friend to the end. "He to whom *yesterday is antiquity*, stands in speechless admiration on the spot where a Roman trode, or before works which a Grecian chisel traced; these are feelings which a European can hardly estimate, but which our young traveller seems to have experienced in their full force, for he lingered amid them, and especially at Rome, after all the other American travellers had quitted it, and to the very utmost limit of his time." That will never do; but let us be with the young rapt American traveller in Italy, and see how he speaks of its wonders. After a rapid visit to Naples and Pæstum, he returned northward by way of Ancona and Bologna, to Venice. Through Padua, Vicenza, and Parma, he reached Milan; and, crossing the Simplon towards the end of June, bade to Italy an unwilling farewell.

The whole of the first volume, and nearly a third of the second, are oc-

cupied by his Italian Journal; and very delightful reading it is, full of fine fresh feeling, and without a particle of pedantry every where shewing the scholar. It is imbued with a noble love of liberty, and marked throughout by the most generous and exalted sentiments. The taste of the young minister of religion is as pure as his morals; but he is in nothing too fastidious; not delicate overmuch; manly in his innocent life, and indulgent in his judgments, from the spirit of that faith which is at all times his solace and his strength—that in which he "placeth his delight." The works of the fine arts he describes always well, but those of nature better; and there are not wanting some solemn, almost sublime passages, containing meditations on the great events and characters of the olden time, and on the revolutions of empire. But the pervading character of the whole is a temper of mind at once pensive and cheerful, which carries one along with it in its own delight, and interests the reader in all that interested the spectator. There is not a sentence of false or inflated feeling in the two volumes; no affected enthusiasm; no raptures. And ever as he moves along, Mr Griffin lets drop easily from his pen observations on life and manners which shew that his intercourse with books had not been barren, but prolific of fine thoughts and sentiments which gained new life when awakened by the realities, or the shadows of the realities, of which he had read in the poetry and philosophy of the people, among whose degenerated descendants he now walks, finely exclaiming,

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,  
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!  
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,  
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.  
To look upon whose mountains in the hour  
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil  
Of purple flows around them, would restore  
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,  
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!  
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,  
The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,  
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon  
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers  
Wreath the with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,  
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,  
 Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!  
 Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,  
 Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave;  
 Where like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,  
 Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,  
 Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,  
 By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,  
 Thou nurse of every art, saye one alone,  
 The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care  
 Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,  
 And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,  
 Infused in music, now constrains the soul  
 With tears the power of melody to own,  
 And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,  
 Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!  
 Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,  
 No memory of the brave, of what has been?  
 Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then  
 That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—  
 Shades of departed heroes, rise again!  
 Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!  
 For art thou not my country, at whose breast  
 Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,  
 The fathers of my mind? whose fame imprest,  
 E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest  
 With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,  
 Ere yet thou didst receive me as a guest,  
 Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:  
 Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;  
 I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,  
 And urge the feet forbid to linger here.  
 But must I rove by Arno's current clear,  
 And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,  
 And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,  
 Where Caesar's palace in its glory stood;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,  
 And Paestum's shrines, and Baiae's classic shore,  
 And mount the bark, and listen to the lay  
 That floats by night through Venice—never more?  
 Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—  
 It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,  
 But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to waft me o'er  
 To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not  
 As other things inanimate. Thou art  
 The cherish'd mistress of my youth; forgot  
 Thou never canst be while I have a heart.  
 Launch'd on those waters, wild with storm and wind,  
 I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;  
 For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,  
 Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought,



These are good lines, the best by far in the volumes; but Mr Griffin's prose is far superior to his verse—it is more poetical—whether he speaks of the people or of their country. His letter on Turin and the Turinese is in all respects admirable, and, occurring early in the volume, assures us at once that he will turn out to be an instructive traveller. He saw at a glance that the manners of the Turinese furnish no illustration of Italian character. Their very language, his fine ear told him, is a dialect; their costume is transalpine. Their features, though generally handsome, had not that classic mould which he had been taught to expect on the classic ground of Italy. He knew that he was not yet in the Italy of the ancients. The most striking feature to him, on coming from France, was the general devoutness of the people. While in France, the churches were always vacant, the people always spoke with disrespect of the mysteries of religion and the members of the priesthood, and these latter shewed themselves but seldom, or walked with downcast eyes and deprecating humility of aspect. Here, on the contrary, the churches were well attended, and the priests walk abroad through the streets with an air unembarrassed and independent, and seem to be treated with deference and kindness. The best positions in the vicinity of the city for prospect, he says rightly, are the citadel on the west, and the bridge of the Po on the east. Beyond the bridge arises a lofty hill, whose topmost summit is crowned by the aspiring dome of the Superga; its sides are covered by the country-seats of the Piedmontese nobility; and nearer at hand, on a smaller eminence, arises a beautiful convent. But the great ornament of Turin is still farther in the distance. The lofty pinnacles of Mount Cenis rise far in the west, resting lightly on the azure sky, and only distinguishable from clouds by the precision of their outline. Towards the south the pointed cone of Monte Viso rises far above its neighbours, and seems to pierce the heavens. The Alpine barrier again stretches itself from Mount Cenis, towards the north, and continues until broken in the north-east by the valley of the Po. Meantime, the child-

ren of the Alps, at various points, descend in less lofty ridges; the plain of Piedmont and its surrounding ramparts present a natural amphitheatre, whose arena is the plain itself, whose gradually arising benches are the aspiring summits of the successive mountains, and whose walls are the eternal Alps. The following is a very fine description:—

“It was on the morning of our leaving Turin that I had a better view than on any preceding occasion, of the magnificent scenery with which it is surrounded. Starting at six o'clock, we soon arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I looked of course for the mountains. My hope of seeing them was but small, as day had only just begun to break. However, far in the horizon, opposed to the coming sun, I perceived a faint red, which served to mark their outline. While the rest of the world was still buried in night, they were privileged to catch the beams of day. By and by their colour warmed into a rich roseate hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in darkness at their feet. As morning advanced, a red-hot glow succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western section, lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. Meantime the eastern horizon was not unworthy of attention. The golden hues of an Italian sky formed a magnificent background, against which were relieved the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighbouring hills. Scarcely had I time to contemplate this part of the scene and turn towards the mountains, before their aspect was again changed. The mist had fallen like a curtain at their feet, and the precarious tints of dawn had ripened into a twilight grey. The mountains themselves, in their whole vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire. I am using no figure of rhetoric, and wish to be understood literally. Iron in the furnace could not have glowed with an intenser red, than did those stupendous masses in the rays of morning. Never did I witness a scene of such transcendent and overwhelming magnificence. A wall of fire, seeming almost as extensive as half the circumference of earth, its battlements and pyramids and towers shooting upwards into heaven, as if preparing to inflame those elevated regions; and above and still beyond, new spires catching the same fiery radiance, the bases of the mountains clothed in vapour, the valley pervaded with the grey mist of twilight, the distant town relieved against this brilliant background, the majestic river, the

rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight."

Having reached through snows the summit of the Apennines, Mr Griffin charmingly describes his descent into the valley of the Polcevera, by traverses cut into the sides of the mountain. 'Twas like entering almost at once into quite a different region. The snow had disappeared; the hill-side was clothed with verdure; the early flowers of spring began to shew their heads, and a milder atmosphere breathed from the genial south. And how exquisitely beautiful is that valley! Its ever-varied mountains, its murmuring stream, its pleasant villas, its high-seated churches, its picturesque villages placed by the river-side, or on some lofty knoll—and then the accessories of the scene, in one place a line of mules creeping slowly up the mountain side; in another, a group of peasants in the peculiar costume of their country, red caps, short jackets, small clothes and long gaiters, with perhaps a coat or great-coat, arranged in careless folds over the shoulder; here a solitary individual opening the earth, a sign so grateful of returning spring; there another engaged in pruning the vines, or cutting the canes, which grow spontaneously in the humid bottoms; with here and there a priest in flowing garments, or a female dressed in red, the favourite colour, which, though not calculated to satisfy good taste, still adds to the effect of the romantic scenery. I have heard the Italians accused of laziness, says Mr Griffin, and have myself seen them in crowds lounging unemployed, and sunning themselves in the streets of villages. But if such be their natural characteristics, this valley at least forms a striking exception. Here not only every inch of apparently practicable ground is sedulously cultivated, but the steep sides of the mountains are covered with regular orchards of chestnut trees, and the stony bed of the river is actually cleared for use, and walled in little patches with pebbles gathered in the operation.

We have seen how well Mr Griffin describes the scenery of Nature. His letter from Genoa contains some

fine passages descriptive of the works of art. In the church of the Albergo Dei Poveri, there is a bas-relief by Michael Angelo, which is placed over one of the altars. When compared with it, all its other decorations fade into insignificance—even the beautiful altar of Carrara marble, ornamented by a fine statue, by Puget, of the Assumption of the Virgin. This bas-relief is a round medallion, about two feet and a half in diameter, and represents Christ dead, and embraced by his Mother. You may have seen it; and it has often been described; but seldom or ever more feelingly than by this young American. The head of the Saviour, and the head and hands of Mary, are alone visible. One hand of the Mother supports his falling head, the other rests upon his neck and bosom. Her lips are approached towards him, as if to kiss the cold inanimate cheek. The face of the Saviour bears the marks of a consuming and overwhelming anguish. The hollow eye, the lines of the brow and mouth, speak irresistibly to the heart. Yet the storm is overpast, and more than the repose of death, the very tranquillity of heaven, has settled down upon the features. The face of the Mother is one of living anguish, modified by the tenderest traits of affection. Should the pile of St Peter's, says Mr Griffin enthusiastically, tumble to the earth, and were the walls of the Vatican itself defaced, the immortal artist might trust to this single remnant for the preservation of his fame.

Mr Griffin speaks equally well of that fine picture of Guido in the church of St Ambrosio—one of his finest—the Assumption of the Virgin. The Virgin is borne upwards, in a sitting posture, by a host of angels, who surround her on every side, and precede her into Heaven. She is clothed in white—her hands are folded meekly on her bosom—her countenance is raised towards her destined home. That heavenly expression, for which Guido is so remarkable, glows in her countenance with ineffable force, and satisfies the imagination that it may be in very truth a just resemblance of the Mother of the Son of God, ascending up in glory. The St Ignatius of Rubens, and the Stoning of St Ste-



phen, from the joint hands of Raphael and Julio Romano, he speaks of with the same eloquence of feeling, and without any of that pretence of scientific knowledge of the art, which renders most critiques by amateurs or connoisseurs so disgusting; and when the subject is sacred, sometimes so impious. Speaking of Raphael's part in that divine picture, Jesus seated at the right hand of his Father, leaning over with one hand extended in the attitude of benediction, and surrounded by a cloud of angels—he says truly, that the God-made man is depicted with wonderful grace and expression, and that the angels are worthy representations of the inhabitants of Heaven. In the same natural strain, he writes of many of the finest pictures and statues in the Gallery at Florence. His favourite—as well it may be—is the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, which bears away the palm of beauty from all the productions of art, and is well known to all the world through the medium of the finest engravings. But how, asks Mr Griffin, can any engraving convey that exquisite taste in the selection, that delightful harmony in the disposition of colours? How can any hand, inferior to that of the great master, trace those graceful outlines, arrange those natural and meaning attitudes, or communicate that beaming of maternal love, that glow of adoration, which animates the features of the infant John; that tranquil and benignant, that dignified, though childish expression of the Babe of Bethlehem? The inclination of the Mother's head, just touching that of her child, the close embrace with which she holds him to her bosom, the youthful beauty of her features, but, above all, their expression, which speaks more than volumes, and which all can comprehend and feel who ever knew a mother's love, entitle this celebrated work to all the praises that have been lavished on it so abundantly. Its composition is perfect; its design is perfect; its relief is perfect; its expression is perfect; every thing about it is faultless and divine.

Mr Griffin's descriptions of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the ruins of Pæstum, are admirable; and we need not say that he puts forth

all his powers on Rome. But we can afford no farther account of his Italian Journal, and must bring him without delay to Britain. After a few weeks spent in Switzerland, he quitted it by Schaffhausen and the Rhine; and passing through the Netherlands by the usual route of Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels, reached England on the 5th of August, crossing from Calais to Dover, and proceeding immediately to London.

His feelings for some time after his arrival he thus describes in his Journal:—"Here am I, in London, but like a drop in the ocean—alone in countless crowds—more solitary than in a wilderness. Such is the oppressive feeling which weighs upon the mind during a first drive round this vast metropolis. Street succeeds to street, edifice to edifice, city to city, in apparently interminable succession. All are active, busy, bustling about affairs with which you have no acquaintance. Not a face meets you with a well-known look. Not a smile, a word of welcome, greets your eye or ear." Mr Griffin must have been *hyp'd* when he wrote in this puling strain; nor was it reasonable for him to expect smiles and words of welcome all at once to greet his eyes and ears from the Cockneys, who had not the honour of his acquaintance. He writes to his mother, too, "that England does not please him at first sight," and that he always cherishes his own country (just as we do) "as the dearest, the freest, the happiest, the most moral, the most religious upon earth." In the same letter he says, "he loves Italy and Switzerland with something of the feeling one bears to dear living objects; that France and Germany and the Netherlands sink lower in the scale of interest, and that England does not please me at first sight, though I am sure I shall like it better on farther acquaintance." He had been but a week in London when he thus wrote, nor are we informed how he had employed himself, except that "Sunday I spent with a Mr —, who lives in great style, has an amiable wife, a gentlemanly son educated at Oxford, two grown-up daughters, and a host of younger ones. I went to church with him all day, and dined and spent the evening at his house.

You cannot conceive how delightful it was to me to join once again in a family circle resembling our own, (he had found none such, it would appear, in France or Italy;) to exchange once more, in my native tongue, views and feelings with those disposed to listen with more than the mere interest of a passing stranger; to see a mother who reminded me of you, and two little girls in size and appearance like my dear little sisters; to go again to church, and listen to that sublime, devotional, affecting liturgy which I had not heard since I left Geneva." He ought to have loved England already for the sake of that one household.

The preference Mr Griffin here so decidedly expresses for the Continent over England, Professor M'Vicar says, was the natural result of the order in which he had visited them, and may suggest to subsequent young American travellers the advantages of reversing that order on the score both of pleasure and improvement. To a native of the New World, argues the Professor, no portion of Europe is without interest; he finds every where the stimulus of both novelty and antiquity; he should therefore begin with the one as it were nearest home, that by so doing every step may rise in its power over his imagination. Thus England, though the first in the scale of improvement, is unquestionably, to Americans at least, the lowest for excitement; with it therefore they should begin; and then France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will be found successively to ascend in the scale of interest. The reversed order spoils the whole. After Italy, short of Greece, there is no antiquity; after Switzerland there is no scenery; consequently all that follows is dull, tame, and modern. Hence, he continues, the inconsistent estimate which travellers form of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, according as they are fresh from the marshes of Holland, or the mountains of Switzerland. It is noble or tame, just as the tourist's course may happen to be north or south. From this cause Mr Griffin failed to derive the pleasure he would have done from English scenery. Thus the language of his journal, after describing the ascent of Skiddaw, is, "But what is

Skiddaw to the Right?" and again, "One glance at the Tarni is worth a whole day's contemplation of the falls in Cumberland." This, says the Professor, is true; but it is unwise and unnecessary; and from personal experience he would recommend to his countrymen that order in visiting them which makes each a subject of enjoyment, and not of criticism—or if it brings on comparison, brings it always in aid of admiration.

Much—all—if you please—of the above is rational; yet it seems to us that Mr M'Vicar exaggerates the importance of the order he recommends, and that any American, after having seen all the world, may visit Britain without feeling that either the scenery or the institutions of the country are *tame*. We confess ourselves unable to sympathize with so violent a passion for the antique as appears to rule in the soul of Jonathan; nor, indeed, were we previously aware of its being the ruling passion in that heroic residence. But grant it be; can he not descend from his meditations among the old Roman tombs to the more modern monuments on Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge? "*Yesterday is not antiquity*" with us as with our Transatlantic brethren; and there are not a few eras in our history that carry the mind back to a tolerably remote period in that of human affairs in general. "But what is Skiddaw to Right?" was no very wise exclamation; and some of the greatest poets that ever lived have gloried in that mountain, when fresh from their familiarity with the live thunders leaping among the Alps. Mr M'Vicar should not have said that "after Switzerland there is no scenery," for there is scenery in Scotland as sublime as any in Switzerland. There is magnitude enough there for the imagination; Painting and Poetry have preferred our Highland mountains to those mighty masses; and genius has intermingled with them its own more magnificent creations.

Mr Griffin remained about six months in Britain; and the circle of friends into which he was introduced, among whom were some of rank, and many of talent, was highly favourable, says his biographer, to the attainment of every noble end which travel can produce. But



seventy pages of disjointed and fragmentary matter, are all we have given us regarding England and Scotland. He well describes Windsor.

"The prospect from the windows of the state apartments, and the raised walk immediately under the castle walls, called the terrace, is beautiful and peculiar. It had no pretensions to sublimity, nor a feature that was picturesque; it could boast no southern atmosphere to enhance its charms, no unclouded sky to reveal and heighten them. Yet have I never gazed on a scene so rich in rural beauty. Parks of venerable trees embowering palace mansions; plains of brilliant verdure mixed with the yellow tints of harvest; villages with modest spires, and in the distance, gently swelling hills, composed a landscape the most luxuriant in nature. Immediately at the castle's feet, as if under its protection, lay the town of Windsor; divided from the long street of Eton only by the Thames, now flowing in open sight between his verdant banks, and now seeking concealment beneath the foliage of overshadowing groves. Though the elevation of the hill is not more, I should think, than three hundred feet, yet so level is the country round, that the eye ranges in some directions a distance of nearly twenty miles; embracing a spectacle well worthy of a king, well calculated to remind him both of his resources and his responsibility.

"Leaving the walls, I proceeded on a ramble through the Great Park, commencing at the long walk immediately opposite the principal front. This is a noble avenue, said to be three miles in length, bordered by two rows on each side of lofty and wide-spreading elms, and stretching in a straight direction over hill and dale. In the rear, the venerable castle is always visible; becoming, from the nature of the ground, more lofty in appearance as you recede from it. On the right and left extend as far as the eye can reach, verdant lawns, with clumps, and lines, and groves of ancient oaks; and herds of deer feeding, reposing, and sporting, on their surface. It was delightful to see them trotting along, with step so springy and so light as hardly to bend the herbage, or bounding more swiftly onward with a leap so graceful as scarce to seem an effort; raising their dappled sides of every shade and mixture of brown and white, above the long grass or low shrubbery, rejoicing in their forest freedom, and guarded security from harm. The venerable oaks of Windsor, which have increased in strength and beauty

during the lapse of ages, are not only trees; they are also monuments. One might almost fear to walk among them at night. One might almost expect to encounter on that open glade, the spirits of the mighty Edwards, careering with the lance; to meet in yonder labyrinth the Humpback plotting treason; to be crossed in this melancholy grove by the murdered Richard, or the martyred Henry; to be tormented beneath yon aged oak, like the fat knight of old, by the ghost of Herne the hunter and his merry imps.

"From Snow Hill, an eminence about two miles distant, is enjoyed the best view of Windsor Castle. The whole south front, with tower and battlement, is there presented, flanked by the massive keep, continued by descending piles, and ending in the long line of pinnacles which terminate the buttresses of the chapel of St George. The whole mass is raised above the lofty forest, and appears from afar indeed the fitting seat of dominion, the worthy citadel of the majesty of England."

Mr Griffin's description of the House of Commons and its proceedings is very tame; that of the Court of King's Bench somewhat better; and he shortly gives his impressions of some of our principal lawyers:

"The Court of King's Bench sits in a small apartment in Westminster Hall. There is no accommodation for spectators except a narrow passage, in which they may stand, and a small gallery in the rear, where, however, the voice of the speaker cannot be heard, nor any thing be seen of him except his back. The benches are filled almost exclusively by barristers. The Court is composed of four judges, in full-bottomed wigs; that is, wigs which hang down three or four inches below the chin, and almost meet in front. The rest of their costume is grave and becoming, consisting of a black robe with an ermine cape and flowing bands. Lord Tenterden, the Chief Justice, is a fine thoughtful-looking man, with regular features, and worn and faded complexion; who realizes, by his appearance of attention, candour, and anxiety, our best conceptions of the character of a judge. Justice Bailey has a countenance still more strongly marked by lines of thought. Littledale is dignified, but not remarkable; while the prominent bright eyes of the somewhat corpulent Park, exhibit a vivacity and acuteness which I am told are characteristic of the man.

"The barristers are habited in gowns,

bands, and ordinary wigs, and are seated before the judges on an ascending series of benches. They are very numerous in their attendance, a hundred at least being ordinarily present. On the lowest bench are placed the King's Council, the Attorney-General in the centre. That elevated post is at present filled by Sir James Searlett, a man whose eminence in his profession does honour to the office. He is a tall, and remarkably stout portly man, with a broad, sanguine countenance, and features which, though small in proportion to his frame and face, are yet well and accurately formed. A perpetual smile lurks around his lips, which is remarkably intelligent, and, though sarcastic, pleasant. His mode of speaking is animated, without being impassioned: his voice is not strong, but is natural in its intonations; he gesticulates with his body as well as with his hands, seeming to follow with the whole man the direction of thought and the impulse of feeling. He is fluent in speech, clear and concise in argument. Remarkable sagacity I should consider his distinguishing characteristic.

"Mr Brougham is justly celebrated for higher qualities—his great attribute is force. In person, he is remarkably contrasted with his rival. Taller than the Attorney-General, yet he would not probably measure one-third of his circumference. His face is long and lank, his mouth drawn downward, and surrounded with deep-indented furrows. The outline of the lower part of his nose is a small segment of a circle, which is distorted, however, from time to time, into a variety of less regular curves, by a nervous twitching, of which he seems to be altogether insensible. The face, upon the whole, however, is harmonious, consistent with itself, and powerfully intellectual. His manner is most profoundly grave and earnest. No one can doubt his sincerity, and the importance of his cause. His voice is loud, deep, clear, and penetrating; his gesticulation, though constant, is in general constrained. No man understands better than himself the power of emphasis; the chief word in a passage intended to be forcible, is pronounced with a significance and an impulse of voice which infallibly arrest the attention, and fix it on the object desired. I have seen him once, and once only, when animated to such a degree as afforded some slight specimen of what he may be during one of his supernatural exertions in the House of Commons. (He has withdrawn from the House for a season, I know not for what cause, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal

appointment under the Crown.) On the occasion to which I allude, all constraint vanished from his gesticulations; both arms were extended in sympathy with the energetic feeling which elevated his person with new dignity, touched every line of his dark countenance with a glow of inspiration, and lightened from his eye with the vividness of an electric flash. The cause in which he was engaged concerned the ejection of a master of a poor-house, for gross misconduct. He had been removed by the constituted authorities, and re-elected at a meeting (which, however, Mr Brougham contended was irregular) of the parish. After a brief, clear, and calm history of the aggravated misdemeanours of the person in question, Mr Brougham asked, *Is it to be borne* that this man should be enabled, by an irregular proceeding, by a mere intrigue, to beard those very officers who have just discharged him in the discharge of their own bounden duty? &c. I do not pretend to give the words employed by Mr Brougham. Perhaps the startling effect of the unexpectedly forcible enunciation of the first phrase, conspired to drive them from a memory never very tenacious."

There is more spirit in the article entitled—"London—a Literary Party."

"I dined yesterday with a very distinguished party, at Mr M——'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*), and other *beaux esprits*; Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*, and some others of less name and fame. The first is certainly a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however—when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead, the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy, you forget, and are ready to disavow, your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty,) yet I should designate reflection as the promi-



nent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiselled nose; and compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His eyes are of a pale colour: his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr Smith carries a handsome, good-natured countenance; and Mr Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is at least amiable.

"The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr Moore and Mr Smith; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr Lockhart meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasantries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr Irving seems to be one of those men who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the Editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

"On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great

actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation. Mr Smith gave an original song, full of humour and variety. Mr Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek, but can lay no claim (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the *Fire Worshipers* gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

"I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good-looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses of, all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times would be invaluable. He has been the Mæcenas of his day; and, though not the favourite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his liberality, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich."

Mr Griffin visited Oxford, of which he says nothing, and Cambridge, of which he says not much; but that little is, as might be expected from

such a man, laudatory of the spirit of the place. He gives a sketch of the extent of knowledge necessary to obtain a bachelor's degree among the *οι πολλοι*; and all the world knows that it is about as great as the space traversed by a squirrel in his cage. But of the examination of the competitors for honours, he truly says, "that it takes in the whole of pure and mixed mathematics." It undoubtedly requires, he adds, "considerable talent, and the most laborious previous study." Aye—more than considerable—great talent—the greatest—to be senior wrangler or near the top of the list; as is proved yearly by the admirable persons who attain that proud pre-eminence, of whom not a few, the Kings, the Aireys, the Whewells, the Herschells, and the Peacocks, are among the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe.

"But the examination is exclusively mathematical—no other subject is even touched on. In justice, I ought to add, that one balance against the preponderance of mathematics exists in the fact, that prizes of considerable value are in the gift of both the colleges and the university, for proficiency in classical and other studies." This is true, but meagre; and will leave an erroneous impression on the minds of the Americans, if they happen to take from it any impression at all, of the system of education established in that illustrious university. In no college in America is classical literature studied with such enthusiasm and success as in the colleges and halls of Granta—bear witness the many great scholars she has produced and is producing, the numberless good scholars she annually distributes, along with her stately sister, all over enlightened England, who never will suffer to be shorn of their beams, even by a reformed Parliament, those two glorious establishments. But though Mr Griffin says little to the purpose on the system of education at Cambridge, he speaks worthily of the men who conduct it.

"Much has been said of the indolence of the fellows; of their disposition to quarrel, and petty intrigue; and of their fondness for guzzling ale, tipping port, and playing whist. Such things *were*. Nay, since such are the natural consequences of

a want of ambition to be useful or distinguished, a want of occupation, and a want of that most practical stimulant, dire necessity, such things doubtless *are*. The cases, however, are unfrequent. The fellows to whom I had the honour to be introduced, were men of a different stamp. They were gentlemen, in the highest meaning of that high term; and bore about them no traces of their somewhat monastic system. Their conversation smelt a little of the shop—was sometimes a little too mathematical, at least for me; but was throughout the most purely intellectual that I have ever enjoyed. Their reunions, after a plain but well cooked dinner on the *dais* of their college-hall, either in the common sitting-room, or in the apartments of some individual member, left upon my mind a delightful impression. It was such as literary society should be, composed only of men of real learning; of friends, confiding in the mutual esteem entertained by all, undisturbed by impudent quacks or ambitious pretenders. I have always pitied a man of letters drawn into a house for the purpose of being drawn out for exhibition. Such men are at home only with their equals."

The Star of Columbia college thus speaks of what he saw of the everyday life at Cambridge.

"The dining-halls are, most of them, noble apartments. The fare is plain, but well cooked, and attended by potations of excellent ale. The services in chapel, particularly in the evening, are very imposing, from the long lines of lights and surpliced students. The dresses of the students are beautiful and becoming. Fellow-commoners, that is, those who pay higher, dine at the table with the fellows, wear gowns barred on the sleeves with gold or silver, and caps with gold or silver tassels. The fellow-commoners of Trinity wear blue and silver gowns; the others black and gold. Noblemen wear full sleeves; and have the high privilege of wearing hats instead of caps. There is more in these dresses than at first meets the eye. The obligation to wear them at all times is enforced by very high penalties. The dress acts upon the wearer's *esprit du corps*, inducing him to maintain the respectability of the body to which he belongs, and also keeps before his eyes the fear of detection. The mode of conferring degrees at Cambridge continues the old form of feudal homage. The candidate kneels, and places his hands between those of the vice-chancellor. The ceremony is accompanied by a truly English salutation. If the individual be popular, or admired, the senate-house rings,



as he advances, with the acclamations of his companions."

We have sections entitled Stratford upon Avon--Warwick Castle--Beauchamp Chapel--Ruins of Kenilworth--Speedwell Mine in Derbyshire--Scenery of Cumberland--all written with animation and picturesque effect. Of Shakspeare he says, with much simplicity, "For my own part I have always considered him, in the union of great and shining qualities, in profoundness of intellect, and lofty creative power, as the most extraordinary person that England or the world has ever produced." At Keswick he visits Mr Southey, and tells how pleasing were his impressions of that good and great man.

"In the midst of this scene of soothing beauty and abundant fertility on the one hand, and of picturesque grandeur and wild sublimity on the other, lives Mr Southey; the character of whose genius seems to have been formed after, or itself actually to have given shape to, the material objects by which it is surrounded. He resides at Greta Hall, beautifully situated upon a rising ground near the river Greta. I found him in the evening, surrounded by his books and family, the most simple and unpretending of men. He is in person above the middle size, but slender, with something of the stoop and listless air of an habitual student. A retiring forehead, shaded in part by thick curled hair, already grey; strongly marked arching eyebrows; uncommonly full, dark eyes, blue, I incline to think; a thin but very prominent nose; a mouth large and eloquent, and a retreating but well-defined chin, compose a countenance which, whether animated or contemplative, and it frequently changes its character, is at once impressive and attractive. To give you, perhaps, a more definite idea of his features, they resemble, in form and arrangement, those of Kirke White. Indeed, so striking is the likeness, that the mother of Kirke White was very much affected by it on her first interview with the biographer of her son. He converses very rapidly, both in language and ideas. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with his mind, in its transition from one idea to another, consequent upon, or analogous to it. He asserts with great energy and decision; but this seems to arise, not from a disposition to dogmatize, but from a natural impetuosity and perspicacity of mind. He uses no gesticulation; but his features and his person are instinct with animation, and alive with

nervous action. He frequently walks up and down the room, as if to expend a superabundant quantity of excitement. Though he has viewed the scenery of the continent with the eye and imagination of a poet, yet he seems fondly attached to the scenes among which he lives, and loves to point out their beauties. Indeed, I should have discovered his favourite haunts without his assistance. Mr Southey's walks, and Mr Southey's views, seemed to be almost as well known to my guide as to himself. I was delighted to hear him speak in terms of enthusiastic applause of an American production. He had lately received from the United States a book containing the life and remains of Miss Davidson. He remarked that he had never read a more melancholy or interesting story; that the young authoress, who died like Kirke White from over-excitement, exhibited in her poems proof of uncommon early talent. I am persuaded that the idea too commonly prevalent in our country, that Mr Southey is disposed to undervalue American genius, is incorrect. He evinces, it is true, a glowing attachment to his own country; but he also displays in his countenance, manners, and conversation, the liberal views and feelings of a general philanthropist."

We fear that Mr Griffin's heart never took kindly to England. In his last letter from London he says, "I return a more enlightened, and for that reason a more *partial* American than ever. I love my country better, and see reason to love it better, than before I left it." On this sentence Professor M'Vicker thus comments:—

"While no American would feel inclined to dissent from this conclusion, there are many who may see in it a tone of excited feeling, not only foreign to the mildness of Mr Griffin's character, but unfavourable to the acknowledgment by foreigners of its truth. The explanation of this warmth is afforded by his private journal; from which it appears that his feelings, as an American, had been often wounded during his stay in England, by a sneering tone on the subject of his country; he having been so *unfortunate* as to meet with some whose patriotism went beyond their politeness, and it is probable, beyond either their knowledge or judgment. The author says, that in this Mr G. was *unfortunate*, since, judging from his own experience, such language is as rare in England, as it is misapplied. His recollections of a recent visit not furnishing him with a single

instance of an educated man, who was not also liberal in his feelings towards America; and though often ignorant of the detail of her institutions, yet appreciating justly their nature and influence; and reciprocating with fraternal frankness those sentiments of respect and amity which unquestionably belong to the better part of the American community. These are sentiments, it may be added, not only just, but mutually becoming: they spring naturally from the sympathy of a common language, literature, and faith, and no feeling or considerate mind would willingly wound them; woe then to that pen, or that policy, by which such bonds are severed, and which seeks to sow discord where nature hath planted peace. Treated as a brother, the writer would now fain perform a brother's part, and add his mite towards healing those wounds of petty jealousy, which are as unwise in policy as they are in domestic life, and certainly are unworthy of great and kindred nations.

"But Mr Griffin's feelings had been evidently greatly hurt, insomuch as to induce him to address a letter on the subject to the editor of a leading Review in London; which, however, it would seem that second thoughts withheld him from sending."

We cannot but consider this extreme, almost morbid sensitiveness of Mr Griffin, on the subject of his country's wrongs, as but in part characteristic of his own nature, in part of that of all Americans. In Paris, we presume, people give themselves no trouble in thinking about the "free-born," but look on them merely as human beings, more profuse, it may be, of their expectorations (though 'tis not easy to outspit a Frenchman) than of their gesticulations, and conjectured to be aliens but from the unshrugging shoulders they bring with them over the main. In Italy, again, Americans pass from town to town, undistinguished from Europeans; seldom mix much in native society; and, should they sometimes do so, we can well believe that they hear neither praise nor blame of their country, from the mellifluous tongues murmuring round them that sweetest of all speech. In Paris, Mr Griffin listened to the lectures of *savans*; in Rome, he gazed on pictures and statues; in Switzerland, he conversed with the cloud-capt mountains; and in Germany, he heard but the flowings of the

Rhine. There could not possibly occur any thing there to hurt that *amor patriæ*, which in him, as in every other American, is *amour propre*; but in England, proud, bluff, rude, merry England, he was looked at in his true light, that of a Yankee, whose face, however mild, and Mr Griffin's was not merely mild, but we are told beautiful, seems to an English ear or eye—we know not which, so let us say both—to be perpetually playing, as from an invisible Jew's harp, the tune of *Yankee Doodle*. That any coarse or contemptuous words should have dropt from any lips, in his presence, respecting the character or claims of his country or countrymen, we, as polite persons, do very much regret—none such should ever have fallen from our lips in such companionship. But surely on meeting with outspoken sentiments or opinions somewhat derogatory to the dignities of the United States, Mr Griffin needed not to have been either greatly surprised or distressed; and might have been prepared, from all he had heard of us at home, to suffer such offences without any disturbance of temper.

All Englishmen who have visited America encounter the same sort of treatment every hour; but they simply smile, chuckle, or crow, and are not impatient to take shipping for the chalk-cliffs at the first—nor yet the fiftieth insolent sneer—though filthified with the fumes of tobacco. The idea of John Bull's always behaving prettily and mimily before Jonathan, cautious not to give offence, as if he were a boarding-school miss mincing matters through a delicate small mouth, is surely absurd; by his very name he is privileged to growl, nay, bellow; and our brethren across the water may be assured that he would not abuse them if he did not regard them, I guess, with pretty considerable respect. They are not Frenchmen, nor Italians, nor—we were going to say Germans—but bone of his bone, and blood of his blood; they have made us haul down our flag more than once, and be—to them; and so have we theirs, (Broke did so in ten minutes;) and therefore, as we said before, we love and hate, and shake hands with and insult them; heap hospitalities upon



their heads, well knowing that we shall be repaid in kind another day. On seeing them on board a packet at Liverpool, give them a blessing, and perhaps, as she leaves the mouth of the Mersey, pipe our eye, and in our swollen throats gulp down a religious farewell.

"Boston is a pretty town,  
And so is Philadelphia;  
You shall have a sugar plum,  
And I'll have one—myself—eh?"

The subject is a somewhat serious one, it is true, though we have chosen, as is our wont, to treat it somewhat jocularly; and perhaps 'tis the best way of preventing any bad blood between the nations. Let us be men, not children. In that character we have met in war—and after sinking of ships and burning of towns, and defeats by sea and land given and received, but never on either side with loss of honour, why complain childishly of conversational incivilities in peace, it being well known to all the world that we are both great bears—all three—John, Jonathan, and Sandy—yet three such bears as could, if fighting on the same side, send to the devil in double quick time, mountains of wolves and wildernesses of monkeys. But Mr Griffin, though a high-spirited youth, was but a youth, and had mingled little with rough-and-ready full-grown men, with hair on their breasts, and fists like shoulders of mutton. Professor M'Vickar had fifteen years more growth and strength of character than his amiable friend, when he paid us a visit; and the impressions he carried back with him to Columbia College, of which he is an ornament, we need not be ashamed of, as they are given above in that manly passage. We should like to see a book from his hands on us and our country; nor would any man or woman of sense in Britain take offence at that freedom of speech with which it would be necessary for him to speak of the *Idle Invincible*. But though Mr Griffin's first and last letters from our shore, shewed that he brought with him a somewhat jealous and suspicious temper of mind towards us, and carried away—sorry are we to say it—no very genial feelings towards the nation, yet, of our distin-

guished men whom he visited, he speaks with respect and admiration, and he shews throughout, that no annoyance he may have suffered unduly to ruffle his equanimity, damped or disturbed the enthusiasm with which he worshipped genius and virtue.

He seems to have been happier in Edinburgh than in London;—and here are pictures—and good ones—of some of our most illustrious Scottish worthies:—

"In the first division of the inner court, you find seated daily, in the capacity of clerk, no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott, unquestionably and by universal suffrage the literary wonder of his age. He is a tall man, of large but not well filled frame. His shoulders are remarkably sloping, giving an appearance of great longitude to his neck. He is very lame, the consequence of an accident which occurred years ago. When he walks, one knee bends under him and turns inward, making his progress very slow, and painful to the spectator. His head, bald upon the crown, is considered a wonder by phrenologists. It is certainly the highest above the ears I have ever seen; and if, as many allow who yet scout the science of phrenology, the front part of the cranium indicates the intellectual ability, as the hinder part does the animal tendencies of the individual, then the intellectual abilities of Sir Walter Scott must be marvellous indeed; a fact, however, for proof of which we need not resort to so questionable an authority. But if the head of this great man confirms one of the principles of phrenology, his features utterly contradict all the conclusions of a sister science. True, the forehead is capacious and finely formed, as far as you can see through the few grey locks combed down over it; and the brow overhanging and strongly marked. But the eye is small, and generally dim; and the lower features of the countenance, at least when in a state of repose, bear no indications of the mighty spirit that dwells within. In court, he ordinarily appears as if asleep, or retired so far within himself that no thought or emotion disturbs the placidity of the exterior surface. Twice only, and I have watched his countenance for hours, have I there seen it illuminated with an expression indicative of his genius. On one occasion, his eye was turned on one of the spectators, and his countenance involuntarily became so quizzically humorous, that I really could not help laughing, and think-

ing to myself that he had recognised the original of his own Saddletree. On another occasion, his features were fixed in an attitude of concentrated woe, more eloquent than I should have thought them capable of assuming. His soul seemed to have escaped to the pastures of St Leonard's, or the precincts of the Grassmarket, or to be wandering far away amid the groves of Ravenswood, or dwelling in the retirement of Cumnor. Such is an outline of the personal appearance of that extraordinary man, who has created a new era in literature; who has communicated the charm of classic association to every name and place which he has touched; who is the boast of Scotland, the glory of Great Britain, an honour and an ornament of human nature. Such, I should rather say, is an outline of his appearance in the reverie and abstraction of his quiet station in court. For, in conversation, his countenance brightens with intelligence, and overflows with goodness. You forget what you lately thought his torpid and unmeaning features; you forget yourself and the world; you only remember that you are in the presence, and are listening to the accents, of the greatest of living men.

"Another object of perhaps equal interest in the Scottish courts, is Mr Jeffrey. He is now Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, ostensibly, and really, too, the head of the Scottish bar. He is a small man, remarkably light and active in all his motions. The most marked peculiarity of his countenance, is a large, dark, and rather prominent eye, full of activity and fire. In his voice there is a charm but rarely to be met with. Deep, rich, and mellow, its bland and varied tones of themselves communicate pleasure to the ear. Periods of the utmost elegance fall spontaneous from his lips. Without effort, his imagination clothes his thoughts in images the most apt, the most illustrative, the most poetical, according to the subject of discussion. His knowledge seems universal. He has a quickness of mind, and I have seen it illustrated on more than one occasion, that flies to a conclusion over the heads of ordinary mortals, and astonishes them, not only by the rapidity of its movement, but by the directness of its course, and the infallibility of its aim. I can now imagine, what was before a problem, how he contrives, amid a multitude of professional engagements, that would of themselves oppress almost any other man, to write so much, as for a long time he has been known to do, on merely literary subjects. It is no effort to him to write extempore. Since

his elevation to the place of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, some six months since, I believe, he has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, though it is said to have yielded him fifteen hundred pounds a-year. He is a gentleman of the old school, and possesses a cordial courtesy of manners, which puts one at one's ease with him, notwithstanding the consciousness of his eminent talents and distinguished reputation. His conversation is the most delightful that I have ever heard. He resides, in summer, at a charming retreat, called Craigercock, about three miles from Edinburgh, near the Queensferry road; where, surrounded with books and friends, and the most delightful scenery, he cultivates the muses. No one can visit him there, without being vividly reminded of Cicero, and the occupations and inmates of Tusculum.

"I have seen Mrs Grant of Laggan. That remarkable lady is one of the literary boasts of Edinburgh; familiar with all the men of letters, and universally respected. She was the daughter of a barrack-master in the British army, and was in the United States at the age of thirteen, in company with her father, during the revolutionary war. She afterwards married a clergyman, who became a minister of Laggan, a small place somewhere, I believe, in the Highlands, from which she continues to derive her distinctive appellation. From these small beginnings she has raised herself by her talents and her virtues to high literary eminence, and an intimate and equal intercourse with people of the greatest rank and fortune. She is the author, as you doubtless know, of *Letters from the Highlands*, and *Memoirs of an American Lady*. She has lost nine children, all of whom died after they were grown up, and has but one surviving. She is herself a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches; and even with their assistance, her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in Divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, and yet so tranquil; so indicative, at once, both of goodness and of greatness. Her broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted grey hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently, among friends, claims the privilege of age to speak, what



she calls the truth ; what every one indeed must acknowledge to be such, in its wisest and most attractive form.

“ One of the most remarkable days of my life, to be marked, as old Horace says, with a white stone, or bean, I really forget which, was the one on which I saw Mackenzie, ‘ The Man of Feeling.’ I found him just returned from a drive, and seated, musing, in his study ; a tall figure, wasted by age, with a venerable countenance, whose mild, beneficent expression, age seems only to have heightened. I never saw a form and face so instinct with goodness, so attractive of affection. The tenderness poured forth in his works, seems diffused around his person ; and I defy any man that has a soul, to admire the former more than he shall feel inclined at once to love the latter. He received me with an air almost paternal, and broke at once into an animated conversation. It was then that his eye glowed with a fire which I had not anticipated, but which you may see sometimes exhibited in his portraits. He spoke of the Continent at once with the fond recollection of age, and the ardent animation of youth. I thought of Julia de Roubigné, but did not venture to remind him of the scenes where his own story is laid. Out of compliment to me, he alluded to my own country, saying, that there was a manifest bond between Great Britain and America, both by nature and self-interest ; and that for his own part he had always been an advocate for conciliation and friendship. He admired the elastic and enterprising spirit of my countrymen. I confess, I felt the prouder for his praise ; though, in such a case, my pride would reject the praises of most men. I should have been delighted to draw him into a conversation relating to the olden times, to the distinguished companions of his more youthful days ; a subject on which, it is said, he loves to expatiate, and sometimes expatiates to the delight of every auditor. Who, indeed, would not expect so much from the friend and companion of Johnson and Goldsmith, the living patriarch of letters ? This pleasure, however, I was obliged to forego, as I could presume neither to lead nor to fatigue him. After some further conversation, therefore, on Scottish scenery, and the direction of my tour, I withdrew.”

He then gives a brief account of some modes and habits of ours, not without interest to him, because, he says, different from those in his own country :—

“ The houses at Edinburgh are much

better fitted for the reception of company than our own ; though it puzzles me to imagine how sleeping accommodations are found for a large family, where so much room is occupied for other purposes. The drawing-room is always on the second story, and occupies the whole front or depth of the house. Adjoining is a small parlour, closed by a folding door, or left entirely open, and constituting a part of the drawing-room. The dining-room is always below, and the library beside it. The furniture is much plainer than ours, but far more tasteful. No flaring mirrors or gilt pier-tables are to be seen ; the most striking objects are an ottoman in middle of the room, and a chandelier above it. As few as possible of those awkward articles, called chairs, are admitted ; their place is supplied by sofas, and in some instances by cushioned benches placed along the recesses of the windows. The dining-room is always very plain. The dresses of the ladies are remarkably simple. I have seen the daughter of a baronet dressed in something that looked very much like calico, at a large music party at home. The gentlemen—were one of our exquisites dropped down among them, he would think himself in a clerical conclave, and might himself be regarded as an ape newly caught, of some unknown species. The finest gentlemen in fact, in point of dress, are the servants, with their gay liveries, velvet small-clothes, and white silk stockings. The mode of introduction at these parties is peculiarly convenient. A servant receives your name at the door, and transmits it through an ascending file of some half dozen of his fellows, to the entrance of the drawing-room ; there it is audibly pronounced, attracting at once the attention of the master and the mistress of the house. This proclamation of your name does not, it is true, entitle you to address an individual without a special introduction ; yet to a stranger it saves the awkwardness of a long search for his inviters, whom perhaps he may not even personally know. The conversation among both ladies and gentlemen, is of a far more literary cast, I am sorry to say, than with us. Without being downright blue or pedantic, it is sensible and instructive ; without marching always upon stilts, it yet manages to get over the mud of scandal, and the dust of frivolity, without soiling a shoe.

“ On a pleasant day, the promenades of Edinburgh present an animated and pleasing scene. Yet I have seen a much more brilliant display in our own Broadway. Not that I mean to prefer the latter. The Scotch ladies dress with good

sense and good taste, warmly as becomes the season, and plainly and in dark colours, as becomes the place. Many a time, in my own country, I have been compelled to anticipate cold and consumption from the sight of a silk slipper. Many a time have I trembled for the fate of a gauze, jostled by some rude porter. Many a time have I been grieved by seeing garments of the most delicate hues visited, alas, too roughly, by the winds of heaven, with a plentiful sprinkling of dust. And all these emotions have been excited by the very course adopted, I suppose, (unless people dress to please themselves,) to fascinate me, and all the world. But if to the Scotch ladies I am obliged to assign the palm of dress, what satisfaction do I find in claiming for my own fair countrywomen the golden prize of beauty? Since, then, they stand less in need of the foreign aid of ornament, why will they not submit, in this single instance, to the warning voice of prudence, and the dictates of a juster though severer taste? Health, far more than ornament, is the soul of beauty.

"The weather has been just cold enough to freeze over Duddingston Loch, and make it capable of bearing. Such an occasion is eagerly embraced, not only by the boys and youth, but by men of advanced age and dignified character. Mr Jeffrey\* is a distinguished member of the skating club, and Principal Baird has attained a high reputation as a curler. The ladies swarm to witness the exhibition, and the whole scene is more gay and animated than any of which we have an idea, accustomed, as we are, to the exercise of skating, and the more frequent opportunities of using it. By the by, it is a marked distinction between the manners of our country and this, that sports, which with us are abandoned on leaving school, or at farthest on quitting college, are here persisted in with increasing ardour, to the very verge of old age. The active games of golf, skating, curling, &c. have the same attractions for the man of fifty, as they had for the boy of ten.

"Yet cheerful as is the spirit which this circumstance would seem to indicate, the Christmas holidays are not kept here with any show of festivity. Except in the Episcopal chapels, there are no religious services on either Christmas or New Year's day. On both days the shops are all open; and the Scottish tradesman is more occupied in getting in his bills, than in reflecting on the glories of his

coming dinner. One singular exception, however, to this general rule, is presented on New Year's eve. On this occasion, the ancient Saturnalia seem to be revived. The streets are filled with groups of persons bearing in triumph a bottle and a glass; or, still more frequently, a kettle of hot punch, who insist on your shaking their greasy palms, and drinking to their future happiness. These worthy personages also claim, as matter of prescription transmitted from their ancestors, the right of kissing every female who appears in the streets after twelve o'clock, whether it be a lady in her chair or carriage, unluckily detained beyond the witching hour, or a merry maid-servant who has stolen forth intent upon securing at least her share of frolic and of kisses. Various other pranks do they enact with impunity, to the great disturbance of the public sleep.

"I would with great satisfaction remain at Edinburgh the whole winter, instead of going to London. The Scotch are the kindest, the most hospitable, and most agreeable people in the world. To give you an instance of their hospitality: I think I mentioned to you that I had met, on the summit of Mount Righi, a young Russian nobleman called De Vincoline, who urged me very earnestly to go back with him to Russia, whither he was returning in the winter. The other day, whom should I encounter, in a reading-room to which I had gone to look over some American papers, but my young Russian. I had completely forgotten his features, as we had passed only a day or two together; but fortunately recollected him the moment he mentioned the Righi. He told me, that, after leaving me, he met with some Scotchmen, who diverted him from his intention of returning home, by setting forth the beauties of Edinburgh, and the excellencies of its University. Accordingly, he descended the Rhine in their company, and came to Scotland, passing weeks among their relations in Ayrshire, and among the Western Highlands. He is now residing with one of them at his country-seat, about five miles from Edinburgh, and attends the chymical and metaphysical lectures at the University. He is, it is true, a most accomplished person, and a nobleman—facts which may in part account for the extraordinary hospitality shewn him. But Scottish hospitality, in all its kind and soothing influences, is extended also to the stranger who claims neither high birth nor eminent accom-

\* Mr Cockburn.



plishments: I shall leave Edinburgh with impressions on my mind and heart which nothing but the cold hand of death can ever obliterate."

Mr Griffin returned to America in April 1830; and within a week of his arrival, was appointed to deliver a course of lectures on literature in Columbia College, in consequence of the illness of his biographer. During the months of May and June, they were prepared, written out, and delivered; and a considerable part of them are published in these volumes. And we agree with Professor M'Vickar, that when it is considered that it was a voluntary service, taken up without premeditation, on the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of congratulation, it may be said, without exaggeration, that they remain a noble monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him had life been spared.

"For the task itself Mr Griffin was well fitted, both by nature and education; since, to great natural delicacy of taste was added a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still farther cultivated his taste, but produced somewhat of its usual influence in raising criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his early acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructor, (Professor Da Ponte) speaks of him as having evinced a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors. With the French he was equally familiar. According to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren,) he spoke the language, upon his return from Europe, with such purity, that Mr Verren looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that tongue. His course embraced Roman and Italian literature, together with that

of England, down to the writers of the reign of Charles II."

But the close of his career was at hand. Released from his college labours, Edmund paid a visit to a younger brother in the western part of the state of Massachusetts, one whom he had not seen since his return, whom he had left, two years before, a thoughtless, perhaps worldly youth, but found now a devoted zealous enquirer after Christian truth, abandoning the fair prospects of worldly advancement which had begun to open to him, and retiring to solitude and study, with a view to devote himself to the work of the ministry. With that beloved brother he returned to New York, and with him spent the few remaining days of his life. They were passed in such delightful and improving intercourse, that the survivor loves to look back upon them as a period when brotherly affection was sanctified by the common bond of deep-felt religion, and made more tender by the feelings of long separation. The news of the happy change on his brother's feelings had reached Edmund in Europe, and the following is an extract from one of his earliest letters after his arrival:—

"One of my most eager longings, on my voyage home, was to have an opportunity of conversing freely with you on the happy change which you have recently experienced; a change which concerns not merely temporal, or transitory interest, but which secures, I trust, your eternal happiness. I have wished to see you accomplished, literary, rich; but God has given you brighter ornaments, a more precious wisdom, and more enduring riches. I purchased for you, at Geneva, a very pretty breastpin. At present I shall not tender it to your acceptance, but shall retain for you a Bible purchased for my own use, and which includes, under the same cover, (no unmeet companion,) the Common Prayer-book of the Church of England. I shall send it by the first opportunity that occurs, and beg that you will make the Bible, at present, the sole object of religious study. Have nothing to do, as yet, with *theology*. It is enough for the present, that the Bible convinces you of the heinousness of sins committed by yourself, and points out the only remedy, the atoning blood of the Lamb of God; that the Bible assures you of your own

inability to turn to God, and to preserve your peace with him, and directs you to the only efficient aid in the assisting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, to be sought by prayer, meditation, and the attentive perusal of the will of God. It is enough, that as the Bible threatens, so also it promises; as it pierces, so also it heals; that it has brought life and immortality to light, and has assured a participation in those glorious privileges, to all who humbly and perseveringly seek after them. With the explanation of minor difficulties, you have at present no concern; they are but as motes in the sunbeam; they cannot interrupt the passage of the light."

One afternoon, the two brothers crossed the river to Hoboken, in order that, in the retirement of that rural spot, they might wander and talk with greater freedom. On the morning of the same day, Edmund had passed some hours with his friend, the Jay Professor of Languages in the college, planning, among other schemes of literary labour, to devote the leisure of his vacation to German literature. Full of life and health, and all its energy of usefulness and self-improvement, no labour, says his biographer, seemed too great for him, no attainments beyond his grasp; insomuch that one of his friends, upon his departure, gave vent to that mingled feeling of admiration and fear which is so naturally inspired by an over-prosperous good fortune, and which, on this occasion, seemed like a presentiment of evil. So natural, continues Professor M'Vickar, in a fine strain, is this apprehension of the near approach of sudden misfortune in the midst of great prosperity, as to have inspired the ancient heathen with the belief that some deity was jealous of man. Christianity has taught us the wiser lesson, that it is appointed to teach us the vanity of the world.

In the course of their walk, the

younger brother was relating to Edmund a death-bed scene which a few weeks before he had witnessed; and he now describes him as riveted to the spot in mute attention, every feature fixed, every faculty of the mind absorbed, and for minutes after the tale was ended, apparently lost in thought, as if some secret voice had whispered to him, "Be thou also ready." Before they reached home, the fatal disease (inflammation) had attacked him. This was on Saturday; and on the Tuesday following (August 31, 1830) he expired. The Rev. Dr Lyell, who was with him at the last, says—"that he had seen deaths more triumphant, but never one so calm and tranquil." The details of his sufferings and resignation are given very simply and affectingly; and Professor M'Vickar, who has done himself infinite honour by his part in this publication, among other fine reflections on the death of his friend, says beautifully, that "he trusts this fair portraiture of youth well employed, will lead some of those who are following in the path of life to form themselves upon its model; that by it some will be roused to diligence, from witnessing what diligence can accomplish; some be saved from vice, by beholding the beauty of innocence; some be led to religion, by seeing it united with taste and accomplishments; some be weaned from their prejudices against a church to which such an enquirer was freely led; some child be won to filial obedience; some brother to fraternal love, by the pleasing picture exhibited of domestic attachment; and all who read it be impressed with the wisdom of being prepared for an event against which no sufficient barrier was found in youth, health, knowledge, virtue, or all the fond anticipations which human affection builds upon them."



## CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

## FLIGHT SECOND.

DAYLIGHT has dissolved our dream; and we have fallen to earth from heaven. SHE was ours at last; and, as we folded to our bosom our fainting bride, in her nuptial dress, tall, slender, and white as a lily leaning on a rose, her balmy breath blended with our being, that felt as if both flowers were immortal in the embrace of love. Not so blest was Adam the hour Eve arose, in her dewy prime, among the bowers of Paradise. But the divine agony has shivered our soul out of sleep, and we have awoke—an old bachelor. Yes—we did indeed dream that we were married to an angel. No name had she—no parents—no birthplace—but there she stood—there she sank into our arms—an anonymous alien from some celestial clime—and we knew that she was BEAUTY. “Christopher! my adored Christopher! I am thine for ever!” When crash to some cat, we shrewdly suspect, went some crockery in the kitchen below our cubiculum, and the VISION left in our hold only a long lank bolster, the parent apparently of twin-pillows, that in our ecstasy had been sent a-packing across the floor!

Perhaps it is, on the whole, just as well. We should have soon sickened of BEAUTY, and sighed for SUBLIMITY; like Solomon, on high places, worshipping idols. We were not born to be a Benedick. 'Tis fitting we should be the last of our race. For, humbly be it spoken, what son could succeed such a sire, nor seem so be but a shadow! Let our Family, then, on our demise, be extinct—our Fame immortal—our Light shine for ever, like a Pharos over the night-sea of Time!

But where the deuce are we—in Edinburgh, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, or Jerusalem? In the little wayside Inn beneath its sycamore in SEATHWAITE! Through the “half-uncurtained window” gleams the glorious greenness of that leafy Tent. On the honey dew are already feasting many million dawn-delighting bees, invisible in the murmur that seems to come from the

glad tree's heart. God bless thy bonnie white breastie, thou most Christian creature of all birds, save and except the Robin, looking out with thy pretty head awry, from thy “procreant cradle,” in the window-corner below the cornice, which from far-off climes thou annually revisitest true as the spring. Thy song is but a twitter, sweet swallow! yet to our heart awakening as nightingale's thick-warbled hymns. But thou hast leaped away out into the morning, and art bathing thy wings now in the dews from many a flowering shrub steaming odorous to that bright blue sky. That “cock's shrill clarion” is awakening the village. The slow-rising cows are beginning to low in the pastures; and what curious cry is that, as if from some complaining child? 'Tis a nannie-goat bleating her kids along the cliff. But all the air is singing and ringing now, one wide universal aviary where all wings are free. We must be up and doing; but let us not forget to slip on our breeches; though in a few minutes we must let them off again—for we must have a plunge in the Black-pool, out of which we shall emerge as red as a lobster.

A commodious bath—only two fields from the Inn. The grass must have been growing during the night, for it is tickling our bare ankles; and sure of all coolness, none so refreshing to the frame as that which follows one's foot-prints on meadow aglitter with morning dews. What a rich promise of nuts! The hazels are in their full beauty now; and almost as fragrant as the birches themselves, while putting forth what we might almost venture to call blossoms. No diver like a water-ousel. But what is the meaning of this? The Black-pool dry! Drawn off perhaps to irrigate these low-lying hay-fields, which prefer the moisture that falls down direct in sunny showers from heaven. No. 'Tis an optical deception played off on us by the GENIUS LOCI. He has changed the water into seeming air

“To touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,”

but a shadow—'tis a hawk's—crosses the abyss—and lo ! again visible the deepest linn of the Duddon. Here it goes—head over heels—like a tumbler-pigeon.

Like the effect of the enunciation of the Reform Bill on poor Mr John Smith, we declare it has "quite taken away our breath." Our hair, however, is not standing on end, like that of Sir Thomas Lethbridge—but the reverse—and our head is as sleek as that of a Methodist minister. One minute of a morning plunge-bath in the Black-pool is sufficient to string up the carcass of Christopher into a well-toned fiddle. We could kick a Cockney—fell a Stot. Don't be alarmed, my pretty girl—but pass on with a blush to the cow-milking; and we shall be with you ere you have wet your pail. Confound that flannel shirt—it is personating a strait waistcoat—and with our arms pinioned in this fashion, we must look like a lunatic escaped from an Asylum. 'Tis lucky it is not linen; but now we are busked, or, in other words, have re-entered into our breeches, and though not exactly fit to appear in church or market, yet at four o'clock of a summer morning, in a meadow, bounded on the east by the river Duddon, and on the west by the village of Seathwaite, our apparel, though scant, is respectable, and preserves, now that it has been got fairly on, the strictest decency; so let us keep our tryst below the hawthorn, though made hurriedly to Cicey as she passed, and, hanging over her as she "does her spiriting gently," contrive, if possible, to keep the milch-kine from whisking the tuft of their tails into her rosy countenance. So busy is the industrious creature, that she is not aware of our approach. So we fold our hands suddenly across her eyes, and while we feel the blush beneath the bandage, snatching a kiss, ask the startled maiden to tell the name of the ravisher. Half-frightened, half-ashamed, and wholly not displeased, the innocent nymph giggles, "Mr North! Mr North!" By and by, she holds up the pail to our lips—we the while stooping our anointed head, and drinking deep down through the froth into the more solid liquid, wish her with our twinkling eyes a long life and a good

husband, to which pious prayer a downcast look, enlivened by a dimple on the cheek of the cunning clerke, seems to breathe fervently "Amen!"

This little love adventure over, we re-march to the inn as mighty as Amadis de Gaul. All the people of the house are up and stirring, and eke Jonathan; but those two lazy young fellows, the oldest of them not fifty, are still snoring like owlets in a barn, and we must tweak their nebs. What a couple of unmeaning faces! The mouth to the right has manifestly the advantage in size—but the nose on the left is the master. Like the Shepherd, they are both, we declare, sleeping without shirts! and have kicked, in the sultriness, sheets and blankets over the foot of their beds. Our hands fall very opportunely on these two water-jugs. There, gentlemen, "ar'n't these two very pretty cascades?"—"Fire! fire! fire! murder! murder! murder!" Why, you fools, what confusion in the elements! But on with your clothes, my lads, for the eggs are in the pan—the bread is baked—the butter churned—the breakfast will be getting impatient; and, as we have a stiff walk, we wish to have a long day before us; so in half-an-hour we must be off, to the tune of "owre the hills and far awa'!"

It was not our intention, originally, to breakfast so soon after supper; but simply to take a whet, and to look forwards to that meal at the Woolpack in Eskdale. But we find it difficult to desert the diet, which has grown upon our hands into a regular repast: 'Tis but a new edition—with additions—of the same poem. We are more remarkable for a steady than a voracious appetite. We play a sure, rather than a dashing game, at whist. To see us set to work, you would think we were not hungry; so composed are all our motions; and so leisurely the openings and the shuttings of our mouth. But ere long you begin to suspect that it is likely to prove something serious; for people are repeatedly calling for bread, and eyeing us as the cause of the unaccountable disappearance of the staff of life. Our plate seems never empty, and never full; yet 'tis not the same, but a different muffin. The eggs, in our immediate vicinity,



as if by legerdemain, become egg shells; and though our fondness for that relish is notorious, nobody ever saw us helping ourselves to more ham. That we are not idle is *felt*; yet we have the air of a man retired from business, rather than of one actively engaged at victuals. It is one of our peculiarities—one of our characteristics—that the more we eat, (except when we happen to be sickly, and then we are ravenous from the first,) the sharper grows our appetite, up to the highest pinnacle; and, which we believe is also rather unusual, from that culminating point our stomach may be said to decline, almost as imperceptibly to the naked eye as the sun westering from the meridian. In all this there is fine philosophical *keeping*; and the common run of mankind, who devour by fits and starts, “wonder, and of their wondering find no end,” on seeing us pursuing our calm career, without one symptom of fatigue or repletion, when they have got to the full length of their tether, and feel, perhaps, as if about to burst. The close of their meal seems sometimes as if it were coeval with the commencement of ours; yet we started together instantly after grace, and by and by, if they have not left the table, they will hear us ask a blessing like a bishop.

In walking through a country, we seldom refuse a *lift*. Cart, waggon, car, cab, shandrydan, gig, post-shay, coach, or omnibus—horse, mule, or donkey—we avail ourselves of in our progress through life—and this it is to be pedestrians. The landlord is going into Eskdale, we find, for a load of hay, his winter store being ate out; so with him we shall take a hurl to the house of our old friend Vickars. You two can find your way, with Jonathan, over the mountain, to the Woolpack, by Birker Force. There we shall lunch. Remember, Jonathan, that you have charge of the fowls. Let them not out of the wallet till we meet again—and we had better carry the flask. Go up the Duddon about a mile of meadows, and as soon as they are fairly done, which you will know by a wild scattering of rocks, central among the shiver one cliff like a crushed cathedral, eyes left, and you will see what looks like the de-

serted bed of a dead river. A long narrow glen, one of the greenest you ever saw all your days, will lead you into the heart of the hills. You will see no more houses, but at its head a sheepfold. You then go right over the mountain, edging westwards; and come down on a wide, flat, rushy moor, beloved by curlews, and in its plashy precincts the wild-ducks breed. Cross it as the crow flies, and you will observe on the hill beyond the remains of a birch wood, and one of the most beautiful hollies that ever brightened solitude. Keep that glittering giant on your right, and in half a mile or so, you will look down from a height, inexplicably crowned with a heap of stones like a cairn—perhaps it covers the bones of some ancient king—on three glens, that will be floating—we answer for them—in the haze of a soft dim blue aerial light. The huge mountain, along whose shoulder you are now crawling like so many lice, is Birker; and you can be at no loss to know down which of the three glens flows the stream that falls thunderously over the cliffs near the head of Eskdale, in shape of that famous Force.

We are tempted to go with you, boys, so vivid is the scene you are about to visit in our imagination. The birthplace of the stream is in a fairy ring of greensward among the brackens, where perpetually are lying a few sheep. Its source is a spring—a well on which float some water-cresses, which have the pleasantest wild taste that ever refreshed pilgrim’s palate; and playing for a while at hide-and-seek among the knolls, it becomes, ere long, first a runlet, then a rill, and then a *beck*, “making sweet music with the enamelled stones;” here and there a pool reflecting, with its two trees, the one in air, and the other in water, the one whispering as the other fades. But bolder now in all its character, it rushes on exultingly towards that awful chasm; and in the hush you hear a hollow noise, which, for a while at first, you scarcely think is of a cataract. You see spray, and hear hawks, and know that you are descending upon BIRKER FORCE. There it foams sheer over a perpendicular precipice, as high as you choose; and all the beck below

it is a continuous series of waterfalls, till hazel-hid it joins the more quiet river that winds its shining way along the silvan Eskdale.

But the chasm is a dismal prison in which the Force, like a madman, is raging with his chains. Dismal! Why that sun-burst has changed the gloom into glory, and the Force is joyful as a bridegroom on his wedding-day. A moment ago and the cliffs were pitch-black, but now they are bright as with rainbows. How got the wild flowers up yonder among the mosses and lichens, and how dare they smile so along the loose-hanging ledges of the rocks? God—and God only knows. The dreadful grows the beautiful—there is no anger in the torrent's voice—in the very thunder there is love. The caldron breathes up its mist to freshen the face of the precipice, and in the sparkling moisture the green'd trees rejoice. Trees! aye—trees grotesque in their grandeur, high aloft, shot athwart the chasm, and some dead of old age, and overgrown with fearless parasites that let drop their drapery in floating festoons, that to and fro are waving, as on a sudden from different airts the hill-breezes blow. Gazing down the chasm thus filled, you find, with a profusion of the loveliest things in nature, where you had expected to find, and at first had seen, but a savage sternness and sterility, your eyes are carried away on into the distance; and through those screens, as if set in a frame, what a glorious picture! All sky and mountains. Too simple, perhaps, for art to transfer with fine effect to the canvass, but, as it hangs there, sublime. We called the scene immediately below, the "silvan" Eskdale, and rightly; for, from Dalegarth Hall, and indeed far below, all the way up to the Roman station at the foot of Hardknot, it used to be said of old, and may be said so still, that a squirrel could make his way without touching the ground. You see no groves now; only sweet sprinklings of native trees; and they are dropt but rarely, as the vale gets overshadowed towards its head, which, could you but see it, you would swear was most magnificent. But you must dream it below the blue gloom, where the "raven gam-

bolts like a dancing skiff." That vastness is Sca-Fell, the mightiest mountain in England. But transparent as is the air, and distinct the outline of earth in heaven, you must not suppose that is his summit. You cannot see the Pikes. Some mountains at all times seem to be *aspiring* to reach the Empyrean; and in their proud—their vain ambition, they but expose their littleness; but he, in his calm, contented magnitude, like a truly great man, is felt to be, without effort, and unconsciously, sublime. The cloud-palaces, in all their grandeur, love to hang and hover over his head. Dear his inaccessible cliffs to the clear blue sky. There only, once no unfrequent bird, abide the old eagles. But to see the mountain king in his serenest state, you must be in a boat on Wastwater by midnight, when he is crested by the silver moon surmounting a diadem of stars.

Farewell for a few hours, gents.; "we shall meet again at Philippi," *i. e.* Woolpack, on condition of your not previously breaking your necks on your way out of that chasm. It might not be amiss, perhaps, to provide yourselves with ropes; yet, in extremity, you can find egress by going over with the waterfall.

This cart is like an easy chair. Yet judging from these stones and ruts, this road, in a common vehicle, would be a rough one—there—that was an exhilarating *dunsh*—we are not without hopes yet of being occasionally upset. But the axletree being of native ash, is accustomed to such ups-and-downs, and on their well-greased navels whirl the wheels like those of the car of Phæbus.

Is this what is called in this county the high-road? Oh—what, Mr. Moore calls one of the cross-roads of Fame. In our poor judgment, 'tis the channel of a mountain-river. The usual occupant is luckily from home in this dry weather, but we shall be in a taking, if a water-spout sends down the old gentleman. Nay! my good sir! you will never *attempt that*—you perceive there is no bridge? Well—the cart seems to be wood—but is iron—what the horse is made of we cannot conjecture. Give Us the reins—for the Devil knows how to drive. There! look at Us



ONE-IN-HAND, victorious over a water-course that would laugh to scorn McAdam and all his myrmidons.

But now we go bowling along the greensward, on table-land encircled by mountain-tops; and lo! Devock-water, renowned for trouts, with its one rocky islet, where the sea-gulls breed. In less than no time we shall be at Dalegarth-Hall, and can take *en passant* a peep over the cliff-edge into STANLEY GILL. Were we, in hopeless passion, to take the lover's leap, it should assuredly be into that beautiful abyss. We should not, if repentant half-way down, sigh for the plumes of a swan. Our metamorphosis would be into the Merlin. See! there he shoots! Combining in his pinions the powers of the dove's and the swallow's wing. Small but savage—and how fiercely wild his cry! Him the magpie shuns, chattering hidden in the woods—him the carrion-crow feareth as he smites sullen Sooty like a sunbeam—the croaking raven sails aloof from that imp of fury—the eagle's self, soaring seaward from his eyrie on Sca-fell, eyes with admiration the heir-apparent to the Throne of the Hideous Chasm. Hideous! The Paradise of this Bird of Prey, who, with his Princess is seen dallying on the cliff, in courtship of beak and talon, as they would tear one another into pieces in their crowning passion; and now, tumbling topsy-turvy up and down the air, one blended bunch of feathers, as Thomson says, "shivering with delight," and then parting into two careering creatures that east and west carry their shriek-like cries, till the fit has subsided, the flight is gone, and the chasm is again still as death.

There is no such thing as satisfying some people with waterfalls. They quote Niagara, and Sam Patch. Niagara! why, 'tis hardly worth going to America to get yourself deafen'd for life by that eternal, that accursed roar. For ten years afterwards, that Lake-fall, for it is nothing else, kept booming in our ears like the sea. Our eyes could not elude that insupportable "water privilege," tumbling mile-wide from the sky.

*"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines;"*

no river should cataract larger than

the Clyde. Boniton—Cora-Linn—Stonebyres—sufficient for the soul is the din thereof, the flashing and the foam, and the spray-mist restless among the steady rainbows, coming and going unbidden of their bright selves, like a poet's dreams. Or penetrate the heart of the Highlands, and ghost-like glide down to the caldron of the Fall of Foyers. He is indeed a son of Thunder, and of Lightning too; for the sunshine, shooting into that infernal pit, in the blackness seems lightning, and there you are as if in midnight during meridian day. Oh! glorious Old Scotland!

Then why love we so well "the beautiful fields of England," as Southey says; why now carting it over Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, in Flight Second of Christopher at the Lakes? Because we have covered the cliffs, the clouds, the woods, and "the green silent pastures," with creations of our own, which now are imbedded into the channels of rivers, and spread over the bosoms of lakes, and diffused over grove-tops, and hurried like lights and shadows along the sides of mountains, and resident in the air palaces of the sky.

Let no blockhead, then, dare to abuse the north of England's waterfalls. Beautiful are they even when dry. That is to say, when down the sable rock-face is seen but a thin thread of silver, and the ear has to listen for the low lulling sound, or it catches but a tinkle that seems nowhere, and yet everywhere, like a fairy's voice.

There is STOCKGILL FORCE, as you go up towards the Grove, near Ambleside, alongside of scores of tiny waterfalls embowered in birch or hazel, where the squirrel gambols over the blackbird's nest. The scene is new after every shower. "Beautiful exceedingly" in the afternoon of a mild summer day, when the heavens have been weeping for joy. Sublime after a thunder-plump, when all at once the Force flings itself in red foam over the cliffs, and joining the Rothay in wrath, discolours with turbid grandeur the waves of Windermere. But if you wish to know and to feel the power of dim daylight, when "sound is silence to the mind," and slow-moving shadows

intensify the stillness, as through the umbrage they checker the mossy stones, all soft with verdant velvet embroidered with blue-eyed flowers admiring in this mirror their yellow hair, step into the hermitage at Rydal, and for an hour in imagination forswear the world for the cowl, the beads, and the book of a holy man, a saint for a season, and a sinner for life. A small man, if well made, shames a great hulking fellow of a giant. So finely proportioned may he be, that you might suppose him captain of the Six Feet Club. Just so is it with SKELWITH FORCE. We have gone over it in a canter. In high water it might be shot in ascension by a Scotch salmon. Yet though even minute 'tis magnificent. But Beauty loves to bathe herself in that pool; and like Actæon, without suffering his fate, we have seen the Goddess running up and down the banks and braes to dry herself in the sunshine, as naked as the day on which Diana first dawned in heaven. Elter-water and all its woods separate that sweet grove from its sister—COLWITH FORCE, the Glory of Little Langdale, the Lady of the Woods. She would "not unsought be won;" but difficulty and danger are delightful for her sake, which you will, if a man, confess, as, while crawling along that ledge, you play plash into that pool, some six fathom deep, and re-appearing to the Nymphs of the Naiad, all laughing on the banks, solicit the assistance of those branches, very convenient, if not near at hand, at least not far over head, and if in autumn, hung "with mealy clusters of ripe nuts," which you can crack when you have gathered them, *brown leamers* every one, and guarded by no dragon, as in the Hesperides. An accident of that kind might not be so pleasant at DUNGEON GHYLL FORCE. Man's hands flung not that bridge over the abyss. Across a single stone is the transit—when from Pavey-Ark comes down the torrent in glee of flood, stunned you feel it shake—but there it has hung since the days of Noah, and there it will hang till the tail of some comet withers up the world. In that beautiful Idyl, the Idle Shepherd Boys, Wordsworth says, with his usual true Doric simplicity, when he wishes to be simple, (stateliness is

the usual habitude of the bard, and majesty,)

"It is a spot which you may see,  
If ever you to Langdale go;  
Into a chasm a mighty block  
Hath fall'n, and made a bridge of rock.  
The gulf is deep below;  
And in a basin black and small  
Receives a lofty waterfall."

You have heard of LYULPH'S TOWER. 'Tis on the banks of ULSWATER, and though a mere modern box, built by the late Duke of Norfolk, looks like a fabric of the antique time. Nowhere else than from its front looketh the lake more lovely; and when sated with gazing on the beauties prodigally exposed on Nature's open bosom, slip thou away down into the dell, and sound-led ascend, in music "deeper and deeper still," towards AIREY FORCE, that, like a continuous succession of small avalanches, keeps tumbling for ever into "liquid lapses," that sing their way to the lake through heaven-hiding woods. Or would you wish to walk for hundreds of yards up into a pass ten yards wide, with walls high as it is long, over stones as large as small houses, and one like a kirk with a belfry, where spirits are said sometimes to ring merry peals to the moon as she glides full-orbed across the chasm, then set your face and your feet firmly towards SCALE FORCE, and as if by a mine-shaft enter the mountain. We called it a pass. But that is a lie. It is impenetrable to an earthquake. The ribs of the rock are bare, and there stands old Iron-Sides grimly rejoicing in a shower-bath, that needs no pulling of a string to let loose the floods that dash in thunder at his feet. Wait at Keswick for a week of rain, and in all likelihood you will not have to wait long, for the tutelary Saint of Derwent was a wet quaker;—then let

———"The CATARACT OF LODORE  
Peal to thy orisons;"

and if through thy senses sound can send spiritual impulses into thy soul, thou wilt, during the thunder, be a Poet, and give vent to thy ecstasy in Ode or Hymn. But commit it not to paper—or if thou dost, we beseech thee by all that is sacred not to publish, for 'twill be a mysterious production above and beyond the age,



nor will reach a second edition, till ravens yet unfledged have, like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, gathered up their feet and died.

So much, in a small way, for well-known waterfalls. But heaven pity you, if you suppose those are all that keep dancing in wet weather all over the mountains, and in dry go to sleep, like innocent lambs as they are, or, like them, are heard through the far-and-wide stillness, bleating in the sunshiny solitude. We have mentioned by name merely the leading articles; but the Region, like *Maga*, contains numberless anonymous contributions of the highest merit, and you must talk of the one as you read the other, a hundred times through and through, ere you can become masters of the two noblest works of any age or country.

All this while, our nag has been browsing the broom, with his nose at times absolutely over the brink of the precipice. Now, landlord, we entreat of you not to attempt to turn, —back—back—back! “That’s your sort!” Now for the Woolpack; for

“A craving void left aching at our heart” suggests the image—the idea—of those cold how-towdies.

Ponsonby is a noble place, close to the old Abbey, and though sheltered from it by groves, smells sweetly of the sea. Mr Stanley shews that he has a fine, natural, sound, simple taste, by visiting not seldom, in spring and summer, as well as the shooting season, his pretty domicile here in the dell, smiling gaily within the somewhat melancholy shadows of dilapidated Dalegarth Hall. Blessings be on the Nest! We have slept in it, long long ago, when a young bird—at once of prey and song; to us

“Poetic visions swarm on every bough;” and visions, dearer far than ever poetry evoked from the realms of fancy, now brighten the long large leaves of those luxuriant laurels that make the sweet spot an ever-green Eden; and now they bedim the lustre as with the shadows of sin and sorrow, from which life, at its best and happiest, was never yet on this earth for one moon wholly free!

’Tis surely the cheerfullest dale in all the world, this same Eskdale. Let it widen away, “at its own sweet

will,” till lost in the bright champagne that beautifies, far as eye can reach, the wealthy shores of the not distant sea. But the breezes that blow on our face are wooing us farther and farther inland towards the roots of the hills. We love the dear Dale better and better, as it lovingly narrows in about us, and as each side seems gently moved on towards the travellers, till we know every kind of tree by its leaf, and can see the birds hopping upon the brushwood, through among the white stems of the birches, that breathe now more balmily, with furze and broom yielding one richest odour. The Dale has renewed its youth. It still shews, here and there, on the heights,

“The grace of forest woods decay’d;”

but cultivation has enlivened all we look on, and we feel

“No pastoral melancholy.”

The Dale, as we said, is still silvan; but almost all these vivid pastures are arable; it is rich in corn and cattle; the sheep are all high up among the hills; and these, you see at a glance, are not shepherds’, but farmers’, or statesmen’s houses. We shall not tell you the name of that cluster on the left—though we know it as well as our own—let us call it for the present the Village of Sycamores. We know not if taste be an original faculty, like conscience. But it matters little whether it be or no; for, in rural architecture and gardening, it seems to be neither less nor more than just common sense and feeling. People do not like to have their houses blown through, much less blown down; and seek shelter almost as instinctively as birds and beasts. Now the stock-dove chooses a “lown” spot for her shallow nest—so does the roe for her deep lair; and on that principle Christians build their cottages. You see them, therefore, as here in Eskdale, peeping out from behind aged trees, that were planted perhaps the same day the foundation-stone was laid, for the masons begin to work with lime very early in spring; or a kind old sycamore, wearying for human society, shook his broad leaves in the eyes and ears of some new-married couple, about to build and to have young ones, and forthwith the “gude-man” set himself, with a few friends

working at once for love and money, to dig out the site on rock, or "sammel," and ere autumn the blue-slate roof was laughing affectionately within the shadow of the well-pleased tree—ere Christmas carols were prattling their first-born. It is a mistake, however, to believe that 'tis always a windy exposure, high up, or even on the top of a hill. That depends on the lie of all the circumjacent ground—on the float of all the circumambient air—on the position of the far-off mountain ranges, and on the mouths of the glens. Some knows there are more sheltered than howes; and on them, always airy, but stormy never, you often see, boldly beautiful, the "Peasants' Nest." Low is the many-roofed edifice, letting drop down, in various directions, its picturesque sheds; kitchen, and parlour, and bedroom, known by their latticed windows; shunning the sun, the DAIRY, with its name perhaps in rude letters; more than one slate-porch in front and rear hard to be distinguished; and the whole less and less visible every year as the creepers keep flourishing under the shadow of the fast growing trees that deaden chance storms, without intercepting the sunshine that often seems stationary on that chosen summit, as if the light loved it, greener and greener at each visit of returning spring.

You must know all this, and much more, which we shall not now tell you, or you would be as wise as ourselves, before you can feel all the beauty of Eskdale. But bless us—there is the Woolpack—and worthy old Vickers at the door, like ourselves, somewhat the worse for wear, and with a slight stoop in the shoulders—forty years ago, in the wrestling ring, straight as a stem, and surnamed "*Heart o' Yaik*"—and from the blank expression of his physiognomy, now thinking no more of us, though he beholds us in the body, than of the Great Mogul.

We clamber over the front rail of the waggon, on upon the nag, and bringing our right leg with an imposing sweep along his hurdies, we dismount, and facing our host, with one hand unbonneting, and with the other held out open for a grasp, there we stand three seconds unrecognised—three seconds, and no

more—when smack go our loofs together—his hard as horn—ours by no means velvet—and 'twould convert heathenish misanthrope into christian philanthropist, to see the greeting that now befalls, to hear the blessing given us, with a convulsive laugh, by the delighted Old Statesman—"God safe us! as I was born o' woman, gin ye be na' the gert Mister North, the glory o' Scotlan', and as weel kent owre a' the north o' Yenglan' as tae Sca-Pikes or Gert-Enn."

We sit down together at the table in the back-parlour, and take a taste; we remove somewhat restlessly into the front-kitchen, and take another; we cast anchor below the porch, and take a third; we trot through the little white gate into the garden, jug in hand, and look at the beehives; we stroll across the road into the meadow to look at the "gerss," but not till we have replenished; we sit down opposite one another, each sage on a cart-tram, and sing inwardly, "Let the canakin clink-clink—let the canakin clink;" we talk jocosely, but concisely, of odd things that happened long ago, nodding our heads, winking our right eyes, placing our forefingers on the sides of our noses, chuckling, crowing, guffawing, while, to prevent thirst from assailing us in the sunshine, the brown mugs keep moving to and fro on their domiciliary visits; the household, some of whom have never seen us till this blessed moment, contrive pretences for coming out—lad, lassie, bairn—to look at us, and retire smirking, for we never have denied that our outward man is not a little queer, and now even less commonplace than ordinary, from our not having been shaved since we left Edinburgh on Monday morning, and 'tis now Saturday, ten o'clock A.M., and a redder beard than ours has not curled in love or ire since Barbarossa; to say nothing of our having forgot to put on our linen-shirt, (no Gentleman, any more than Pedlar, wears a neckcloth on an Excursion,) and that like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, we have on worsted stockings, by no means of the same colour, one being wholly bluish, and the other tartan, and both, from the circumstance of our breeches being unbuttoned at the



knees, (we are faithful to shorts,) "somewhat declined into the vale of years," one of them (the Highland hose) hiding our shoe, which is no great matter, as its brother is sadly down at the heel, for sake of a blister; while, to crown all, we are conscious that no person of any age or sex whatever could look for our pericranium, without "mentally exclaiming," as they say in novels, "what a shocking bad hat!" the roof of our tile being entirely off, and the rim shaped like a scoop for running waters; and as for our coat, a single-breasted jane jacket, of a sort of snuffy vermilion, with big horn buttons, it is lying in the cart, where you might mistake it for a woman in the straw; so we seem stripped as if for sparring, and that we are a Tom Belcher with the gloves is no secret to any one, nor to our friend Vickars, once an ugly customer with the naked mauleys. The colleys know not what to make of us, snuffing and smoking at a safe distance, like some other curs that think themselves beyond the range of the crutch; one puppy, with a brown eye and a blue one, venturing at last to fasten his small sharp teeth in the tartan, from which he is terrified to find there is no extrication; while, finally, an old brood mare, with a quarter-blood foal at her foot, thrusts her hairy head and long-maned neck over the paddock wall, she neighing while it whinnies, evidently at Christopher, till the chivalrous echoes are circling all round the hills, as if heaven were inhabited by horses. 'Tis but a slight sketch—to fill it up into a finished picture would require the pencil of a Wilkie.

Ha! ha! my bold boys! here you come, all alive and kicking, from Birker Force. We would not have insured your life for any premium. But be speedy (and be guided by us—the less you drink the better) with your refreshment—for Sol is ascending to his meridian, and 'tis a far way to the Pikes. We must go clean up to the head of Eskdale, touching in upon our friend Towers of Toes—who will, we doubt not, join the escalade of the Scaw, as well as our host here of the Woolpack, (allow me, gentlemen, to introduce you to our friend Mr Vickars,) and our Seathwaite landlord

will not lag behind; so let us gulp and be gone; and as we are pedestrians, in fact, let us all move on foot, in grand procession, towards the Mountain.

You would not know Eskdale, now that we have inclined round the instep of Hardknot. It is a dale no longer, but a glen. The Esk is treeless now, but their places are supplied by rocks. Farther down it lingered among hills, here it hurries through mountains. It speaks with a rougher accent, more Doric in its dialect; yet how trippingly goes all it utters on the tongue! Lucidly along the greensward gliding, like the gentlest of all living creatures, you might think that it never knew anger, but led one long life of love. But look at those scaurs! and at those gravel banks heaped high and far and wide up the pastures, and you will know how it can rage. In Lammas floods it comes down like a rebel army of mountaineers ten thousand strong, all belonging to the artillery, and as they march at double-quick time, firing great guns, till people not in the secret would think that Thunder had found out the way, not of roaring and rattling in peals, but of giving itself vent in one huge hollow howl, not unharmonious, yet, especially by midnight, a time it prefers, very terrible to men who put their trust in bridges, and making no bones of any obstruction it meets with between Scawfell and the Sea.

There goes old Toes himself to seek sheep, and see how they look before washing-day. "Halloo! halloo! halloo! Toes! Toes! Toes!" Well done, Mac; he hears you on the deafest side of his head, and will meet us round the marsh, where you and we, my buck, have killed many a quacker. His son, the Shepherd, is along with him, and here we stand in octagon. Yes, there are Eight of us, as tall fellows as you will easily see on a summer's day—Ourselves—mine Host of Seathwaite—Woolpack—Jonathan—Toes, the Son of Toes—and you two, whom to mention would be to immortalize, and that might give offence to other rejected contributors. So we shall suffer you to remain "strictly anonymous."

Thus far hath it been all smooth

sailing, and the experimental squadron hath been going, goose-winged, before the wind. But now we must put about, and having collected all stragglers, have a fair start, and try who is best to windward; the odds being, that Toes will be found to have the heels of the fastest in the fleet. The day has been we could have seen them all hull down, ere sunset.

There is no mountain or man of our acquaintance, who has not what may be called his weak side. If unapproachable in front, and inaccessible by flank, depend on't you may get over him by mastering him scientifically from the rear. Thus with Scawfell and the High Man of the Pike. From Wastdale-head you may beard him, by creeping up from his feet to his knees, and so on to his breast and his shoulder, till you take him by the nose, and shave his chin with a scythe, which Time will lend you for the job, provided you get up ere nightfall. But 'tis like climbing up a church. From Barnmoor Tarn you may turn his flank, but the main body always offers a firm resistance, and you run a risk of being defeated by the reserve. From Seathwaite (at the head of Borrowdale) to Sprinkling Tarn is no great shakes of an ascent, but the ground on the southern side of Great End, with Ill Crag and Dove Crag on the left, and on the right Wastdale Broad Crag, is the Devil's own, and a suite of rooms, in which he keeps walking up and down perpetually, runs the whole length of the hellish hollow between that last steep, and the shivering side of the Pike of Pikes. Mr Baines, junior, of Leeds, whose Companion to the Lakes is very agreeable, and his Itinerary trustworthy, ascended from Style End, at the foot of Bowfell, in Langdale-head. A shepherd guided him, to some mysterious principle, to the summit of Bowfell, on which, as Master Edward bitterly complained, he found himself not far below their elevation, but "by many thousand feet of cruel rock" separated from the Scawfell Pikes. 'Twould have been easy to have reached, almost direct from Wall End, the high ground on the southern side of Great End, and so by Satan's suite of shew apartments to the High Man. Where-

as, the ingenious young gentleman had to skirt, in long descent, the top of tremendous precipices to the slack called Ash-Course, where he had no more business to be than on the top of Pisgah. Thence he and his shepherd guide went right; and Mr Baines describes his whole performance with much animation and vivacity, having a good eye and a fine feeling of nature, and being a spirited writer to boot. But our way is by far the easiest; and though no one combines the merits of all, perhaps, on the whole, it is also the finest; for, Lord bless us! what a magnificent gap is MICKLE DOOR!

Let us draw our breath. 'Tis just an hour and twenty minutes to a second since we began the ascent. The footing here is grassy; and as there is no danger of damp on the sun-scorched turf, let us all lie down, like banditti about to play at dice, and no man, for the present, look farther than a few nose-lengths, for our eyesight needs strengthening, and, for our own part, we are about as blind as a bat. We know that a sharp ridge runs along between the cheeks of Mickle Door, which are as high as those of any Scotchman; and that through these immense rocks is a glorious opening on the south-west to Wastdale Head, and behind us again on the south-east a prospect as prodigious over the heads of Eskdale and Seathwaite, on to all the Conistoun mountains, and all the pagantry of "Cloud-Land." But the subject to which we solicit your attention, and our own, more particularly, is the Flask. Make ready! Present! Fire! Well, better trained troops we have not once seen since we served as a volunteer in the Peninsula with the Fighting Division under old Pictou. What inspires us with the most pleasing surprise, almost amounting to astonishment, is that every man has his weapon. We feared our Flask would have had to go the round. But Woolpack has his leathern bottle; Seathwaite his long apothecary's phial, labelled "eye-water;" Toes what seems a small sheepskin, quite classical; the Son of Toes sucks from stone; Jonathan injects the *eau de vie* down his throat, by squeezing the guts of a mannikin made of Indian-rubber; We discharge into our gullet, loaded



to the muzzle, our pocket-pistol, that goes off like a hair-trigger; and the anonymous Adelphi imbibe, Cockney-wise, we confess, out of cut crystal. Yet it was all as one great gurgle. The manœuvre would have commanded the admiration of Wellington.

A bird's-eye view is a fine thing; and no man that ever went up in a balloon will deny it; nor any eagle, though he is so much accustomed to it from his eyry, that he glances with indifference, we daresay, from the cloud over the three Northern counties. But people's eyes are not telescopic; and we choose, in our pride, to look victoriously on all we survey; therefore commend us to a mountain, cliff-girdled, and shooting forth great glens from his base, some of them lost in hazy nothing, and some in what seems the sea. We love the irresistible glory that takes the imagination by storm. To do that, the whole array of rocks must be drawn up in order of battle, with but black abysses between us and the horrid front. They must then deploy into line, and advance, with colours flying, and all the regimental bands in full music, to the assault. When within musket-shot, let all other instruments cease -- one sky-seeking blare of the lordly trumpet -- and then the drums by themselves beating the *pas de charge*. What! would we have the mountains move for our delight and our destruction? Yes! and they are moving now as if heaved up and shoved forwards by a slow steady earthquake, that raises but rends not, and does its blind work in silence. For, ha! saw you not yon cloud in the sullen west, "no bigger than a man's hand?" Storm-charged was the sea-born stranger, and exploding, but without noise, into a thousand fragments, they blend together again in one wide mass of rolling mists that is coming on like the surges of the great main, when tide and tempest work together, and ships are dancing at anchor; "with storm-proof cables stretching far," and signal guns are seen, but not heard firing, and a whole city pouring out in consternation blackens all the shore.

In five minutes, the mighty army of clouds has marched fifteen miles; one minute more, and it will be among the mountains. What a sigh! Yew-

Barrow, a mountain of the first magnitude, is disappearing -- has disappeared; the Skreers are shrouded; the broad, deep air-waves come surging along over Wastdale all the way across from Scawfell to the Great Gable; and where are you, Vickars, my old boy -- where are you, Jonathan -- and has any body seen Toes? For we might as well be in Dungeon Ghyll as on this platform at Mickle Door; we are indeed now true Children of the Mist.

'Twas a grand affair, Jonathan -- a sublime assemblage, Vickars -- a magnificent procession, Toes! But you mountaineers are so familiar with Fire and Water in all their forms, that you regard without agitation all the great agencies of nature, and would only be amused by being carried over the County-Stones in a whirlwind. Yes -- what we now saw was Fire and Water. Electricity gloomed but glanced not in the tumultuous cloud-array big with unborn lightning; had it dissolved, what a deluge!

'Tis chill. Who is that shivering? We know him by the chattering of his teeth -- and announce him in the last stage of a galloping consumption. 'Tis icy cold. The sun is a sinecurist, and must be hauled over the coals. Ungracious and ungrateful! Let us retract the charge against the Illuminator. The dim mist is faintly brightening; something dawns through the drizzle, like an uncertain smile; here are we, eight friends, all again visibly lying in a circle, each with his flask in his hand; more and more of our green platform is retiring from the eye, and lo! there is lowering one of the posterns of Mickle Door! See! the other. The Gap has got a current of air, lads; and as the mist melts mysteriously away, the cliffs on each side of us seem ascending and ascending, as if they grew. The formation of a world is going on -- a miracle! a miracle! Look at that great wide wan glimmer of light amidst the gloom! What is it? The sun! magnified by the mist. Say rather a mist image of the sun. But the centre of the circle is waxing luminous and more luminous; and soon shall we fire-worshippers behold the God of Day rejoicing in the disencumbered heavens.

And among all this magnificent

breaking-up there is perfect silence. Nothing disturbs the dominion of the eye. Here again is Wastdale. Beautiful its homes as ever—and, God bless it! yonder is the little chapel. Nothing seems to have been moving down there, while all was withdrawn; just the same are the groups of cattle pasturing in the meadows; we remember the shape on the hill-side of that flock of sheep. Breast after breast of blue mountain becomes apparent, while the colour changes into green; but, as yet, invisible are all the mountain-tops. There! one Pinnacle! and over and around it a glimpse of sky. Rolled into fleecy folds voluminous, how peacefully lies that long shore of clouds, half-way up the majestic bosom of Seat-Allan! Were they his base, a mighty mountain still. Giants! your names we know not, in this your strange apparelling; momentarily your shapes are shifting; and you would seem even to have interchanged stances in the sky. That splendid colouring—gorgeous in the gloom—belongs only to Yew-Barrow, whose base often changes the water into woods. But no summit towers between and Great Gable. He for two thousand feet is cloud-free with all his cliffs. Up—up—the mist-wreathes go—they glide—they roll—and sky-settled, as if still they loved the attraction of his mighty breast, there they hang, a pile of palaces in the fields of azure widening in their calm around the Giant's Head. We see the pass between Kirkfell and the Pillar, up Mosedale and down Black-sale, into Ennerdale-dale, and imagination has already traversed it on her eagle-wings; and yonder, Vickars, is the Pillar's self. But he is not thinking of us; his back is turned upon these our Fells; and he is looking down, Jonathan, on his own lovely green Gillerthwaite, a pastoral and a silvan paradise, where all around is strewn the desolation of herbless rocks!

What think you now of the Sun? He defies us to look at him—but see how his lustre, concentrated in many a focus, is burning all up and down the precipices, nor shall we err if we say those stones are diamonds—for diamonds, for the time being, in that divine radiance, they are indeed;—diamonds of the first water, out of

which might be smitten diamond thrones, though mole-eyed mineralogists have all conspired to call them—*schist*. But we are poets, and can create at will worlds “all one perfect chrysolite.”

Now, lads—a sweepstakes—from Mickle Door to the Pike—distance, half a mile—eight subscribers. Kit against the field. Well done, Vickars; nor worse thou, Great Toe. Wool-pack has it by a nose—and now we are all three neck and neck. Looking over our right shoulder, we see Jonathan, Young Toes, and Sea-thwaite, making a pretty race of it, some hundred yards behind. They lost ground, and will never recover it, at the start. But where are the Adelphi? Tailing it sadly, and stumbling with their Prince's Street feet, over the Scaw-stones, the most trifling a ton. They have both bolted, having long before run on the wrong side of the post. Let's make a dead heat of it. You won't, won't ye? Then we let loose Eclipse.—Hurra!—Hurra!—Hurra! Won cleverly at last, in a canter, by six lengths! Hurra!—Hurra!

Where are we? Who are you? Is that you, Mr Blackwood? Such a swimming in our poor head!—Have we had a fainting-fit in the Sanctum? The press is at a stand, we think you said—but what is the meaning of that face! You don't look at all like your usual self, sir; and what, gentlemen, may we ask, are all these?—not all, we trust, physicians! Forgive, we beseech you, this confusion in our memory;—we have been taken ill, we conjecture, on Arthur's Seat—yet there is much here we cannot make out in the faces of these cliffs—we never felt the world so going round before—and wish to heaven it would stop a little.—But will none of you speak?—aye, that's kind—a flask in need's a friend indeed—aye—aye—aye—hech—hech—hech—we begin to see how it is now—give us your hand, Toes—if, indeed, you be Toes;—where's Vickars?—thank you, thank you, Jonathan—'twas but a transient tirravee—a sort of stupification of the head—it has not lasted long, we hope—if it was a fit—but we are getting rather blindish again, boys—rather sickish—and if any of you happen to have such a thing about you as a ff—



ff—f—f—f—lask; that's reviving—though we know not whether 'tis rum or brandy—just one other mouthful—and now, Toes, lift us up and place us for a moment on the knee of Vickars—for we see the seat is kindly made ready for us—there, let us put our arm round your neck, Vickars—you are in good truth a Woolpack—we hope we did not throw up—but if we have made a clean stomach of it, so much the better for *tiffin*—we cannot have broken any bloodvessel of consequence—but what's this—what's this trickling down our chin? but a bleeding at the nose, we hope—nothing more—nothing more—Hech, sirs—hech, sirs—it may sound strange—but 'tis no less strange than true—that we are getting rather hungry—if indeed we were not so before this fainting-fit—and we confess—that—we were—much to blame indeed—for having started on what—after all—may be called—an empty stomach—'twill be a lesson to us never again to err—in that way—and now you may dis-embow-el the wallet, Jonathan—for we feel as if we—should be the better of a sight—and a snack—of these—these—HOW-TOWDIES!!

That was—what we call a—qualm. We are acquiring a habit of dining on mountain-tops. Yesterday on Coniston Old Man—to-day on the High Man, the Prince of Pikes, the elder of the Two Royal Brothers, Sons of Scawfell, and both statelier than their sire. Let us see what an hour may bring forth. Jonathan—the wallet. BREAD—TONGUE—HAM,—what are you fumbling at? Are THEY not *in*? Seathwaite! can the mistress have forgotten the HOW-TOWDIES!!!! If she have, than has she broken our heart. Here are the beauties, each enveloped in its own blessed old newspaper, that has been read up and down many a valley, and will die now an honourable death—scattered to the Scawfell storms—aye, and a pleasant newspaper it is, with an able editor, Tyrus Redhead and the Westmoreland Gazette.

Here is a SHOULDER OF LAMB, which we pocketed on the sly. RIBS OF BEEF! Thank you for that, Vickars—our good sir, “we owe you one”—you are the old man, we see, Vickars—and never stir from home without prog in your pouch. CHEESE!

that was very considerate in you, Toes; but we forget, you were going, when we met you, to seek sheep. 'Tis a pic-nic. All we want is BUTTER. Seathwaite, you are a canny contributor—we heard the churn at work—'tis like *pig-gold*. Yes, young Toes, your father's cheese seems worthy, and no more than worthy, of his son's BANNOCKS. POTTED PERCH, from Pool-wyke, Windermere—prepared in Ambleside by the tidy spouse of Jonathan. And what may be the produce of the Adelphi? HARD EGGS. Fourteen to the dozen—and among the twenty-eight, we discern that some half-score are ducks. What a picturesque character is given to the point of the Pike, by this infinite variety of FLASKS!

“GOD BLESS US IN THESE MERCIES.”

From that shadow on the face of Kirk-Fell, we know it is just four o'clock by the Mountain Horologe. No wonder “the dial-stone, aged and green,” stands gnomesless—down by yonder—in Mr Tyson's gay flower-garden—where sun-flowers and peonies line the neat narrow gravel-walks, that wind through among the kitchen-stuff, luxuriant below the Pear-tree blossoms—for every rock is a dial to the Mountaineer, and every hour has its own lights and shadows. Never in all our days sucked we a spicier, a savourier, a sappier back. The small cells set thick about the spine, now that we narrowly inspect them, seem dry as horn; but we persist pertinaciously in sip—sip—suck—sucking far away into them—as you may have seen bees, doup up and head down, standing at meals in the refectory of a flower—and sweet as honey, by the power of that suction, continues, long after the ignorant spectator has ceased to wonder what we mean by that devotion to a bare bone, continues to be extracted, more and more delicious, diviner still, and far beyond the praise of vegetable, the rich, rare, animal marrow, that, merged into the palate, is felt as if it absolutely oozed up into our eyes, till our whole countenance breaks and breathes out into an oilier diffusion of universal philanthropy, than with the exception, perhaps, of the benevolent Howard, ever beautified a visage belonging to any of the

children of men. The world knows us not—for the world has never seen us at feed on the top of a mountain. But we love the world, nevertheless—the whole weak and wicked world—Christian and Cockney—even the Chinese.

Mr Wordsworth is a great man, and a great author—more especially in verse—but De Quincy says—and he is the best of judges—that the bard is likewise magnificent in prose. Our verse, again, people say, is prose, and our prose verse; so, write as we choose, we are never out of an unhappy predicament, that obstructs our popularity, and keeps us for ever obscure. We do not care, more than for that merry-thought of an earock that never clocked, and who, had she been strangled in March, would have died a virgin, we care no more than for these "spectacles," as we call the giggle-bone in Scotland, for Fame, not even for immortal Fame.

"Nor Fame we seek, nor for her favours call,  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all."

Therefore we love to quote Mr Wordsworth;—and carry in our pocket now his "Description of the Scenery of the Lakes." He has been here;—he has sat, haply, on the very stone on which we are sitting—

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

But he dined not as we have dined,—and dismisses his dinner, which must have had "a lean and hungry look," otherwise he is the most ungrateful of men, in these five words—"the papers containing our refreshment;"—and these six—"we sat down to our repast." How frigid! But *hear him* speak of what *we see*.

"Having left Rossthwaite in Borrowdale, on a bright morning in the first week of October, we ascended from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge, called Ash-course, and thence beheld three distinct views;—on one side, the continuous Vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite,—with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains,—and, in the distance, the Solway Frith and the mountains of Scotland;

—on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes—their own vale below *them*;—Windermere,—and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green Vale of Esk—deep and green, with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us; and, on we looked to the mountains near the sea,—Black Comb pre-eminent,—and, still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gavel, the loftiest, a distinct, and *huge* form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

"We had attained the object of this journey; but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell, apparently very near to us; and we shaped our course towards it; but, discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved, instead, to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the *Pikes*, which I have since found has been estimated as higher than the summit bearing the name of Scawfell Head, where the Stone Man is built.

"The sun had never once been overshadowed by a cloud during the whole of our progress from the centre of Borrowdale:—on the summit of the Pike, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world:—we paused, and kept silence to listen; and no sound could be heard: the Scawfell Cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Ash-course lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base,—the Den of Wastdale at our feet—a gulf immeasurable: Grasmire and



the other mountains of Crummock—Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no spring or well near us) with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gavel; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There, we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid, for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow.

"While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!'—'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd-guide.—'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion: 'I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse.' So indeed it was,—a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and, I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise Man of the Mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

"I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea, were touched with the clear light of the sun. 'It is there,' said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven, and there we perceived a light vapour unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that lofty solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty

masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gavel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw also had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Ash-course every cloud had vanished from every summit.

"I ought to have mentioned, that round the top of Scawfell-Pike, not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish, and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity: and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep; no food being there to tempt them.

"We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so calm a day.' (It was the 7th of October.) Afterwards we had a spectacle of the grandeur of earth and heaven commingled; yet without terror. We knew that the storm would pass away;—for so our prophetic guide had assured us.

"Before we reached Seathwaite in Borrowdale, a few stars had appeared, and we pursued our way down the Vale, to Rossthwaite, by moonlight."

Out of pure love for the memory of the dead, let us consult poor dear Green. Here is the passage:—

“After breakfast we were accompanied by Mr Tyson down the meadows, to the river which descends from Sty Head, and afterwards runs at the foot of Lingmell. Having crossed this river, we commenced our ascent to the High Man; first steeply over rugged ground, and perhaps a mile on the side of a wall, ending on the ridge of a hill. Here we turned on the left at right angles, and saw in front Gable, hung in azure, and so powerfully lighted up as to exhibit its fine contour, extraordinary craggy projections, and deep recesses, to very great advantage. On the right, Mickle Door, having on each side the stupendous rocks depending from Scawfell and the Pikes, is the most magnificent assemblage of its kind in England. These rocks, not in detached fragments like those upon the surface of the pillar, but in a grandeur of breadth, are seen in places overhanging. On a turn to the right the passage becomes steeper, and those ascending to the Pikes, if not fatigued, may do well to make a short deviation on the left, to the top of Lingmell Crag, and there (unless they reserve it for the Pikes) have a fine prospect of the circumscribing highlands. After various traverses, the course in a grand sweep to the right, at the top of stupendous rocks, turns again to the left, and alternately over stony impediments, and a rich velvet, like moss, the food of the reindeer, to the summit of the Pikes, or High Man. The High Pike, or Man, is 3160 feet above the level of the sea. The Lower Pike, is about 250 yards south-east of the High Man, or Pike, and only 3100 feet above the salt-water level.

“This is the most sublime and commanding elevation in England, and happy where we in our day, for the enjoyment of the objects there displayed. The whole encircling horizon being free from cloud, and excepting the ridge extending from Wanthwaite Crag, towards Helvellyn, from amalgamating vapours; but to the west a portion of the vast extent of country was brilliantly illuminated. The sea and the rivers meandering to it from the moun-

tains, glittered resplendently in the noontide sun.

“Westward lies Scawfell, which Janus like, being double faced, here presents his roughly marked front; Eskdale and Wastdale enjoy his smooth and smiling face; Scawfell obscures part of the Skrees, and Wast Water. The mountains north of that lake, seen from this elevated stand, having lost their lowland shapes, are scarcely recognized, except by their relative situations. These most particularly are Buckbarrow, Middle Fell, the Chair, Seat Allan, Knot Ends, Gosforth Crag, and Yewbarrow. The more aspiring Hay Cock, Pillar, and Gable, retain more of the forms presented by them from the lower grounds. Though good here, Gable's lines are not equal to those exhibited on Wast Water; nor as first observed from Lingmell. Grasmire, and on its left the Buttermere mountains, and on its right all the summits reaching to Causey Pike, with the intermediate bays, Brown, Robinson, Hindsgarth, Dalehead, Maiden-Moor, and Skiddaw finishing the scene, are a magnificent assemblage. Sty Head tarn appears a spot, and blue, black or white, as depending on the colour of the reflected heavens; sprinkling on its side, and beyond it the deep dell of Seathwaite, Castle Crag, Grange Crag, and Gate Crag, on their left, shutting out all Derwent Water to the west of Friar Crag, shew Lonsdale Fell, in distance. Beyond Wallow Crag and Falcon Crag, Saddleback and Wanthwaite Crag, and through the intervening portal, the upstretching line of blue skirting the east of Cumberland. From Wanthwaite Crag, all the pointed tops to the pinnacle of Helvellyn, having between them and the spectators, stand the high Seat above Wythburn, and Glaramara with other neighbouring Borrowdale high lands. Through the depending lines of Glaramara and Bow Fell, appear the Langdale Pikes, and beyond them a portion of the middle of Windermere, and in remote distance, the vast miscellaneous assemblage of seas, flats, and mountains, extending from Helvellyn, and including from that superb elevation to Windermere, St Sunday Crag, Seat Sandal, Fairfield, Scandale Fell, and Wansfell, with other Westmore-



land and Yorkshire ranges; Whernside and the crown-topped Ingleborough, are amongst the latter. On the right of Bowfell in a number of sharp points, are displayed, the Fells of Conistone, Little Langdale, and Seathwaite; the Old Man starting above the rest. Birks, in Eskdale, though inferior in height to these its eastern neighbours as rising from lower land, has an imposing appearance. More remote is Devoke Water, and at an extensive distance, Black Coom, in the south of Cumberland, which figuring between the river Uddon and the Irish Sea, has a striking effect amongst the humbler swells by which it is surrounded. South-east of the south of Cumberland, may be seen, on a clear day, Low Furness, and the Isle of Walna, and, perhaps, on one day in twenty, the Welsh mountains. Terminating the charming vale of Esk, appear the rivers Esk, Mite, and Irt; all meeting and forming a bay at Ravenglass, at the mouth of which the beach is seen verging southward, and on the north, till arrested by the intervention of Scawfell, on the right of which it re-appears; but beyond Nether Wastdale and Gosforth, it is again obscured by the elevations northward.

"This aspiring station commands a more sublime and perhaps not less elegantly varied range of mountains, dales, and sea views, than either Skiddaw or Helvellyn. If Skiddaw in its panoramic exhibition excels the higher Pike, it is only in its views of towns and buildings, and of Derwent Water, and the rich and lovely vale spreading thence to Basethwaite. But these appendages to Skiddaw are less delightful from its top than on its progress upwards."

Of Poet and Painter alike, we may say "Sampson hath quitted himself like Sampson." They both beat North. With joy—with pride, we confess it; for we love the Living, and we loved the Dead—the Great—and the Good. 'Tis glorious to verify these glorious descriptions by the glory. Here are the copies—there is the original. How vast the hollow of the sky! And how stiller may Life be than Death! In Fleets, and in Squadrons, and in single Ships, the clouds have all let drop their anchors, and in the sunshine are now drying their sails. Celestial

Ocean! shall our spirit, when our body dies, voyage thee, on to the Eternal Shores! Yet what art thou but a fair "Congregation of Vapours!" What hath the imagery of Time to do with Eternity! 'Tis but the mockery of Imagination after all—at the best symbolical—of Thoughts that have their own independent being in the soul which is their birthplace. The Faith that seems mighty to save, in one gazing, like us now, far and wide, and high and deep, on the splendours of this magnificent creation, till from the transient it soars into the transcendental, alas! how it "languishes, grows dim, and dies," when "they that look out of the windows are darkened," and on his painful bed, perhaps by love forsaken, and tended but by pity, the same poor mortal lies! knowing then that Faith is of diviner origin than Fancy—that the Conscience which is in a man is awful, and cares nothing, at that hour, for the Beauty of Clouds.

And these meditations—if indeed they deserve the name—bring us upon the great questions of Feeling, Taste, Genius, Virtue, Religion. Are they cognate only as all spiritual states are so, or are they *sib*, (you ought to know the meaning of that sweet strong word,) kith and kin, educated in the same school, and if not members, constant visitors of the same happy household? What is Feeling? The susceptibility of pleasure and pain, in all affections of which the natural language, in their simplicity, is smiles or tears; and above all, grief and pity for others, and every mode, movement, of love. To that last—love—belongs the sense of beauty—rising out of it—sinking into it—dying when it dies—for then it is a mere perception, and no more—as a man, by causes that have chilled that glow within, may be made insensible to the sun, seeing but a disk that he knows gives the day, and is the centre of the system. What is Taste? Fine, delicate and true perception of all relations of thoughts, in which feeling is either predominant or essential to their existence. It is commensurate with Fancy and Imagination, and with Judgment when employed in those provinces of its empire, where the sensibilities dwell. 'Tis a poor, low, sensual

name, of a rich, high, spiritual power—and should be drummed out of the immortal Muses. What is Genius? The created creating under the inspiration of the Creator. Its materials are wide as the universe; and the universe is given to man by God—among other ends—that he may so beautify it by genius, that it shall speak to all who see and feel the new beauty, of the wisdom and goodness of the Most High. What is Virtue? Obedience to the moral law revealed by the conscience. What is Religion? Obedience to the conscience, God's viceroy—and testifying God—that is natural religion; the same obedience to God self-revealed in his word, is revealed religion. And who shall expound the laws of all these holy things—for they are all holy—and with a pencil of light write them down in a code that shall instruct the nations? Hush! hush! hush!

Nay, Jonathan, we never do things by halves, and since we are on the Highest Pike, we need not scale the Lower; but Vickars will tell you, that, strictly speaking, we are not on Scawfell. And down into Wastdale-head we descend not this evening, till we have performed the promise of the morn. Ay, you may all stare. The summit of Scawfell, in a straight line, is about twelve hundred yards distant from this our Pike, so says Mudge, and the line of travel is over a passage not less than two miles, the most rugged in Europe. These crags on the south-west, though seeming frightfully to oppose

all passage, have been ascended before now by ourselves and Mr Thomas Tyson of Wastdale-head; but let us, in our present state of repletion, and perhaps fatigue, (we are eyeing the Adelphi), bear away for a moderate distance, in the direction of Eskdale, to a deep fissure, through which we volunteer to carry any one who is knocked up on our shoulders. But a sudden thought strikes us; Vickars, for sake o' auld langsyne, let us try a fall. There is small difference in our ages, and you are the heavier chap by a stone. Come, don't be so fractious in "tack-in' hadd." Is tu reddy, Mac? Confound you, ye old sinner, that was a chip. He chipped us, Toes; he chipped us, Jonathan; and we "man warselt owre agen." Theear, theear, cannie Coomberland! bonnie Scotland! Theear, Mac, thou hadst it reet owre t' hip. Weel thou'lt myap fell us neest time. He has hadd o' the waistband o' OUR BREEKS—Jonathan—Whew—oo—there we gang lowpin' like a couple o' dancing-masters—but, Mac, thou'st gotten the lock on us wi' that gert big muckle daft heel o' thine ahint our calve—and we fin' we maun gang doon—there—*squelsh!* Time about's fair play—our fates hang in equal balance—for who counts chips? Now for the decisive struggle—for the match was the best of three. A dog-fall! A dog-fall! A dog-fall! 'Twould be a pity to see twae sic leash young fellows as us gettin' in hot bluid till the other sort of wark—so lets don our jackets—and now for Scawfell.



## DUTIES OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that they have suffered from the mania for innovation, and the mighty interests which they have since sacrificed on the altar of Revolution, the Conservative party, as a body, are not, we fear, sufficiently alive either to the magnitude of the danger which threatens them, or the means of averting it which are yet in their power. They have been so long accustomed to repose under the shadow of the Constitution; they have so long been sheltered by the power of the Aristocracy, from the evils of Anarchy, that they cannot be brought to comprehend that a different order of things can ever prevail. They look, as Sir J. Walsh well observed upon the judges of Westminster Hall, as being as firmly fixed in their respective functions as the fixed stars; and can as easily conceive that the sun will not rise in the morning, as that the dividends will not be paid on the appointed days at the Bank of England.

We are deceived as to the magnitude of the danger which threatens us, by the every-day appearances which the world exhibits, and the deceitful calm which pervades the country, since the great victory of the democracy was gained. The anxiety of the crisis is over: crowds no longer assemble in the streets; riots and bloodshed have ceased; and the people fondly imagine that the changes from which they apprehended so much danger, will pass over without any serious convulsion, or any fundamental alteration in the condition of society. Like the people in a besieged city which has been compelled to capitulate, the Conservative party are too generally deluded by the deathlike silence which follows the termination of hostilities; and because the roar of artillery is no longer heard, and the bursting of bombs does not scatter conflagration through every street, they shut their eyes to the demolition of their ramparts, the spiking of their guns, and the surrender of the gates to a ruthless and perfidious enemy.

This state of apathy and unconcern is increased by the fraudulent complaints which the reforming

journals every where make of the remissness of their adherents, and activity of their opponents, and the number of boroughs and divisions of counties which are daily falling into the hands of the Tory party. This device serves the double purpose of throwing the friends of order, ever ready, if permitted, to relapse into the slumber of ordinary life, off their guard; and of exciting the revolutionary spirit still farther in their own turbulent and indefatigable supporters. The same trick was played off with fatal effect at the dissolution, in April 1831: we were told of the vast exertions made by the Conservative Peers, of the enormous sums they had subscribed—of the multitude of boroughs which had been bribed by Tory gold to sell their country; and the result was, that the Reformers were triumphant in every county excepting three in England, and that the House of Commons, by a majority of 136, agreed to overturn the Constitution.

Taught by dear-bought experience, do not let the Conservative party a *second time*, within fifteen months, fall into the same lamentable error. Had the friends of the Constitution every where come forward at the last election, it is almost certain that the Reform Bill would never have passed. Had Kent and Yorkshire been contested at the outset, no matter how hopelessly, Sir R. Vyvyan and Mr Cartwright would have been returned for Cornwall and Northamptonshire. Every thing depends upon shewing a bold front, supporting each other by the mutual exhibition of strength, and *exhausting the funds of the enemy*. That is the material thing—Strong in numbers, inexhaustible in abuse, indefatigable in activity, with stentorian lungs, brazen faces, and insatiable ambition, the Reformers are extremely *deficient in funds*. They can assemble 20,000 or 30,000 persons perhaps upon some topic of great popular excitement; but *try them with a subscription*, and the nakedness of the land at once appears. The Reformers of Leith were extremely loud in their protestations of gratitude to William IV. for the charter of their freedom, but they could only raise L.90 to erect a

statue to his honour. The Radical Press has rung with applause at the glorious meeting held in the King's Park at Edinburgh; but the subscription in that city for a pillar to Lord Grey, or a Monument to Reform, has come on so languidly, that they have never ventured to advertise them, and the project seems to have melted into thin air. Here is the secret of their weakness—they *have no money*; and the reason why they have none is obvious,—all who are to be the victims of spoliation have left their ranks, excepting the infatuated Whig nobility, who hope to fix themselves in power by their exertions, or the equally infatuated Whig lawyers or attorneys, who hope to rise in importance by their changes.

Low as the franchise has been fixed by the Reform Bill, in order to let in the meanest class of householders, in too many places to overwhelm the suffrages of, men of education and property, we feel convinced, that almost every where, except in the large and manufacturing towns, the Conservative party could, by proper exertions, still at the next election secure the return. The reason is, that the delusive topic which carried away the people, has now disappeared;—political power has been prodigally bestowed upon the populace, and the *next measures of the Revolutionary party must cut down their interests*. Not only, therefore, have the better classes of the people no interest now to support the movement, but their interest is decidedly the other way. The rural electors cannot be so obtuse as not to see that the abolition of the Corn Laws, for which the manufacturers so loudly clamour, must lower, in the *first instance* at least, the price of every species of grain produce to a great degree; and by exposing them to a permanent inundation of foreign grain, raised in countries where wages are not sixpence a-day, and taxes nothing, for ever depress their exertions. The landlords must perceive, that if their rents fall with this, the *first measure of the Reformed Parliament*, their mortgages and family burdens will become overwhelming, and a general insolvency of the landed proprietors effect as great a transfer of land to new hands as the most extreme Revolutionary measures. The bait of abolishing the tithes cannot

long delude the rural electors, when it is recollected that if they are surrendered to the state, the farmers will find the tax-gatherer a far more inexorable claimant than the rector or the vicar; and that if they are made a present to the proprietor of the soil, the rent which he exacts will immediately rise in the same proportion, and a heavier payment be required of them than before. The manufacturers of England cannot fail to perceive, that if the West India Islands, which now take off *seven millions* worth of British manufactures, are lost, either through a general insurrection of the slaves, of which Jamaica gave so recent a specimen, or a voluntary transference of their allegiance to America, through the insane clamour for early emancipation now raised by the populace, and the tyrannical measures now enforced upon the colonies by the government, the damage must be incalculable to the manufacturing industry of this country: that the sudden cessation of an annual distribution of L.7,000,000 among the artisans must involve them in extreme distress, and that the loss of L.7,000,000, yearly, of duties on West India produce imported, and the annihilation of as large a sum, annually derived from the land, or commerce of those islands, by persons resident in the British dominions, must, to an unprecedented degree, both embarrass its government and diminish its resources. The trading classes must perceive, that if the funds are either extinguished, or seriously encroached upon, their interests must suffer an immediate and irreparable shock; that the cessation of payment of dividends to the amount of L.28,000,000 a-year, must not only bring utter ruin to above 250,000 heads of families in the empire, but destroy the great Savings Bank of the nation, and exterminate the subsistence of a large portion of the most meritorious of the middling classes in the state; that Banks will break, the discount of bills cease, and an inexorable accounting between debtor and creditor take place; that, in the general panic and distress, industry will be suspended, credit annihilated, and sales of every sort of produce diminished to a fourth of their present amount. The interests, nay, the *very existence*, therefore, of the trading classes are



at stake; the very next step of the revolutionary movement must precipitate *hundreds of thousands into bankruptcy*; and unless its farther progress is averted, millions of the labouring poor must ere long be brought to the workhouse, the hospital, or the grave.

A large portion of the trading classes still think that the reform they have got is to save them from all calamities, because it has put into their hands the means of defending themselves, and rendered the legislature directly dependant upon the wants and interests of the nation. Whether it has really done so, may well be doubted; but be this as it may, it is this class that the Conservative party must now rally to themselves. The means of doing so exist amply in the *commercial interests*, which they have now to defend. It is no longer a contest for the maintenance of political power in a particular body which is to be kept up; the battle of order against anarchy, of property against spoliation, of industry against rapine, must now be fought in every town and village in England. The middling classes will speedily find, that having cast down the barrier of the aristocracy, which protected all the Conservative interests of the state from the revolutionary tempest, its surges will break upon them, and threaten speedily to overwhelm their fortunes. Whether the whole fabric of society is to be overthrown or not, will just depend upon the question, whether a sufficient number of the middling orders discover their danger in time to return a majority of Conservative members for the next Parliament.

For it is in the next Parliament that the greatest danger is to be encountered. The revolutionary passion, so vehemently excited by the successful revolt of the Barricades, is not yet cooled; the great triumph of the Reform Bill, the prostration of the throne, the overthrow of the aristocracy, the demolition of the House of Peers, have added tenfold to its force. It is possible, if the first burst of the revolutionary mania is got over, that the Conservative interests may ultimately become so strong in the House of Commons, that they may, for a considerable time longer, preserve our liberties, and uphold the remaining institutions of the country. But all this

depends upon the composition of the first Parliament. The secret for overwhelming both the Crown and the House of Peers has been discovered. By imposing a revolutionary Ministry upon the throne, resolving to withhold the supplies if they are removed, and threatening to create Peers if any resistance is made in the Upper House, it is known that the most powerful resistance can be overthrown, and the most violent revolutionary measures forced upon the country.

Every thing, therefore, now depends upon the House of Commons, and the House of Commons depends entirely on two things, public opinion, and the vigorous efforts of those who are already arranged on the Conservative side. To public opinion, the Tory party have not paid sufficient attention, and we call upon them now to redeem their error. The talent of the nation, the education of the nation, the property of the nation, is with them—of whom then need they be afraid? Nothing is to be feared but the masses of its *half-instructed* and impassioned manufacturers,—a formidable body, doubtless, if headed by intelligence and ability, but totally powerless if these directors are withdrawn,—or the fatal tendency of revolutionary changes to the lower orders is fully explained. We call, therefore, upon the talent and energy of the nation to come forth, and range itself in support of those principles of order which are eternal, and on which alone a new Constitution can be founded.

There can be no question that the talent of the nation is decidedly with the Conservative party. The great majority at Oxford and Cambridge on all questions of politics since the accession of the Whigs to office; the address of the English bar on the resignation of Earl Grey; the triumphant return of Tory Members for all the Universities; the well-known superiority of intellect in all the young men at the Scotch bar on that side of politics, sufficiently demonstrate this. All the rising talent of Edinburgh was recently assembled at a dinner of the junior Conservative party in that metropolis, and the genius displayed at the great Conservative meeting there in November last, has never yet been equalled on the side of Reform. The

eloquence and fervour brought forth at the great Irish meetings in support of the Protestant cause, shew how deeply Conservative principles have struck their root in the genius of that generous people.

The great and opulent body attached to Conservative principles in every part of the country have here much, we had almost said every thing, in their power. Let them universally cease to take in the newspapers, journals, reviews, and magazines, which do not support Conservative principles, and the work is done. Reduced to their own resources, the revolutionary party will wholly fail, at least in the higher branches of permanent or periodical literature. It is to the supineness, *the culpable, incredible supineness* of the Conservatives in this respect that the success of the revolutionary party is mainly owing. Half the subscribers to the Movement Press in every department are, or at least once were, Tories. They go on with the publications because their fathers did so before them, because they do not like to break sets, or from the mere force of habit, without any reason at all. Let them consider that the time is now gone past when this can be done with impunity; that it is by the dissemination of these vehicles of poison, that the British Constitution has been overthrown; that their farther continuance must lead directly to anarchy; and that if we would avoid sharing in the guilt of such a catastrophe, we must detach ourselves from all connexion with the instruments by which it is in the course of being effected.

But it is not only by assiduous attention to the Press, that the farther progress of revolution is to be stayed; efforts, vigorous, incessant efforts of the Conservative party over the whole kingdom, are requisite to arrest the evil at *the very next election*. It is the supineness of the friends of order in this respect that chiefly alarms us. Something may have been done in individual counties or burghs, but nothing whatever has been attempted generally to secure the return of Conservative members. Individually the Tories wish well, and they can boast of infinitely more virtue, religion, and real intelligence, than all the rest of the kingdom put together. But they are deficient in the art of drawing together

for any common purpose, and novices in the art of agitation. In the means of moving large bodies of men, they are no match for the revolutionists. It was just the same with the French Girondists, when, by the extravagance of the Jacobins, they were brought into collision with that terrible faction; "they said," says Louvet, "that they would rather be guillotined than become the guillotiners, and evinced upon the borders of destruction a degree of supineness and apathy, which would *a priori* have been deemed incredible in men of their intelligence and ability."

Let the Conservative party, then, in every county, town, and village in the empire, immediately assemble, sign a declaration, and publish it in the newspapers, pledging themselves to support only a member of Conservative principles. The effect of this is incredible. It at once shews the friends of order their *real strength*, which is so extremely apt to remain unknown, from the unobtrusive habits and noiseless lives of the immense majority of which that party consists. It damps, and often overthrows the spirit of innovation, by shewing how numerous and respectable its opponents are, and how entirely the noisy and clamorous body of revolutionists are dependant on their wealth and exertions. It encourages men of property and character to come forward as candidates, and often shames revolutionary ambition into obscurity, by dragging into the light the despicable character of its wicked and vociferous supporters.

Let a contest, in the next place, wherever a Conservative candidate can be brought forward, be commenced, and continued from a *joint fund* to the very last extremity. It is of no sort of consequence, though many of those contests terminate in victories to the Revolutionists: the object is to *exhaust the enemy's funds*, and prevent future contests in other places where success may be more doubtful. Every thing depends on this. Half the English counties might have been gained at the last election, if the desperate contest in Northamptonshire had occurred earlier in the struggle. That contest broke the Revolutionary Bank, and rendered them unfit for any subsequent effort. But towards this object it is indispensable that common



measures should be concerted by the Conservative committees over the whole country, and a fund provided by general subscription to meet the unavoidable expenses. We cannot expect that individuals are to exhaust their fortunes in a hopeless contest, merely to expend the resources of the opposite party, without any chance of success to themselves: but we may well expect that a large part of the common fund raised for the preservation of the remaining institutions of the country should be devoted to this object in all the quarters where it can be done with advantage. Subscriptions to meet these expenses should be universally entered into by all friends to their country; let every man consider that what he gives in that way is so much salvage to save the remainder of his fortune: it was in less peril when the red flag of mutiny was hoisted at the Nore, or the tricolour standard waved over the hosts of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo.

Finally, let the Conservative party universally and firmly act upon the principle of withdrawing their business from all tradesmen whom they employ who do not support the Conservative candidate. In the manufacturing cities, which depend on the export sale, this measure may not have a very powerful effect; but in the metropolis, in the other great towns, and the small boroughs, it would have an incalculable effect. *If universally and steadily acted upon, it would be decisive of the fate of England.* At least four-fifths, probably nine-tenths, of the purchase of articles of commerce come from the Conservative ranks; if this were confined to men of Conservative principles, there is an end of the Revolutionary progress. There is nothing unjust in this: the shopkeeper claims for himself the power of judging who should be his representative in Parliament. Granted: but he cannot refuse the same liberty of choice to his customer as to whom he is to employ as his butcher, his baker, or his clothier. There might be some reluctance in taking this step in ordinary times, when no vital part of the state is at stake, when mere family ambition divides counties, and the great interests of the state are equally secure in the hands of the one or the other

party. But the case is widely different, when, as at this time, the question is not between rival families in counties, or adverse parties in politics, but between contending principles in society; between the preservation of property and the march of revolution; between future felicity and unutterable anguish for ourselves and our children. It may be a painful thing to part with an old tradesman because he is of revolutionary principles; but it is much more painful to see the ruin of our country, and that is the other alternative.

One thing the Conservative party may make up their minds to, and that is, that there is no peril so great as to deter the Revolutionary party from proceeding with their insane designs, and no crime so atrocious as to make them scruple at its commission, if necessary to their purposes. When Earl Grey resigned, the proposal to make a run upon the Banks was received with three cheers at the London Political Union, and immediately acted upon; a design which, if successful, would have thrown all the members of the Political Unions out of bread next day; and when the Duke of Wellington rode through the city, on the last anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he was attacked, and attempted to be assassinated, by a base and cowardly revolutionary mob; a crime, which, if not prevented by the courage of a few gentlemen who witnessed the outrage, would have stained England with indelible infamy. It is evident, therefore, that the Revolutionary party are utterly reckless as to consequences, and completely indifferent as to crime; and let no one imagine that it is only a few hundred ruffians who constitute this party; it was not a few hundred ruffians who made the run on the Bank on May 20, 1832: and if it was, yet the saying of Marat is not to be forgotten, of which Robespierre so amply proved the truth, that with 300 bravos, at a louis a-day, he would govern France, and cause 300,000 heads to fall. Come what may, we have discharged our duty to the friends of England, by shewing the simple and certain means by which the progress of the Revolution may be stayed; if they are neglected, and ruin follows, the consequences be on them and their children.

## A NEW SONG,

FOR A CONSERVATIVE DINNER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO.

TUNE—"The good Olden Time."

I'll sing you a new song—for all things now are new—  
 And what should be the subject on the day of Waterloo,  
 But that, like him who conquered there, we ever will be true  
 To the cause in which we've met, and which *yet* will bear us through,  
     If still we're good Conservatives,  
     As of the Olden Time?

We'll stand fast by our KING, with a loyalty the same,  
 Whoever of our Royal Race may bear the regal name;  
 And though we may not *flatter* him, we never will *defame*—  
 But faithfully will render all a Sov'reign e'er could claim  
     From the best of the Conservatives  
     Of the loyal Olden Time.

For HER whom calumny assails with ev'ry lying art—  
 'Gainst whom each cow'rdly slanderer would aim his pointless dart—  
 May Fortune, Fame, and Friendship, from us and ours depart,  
 Ere she cease to reign with sovereign sway in each true British heart,  
     The pride of the Conservatives,  
     As in the Olden Time.

While a remnant yet remains, by our PEERAGE we will stand—  
 And spite of all THE TRAITOR to his "Order" may demand,  
 A spirit still survives in a brave devoted band,  
 That shall render it again the chief glory of the land—  
     The glory of Conservatives,  
     As in the Olden Time.

We'll rally round the CHURCH in this the hour of need,—  
 And though we modestly are told her fate is now decreed,  
 Yet, Tories as we are in *name*, so let us be in-*deed*,  
 And never shall the plunderer against her shrines succeed,  
     While we are good Conservatives,  
     As of the Olden Time.

We've Wellington and Eldon still in whom to put our trust,  
 And Lyndhurst, who is "trebly arm'd in this his quarrel just;"  
 Caernarvon, too, by whose good sword, now clear'd from Whiggish rust,  
 Shall many an apostate Whig be made to bite the dust,  
     At the feet of the Conservatives,  
     As in the Olden Time.

We've Mansfield too, and Winchilsea, and Hardinge true as steel,  
 And Murray, whose heroic name is stamp'd with honour's seal—  
 And gallant, good old Wetherell, and Vyvyan, and Peel,  
 And him by whom Lord Advocates are broken on the wheel,  
     And a host of good Conservatives,  
     As of the Olden Time.

Be names like these the watchwords still of all "good men and true,"  
 And what need any Tory fear for what is to ensue?  
 For though the Whigs should keep their league with Attwood and his crew,  
 The country will be safe, and the Devil get his due,  
     To the joy of the Conservatives,  
     As in the Olden Time.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVII.

AUGUST, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAPTER XII.

*Cuba Fishermen.*

" El Pescador de Puerto Escondido  
Pesca mas que Pescado  
Quando la Luna redonda  
Reflexado en la mar profunda.  
Pero cuidado,  
El pobre sera el niño perdido  
Si esta por *Anglisman* cojido.  
Ay de mi."

It was now five in the afternoon, and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maisie, clear and well-defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St Jago, it was evident, beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts on the Cuba coast.

The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the Run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arran-

ged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm; he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages.

When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness, and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced

to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot-holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did, and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, *nor fight* with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have always proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing as it were, never dreaming of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau beating us, where there was any thing approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities amongst British seamen, compels me to admit, that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes; and let it not be forgotten, although we have now regained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered on by the Americans during the war, as we overtopped them in the bulldog courage, with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knee, he sat down on a small

locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot-wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and always remarked what is well known, that the features wore a benign expression, bland, and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her departing child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas those who had died from the thrust of a pike or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and face.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed like those of a dead fish; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, amongst which a large gold ear-ring glittered, the poor fellow having been a nautical dandy of the first water, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive. His nose was transparent, thin, and sharp, the tense skin on the bridge of it glancing in the silver light, as if it had been glass. His mouth was puckered on one side into angular wrinkles, like a curtain drawn up awry, while a clotted stream of black gore crept from it sluggishly down his right cheek, and coagulated in a heap on the deck. His lower jaw had fallen, and there he lay agape with his mouth full of blood.

His legs, indeed his whole body below his loins, where the fracture of the spine had taken place, rested precisely as they had been arranged after he died; but the excessive



swelling and puffing out of his broad chest, contrasted shockingly with the shrinking of the body at the pit of the stomach, by which the arch of the ribs was left as well defined as if the skin had been drawn over a skeleton, and the distortion of the muscles of the cheeks and throat evinced the fearful strength of the convulsions which had preceded his dissolution. It was evident, indeed, that throughout his whole person above the waist, the nervous system had been utterly shattered; the arms, especially, appeared to have been awfully distorted, for when crossed on his breast, they had to be forcibly fastened down at the wrists by a band of spun-yarn to the buttons of his jacket. His right hand was shut, with the exception of the fore-finger, which was extended, pointing upwards; but the whole arm, from the shoulder down, had the horrible appearance of struggling to get free from the cord which confined it.

Obed, by the time I had noticed all this, had knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and I could see by the moonlight that flickered across his face as the vessel rolled in the declining breeze, that he had pushed off his eye the uncouth spyglass which he had fastened over it during the chase, so that it now stood out from the middle of his forehead like a stunted horn; but, in truth, "it was not exalted," for he appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that fastened the eye-glass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he spunged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could no longer be restrained by my presence.

"God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke; but he was true as

steel; and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! a-lack-a-day, a-lack-a-day!"—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.

"But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know it, and I believe it." At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. "I know it, Paul. I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you." He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, without more ado, handed the body up through the skylight; and I heard the heavy splash as they cast it into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that, since he would not speak, I must, at all hazards.

"I say, Obed, do you ever read your Bible?" He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. "Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passages as the following:—'Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'"

"It is true, Mr Cringle, I feel the truth of it here," and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. "Yet I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel; and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only living

soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest amongst the coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea."

"Why, man," rejoined I, "leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds, you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair, why I forgive you, man—from my heart I forgive you; were it only for the oddity of your scantling, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand, like a good fellow, to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stop the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so"—

"Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am *not* the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been, you shall never know—but I will tell you this much"—

"Devil confound the fellow!—why this is too much upon the brogue, Obed. Will you help me to dress my wound, man, and leave off your cursed sentimental speeches, which you must have gleaned from some old novel or another? I'll hear it all by and by."

At this period I was a reckless young chap, with strong nerves, and my own share of that animal courage, which generally oozes out at one's finger ends when one gets married and turned of thirty; nevertheless I did watch with some anxiety the effect which my unceremonious interruption was to have upon him. I was agreeably surprised to find that he took it all in good part, and set himself, with great alacrity and kindness even, to put me to rights, and so successfully, that when I was washed and cleansed, and fairly coopered up, I found myself quite able to take my place at the table; and having no fear of the College of Surgeons before my eyes, I helped myself to a little of the needful, and in the plenitude of my heart, I asked Obed's pardon for my ill-bred interruption.

"It was not quite the thing to cut you short in the middle of your Newgate Calendar, Obed—beg pardon,

your story, I mean; no offence now, none in the world—eh? But where the deuce, man, got you this fine linen of Egypt?" looking at the sleeves of the shirt Obed had obliged me with, as I sat without my coat. "I had not dreamt you had any thing so luxurious in your kit."

I saw his brow begin to lower again, so the devil prompted me to advert, by way of changing the subject, to a file of newspapers, which, as it turned out, might have proved to be by far the most dangerous topic I could have hit upon. He had laid them aside, having taken them out of the locker when he was rummaging for the linen. "What have we here?—Kingston Chronicle, Montego Bay Gazette, Falmouth Advertiser. A great newsmonger you must be. What arrivals?—let me see;—you know I am a week from headquarters. Let me see."

At first he made a motion as if he would have snatched them out of my hands, but speedily appeared to give up the idea, merely murmuring—"What can it signify *now*?"

I continued to read—"Chanticleer from a cruise—Tonnant from Barbadoes—Pique from Port-au-Prince. Oh, the next interests me—the Firebrand is daily expected from Havana; she is to come through the gulf, round Cape Antonio, and beat up the haunts of the pirates all along the Cuba shore." I was certain *now* that at the mention of this corvette mine host winced in earnest. This made me anxious to probe him farther. "Why, what means this pencil mark—'Firebrand's number off the Chesapeake was 1022?' How the deuce, my fine fellow, do *you* know that?"

He shook his head, but said nothing, and I went on reading the pencil memoranda—"But this is most probably changed; she now carries a red cross in the head of her foresail, and has very short lower masts, like the Hornet." Still he made me no answer. I proceeded—"Stop, let me see what merchant ships are about sailing. 'Loading for Liverpool, the John Gladstone, Peter Ponderous, master;'" and after it, again in pencil—"Only sugar; goes through the gulf."—*Only sugar*," said I, still fishing; "too bulky, I suppose.—'Ariel,



Jenkins, Whitehaven ; ” remark — “ sugar, coffee, and logwood. Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, to sail for Chagres on 7th proximo ; ” remark — “ rich cargo of bale goods, but no chance of overtaking her. — El Rayo to sail for St Jago de Cuba on the 10th proximo ; ” remark — “ sails fast ; armed with a long gun, and musketry ; thirty hands ; about ten Spanish passengers ; valuable cargo of dry goods ; main-mast rakes well aft ; new cloth in the foresail about half-way up ; will be off the Moro about the 13th. — And what is this written in ink under the above ? — ‘ The San Pedro from Chagres, and Marianita from Santa Martha, although rich, have both got convoy. ’ Ah, too strong for your friends, Obed — I see, I see. — ‘ Francis Baring, Loan French, master — an odd name, rather, for a skipper. ’ ” remark — “ forty seroons of cochineal and some specie ; is to sail from Morant Bay on 5th proximo, to go through the windward passage ; may be expected off Cape St Nicolas on the 12th or thereby. ’ ” I laid down the paper, and looked him full in the face. “ Nicolas is an ominous name. I fear the good ship Francis Baring will find it so. Some of the worthy saint’s clerks to be fallen in with off the Mole, eh ? Don’t you think as I do, Obed ? ” Still silent. “ Why, you seem to take great delight in noting the intended departures and expected arrivals, my friend — merely to satisfy your curiosity, of course ; but, to come to close quarters with you, captain, I now know pretty well the object of your visiting Jamaica now and then, — you are indeed no vulgar *smuggler*. ”

“ It is well for you, and good for myself, Mr Cringle, that something weighs heavy at my heart at this moment, and that there is that about you which, notwithstanding your ill-timed jesting, commands my respect, and engages my good-will — had it not been so, you would have been alongside of poor Paul at this moment. ” He leant his arms upon the table, and gazed intensely on my face as he continued in a solemn tremulous tone — “ Do you believe in auguries, Mr Cringle ? Do you believe that ‘ coming events cast their shadows before ? ’ ” — Oh, that little Wiggy Campbell had been beside me to have seen the figure and face of

the man who now quoted him ! — “ Yes, I do, it is part of the creed of every sailor to do so ; I do believe that people have had forewarnings of peril to themselves or their friends. ”

“ Then what do you think of the mate beckoning me with his dead hand to follow him ? ”

“ Why, you are raving, Obed ; you saw that he had been much convulsed, and that the limb, from the contraction of the sinews, was forcibly kept down in the position it broke loose from — the spunyarn gave way, and of course it started up — nothing wonderful in all this, although it did at the time somewhat startle me, I confess. ”

“ It may be so, it may be so. I don’t know, ” rejoined he, “ but taken along with what I saw before ! ”

Here his voice sank into so hollow and sepulchral a tone as to be almost unintelligible. “ But there is no use in arguing on the subject. Answer me this, Lieutenant Cringle, and truly, so help you God, at your utmost need, *did the mate leave the cabin at any moment after I was wounded by the splinter ?* ” And he seized one of my hands convulsively with his iron paw, while he pointed up through the open scuttle towards heaven with the other, which trembled like a reed. The moon shone strong on the upper part of his countenance, while the yellow smoky glare of the candle over which he bent, blending harshly and unharmoniously with the pale silver light, fell full on his uncouth figure, and on his long scraggy bare neck and chin and cheeks, giving altogether a most unearthly expression to his savage features, from the conflicting tints and changing shadows cast by the flickering moonbeams streaming fitfully through the skylight, as the vessel rolled to and fro, and by the large torchlike candle as it wavered in the night wind. The Prince of the Powers of the Air might have sat for his picture by proxy. It was just such a face as one has dreamed of after a hot supper and cold ale, when the whisky had been forgotten — horrible, changing, vague, glimmering, and undefined ; and as if something was still wanting to complete the utter frightfulness of his aspect, the splinter wound in his

head burst out afresh from his violent agitation, and streamed down in heavy drops from his forehead, falling warm on my hand. I was much shaken at being adjured in this tremendous way, *with the hot blood glewing our hands together*, but I returned his grasp as steadily as I could, while I replied, with all the composure he had left me, and that would not have quite filled a Winchester bushel,—

*"He never left my side from the time he offered to take your place after you had been wounded."* He fell back against the locker as if he had been shot through the heart. His grasp relaxed, he drew his breath very hard, and I thought he had fainted.

"Then it was *not* him that stood by me; I thought it *might* have been him, but I was a fool, it was impossible."

He made a desperate effort to recover his composure, and succeeded.—"And, pray, Master Obediah," quoth I, "*what did you see?*" He answered me sharply—"Never mind, never mind—here, Potomac, lend us a hand to sling a cot for this gentleman; there now, see the lanyard is sound, and the lacing all tight and snug—now put that mattress into it, and there is linen in the chest." In a trice my couch was rigged, all comfortable, snow-white linen, nice pillow, soft mattress, &c., and Obed, filling me another tumbler, helped himself also; he then drank to my health, wished me a sound sleep, promised to call me at day-light, and as he left the cabin he said, "Mr Cringle, had it been my object to have injured you, I would not have waited until now. You are quite safe so far as depends on me, so take your rest—good night, once more." I tumbled into bed, and never once opened my eyes until Obed called me at day-light, that is, at five in the morning, according to his promise.

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Gleam or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us;—we seemed to have

got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way,—"*Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nuevo; hay algo de bueno, para los pobres Pescadores?*" and the fellow who had spoken laughed loudly. The Capitan desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trousers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring-looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the Capitan, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potomac handed up my uniform coat. I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trowsers, which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman, in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, '*Picaro, Traidor, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres engañarnos!*' He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land, from whence a felucca, invisible until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up to the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek, nor indentation on the shore, nor the smallest symptom of any entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. "I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing



that, to have run down, and landed you at St Jago, Mr Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by these *honest* men there; get below, and as you value your life, and, I may say, mine, keep your temper, and be civil." I did as he suggested, but peeped out of the cabin skylight to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The felucca I could see was armed with a heavy carronade on a pivot, and as full of men as she could hold, fierce, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, as one could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board, who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed. However, they, that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job, and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great equanimity.

"Why, Francisco," he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, "why, what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you, he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no spy on you."

"Cuchillo entonces," was the savage reply.

"No, no," persisted Obediah, "get cool, man, get cool, I am pledged that no harm shall come to him; and farther, I have promised to put him ashore at St Jago, and I *will* be as good as my word."

"You can't if you would," rejoined Francisco; "the Snake is at anchor under the Moro."

"Then he must go with us."

"We shall see as to that," said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted to his ragamuffins, "Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English officer on board, who can be nothing but a spy; follow me!"

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in hand, while I sprung through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he missed me, came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appear-

ed he had greater control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the felucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand, and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked knife aloft in the other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm—"Francisco," he exclaimed, still in Spanish, "fool, madman, let go your hold! let go, or by the Heaven above us, and the hell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead!"

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted to drag me away from my hold on the taffarel. Something flashed in the sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my throat, while mine grasped its wrist, had been shred from his body by Obed's cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now, when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds, until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass, and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

"Am I not your captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me now?"

"Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!"

And the tide turned as rapidly in our favour as it had lately ebbed against us.

"As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves," said he, turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcass in the shambles; "but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry he bled to death."

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life blood—he had already gone to his account.

This most miserable transaction, with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me, said, with perfect composure,—

"You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity," pointing to the body; "but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present."

I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols, and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society, one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate veal. It had now fallen dead calm, and, from what I heard, I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and by we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the loud echo of the voices on deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently this ceased, and although we skimmed along as motionless as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out "Palanka," and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel seemed to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour, nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of the people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting every thing in order, as is usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had boarded us soon after we anchored,

as I could make out part of the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guards, that I might come on deck, a boon I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners, heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller lay close under our stern; they all had sails bent, and every thing apparently in high order, and were full of men. The shore, to the distance of a bow-shot from the water all around us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick strong reeds and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little farther off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but every thing had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. "Lots of yellow fever here," thought I, as the heavy rank smell of decayed vegetable matter came off, on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull clay-coloured motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was quite shut out—I looked all round and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right a-head there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal, that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea-sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea-stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety



of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded, were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious-looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermitted their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun-yarn, cooping gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling catridges, to look at me, they grinned and nodded to each other, and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo that in more prosperous times I little thought on or repented of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as became a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed. The only ray of hope that shot into my mind, through all this gloom, came from the respect the thieves, one and all, paid the captain; and, as I had reaped the benefit of assuming an outward recklessness and daring, which I really did not at heart possess, I screwed myself up to maintain the same port still, and swaggered along, jabbering in my broken Spanish, right and left, and jesting even with the most infamous-looking scoundrels of the whole lot, while, God he knows, my heart was palpitating like a girl's when she is asked to be married. Obed led the way up a ladder into the loft, where we found several messes at dinner, and passing through several rooms, in which a number of hammocks were slung, we at length arrived at the eastern end, which was boarded off into a room eighteen or twenty feet square, lighted by a small port-hole in the end, about ten feet from the ground. I could see several huts from this window, built just on the edge of the high wood, where some of the country people seemed to be moving about, and round which a large flock of pigs and twenty to thirty bullocks were grazing. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach,

was one continuous forest, without any vestige of a living thing; not even a thin wreath of blue smoke evinced the presence of a fellow-creature; I seemed to be hopelessly cut off from all succour, and my heart again died within me.

"I am sorry to say you must consider yourself a prisoner here for a few days," said Obed.

I could only groan.

"But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at St Jago."

I groaned again. The man was moved.

"I would I could do so sooner," he continued; "but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, or they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all, I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good-by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you betimes in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot, you see, is ready slung."

He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down, and taking hold of a ring, he lifted up a trap-door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the capstan-house.

"I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits."

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round, greatly mortified, as it struck me.

"I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; I can't help it."

This was spoken in a low tone,

then aloud—"There are books on that shelf behind the canvass screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you."

He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of Childe Harold, two Numbers of Blackwood, with several other English books and magazines, *the names of the owners on all of them being carefully erased.*

But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of friend Obediah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon a guana, or large wood lizard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poets say, began to fall by the time I had finished it, I topped quietly into my cot, said my prayers such as they were, and fell asleep.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound which always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window.

I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small suppressed voice, sung the following snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty, which I scarcely forgive myself for introducing here to polite society.

"Young hoffer come home at night,  
Him give me ring and kisses;  
Nine months, one picaniny white,  
Him white almost like misses.  
But misses fum\* my back wid switch,  
Him say de shild for massa;  
But massa say him——"

The singer broke off suddenly, as

if disturbed by the approach of some one.

"Hush, hush, you old foolish"—— said a man's voice, in the same low whispering tone; "you will waken de dronken sentry dere, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better."

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

"Newfoundland dog love him master de moreset

Of all de dog ever I see;

Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de soreset,

Difference none never makee to he."

There was a pause for a minute or two.

"It no use," the same voice continued; "him either no dere, or he won't hear us."

"Stop," said the female, "stop; woman head good for someting. I know who he shall hear.—Here, good dog, sing psalm; good dog, sing psalm," and thereupon a long loud melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air.

"If that be not my dear old dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him," thought I.

The woman again spoke—"Yowl leetle piece more, good dog," and the howl was repeated.

I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?"

"Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him."

Here the dog recognised me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan-house, in vain endeavours to reach the window.

"Down, Sneezer, down, sir; you



used to be a dog of some sense ; down."

But Sneezer's joy had capsized his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

"Stop, man, stop," and I held down the bight of my neckcloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a trice hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief, and I hauled him in at the window. "Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir, down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut." He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. "Now who are you, and what do you want?" said I.

"Ah, massa, you no know me!"

"How the devil should I? Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?"

"Well, massa, I will tell you; it is *me*, massa."

"I make no great doubt of that; but who may *you* be?"

"Lord, you are de foolish person now; make *me* talk to him," said the female, "Massa, neber mind he, dat stupid fellow is my husband, and surely massa know *me*?"

"Now, my very worthy friends, I think you want to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you."

"To be sure you can, massa; for dat purpose I come here."

The woman hooked the word out of his mouth. "Yés, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband Peter Mangrove, him who——"

Here Peter chimed in—"Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honor to address, and——" here he lowered his voice still more, although the whole dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper. "We have secured one big large canoe, near de mout of dis dam hole, which, wid your help, I tink we shall be able to launch troo de surf; and once in smoot water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast safely before de wind till we reach St Jago."

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. "But, Peter, how, in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you *here*?"

"Why, massa, you do forget a leetle, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tatoed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful ting him *never* do in him's own country, him get embroidered and pinked in gunpowder on him breach; beside, I am Christian gentleman like yourself; so dam mumbo jumbo, Massa Cringle."

I saw where I had erred. "So say I, Peter, dam mumbo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, man? tell me that."

"Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, tinkin no harm, when dem piratical rascal catch we, and carry us off. Yankee privateer bad enough; but who ever hear of pilot being carry off? blasphemy dat, carry off pilot! Who ever dream of such a ting? every shivilized peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot!—oh Lord——" and he groaned in spirit for several seconds.

"And the dog?" enquired I.

"Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has messed wid us, ay and slept wid us; and when we started last, although he showed some dislike at going on board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for you master; and he make such a bound, dat he capsize my old woman dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit!"

"Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old willain."

"Well, but, Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of your crew?"

"Oh dear! oh dear! dat is de worstest; oh dear!" and he began to cry and sob like the veriest child. "Oh, massa"—after he had somewhat recovered himself;—"Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetler, down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat

each wavering black spot was fellow-creature like one-self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him for ever !”

“ God bless me,” said I ; “ and how did you escape, and the black dog, and the black—ahem—beg pardon—your wife I mean ; how were you spared ?”

“ Ah, massa ! I can't say ; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so dem save Sneezer, and my wife, and myshef ; we were de only quadrupeds saved out of de whole crew—Oh dear ! Oh dear !”

“ Well, well ; I know enough now. I will spare you the pains of any farther recital, Peter ; so tell me what I am to do.”

“ Stop, massa, till I see if de sentry be still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem ; let me see”—and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth. The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrantable caption of himself and rib, a deed that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—“ Catch pilot ! who ever hear of such a ting ? I suppose dem would have pull down lighthouse, if dere had been any for pull.—Where is dis sentry rascal ? him surely no sober yet ?”

The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the groping paw of the black pilot.

“ Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, dronk still ; no fear of him overhearing we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his troat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket beginning to open of himself.”

I tapped on the floor with my foot.

“ Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However I see him is quite sound—de sentry dat is, for de oder never sleep, you know.” He had again come under the window. “ Now, Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it ; will you venture, sir ?”

“ Will I ?—to be sure I will ; but why not now, Peter ? why not now ?”

“ Ah, massa, you no smell de daylight ; near day-break already, sir. Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual.”

“ Very well, but the dog, man ? if he be found in my quarters, we shall be blown, and I scarcely think he will leave me.”

“ Garamighty ! true enough, massa ; what is to be done ? De people know de dog was catch wid me, and if he be found wid you, den dey will suspect we communication togidder. What is to be done ?”

I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, “ de dog have more sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us dis one night, no tell him dis night, else him won't ; say dis one night, and dat if him don't, we shall all be deaded ; try him, massa.”

I had benefited by more extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs Mangrove. “ But I'll try.—Here, Sneezer, here, my boy ; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess ; so here, my boy, here is the bight of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go ; come, Sneezer, come.”

To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coiled himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through



the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigue do?—I fell once more fast asleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot about eight o'clock in the morning.

"Good morning, Lieutenant. I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it."

"Don't you believe it, my dear Obed. I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—those shoes, if you please—thank you. Waistcoat—that will do. Now—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short as—and eggs—and—ounds! claret to finish with?—Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness?"

"Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable."

"Disagreeable? Not in the least, quite the contrary. That black grouper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam, if you please.—Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed? For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a topdressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast-eaters. Why, man, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret—thank you. The very best butter I have ever eaten out of Ireland—now, some of that Avocado pear—and as for biscuit, Leman never came up to it. I say, man,—hillo, where are you?—rouse ye out of your brown study, man."

"Did you hear that, Mr Cringle?"

"Hear what?—I heard nothing," rejoined I; "but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you, and you may send the spawl of that creeping thing along with it; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got over it somehow;—and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of

the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fed, I'll warrant."

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder.

"Ha, ha! Dick Gasket for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, Master Obed—but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be here this half hour."

I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder cloud from my ill-timed funning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied,—

"Why, Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel."

"It may be so;—hush! there's another gun—*Two!*"

Obed changed countenance at the double report.

"I say, Obed, the felucca did not carry more than *one* gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again."

He did not answer a word, but continued, with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat, and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. "Pedro que hay," I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—

"Aquí viene la felucha," answered Pedro; "perseguido por dos Lanchas Cañoneras llenas de Gente."

"Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma arma, aquí vienen los Engleses; arma, arma."

And all from that instant was a regular hillabaloo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on

the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurrying to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca or the boat guns came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, "Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken every devil of you will be hanged, so hoist away the signal," and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the maintopgallant-masthead of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out in a large *black* swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. "Now," shrieked he, "let me see who dares give in with *this* voucher for his honesty flying aloft!"

I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed's vessels, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezer now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-stair, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out, while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mangrove, Esquire, as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there man and beast. At

length Peter spoke—"Now, sir, now, Nancy has run on before to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it." Down trundled master, and dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the infernal tumult on the water still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing, and splashing, and *ricochetting* along the smooth surface of the harbour, as if there had been a sleet of musket and cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezer and I followed; we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass, or bill-hook, for the twigs were freshly shred, and in about ten minutes reached the high wood. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. "Some one has got the worst of it," said I.

"Never mind, master," quoth Peter, "or we shan't get de bestest ourself." And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or *any where* else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then still.

"Push on, massa—dem will soon miss we."

"True enough, Peter—but what is that?" as we came to a bundle of clouts wallopping about in the morass.

"De devil it must be, I tink," said the pilot. "No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist; what shall us do? you tink, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?"

"Heaven have mercy, Peter—yes, unquestionably."

"Well, massa, you know best." So we tugged at the sable heroine, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay, with a *plop*, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of one of the poor half-dead creature's hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance to the cove. We found the canoe there,



plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran her like lightning into the surf, till the water flashed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to bale with Peter's hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, and a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic Majesty's schooner *Gleam*, lying to about a cable's length to windward of us, with the *Firebrand* a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former.

"Mercy on me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?" said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun-burnt hand to me. "You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, Tom; but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer—very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, man, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stultze's fit, you know, but a jury rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man."

"Bad enough indeed, Mr Gasket—many thanks though—bad enough, as you say; but I would that your boats' crew were in so good a plight."

Mr Gasket looked earnestly at me—"Why, I have my own misgivings, Mr Cringle; this morning at day-break, the *Firebrand* in company, we fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of gunshot, close in with the land. The *Firebrand* immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch, and arm her with the boat-gun, and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take

me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the six-pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reefed our gaff topsail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper-kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or any thing else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning, firing signal guns every five minutes without success."

"Did you hear no firing after the squall?" said I.

"Why, some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating kind of sound, that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke rise, and blow off now and then, but"—

"But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws." I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress.

"They must have been taken, Mr Cringle. The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette—All hands make sail!"

I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the *all*, when twenty hands, one-third of them boys, and the others landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. "Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at, but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boats' crew—all my best hands gone, God help me!"

Presently being under the *Firebrand's* lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board,

where, for the first time, the extreme ludicrousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr and Mrs Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle, gent., such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them.

Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N—, who was standing near the gangway, on the snow-white deck, where every thing was in the most apple-pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trousers ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty bandage tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the sally port, with an important face, like a showman exhibiting wild beastesses, a regular "stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole" sort of look.—I followed him—"This is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N—."

"The devil it is!" said N—, trying in vain to keep his gravity. "Why, I see it is—How do you do, Mr Cringle? glad to see you."

"This is Peter Mangrove, branch-pilot," continued Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past out of sight.

Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much queerer-looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trowsers when we started, and these had been reduced, in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two knee-bands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze, the rest of his canvass having been entirely torn out of the bolt-ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat

without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of his stern frame were disclosed, as even an apology for a shirt had he none. Being a *decent* man, however, he had tied his large straw hat round his waist, by strings fastened to the broad brims, which nearly met behind, so that the crown covered his loins before, like a petard, while the sameness of his black naked body was relieved by being laced with blood from numberless lacerations.

Next came the female—"This is the pilot's wife, Captain N—," again sung out old Dick; but decency won't let me venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipment, beyond mentioning, that one of the Gleam's crew had given her a pair of old trowsers, which, as a sailor has no bottom, and Nancy was not a sailor, were most ludicrously scanty at top, and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a handkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers, after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the throng, "Hurra for Tom Cringle's Tail!"

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezzer to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a marine's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle bedaubed with pipe clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reefers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if not intended to reach the quarter-deck, although it did do so, "And here comes the *last joint* of Mr Cringle's Tail." The dog began floundering and jumping about, and walloping amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like



so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man-of-war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N—, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the *Gleam*, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before any thing could be done, it came on to blow, and for a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current. It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, when the *Gleam's* provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all sharp vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12-pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty seamen and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter boats, each with twelve men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart hands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the

*Gleam* made sail towards the harbour's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket-shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbour's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek, not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees, and thick underwood close to the water's edge. All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning-glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dank mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some guanoes on the trees, and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a slimy bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on, the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a kedge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a boom of strong timber clamped with iron, stretching across the creek. We were not unprepared for this; one of two old 32-pound carronades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the *Gleam's* ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast to the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom, and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high up on a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly run up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flame of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared. "Come, they are on the look-out for us I see." The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows,

without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us, so threateningly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart-depressing belief that his hours were numbered, for no active obstruction was offered. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in front of the schooners, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The horrible black pennant was, in the present instance, nowhere to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic step as ever to have shown it at all was taken in the first attack, I never could understand, for the force was too small to have created any serious fear of being captured, (unless indeed it had been taken for an advanced guard, supported by a stronger,) while it must have appeared probable to Obediah, that the loss of the two boats would in all likelihood lead to a more powerful attempt, when, if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed, now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance, and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halters about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag flying except the Wave, which showed American colours, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, whenever our gig appeared, a canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also carried a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along side of me. The incomprehensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me, and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was

that Obed's strong mind had given way before his superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him in this his closing scene. He at once recognised me, but seemed neither surprised nor disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me. He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer. "Then will you be good enough, Mr Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?"—"Certainly." In half a minute we were both on the Gleam's deck, the crews of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. "You are the commander of this force?" said the Spaniard. "I am," said old Gasket, who had figged himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight; "and who the hell are you?" "I command one of these Spanish schooners, sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, although you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies, they were in a friendly port, which should have protected them."—"All very good oysters," quoth old Dick; "and pray was it an honest trick of you, or your friend, to cabbage my young friend, Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungoes in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent in to claim him."—"As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours; he was brought away by the master of that American schooner; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you."—"The whole fifteen! and what have you made of the other twelve?"—"Gastados," said the fellow, with all the sangfroid in the world, "gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly."

"Oh, they are *expended*, are they? then give us the *fifteen*."—"Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course?"—"We shall see about that,—go and send



us the men." He jumped down into the canoe, and shoved off;—when ever he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the largest schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader, Lieutenant \*\*\*, in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and, sending to the Gleam for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us; while the schooner with the other craft were scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarterdeck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overboard, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obediah in person, yet the pirates, that is, the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bows, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding-pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans, stood at bay round the long gun which, not-

withstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party, they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft; but we were so close that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge,—whereas at thirty yards farther off it might have made a pretty "tableau" of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardihood of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first of a thunder shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The other vessels having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. "Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist"—And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. "Don't fire, sir," cried I to one. "Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made *me wash his shirts*," and he let drive at a poor devil, who was squatting and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him through the head. "By heavens! I will run you through, if you fire at that man!" shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breathe, and was swimming after the others, *but the very last man of all*. "No, by G—? *he made me wash his trousers, sir*." He fired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of

"Et tu, Brute" look, but I dare say it was fancy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment,—they burned themselves in on my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or had not acted, in one sense, unjustly, by thrusting myself so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us, forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it; besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still, however, on great provocation. But what "is writ, is writ." He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had, and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonized dying look might be erased from my memory;—but this can never be. What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or for evil. The unfortunates who survived

him but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal, said he had joined them from a New York privateer, but they knew nothing farther of him beyond the fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake, by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, as in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which from that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel, nor prize, crew nor captain, until two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verdes, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were however allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampered into the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal had it been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing in a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Glean.



## HESIOD.

WHILE the Bible-rejecting, demoralizing system is in full action, under, it needs not to say what authority and patronage, and our species is daily undergoing manifest deterioration, we fear poetry, both in its love and inspiration, will be eradicated from the heart of man, woman, and child in his Majesty the People's reformed dominions.

To prevent, if possible, this woeful accomplishment, it becomes our duty, for our own sick soul's refreshment, as for the general benefit, to make a pilgrimage to the sacred fountain of the Muses, the virtues of which are the only specific against the Cholera Political, excepting in cases of "the Malignant," which is incurable. But we must have a guide,—and lo, at the wish, the "Ascræan old man,"—he who, beloved of the Nine, lived at the foot of Helicon, and lives there still, though present with us, an august eidolon gifted with ubiquity. But, as Sir Thomas More did not choose to tell his excellent friend, Montesinos, how or whence he came, little need be said or "prated" of our geographical "whereabouts." Suffice it to say, Helicon is within easy reach, and the good Conservative readers may start for that very desirable watering place once a month by Maga, and be sure of good company, and warranted not to be squeezed to death under a high contract and contact pressure in a Cockney omnibus, like those entire sufferers so *pathetically* described in the Eton grammar—the "Ὀλοπαθή quæ contrahuntur in omnibus." We are free to come and free to go, after our own fashion. The venerable Old Man comes at our wish, and has presented us with his "Guide to Helicon;" it is indeed a neat volume, *Valpeei pumice mundus*, and well deserving the praise the Horatian editor bestows upon his performance, that the "Author would look at it with delight, and Mæcenas carry it in his bosom."

We have found ourselves for a space of time as long as Mahomet's dream, at the sweetest of springs, Helicon above and about us—cushioned in flowers on the freshest

verdure, and all in the most glorious sunshine, as if shed through amber and emerald. We have been visited by the Muses in our dream, signed our submission to the moral code of their dictation, (with a very slight protest,) contained in the "Works and Days," and have, in consequence, made a vow never to adopt American manners, at a feast worthy the gods. We have heard the crash of heaven and earth, the clanging of battle, and intermingling of the Gods and Titans, and hid ourselves in sublime fear, and perfect security, behind the "Shield of Hercules."

If there be any ungifted in the unknown tongues that have the goodness or the nerves to enjoy such a dream, we would recommend the Hippocrenian draught; the prescription is to be met with in No. XXX. of "The Family Classical Library," Elton's translation of Hesiod.

Few poets have enjoyed the advantages or disadvantages of copious notes in a greater degree than Hesiod. We have read them all, and carefully packed them in the "hamper of our understanding," and put them away with other learned lumber, labelled—"Remember to forget." Of Hesiod himself, so little is actually known, that authors have been able to write his life *ad libitum*. From his autobiography we find that his father was a poor maritime trader, a native of Cuma in Æolis, in Asia Minor; that he emigrated to Ascia, at the foot of Helicon, in Bœotia; that at the father's death a dispute arose between Hesiod and his brother Perses respecting the division of their inheritance, and that by the unjust sentence of wicked judges bribed by his profligate brother, our author was defrauded of his share; that, notwithstanding, this fraternal wickedness did not prosper, and the profligate prodigal returned for relief to his injured brother, who fed him, and gave him in addition the liberal advice contained in "The Works and Days." It might have been more liberal, if he had admonished him somewhat more privately; but per-

haps Hesiod did not foresee the art of printing, and that Valpy's press would publish the beggary and profligacy of poor Perses, and hand it down in *sæcula sæculorum*. Some may think the debt between the brothers thus cancelled. The poet acquaints us, that he never took but one voyage, namely from Aulis to Chalcis in Eubœa, on occasion of a funeral solemnity of King Amphidamas, when he won the prize for his verse, a tripod, which he dedicated to the Muses of Helicon. Hence it is supposed that Hesiod was born after the emigration of his father, or came over with him in his infancy. This circumstance of the victory at the funeral games of Amphidamas has given rise to the fabulous prose composition, "The Contest," between Homer and Hesiod.

The decision of the judge Parnoides at this supposed contest, shews the degenerate age in which it was manufactured. On the proposed question of the Greatest Happiness, Homer quotes a very jovial passage from the *Odyssey*, in which he is in singular agreement with good old Phocylides, the patron saint of Noctes Ambrosianæ. Every thing is to be found in Homer. Here we have the origin of the Utilitarian dogma—"The greatest happiness to the greatest number"—which has been overlooked.

Ὅσπ' ἴσαν εὐροσύνη μὲν ἔχῃ κατὰ δῆμον  
ἅπαντα.

Each poet being demanded to recite the best passage from his works, Homer appeals to the conflict between the two Ajaces and Hector, Hesiod to the exhortation to husbandry in the "Works and Days;" upon which the judge pronounces Hesiod victor; for that it was a superior thing to exhort men to agriculture and peace, than to inflame them to wars. The sentence of this very silly judge reminds us of a sentence ascribed to Dean Tucker, who was not silly, and doubtless did not really subscribe to any such nonsense as the lie of expediency to gratify and court the Birmingham embryo Parliament, the People—that a pin-maker was a more valuable member of society than Raphael.

As to the exact age of Hesiod, whether he was before, after, or con-

temporary with Homer, as there can be nothing certainly known, after every search, calculation, and conjecture, we shall leave the matter where we find it, as of no importance.

Herodotus was born upwards of 2300 years ago, and he affirms that Hesiod and Homer preceded him 400 years. These two princes of poetry were therefore 2700 years ago, and that is antiquity enough for our reverence, and of little value in the eyes of the despisers of the wisdom of our ancestors. It is pretty certain they are the earliest Greek poets of whom we have any remains, and that Orpheus and the supposed prior poets, according to Herodotus, were subsequent. Of Orpheus, indeed, Cicero disbelieves the existence; and Vossius thinks they were all names for the fictitious Cadmus.

Nor are we disposed for a moment to entertain disagreeable doubts as to the authenticity of these poems, and cannot help looking upon a man as little better than a natural-born fool, who can seriously believe that works of such unity and connexion of parts, character, and story, as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and other such works, were not the works each of them of one mind, but the stitch'd together rhapsodies of unconnected poets—rhapsodies, from *ραπτα* to stitch, that is by tailors. We pity the man for his folly and his feelings. With us Homer shall be Homer still, and Hesiod Hesiod, just as we find them in the best-typed editions.

In this sceptical age, men doubt every thing but what they ought to doubt most, their own sufficiency. But it is villainous not to keep their doubts to themselves. The glorious Sibyl's Temple above its mysterious and roaring waters, foaming out of their dark caverns, is to be robbed of the Sibylline sanctity, and sworn to by a coxcombical Cicerone, as the Temple of Tussis—or Cough—it moves our phlegm. But we mind it the less, since the Lord Chancellor has vulgarized the Sibyls, by making them out to be nothing more than old women with a Reform Bill. But the discoverer of this Tussis has, we doubt not, been long since dashed to atoms, no more substantive than ants' wings, down the falls, or his bones picked and suspended by the "Ge-



nius loci" over the chasm, like a dry-suck'd fly in a cobweb, or rather in perpetual damp, and still sensitive to rheumatism; and if there be any believer in the metamorphosis of the Sibyl, we hope, when he dares shew his consumption-dwindled body near that glorious spot, the enraged Sibyl will take him by his pinch'd-up nose, coughing detestably, and toss him into the indignant cataract.

But to return to Hesiod.

The "Works and Days," it must be confessed, is not a very connected poem; probably some of the links have been lost. But neither is it a subject that requires the same arrangement and connexion as a tale or narrative of events. Without entering into vain discussion, or insisting upon the divisions the critics

have made in the poem, it will be best to speak of it as we find it handed down to us from antiquity. It is a very delightful work, with most fascinating melodious versification, with the exception only of a few passages, which, perhaps, derive some force from their peculiar quaintness. The object of the poet seems to have been to reclaim his brother Perses, by the recommendation of honesty and industry, for which purpose he lays down rules of good husbandry, some pithy moral maxims, and a calendar of lucky and unlucky days.

The poem begins with an exordial Rhapsody (supposed to be the addition of another hand) on the omnipotence of Jupiter, who has power

"To make the crooked straight, and blast the strong."

A hint to the unjust judges as well as to his brother Perses, though the latter only is named.

"Guide thou the laws aright, behold, and hear,  
I speak to Perses truths of wholesome fear."

This exordium of ten lines was rejected by the Boeotians, and it is said an ancient copy on leaden plates has them not. They might, however, have been omitted to spare the memory of the unfortunate Perses and

the unjust judges. He tells him that there are two strifes; one abhorred, the cause of war and all its ills,—the other emulation, good for men.

Καὶ κεραμὲς κεραμῆϊ κοῖται, καὶ τέκτωνι τέκτων,  
Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονεῖ.

"Potter with potter turns the glowing wheel,  
Smiths beat their anvils; beggars envious throng."

Mr Elton, in translating this passage, must have had in his eye the revolution emulators of these days—the Belgian Potter, and Reverend Residentiary Smith, who, in a recent speech at Taunton, said, "When he

saw the smith with his forge ready, his arm out, and his bellows blowing, he knew that work was to be done." And after all this *forgery*, "the beggars envious throng" is very appropriate.

Νήπιοι ὅδ' ἴσασιν ὅσα πλεον ἥμισυ παντός.

"Fools, not to know how much half is more than the whole."

"O fools, they know not in their selfish soul  
How far the half is better than the whole."

ELTON:

"Fools, blind to truth, nor knows the envious soul  
How far the half is better than the whole."

COOKE.

One sheep leaps over the hedge, and all the flock follow; if Mr Elton had not followed the leader, he would not have lost sight of the pithy enigmatical paradox—half is more than the

whole; there is the riddle. Perhaps Cooke may have meant better in old vulgar sense of more, but this will not do now.

The poets of antiquity delighted in the riddle ; and being on this point, we will, though out of its place, notice a passage further on, of this enigmatical character :—

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται, κέφη μὲν αἰῶρα  
ῥῆμα μάλ', ἀργαλὴν δὲ φέρειν, χαλεπὴ δ' ἀποβήδαι.

"Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,  
A sad oppression to be borne with pain;  
And when you would the noisy clamour drown,  
You'll find it hard to lay your burthen down."

COOKE.

"For there's an ill report we scarce can bide,  
Which, lightly raised, is hard to set aside."

*Quarterly Review.*

"Do this, and still of evil fame beware,  
Easy at first to lift, and light as air,  
But scarce can human strength the load convey,  
Or shake th' intolerable load away."

ELTON.

Cooke's "with ease obtain," shews he would not have unriddled it had *φήμη* been omitted. The *Quarterly* misses the passage, by forgetting *ἀργαλὴν φέρειν*. Elton's fault is, that it is too long—riddles should be short.

The poet reminds his brother of the necessity, and points out the origin of Labour—that the Gods have hidden sustenance from mortal eyes, or the gathering of a day would suffice for a year; it is presumed on a charitable motive, and upon the principle that idleness is the parent of all evil—or our poets would have deserved the censure of Pythagoras, who says he saw Hesiod howling in the infernal regions in torture, bound to a brazen column for his impious fictions on the Gods.

We have then the story of Pandora, the parent of a fallen race, unquestionably the Eve of Mosaic history—it is through her the state of man became a state of labour. Thus has tradition blended truth with the legends of Paganism; and that original truth, a light bright in itself, becomes embodied with the thick vapours it cannot entirely pierce, and presents to the imagination fantastic forms which genius has endowed with a peculiar vitality, and

the vulgar have worshipped the creation.

We are told how Jupiter removed fire from the earth, which was stolen again from heaven by Prometheus, who enclosed it in a hollow cane,\* that in revenge he formed from clay, by the artist-hand of Vulcan, the "beauteous wonder," to whom all the deities presented gifts; hence the name Pandora. It is true, these gifts were evils in disguise. The casket of Pandora is opened, and innumerable troubles fly out for the persecution of mankind; but when the lid drops, hope alone remains at the bottom of the casket. After this come in succession the famed ages of gold, silver, brass, and iron. In the golden age "of many languaged men," they lived like gods on the earth, without care or decrepitude; death came upon them as a sleep—after death they were raised by Jupiter from the ground, and became guardian earth-hovering spirits, "the ministers of good, and guards to men." They shower wealth, and preside over the seasons, delegates from Jove. Then came the silver age, and a race unlike that of the golden in stature and mind.

"Yet still an hundred years beheld the boy  
Beneath the mother's roof, her infant joy,  
All tender and unform'd; but when the flower  
Of manhood bloom'd, it wither'd in an hour."

ELTON.

\* The marrow of the nartheca, *Ναρθηξ*, is used still as tinder—fire is preserved in it, in the reed. *Vide note in Cooke.*—*Extract from Tournesfort's Voyage to the Levant.*



These were guilty of frantic follies, despisers of the gods, and were destroyed for their impiety. The brazen age succeeds, and a race arises of monstrous size, and magnitude of limb. They live on raw flesh, are cruel and warlike, and perish by internal contentions. The fourth race, between the brass and iron, is the race of heroes. These were they who were as demigods on the earth, the Heroes of Greece, who warred at Thebes and Troy; these died in battle, and at their deaths were transplanted to the Fortunate Isle.\* The

poet introduces the iron age with a lamentation that he was not born before or after it; whether it be that the bard was sore on account of the unjust decision in his suit with his brother, or that a Reform Bill was in general agitation, the picture of the times is woeful enough. Brick-bat and bludgeon law was then common, and the burning cities in honour of Reform, and Catholics probably got into Parliament, and made a boast of their perjury. Then was agitation rewarded, and bishops reviled.

"Now man's right hand is law, for spoil they wait,  
And lay their mutual cities desolate.  
Unhonour'd he by whom his oath is fear'd,  
Nor are the good believed, the just rever'd.  
With favour graced the evil doer stands,  
Nor curbs with shame nor equity his hands;  
With crooked slanders wounds the virtuous man,  
And stamps with perjury what hate began."

ELTON.

It appears farther, that there must have been in those days a profligate press, co-operating with, and patronised by a tyrant ministry; and we venture to pronounce old Hesiod a true Conservative. Black Lists and Grey Lists were evidently in circulation.

"Lo! ill rejoicing Envy, wing'd with lies,  
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies,  
The steps of miserable men pursue,  
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view."

ELTON.

Justice and Modesty, we are now told, are driven from the earth, and take refuge in heaven. It is here the bard utters the fable of the Hawk and Nightingale. We can easily imagine who are figured under the nightingale, whose powerful voice may represent the inconvenient eloquence of Truth and Reason. The speech of the hawk, probably the Grey fal-

con, is so like what we have recently heard, that it is worth notice, as a plagiarism is evident. The tyrant bird has seized the poor nightingale, who, under threats of immediate annihilation, remonstrates eloquently and sweetly. But this discourse the tyrant Grey falcon chooses to call screams.

"Wretch, why these screams? a stronger holds thee now;  
Where'er I shape my course, a captive thou,  
Maugre thy song, must company my way;  
I rend my banquet, or I lose my prey.  
Senseless is he who dares with power contend,  
Defeat, rebuke, despair, shall be his end.  
The swift hawk spake, with wings outspread in air;  
But thou to justice cleave—from wrong forbear.  
Wrong, if he yield to its abhorr'd control,  
Shall pierce like iron in the poor man's soul."

ELTON.

The picture of the Oath God in instant pursuit of unjust judgments, when

\* This supposed island, Leuce, between the mouths of the Borysthenes and Danube in the Euxine. At the mouth of the former is the Race of Achilles. See Euripides, Iphig. Tauris. Chorus Κουρυσσαι Κουρυσσαι.

bribe-devouring judges drag Justice by uncouth ways, and the return of Justice veiled, weeping about the city, after having been forced from the gates, is grand and awful.

Αὐτίκα γὰρ τρέχει "Ορκος ἄμα σκολιῇσι δίκησιν.  
 Τῆς δὲ Δίκης ῥόδος εὐλακμένης ἥ κ' ἄνδρες ἄγωσι  
 Δαρκοφάγοι, σκολιῶς δὲ δίκαις κρίνωσι δίμισας.  
 Ἡ δ' ἐπίται, κλάισσα πόλιν τε καὶ ἥδεα λαῶν,  
 Ἥερα ἐσσαμένη, κακὸν ἀνθρώποισι φέρεσσα,  
 Οἱ τέ μιν ἐξελάσσωσι, καὶ ἐκ ἰθείαν ἐνειμάν.

Cooke's translation of this fine passage is very vile; the personification, the demon god *ορκος*, Oath, is omitted.

" The cries of justice haunt the judge,  
 Of bribes the glutton, and of sin the drudge.  
 Through cities, then, the holy demon runs  
 Unseen, and mourns the manners of their sons,  
 Dispersing evils to reward the crimes  
 Of those who banish justice from the times."

COOKE.

Here, again, we suspect, Cooke, who has mistaken *ἠθια* for manners, has misled Mr Elton, who did not sufficiently keep his eye on the original. His translation, however, of this passage is vigorous; and, after all, he has perhaps made a happy mistake. We do not think he has done justice to his author in the first part, nor is he equal to himself. A little more conciseness would have improved the whole passage.

" With crooked judgments, lo! the Oath's dread God  
 Avenging runs, and tracks them where they trod.  
 Rough are the ways of justice, as the sea  
 Dragg'd to and fro by men's corrupt decree;  
 Bribe-pamper'd men! whose hands perverting draw  
 The right aside, and warp the wrested law,  
 Though while Corruption on their sentence waits,  
 They thrust pale Justice from their haughty gates.  
 Invisible their steps the virgin treads,  
 And muster evils o'er their sinful heads.  
 She with the dark of air her form arrays,  
 And walks in awful grief the city ways;  
 Her wail is heard, her tear upbraiding falls  
 O'er their stain'd manners, their devoted walls."

The poet then draws a contrast between the just and unjust, and the happy state of the former, and the miseries of the latter. The day of retribution is in grand style, and the truth may be found in instant application to more than one state.

" But o'er the wicked race, to whom belong  
 The thought of evil and the deed of wrong,  
 Saturnian Jove, of wide-beholding eyes,  
 Bids the dark signs of retribution rise;  
 States rue the wrongs a sinful man has done,  
 And all atone the wickedness of one.  
 The God sends down his angry plagues from high,  
 Famine and pestilence; in heaps they die.

" Ponder, ye kings! within your inmost thought,  
 The retributions by his judgments wrought!  
 Invisible, the Gods are ever nigh,  
 Pass through the midst, and bend th' all-seeing eye:



Who heed not Heaven's revenge, but wrest the right,  
And grind the poor, are naked to their sight;  
For thrice ten thousand holy demons rove  
This breathing world; the immortals sent from Jove,  
Guardians of men, their glance alike surveys  
The upright judgments, and th' unrighteous ways;  
Hovering they glide to earth's extremest bound,  
A cloud ærial veils their forms around."

ELTON.

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

MILTON.

Justice is said, when injured, to take her seat by the throne of her father  
Jove—

" Driven by despiteful wrong, she takes her seat,  
In lowly grief, at Jove's eternal feet;  
There cries aloud upon the soul unjust,  
That a whole people for their tyrant's lust  
May explate; and on them the burden be  
Of the warp'd judgment and the false decree."

ELTON.

A solemn warning is given to kings, for that the eye of Jove

" Pierces the walls that gird the city in,  
And on the seat of judgment blasts the sin."

ELTON.

In the conclusion of which, is the celebrated passage quoted by Xenophon, as used by Socrates in his discussion with Aristippus :

Τὴν μόντοι κακότητα καὶ ἰλαδὸν ἔστιν εἰλίσσθαι  
Ῥηϊδίως· ὀλίγη μὲν ὁδὸς, μᾶλα δ' ἐγγύθι ναίει.  
Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἰδρωτὰ θύει προπάρουθεν ἔδηκαν  
Ἀθάνατοι· μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὀρθίος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτὴν,  
Καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον· ἐπὴν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται,  
Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἥπιτα πέλει χαλεπὴ περὶ ἔσχα·

" Choose sin by troops, she will beside thee stand,  
Smooth is the track, her mansion is at hand."

We cannot applaud Mr Elton here—

" By troops she shall beside thee stand,"

is not the thing. *ἰλαδον* expresses—"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that find it."

What says Cooke ?

" To wickedness the road is quickly found,  
Short is the way, and on an easy ground."

Here the broad way and the many that walk in it, so remarkably scriptural, are omitted.

" The paths of virtue must be reached by toil,  
Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil;  
Thorny the gate, and when the top you gain,  
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain."

COOKE.

" Where Virtue dwells, the Gods have placed before  
The dropping sweat, that springs at every pore ;

And ere the foot can reach the high abode,  
Long, rugged, steep th' ascent, and rough the road.  
The ridge once gain'd, the path so hard of late,  
Runs easy on and level to the gate."

ELTON.

This is very well, but loses somewhat by overstraining and exaggerating. Hesiod is more simple. These old poets demand simplicity above all things. They rest upon the simple thought, expressed tersely, and in melodious verse.

"The Gods have placed sweat before (the habitation of virtue);  
Long and steep is the path that leads to her,  
And rough at first; but when you reach the top,  
Then it becomes easy, though it be difficult."

The last line is marked with the enigmatical stamp of the apothegms of antiquity.

In continuation,

"Far does the man all other men excel,  
Who from his wisdom thinks in all things well,  
Wisely considering, to himself a friend,  
All for the present best, and for the end.  
Nor is the man without his share of praise,  
Who well the dictates of the wise obeys;  
But he that is not wise himself, nor can  
Hearken to wisdom, is a useless man."

COOKE.

"Far best is he whom conscious wisdom guides,  
Who first and last the right and fit decides;  
He too is good that to the wiser friend  
His docile reason can submission bend;  
But worthless he that wisdom's voice defies;  
Nor wise himself, nor duteous to the wise."

ELTON.

This distinction between the *διδασκα* and *φυσικα*, natural and acquired goodness, is noticed in a remarkably beautiful passage in the Hippolytus of Euripides, unquestionably the original of the celebrated portrait of Virgin Modesty in Catullus. "Ut flos in septis," &c., and imitated from him by Ariosto, in "La Vir-

ginella e simile alla Rosa," though both the Latin and Italian are very inferior to the Greek original. We refer the reader for the whole passage, to the Hippolytus, beginning at 73d line, Σὺ δὲ τὸν δὲ πλεοντὸν εἴφανον, &c.; but we have now only to do with its conclusion.

"Οσοις διδασκὸν μὴδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει  
Τὸ σωφρονεῖν ἔλληχον, εἰς τὰ πάντ' αἰεὶ  
Τέτοιοι δρέπεται, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' ἔξ ἑμῖς.

To those alone who have the natural and not acquired modesty, is it allowed to gather this flower, but never to the bad.

Again to Hesiod. The bard pro-

ceeds to excite his brother Perses to industry, by pointing out the scorn of man and hate of Heaven that attends the sluggard; which advice contains the seeming paradoxical;

Εργον δ' ἐδὲν ὄνειδος, ἀεργείη δὲ τ' ὄνειδος.

"Not toil but sloth shall ignominious be."

ELTON.

Or, as Solomon says, "In *all* labour there is profit."



The frequent quoting of this line, as we are informed by Xenophon, gave from its ambiguity great offence, and led to the charge against Socrates, that he culled the worst parts of the ancient poets, and thereby made men wicked. Solomon must cer-

tainly then be liable to the same charge, for the passages are identical. Xenophon defends his master on the score of his alleged impiety, by showing that the philosopher often repeated a line not far from the above.

Καθδύναμιν δ' ἔρδειν ἱερὸν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν  
Ἀγνῶς καὶ καθαρῶς.

"With thy best means perform the ritual part,  
Outwardly pure, and spotless at the heart."

ELTON.

Then follow a string of rules to live by, maxims of prudence, and moral duties. And here we think the poor old bard has been rather hardly used, and the soundness of his morality unnecessarily questioned, and the matter somewhat wrested from the purpose.

"Bid your friend to a feast, and not your enemy." No great crime this. "Prefer your neighbour; for good neighbourhood is more profitable than distant kinsmen." And So-

Ὡς ἂν χερνίζων καὶ ἔς ὕψιστον ἄρκιον εὖρης.

"Shun bad gains;" well translated by Elton, "those losses in disguise." The following lines are particularly

Τὸν φιλέοντα φιλεῖν, καὶ τῷ προσίοντι προσεῖναι.  
Καὶ δόμεν ὅς κεν δῶ, καὶ μὴ δόμεν ὅς κεν μὴ δῶ.  
Δῶτῃ μὲν τις ἔδωκεν, ἀδῶτῃ δ' ἔτις ἔδωκεν.

"Return love for love, meet your friend half-way. Give to him that gives, and not to the niggard."

It is not, as translated, "Give to him who gives to you, and not to him who gives nothing to you."—*Quarterly Review*. That assumption of *you* is the groundwork of all the illiberality, and for which Hesiod is not answerable. "Do not jest with your brother without a witness." We do not see why this may not be a caution to the jester, that out of respect to the presence of a witness he go not too far—as well as that it must inculcate unnecessary mistrust—nay, in the very next line the poet assures us—"Mistrust and confidence alike may be ruinous." The passage reminds us of one in Proverbs—"So is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, (γελασας) Am I not in sport?"—*Prov.* xxvi. But take the passage in the other sense—if it recommends the wisdom of the ser-

lomon says something very like this, "Go not into thy brother's house in the day of calamity, for better is a neighbour that is near, than a brother far off."—*PROV.* xxvii. "A bad neighbour is an abomination;" ergo: be thou a good one. "Use honest measures in taking and giving." "Be sure to return as much as you receive; if you are able, more"—much in accordance with the Scriptural rule—"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

offensive to nice moralists; why, we cannot see, but that they chance to mistranslate them.

pent—you are immediately told not to do ill; nor is it adverse to the "harmlessness of the dove," on the best authority, to reprove before witnesses. The translation,

"Not even thy brother on his word believe,"—ELTON,

is certainly not allowable.

"Do not, by mirth betray'd, your brother trust

Without a witness—he may prove unjust."—COOKE.

This likewise is a gratuitous explanation, against which Hesiod may protest, for, as we said, in the next line he speaks of mistrust as an evil. He elsewhere tells us to prefer a brother for our friend; but we find in Proverbs, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—*PROV.* xviii.

Οἶκοι βίλτιρον εἶναι, ἐπὶ βλαβερόν τὸ θύρηφιν

"Stay at home, for mischief is abroad."

It is curious that we meet with this very line in the Hymn to Mercury. When the infant god finds the tortoise which he means to take home with him, and scoop out of his shell, that he may make it into a lyre, he addresses it with this line, which we now find again in Hesiod.

We next meet with a very droll

"Be not taken in by a woman wearing a bustle;"

Μηδὲ γυνή ξινόν πυγόσολος ἑξαπατάτω.

"With robe up gather'd in a knot behind,"

ELTON,

does not express the *πυγόσολος*, which is nothing more nor less than wearing a Bustle.

This passage was therefore written before the true taste for beauty had declined from the original Hottentot to the Medicean Venus. Modern fashion has happily retrograded, and gone backward, shall we say to what it was *before*. We meet with the *πυγόσολος* everywhere, so that we can scarcely say of the poor Hottentot, that which might have been her epitaph, "She's gone—and hath not left her like behind."

Next follows the Georgical part of the Works. But as we have little taste for, and less knowledge of, farming, and the construction of ploughs, and the whole *infra dig* business, and are confident that those readers of Maga who may be ambitious of contending with a British Minister for a prize-ox, and of thereby discovering with Professor *Oxenstiern* with what little wisdom the world is governed, will find more valuable information in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture; and that Hesiod will never enable the *honest tenant* to pay rent and taxes until the *Miltonian* millennium, we shall not venture to enter

piece of advice, shewing the female fashion of Hesiod's day, at least among a certain class, to wear what is commonly called, in the milliner phrase, a Bustle; we are not sure that we spell the word according to the rules of the craft, and craft we are assured by Hesiod it is; for thus saith he,

into any detail. And we are warned—"How shall a man have understanding whose talk is of bullocks?" We are likewise afraid to discuss the nature of service in those days, lest we offend the philanthropists of anti-slavery societies. But in vindication of the humanity of Hesiod, we find that, without the enforcement of an act of Parliament, he recommends that you give the ploughman the very liberal allowance of a quartern loaf—"Ἄστων τετράτευρον—to every eight mouthfuls, and when the weather is severe, more; but what will make the Martinites stand aghast, he recommends that then the cattle should have less provender—probably, however, because their work is less, and the men's labour greater. He recommends his brother not to loiter at the smith's shop. The description of Winter is very poetical. The sweeping winds, roar of the forest shrinking beasts, the old man bent double in the blast, are finely and humanly contrasted with the modest maiden, the Theodora of the house, like a geranium brought in for the winter, soft and sleek and warm, cherished by the father's love, and under the mother's eye.

Μῆνα δὲ Ἀθηναῖωνα, κακ' ἡμέρα, βέδορα πάντα,  
Τῆστον ἀλέυσσθαι· καὶ πηγὰδας, αἶτ' ἐπὶ γαίαν  
Πνέσαντες βορέας, δυσσηλῆγες τελέθουσι,  
Ὅς τε διὰ Θρήκης ἵπποτρόφῳ ἐνέει πάντα  
Ἐμπνέσας ἄρειν'· μέμυκε δὲ γαῖα καὶ ὕλη·  
Πολλὰς δὲ δρυὸς ὑψικόμους, ἐλάτας τε παχύχαιας,  
Οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης πικρᾶς, χθονὶ πελυβοτείρῃ  
Ἐμπέπταν, καὶ πᾶσα βοᾷ τότε νήριτος ὕλη.  
Θῆρες δὲ φρίσσουσ', ἔρας δ' ὑπὸ μίξῃ ἔειντο,



Τῶν καὶ λάχνη δέρμα κατὰ σκιον ἀλλά νυ καὶ τῶν,  
 Ψυχρὸς ἔων διάσσι, δασυτέρων περ ἔονταν.  
 Καί τε διὰ ῥινῆ βοὸς ἔρχεται, ἐδὲ μιν ἴσχει.  
 Καὶ τε δι' αἶγα ἀσι τανυτρίχα' πῶσα δ' ἔστι,  
 Οὔνεκ' ἐπιηταναὶ τρίχες αὐτῶν, ἔ' διάσσι.  
 'Ις ἀνέμω βορέη· τροχάλῳ δὲ γέροντα τίθῃσι.  
 Καὶ διὰ παρθενικῆς ἀπαλόχροος ἔ' διασσί.  
 'Η τε δόμων ἔντοσδε φίλῃ παρὰ μητέρι μέμνει,  
 Οὔπω ἔργ' εἰδυῖα πολυχέρους Αφροδίτης·  
 Εὔτε λοισσαμένη τέρενα χροά, καὶ λίπ' ἐλαίῳ  
 Χρυσάμενι, νοχίη καταλέξεται ἔνδοθεν οἴκου  
 "Ηματι χεῖμερῳ.

"Beware the January month; beware  
 Those hurtful days, that keenly piercing air  
 Which flays the steers; when wide o'er fell and flood  
 Ice in its curdled masses nips the blood.  
 From Thracia, nurse of steeds, comes rushing forth,  
 O'er the broad sea, the Whirlwind of the North,  
 And moves it with his breath; Earth roars through all  
 Its woodlands; oaks of towering foliage fall,  
 And thick branch'd pines, as in his fitful swell  
 He sweeps the hollows of the mountain dell:  
 He stoops to Earth: The crash is heard around,  
 The boundless forest rolls the roar of sound.  
 Now shrink the beasts, and shuddering as they run,  
 The gust, low couch'd, with cowering bodies, shun.  
 Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,  
 But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within:  
 Not his rough hide can then the ox avail;  
 The long-hair'd goat defenceless feels the gale:  
 Yet vain the North wind's rushing strength to wound  
 The flock, with thickening fleeces fenced around.  
 The old man bends him double in the blast,  
 Whose harmless breath the tender virgin pass'd:  
 Home keeping she with her own mother dwells,  
 Yet innocent of Venus' golden spells,  
 And bathing her soft limbs, and with smooth balm  
 Anointing, in the shelter and the calm  
 Of that her secret chamber, nightly so  
 Seeks her safe couch, while wintry tempests blow."

ELTON.

When the artichoke flowers, and the *πεττιγες*, to whom Homer compares the old men of Troy, perch on the trees, and play on their viol de gamba, he tells us the men are weakest, and women most vivacious.

The poet next recommends navigation as a source of gain, and bids Perses remember his father, and follow his example of industry, who, he reminds him, began his life in poverty. He mentions here, that he *once* took the voyage before noticed. Having no great experience in maritime matters, he is obliged to refer his "navigation laws" to a very extraordinary authority, not admitted at modern Admiralty Boards, the Muses; who, since they have been

so much taken up with the art and craft of "building the lofty rhyme," have neglected ship-building, and deserted the dock-yards. They certainly kept a private yacht in old Homer's days, of which he was captain; but their attempts to re-establish any thing like a club, these two thousand years or so, have miserably failed; and they have never quite recovered their nerves since the loss of poor Falconer, and their disappointment at the ingratitude shewn to Dibdin. They do indeed now and then talk about the "deep blue sea," and occasionally, perhaps, skim over it like sea-plovers, but they avoid the quarter-deck and all its discipline, and decline the dedication of the

cat-o'-nine tails, in spite of their number.

Having alarmed the unfortunate Perses with the prospect of being wrecked, and an insight into the perils of the sea, he boldly launches him on the "perils of woman," and gives him directions how and when to choose a wife. He must marry at thirty; she must be a maiden between sixteen and nineteen, for the commentators seem not exactly agreed upon which, so take the medium, and the disparity is sufficiently great. She must, in all respects, be like the fair woman of Solomon—must be of the neighbourhood—that he must, after all, be very circum-spect in his choice, lest he become a laughing-stock. She must not be a diner out, "who burns up her husband, though he be strong, without help of a torch," which Mr Elton rather singularly translates,

"She with no torch of more *material* flame  
Shall burn to tinder thy care-wasted  
flame ;"

insinuating, without warrant, that spirits may have something to do with it, and that the indulgence may be mutual, to kill care.

Supposing his "witless" brother now somewhat settled in the world, he lays down a few more canons for his conduct in life, some of which have brought scandal on the poet.

"Let none in friendship with a brother  
vie."

"Be not the first to break with a friend—  
If he offends, punish him doubly."

This Mr Elton has omitted—perhaps as an inconvenient rule to be found in a "Family Library." But we are unreasonable if we expect quite Christian morality in a Heathen writer of two thousand seven hundred years' standing. The above passage is quite of a piece with the Voyager's prayer to Castor and Pollux.

"If I wish evil to my friend, may I have  
it myself ;

If he to me, may he have double."

But such would hardly be made or muttered now-a-days openly, in church or conventicle, unless under sanction of an "Unknown Tongue." Some of the rules are, however, without question excellent, and would satisfy even the sedate "Society for the Suppression of Vice." "If your friend repent, receive him"—"Avoid evil company, and never speak ill of the good"—"Pay your full share at a pic-nic"—"Wash your hands in the morning before prayers," that is, pray with *clean hands* if you can—"Mock not the poor"—("Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his neighbour," says the Book of Proverbs, chap. 17.)—"Pare not your nails at a feast of the gods"—

"Whene'er thy feet the river-ford essay,  
Whose flowing current winds its limpid  
way,

Thy hands amidst the pleasant waters  
lave,

And, lowly gazing on the beauteous wave,  
Appease the river god."

ELTON.

There are some others which Mr Elton has properly omitted, not because they are immoral, but strange; and the "Family Classical Library" is intended for eyes that do not read Rabelais, and probably now will not read Cooke.

The "Works and Days" in this edition here meets with another division—The Calendar—The Antique Almanac, in verses much more decent and mellifluous than Moore's. This contains an account of lucky and unlucky days. "Old Almanacs" are out of fashion, or the concluding lines of this might be recommended to the *early* notice of the Premier.

"O bless'd is he,  
Who, skill'd in these, fulfils his ministry :  
He to whose note the auguries are given,  
No rite (right) transgress'd, and void of  
blame to Heaven."

The Theogony and the Shield another time.



## CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

## FLIGHT THIRD.

WE could write a glorious article—THE THREE GLENS. No need whatever to leave this Island; for, in spite of all they say about the Alps, “the Pyrennean and the river Po,” it is out of all sight the finest part of the whole earth. We make no attack upon the Andes—and beg the Himalaya Mountains distinctly to understand, that they are objects of our highest admiration. We never crossed the Cordilleras; but we remember thinking Chimborazo clumsy, though “his stature reached the sky.” We go not among them for our Three Glens, though we might choose among a mighty million; but true, as we said, to our NATALE SOLUM, we keep within the girdle of our own cliffs, allowing others to harangue on the magnitude, while we hail the magnificence of Nature.

One is—GLENETIVE. From Bunawe to King’s House, ’tis twenty miles as the eagle flies—and ten of them is an arm of the sea. A solitary stretch of grandeur! Beauty dwells in the desert, and the heart feels, while the imagination itself doth wonder, how lovely even may be the rocky wilderness!

Another is—GLENEVIS. Its spirit is a river. One bend it makes—no more—miles from its source, and leagues from the sea. Gaze down—groves how majestic, glades how beautiful! Up—and shuddering at those dreadful precipices, you feel that spiritual fear is indeed the soul of the Sublime.

The third is—WASTDALEHEAD. Were we far away, we could describe it in the delight of memory; but we have plunged down into its profoundest peace; the hushed mountains are this moment overshadowing us, and we seek relief from emotion in a train of thought.

We shall ascend to the summit of no more mountains. Old age, “made lowly wise,” ought to be contented with the levels of life. They are not necessarily flat; and, if well chosen, are neither stale nor unprofitable, but rich to the last with “fresh fields and pastures new.” Besides, strewn as the humbler paths before our feet

may still be with all manner of flowers and herbage, no law obliges our eyes to be always resting even on their terrestrial beauty; we have yet the privilege and the power of uplifting them to the stars. On its way up to heaven our vision may yet gather the loftier glories of earth. A melancholy grandeur invests the precipices we must climb no more; and there is something awful in those luminaries, while in the clearest nights they seem somewhat dim now to our sight, the mist being not over them, but the orbs that gaze on the Bright Obscure. All men become soon reconciled to the inevitable change, in which there is forewarning but no dismay. It comes upon us then so imperceptibly, that but by comparisons made in the memory, we are often not aware of the altered aspects of all things in life and nature. In infancy, the moon appears something fair and far-off in the sky, and to look on it sometimes stills our eyes through their tears. In boyhood, the joyous globe, in its own independent being, is not thought to borrow its lustre from the sun. In youth’s shining prime, we encircle her with love-dreams as with a tender halo, or with the glow of our passion vivify the sole Queen of Night. Into the meditative mind of manhood, soberer and more solemn fancies flow from the Silver Urn. And as we feel ourselves nearing the close of our mysterious existence, with what sublime conviction that our spirit, like her, will rise again in a cloudless clime, does religion behold the moon dropping happily behind the mountains!

Here are we writing by twilight, in a bedroom, often slept in by us of yore, the best bedroom in the house of one of the worthiest statesmen of all the North, Thomas Tyson. Pleasantest, too, of parlours, of studies the most serene. The fashion of these curtains can never be obsolete. There he sits, for ever young, the Shepherd piping in the dale! To lambs that shall never grow into sheep—to a lassie who smiles unrepinning in perpetual maidenhood. We

know all the knots on the brown oaken floor, smooth almost as glass; but these are new brass handles on the antique chest of drawers; for the first time we see our face looking queerly and inquisitively at us out of that mirror above the chimney-piece, ornamented with fruits and spars; and certes 'tis no unsplendid frame. Aye! there hangs the same moral picture—Death with his dart, about to smite a sinner in a wanton's arms. The little lattice opens to a touch, as it used to do, on its old leaden hinge; and we remember—yes we do—that small, spoke, but rimless wheel in the pane—for we cracked it in our clumsiness thirty years ago, impatient to see, not as through a glass dimly, the evening star. But think not that 'tis thirty years since we slept here in Wastdalehead. Hither, during that time, have we made many a peaceful pilgrimage. But how strangely does love leap over the chasms between years! The past of itself seems to take possession of us, and not we ourselves of the past. We do not command our dreams, but we obey them; and days and nights, each with its own sun or its own moon, sometimes overhang some sweet scene that we might have thought was forgotten for ever, and into that portion of life we are all at once born again. So is it with us now in this twilight, another and the same! The hush—the hum—the murmur—is as the voice of a night that hath died not, but continued to live on in its tranquillity, during all the troubled times we have been turmoiling in great cities, many of them far beyond the seas!

Here sits the Solitary, bringing up his Journal. Last glimpse you had of us, we were preparing to expand our wings for a flight from the High Man to the top of Scawfell. In our pride we love to speak of our wings—but, alas! like those of Icarus, they melt when too near the sun. We unite them again, however, with fresh feathers, and, in spite of many a topsy-turvy tumble, are eager to re-soar. Some hours ere sunset the head of the column established itself on the summit of Scawfell. We lost much of the magnificence of the Highland prospect—but we gained the great Bay of Morecambe and the

Irish Sea. After enjoying a glorious eye-full—as Green used to call it—we began to gaze aghast on each others' faces, without venturing to speak. We all knew too well, indeed, the cause of our common emotions. The wallet was as an empty bladder on the back of Jonathan. All the pockets of all our jackets told the same tale. Each flask, according to its kind, wore that peculiar expression belonging to a conscious vacuum; yet even against our reason and our senses, we kept striving to persuade ourselves that the last drop might, after repeated experiments, melancholy failures all, be found insidiously secreting itself at the bottom, or clinging in desperation to the sides; and not till air itself had, over and over again, been fondly gulped down, as if it were the liquid we so passionately desired, did we drop our arms in despair. Nor was our suffering merely that of thirst. For friends were about to part, perhaps never to meet again; and sad experience had taught us to fear a dry farewell. But the sinking sun seemed to stop suddenly in the sky, and to shoot forth from his whole circle beams like gold bars, the spaces between glittering with diamonds and jewels of a million hues. Jonathan all at once recollected that he had forgotten to remember the tin-belt! There it was round his waist—and with a sweep, a swing, and a jerk, bringing its unclasped mouth into his own, he piously ejaculated—"GIN! GIN! GIN!"

Now mark the might of habitual good-breeding, when born of habitual good-feeling, and growing up under the guardianship of elevated thought. Not one of the eight could be induced by the united beseechings of the other seven to drink first! Each man—each sage—each hero—felt, by the intensity of his own thirst, what must be that of his friend's; and thus Jonathan stood in the midst of us, with the tin-belt coiled round his waist, presenting its snout like that of a serpent, while we all, in our desire, declined to drink, as if afraid of being bitten by the toothless but not spiritless monster. *Seniores priores!* at length, with one voice, exclaimed the Adelphi; nor could we remain insensible to the appeal. We felt it would be ungracious to youth to waive the privilege of age. So ended



vot'ing to look as indifferent as possible on the craken, and as courteous on the compliment, we knelt down by the side of the kneeling Serpent-bearer, and, in separate snoozes, like angel-visits, but neither "few nor far between," drank, in sweet and strong succession, to the happiness here and hereafter of Jonathan, and of Vickers, and of Toes, and of the son of Toes, and of Seathwaite, and of the Adelphi, and finally, and at great length, of ourselves, enjoying, while we imbibed, a foretaste of immortal bliss.

With what a face, and with what eyes, knelt down in blameless idolatry each priest before that image! Tiger cubs with such savage suction never nuzzled the dugs of cave-returning tigress from a day's search in the desert for a drink of blood. Then the attitudes—the postures—of Jonathan! How like a Christian, indeed, when by a dexterous movement of the shoulder, changing the ebb of tide again into flow! Good example is seldom lost when set by the wise to the simple; and there was a striking illustration afforded now of that salutary truth. Still each man, as he knelt, gave the same round of toasts we had given, and in the same order of succession, only beginning uniformly because insinctively with Christopher. Jonathan, last of all, was stung with his own serpent. The bite was manifestly immortal; and he sprung from knees to feet, as if from Scawfell he would have shot into the sky.

We were now prepared to part. So, deploying in grand style from the summit, down the side of the mountain, whose forehead seemed to gloom with grief to lose eight such jolly guests, we called a halt on a platform of Lingmell, (so called is the mighty base of all those heights,) looking in the direction of Barnmoor Tarn, (where there are jack like crocodiles,) and after some moments' silence, with cordial fist-grasp bade each friend in succession, a God-bless-ye Farewell. Nor were Toes—nor the son of Toes—nor Seathwaite, displeased to see that we wiped our eyes with our sleeve, on ejaculating over and over again more than once or twice either the same benediction on one head—hoary now, and thin the hair thereon—that we stammered as we

said, striving and struggling at the same time at an ineffectual smile—"God-bless-ye, VICKARS—God-bless-ye, WOOLPACK—and may thy honest face not be missed at the door, if ever it be our lot again to visit *Eshdale*." Nor was the old man unmoved, as hat in hand he stood before us, with the breezes playing

"Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;"

and as he bowed and took his departure, looking after him *going down the hill*, we said in a low tone, but overheard by the Adelphi,—"*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume! Posthume! labuntur anni!*"

We have heard people say that it is more fatiguing to them to descend than to ascend a mountain. They complain of their knees. We never complain of our knees; but they would be weak, indeed, were we to credit such a falsehood. Infinite are the modes of descent; but all easier than the one of ascent, which is always difficult. You may descend in leaps, jumps, springs, and spangs, like a greyhound, or a deer, or a frog, wondering the while at your own elasticity; making no bones of stones, and tilting at times like a ship over the billows. Or you may go down the greensward, "smooth sliding without step," as if you were a stream. Or, like a rock loosened from its bed of moss, what is to prevent you?—nothing that we can see—from performing the distance—a mile in two minutes—head over heels, wheel-fashion, till you lose all semblance of the species, and seem but a shiver of schist suddenly inspired with animation. Or with long steady strides you may pursue your own shadow, and catch it at the bottom. All these pastimes are pleasant. But one there is apt to be painful; though your knees are not—so far as we can see—the chief sufferers—the reverse. We are supposing you, not trundling, but in one posture—you will pardon us for naming it—to wit, on your posteriors—sliddering down the sward, which simply wears away your breeches—then scuttering down the skrees, which simply tears your drawers—then bouncing off one block on upon another—and so on—which in a few minutes simply makes your bottom as black as if

you had been blown up with gunpowder in celebrating the King's birthday, or assisting at a great national jubilee in honour of reform. This last mode, which, you perceive, is complex, if too far pursued, would change Apollo into a Dutchman. It is never adopted voluntarily by a man whose understanding is in the right place; though, now that we recollect, we saw it practised for short distances, and apparently un-awares this very day by the Adelphi. Buckskin can't stand it; and for weeks after any prolonged exploit as above, the performer must sleep on his face, and eat all his meals on his feet. Moons must renew their horns before he can venture on "some horseback;" and the probability indeed is, that he will be forever disqualified for serving his country, either as a light or heavy dragoon; nay, perhaps not even in the most stationary of the sedentary employments. In case of early death, humanity would suggest, on the arrangement of the last rites, that the body should be coffined in the same posture in which the living man had so long in vain wooed sleep. If dug up in after ages, how many conjectures, and the nearest how wide of the truth, as to the reason of the singular position of the skeleton!

The Four kept sinking east, in constellation, as the sun kept sinking west; and in the cool of the early evening, or late afternoon, a dubious but delightful hour, mild and mellow, before any perceptible gloaming, they found themselves breasting through the brushwood, "path or no path, what cared they," that clothed the lowest ridge as it dips down upon the many-walled fields and meadows of Upper Wastdale—while whirr, whirr, went a brace of partridges—or call them rather a pair—for they are breeding—from the first grass-plot—the hen having left, for a few minutes to feed, her nest in some ridge not far off;—had she been disturbed in sitting, not till our foot had absolutely kicked her, would she have left her eggs, and away then had she huddled, as if wounded, on trailing wings. The bonny "paitrick" loves the corn-braird, and the rye-grass, and the potato-shaws; and here are all three; for far up as they are among

the hollow of the hills, level nearly are these small sweet estates with the sea; plough and harrow have been busy, and gone to rest in the shed; in another month the mower will be whetting his scythe—and in little more than two, the reaper will be flourishing his sickle—for summer treads fast in this solitude on the feet of spring, and in sunny seasons like this, when the entire year promises to be benignant, the stranger would be surprised to see how soon the yellow patches, sprinkled here and there among the bright green after-grass, and the dimmer pastures, give notice of the approach of autumn.

Our motions have been long watched from the most hospitable of houses. On his way down Styehed, Thomas himself had seen some creatures crawling on the threshold of Mickle-door, who he knew were human—an hour afterwards he told the mistress to look and say what she saw on the Pike—then a shepherd from Kirkfell had come in, asserting that there were lakers, or planners, or something of that sort, on the top of Scaw; and the whole household had been eyeing us from the court before the porch, as in diminished numbers, but increased dimensions, we were seen wending down Lingmell, and to disappear like outlaws into the good greenwood. So that, on joining the out-of-door folks, on our speedy arrival at the wished-for port, the assemblage under the sycamores had much the semblance of a wedding—Christopher of course, with his ardent eyes and uncontrollable countenance, the Bridegroom.

Mrs Tyson is a woman of deeds, not of words; though by the chimney-nook, or in the seat below the porch, or in the arbour in the corner of the garden, when seated beside her husband, in company with a few friends, she takes her quiet part in the conversation in a way worthy the mistress of such a household. There was no need now to drop so much as a hint out of the tail of our eye to expedite tea. There already is the second china-set! (the first, shewn and used too on rare occasions, is superb, and would not shame a suite of drawing-rooms,) and we know the pot to be a princess of a pourer. In that capacious bosom



the "fragrant lymph" in a few minutes waxes clear and brown as amber, and comes curving out of that bold beak like a rainbow. That is cream! a mouse falling into the jug might leap out again as if his feet had touched terra firma. Here alone of all the domiciles in the dales do we meet with marmalade. For our own single selves we cannot with truth say that we are hungry; yet we feel we can do a little, just so as not to distress host or hostess by any suspicion stealing upon them, on "hospitable thoughts intent," that we are sickly; and a man must needs be sickly indeed whose stomach would be coy towards such bread and butter; a few slices of cold meat, and but a few, change the meal into a light supper; and those eggs which have seen but one sun, and never will see another, in their softness furnish an amiable contrast with those hard yolks on the Pikes, which we had to break between two stones, like nuts or shellfish. We beware of eating much near sunset, in case of the nightmare. At such a season we seldom drink any thing stronger than water, but such ale, (go paint the perfume of the violet,) so far from bringing a hag to sit on your breast, will put into your arms an angel. When friends meet, however long and far they may have been parted, let them not all break out simultaneously into one gabble like geese on a green, when with no contemptible flight in its way, comes flapping to rejoin the flock, a leash of adventurous ganders, that had an hour ago flown off to poush their fortune some hundred yards from their birthplace, and in all changes of clime had found no spot like the margin of the pool in which they had played as goslings. Silence should be the soft, smooth, silken, or velvet ground on which simple words are lovingly inlaid, so that the conversation,—if fancy may be permitted thus to dally with the affections, and accept the similitudes which unconsciously joy doth offer,—is even like some fair embroidery, where flowers are sweetly disposed, not profusely lavished, and though artlessly dropt there, as it would seem, yet so true the sentiment that assigned them all their places, that the confusion of colour is harmony

itself, and Feeling has in truth done the work of Genius.

It has been so with us this evening, and this humble household. In calling it humble, we were thinking of the high mountains by which it is overshadowed; for intelligence, as well as integrity, characterises the Statesmen of the Dales; nor in their seclusion are they ignorant of the world. Knowledge has found its way into the remotest regions; and the full-grown trees have sown the greensward among the shelter of the rocks, so that every where around are arising green scions that need no other tendance than to keep open their roots to the dews and sunshine. Yes—the Dalesmen of the North of England are an intellectual people. When families are large, their sons not unfrequently settle in cities, and come back to pass the evening or afternoon of life among the scenes of its morning, or meridian, with an independence won by that industry which is a virtue of the race. Not a few enter college at Oxford or Cambridge; and their names are sometimes found high on the list of honours. Others less ambitious, pursue their studies at breezy St Bees by the sea-cliffs, and are ordained as Literates, and ever afterwards contented with a humble cure and a humble chapel—curate and schoolmaster in one, busy all the week, and never absent on Sabbath. Such a man was with us in the early part of the evening; and left us, we presume, to look over his sermon for to-morrow, which was written perhaps long ago, nay perhaps printed; but not a whit the worse for that, as far as we can see, and probably much the better; and 'tis a pity to think how many excellent discourses lie undisturbed in dust, well worthy being preached during the year, at diverse times and sundry places. The congregations in the hill-chapels, though orthodox, are not critical; they are satisfied with the doctrine that satisfied their forefathers; the well of truth needs not, they think, at this time of day to be newfangled; and they know that the spring is perennial and inexhaustible.

Why, that is strange. Our paper that had been gradually growing dimmer and duskier, so that we could hardly see the uncertain let-

ters, is brightening as if below a lamp. And Heavens! what a lamp! The Moon. She has all the heaven to herself, yet looks as if looking on no other place in the wide world but Wastdale. All the house is asleep. There goes the night-hawk—the first we have heard this season—like a whirring-wheel. Well hooted, thou joyous owl! The Irt, too, is awake, with his little babbling waterfalls, as

if he would soothe all things else with slumber but his wakeful self, dimpling, no doubt, into smiles beneath the moonshine. Oh! blind old Homer! thou didst look on nature with spiritual eyes; and with those famous lines in our memory, that seem to lift off the roof of our dwelling, and to lay our bed open to the sky, we seek the visionary world of sleep and dreams!

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν ἑραυῷ ἄσπερ φαιεῖν ἄμφι σελήνῃ  
φαίνειτ' ἀριστεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νύκτεμος αἰθήρ,  
ἐκ τ' ἔφانون πᾶσαι σκοπιαί, καὶ πρόνοες ἄνθρωποι  
καὶ νάπαι· ἑρπύλλην δ' ἄρ' ὑπερράγῃ ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,  
πάντα δὲ τ' εἶδεται ἄσπερ· γένηθι δέ τι φρένα ποιμήν·

\* \* \* \* \*

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," says Wordsworth, in that famous ode obscure but in its sublimity; and we often feel the force of that dark but wise saw, on returning to open-eyed life from one of those trances that to the looker-on might seem leaden-lidded death. There have been people unconscious of ever having had one single dream. They sleep just like stones—or if that be an offensive word—like trunks of trees. Their animal blood continues to circulate just like vegetable sap—they are alive and growing like timber—but both alike are insensible in the spirit to the skiey influences, that all the while may be lifting up their locks or their leaves. Infants smile in their sleep—for they suppose themselves sucking—that is all. Children whimper through their delight in slumber, and seem then to be dancing in more lustrous life, like insects in sunshine. As we grow in stature of soul and body, strange spiritual expansions—wrenchings—rendings—agitate as if they would destroy us in dreams. Mounting and mounted to meridian, we launch away in the ship of imagination over seas unnavigable by waking mariners, and palm-crowned walk awhile in the Isles of Paradise. How dim the brightest bliss known to the beatings of the heart still conscious of this mortal clime, compared with the ecstasy that blends our being with the visions composing the Holy of Holies in our dream-created heaven! Spiritualized are then our frames, mortal no more, and floating along the depths divine in company

with the radiant clouds. Dreaming proves we shall never die. Not for that we merely think and feel; but because our thoughts and our feelings then far transcend all other experience; our capacities are then expanded into powers that exult in celestial origin, and are destined for celestial end. The dullest wight, says that Pearl-diver Coleridge, is a Shakspeare in his sleep. Then, what in his must have been Shakspeare!

Yet we have said above, that some people say they never dream. Perhaps they wish to lie themselves into singularity—perhaps they forget. But if they speak the truth, how must we children of centuries pity those poor sons of a day! Such folks live at the most but half a life. We, again, live thousands of lives; for, as the bard saith,

"Sleep bath its separate worlds as wide as dreams,"

wider than the "visible diurnal sphere"—escaping over the rim of the universe. Reason and conscience survive in dreams, but their sovereignty seems sometimes shaken; and though they overlook, they cannot always control the wild work over which dominant are the passions. They still know that they are commissioned; but while they retain the privilege, alas! they may have lost the power; and stand shuddering aloof during "the transacting of some dreadful thing." We awake—and wisdom, while it saddens o'er the strange review, is stronger from the lessons it has learned from the fluctuating tumult, in its sway over



the duties of a steadfast being. The phantasmagoria glide away, and we recognise in them symbols of realities. All that confusion was caused by the obstruction of the will. That power in sleep is often paralytic; and we are whirled away like a leaf on the wind. Thence we venerate the waking will as holy; for in the sunlight that breaks the bands of sleep, of a sudden all its divine attributes are centred, and we confess the presence of the Godhead.

But away, now, all such dreams about dreams—for we have taken a look through the jessamine-flowers out of the lattice; and lo! the still sublimity of the Sabbath morn! "The innocent brightness of the new-born day!" Wastdalehead!

It seems as if the very mountains knew the great day of rest. Serene assemblage of forms magnificent! The reign of Calm over the dominions of Delight! Mickle-Door "has lifted up his everlasting gates," and between their pillars what a lovely sky! On the Pikes a sunny softness seems to soothe the precipices till they smile. Rugged are they still in their repose, but the tale they tell of tempests is like a tradition. Theirs now is the power of peace. Great-End has a gentle look, for joy has subdued the giant, gladdening in greenness, of which all his rocks partake. Gable with shadowy lustre shuts up the dale. But not till the sun has risen higher in heaven will the yellow light be enlivening Ling-mell's solemn woods. "And have you no glance to give to us," seem now to breathe the low-lying meadows, the fields, and the pastures; while whispers the same voice from these roof-loving trees, "Yes—our eyes not unwillingly retire from the mountains, and repose, as on the stillness of water, on all these sweet enclosures, blessing the lichens on the walls!"

Come in! The door is not barred—for we are never afraid of being bothered even in London—far less in Wastdale. Nay, this is being too kind. Mr Tyson himself, with his own hands, on a tray bringing in our Breakfast! Nay—nay—our dear sir—nay—nay—our good sir—you cannot be serious—nine o'clock! We must be indeed the sleepest-headed of immortals. But know, our dear

sir, we have had little or no sleep—and never more than a brace of hours at a stretch—since we left Edinburgh about 150 hours ago. Is that Mrs Tyson's voice on the stair-head? good morning, my dear madam! we shall be down in a jiffy. The young gentlemen, you say, Mr Tyson, were up at six. Gross affectionation of early rising in the Adelphi! They must have remembered the jug. We understand that look—and shall be grateful for a razor. But we do nothing abruptly—you know, Mr Tyson—"the more hurry the less speed,"—therefore our fast shall we break fluently and solidly, for the next twenty minutes, and then sedately shall we shave.

How easily, during any pleasant employment, can twenty minutes be included, without crowding, in one! Thank you—thank you—again, dear Tyson—that razor, we know, is worth ten times told its weight in the finest gold. The back of the blade is a quarter of an inch broad—but eye can no more see its edge than a quadrille of angels dancing on the point of a needle. Such lather! Our face looks like that of the High-Man, with his chin in a ridge of snow. You may well admire how the wreathes fall away under that edge, as if loosened by sunshine, and sinking into the vale. Finest of the fine is the ruddy skin—but not a drop is drawn; and now you see "The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love"—

WE ARE SHAVED!

But in this dress it is impossible—it would violate *bonos mores*—to go to Chapel. Never shall we be able to repay a tithe of this kindness, Mr Tyson; but indeed often as we have been your guest, never once have you been ours. 'Tis Sabbath—and we are the stranger within your doors! only for stranger, read brother. And you have brought us, too, apparel! A full suit of black, silk stockings and all, down to the very shoon and buckles. Your father's! They are just the thing we like—these flaps to the waistcoat. Single-breasted with thredded buttons—the coat; to be worn as fitting with — shorts. That cravat will flow down our breast like a cascade. And now we descend like a Doctor in Divinity—the Dean of Yewbar-

row—the Bishop of Great Gable—the Archbishop of Scawfell.

Serene symptoms of the Sabbath! A certain gravity hangs over the usual gladness of the household. With sober step master and mistress cross the floor. The heads of the men are sleek of the women ringleted; those decently clad, these prettily; we are speaking of the maids—for in caps that hide, without meaning it, their silvery hair, sit the silk-gowned matrons; and she in the arm-chair must have been—nay was—for we remember her a month after marriage—a bride to do a bridegroom's heart good even to look at—so sweet are yet the mild remains of that loveliness that won and kept for her the name of the Beauty of Borrowdale.

All around in the open air is just as sabbatic. The bees alone are at work—for the very swallows—perhaps 'tis fancy—seem not to be skimming about so restlessly as usual; and as for the colleys—like *douce dogs* as they are—they are all going with us to the chapel. We hope there will be no fighting. No animal enjoys Sabbath like the horse. Cows, we fear, feel little, and know no distinction between it and weekdays—for all they have to do, at any time, is to chew the cud, and to be milked, a mild but a monotonous mode of life. No fishing-rod is suffered to be seen, out or in doors, about the place, and the baskets are hanging in the back-kitchen. No mark of cart-wheels less than twelve or fourteen hours old, and the dew's have dimmed their glazings on the gravel. As for the carts themselves, they are at rest on their trams in the shed; and on the front of one of them we perceive a bunch of poultry dressing their feathers. The cock—we know not why—but no doubt he does—has ceased to crow, and looks as grave as an alderman with his gold chain. The feeling of the place and time is one of pensive cheerfulness; no other day of the seven *could* be so delightful; for, though kindred to them, and one and all children of the sun, it is felt to be *set apart*!

As we approach the chapel, we are reminded of a beautiful passage in Wordsworth's little prose-book about the Lakes.

"The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernized, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is nowhere violated by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple-tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermer, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connexion with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heartfelt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it."

But about a dozen pews in all—humble the pulpit—the reading-desk scarcely to be distinguished—and lowly the altar. Rush-mats are on the earthen floor—and through the yellow-wash on the walls are visible the weather stains, for the damps strike through in winter; and in a calm like this, you cannot conceive how the rain penetrates when the tempest drives. In ones, and twos,



and threes, are dropping in the congregation, and there must be now—our own transalpine party of four included—nearly thirty Christian people in the chapel. Lest the air within should get sultry, the door is left open, and you look out on blue sky, and green grass fields, for here there is no place of tombs. The nearest burial-place is down at Nether Wastdale. There is a scent of sweet brier and of wild-flowers growing of themselves all about the chapel; and though it stands in the middle of the plain, the mountains send thither, now that the breezes are beginning to play, the balm of the birch-woods. But from the vestry—for a vestry there is, though you may look and not see it—comes the curate in his surplice—and though we may have heard the service read with more classical intonations—yet in Cumberland it is right to speak with the accent of Cumberland—and at all events 'tis not for Scotchmen any where to criticise any southron's speech—for any man to do so in the house of God.—Mr Tyson, the most

substantial statesman in all the dale, is himself the clerk. Had he been born a second son, he would not have shamed any pulpit in the north as priest. The responses are made earnestly—the sermon is sound and simple—and some young female voices there do most sweetly sing the Psalms! The blessing is implored and granted; and issuing silent into the open air, we there interchange friendly greetings, not only between all neighbours living within this hollow, but a few who may almost be called strangers, coming from the low lands at the foot of the Lake, or, perhaps, even from the other side of the mountain.

We have scarcely said a single word, all this while, of the Lake of Wastwater. In days of gloom we have seen it pitch black. In storm-days, we have seen and heard it too—tumbling with white breakers like the sea. But we love to look on it on this sweet Sabbath day, without a murmur on its margin, and shewing us that there are more clouds than we suspected on the sky.

#### WASTWATER IN A STORM.

There is a Lake hid far among the hills,  
That raves around the throne of solitude,  
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,  
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.  
There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,  
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;  
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,  
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.  
If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,  
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,  
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,  
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine,  
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,  
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low thou art.

#### WASTWATER IN A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,  
Where silence never tames the mountain-roun,  
Where poets fear their self-created forms,  
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?  
Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud  
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?  
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,  
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;  
For here might beauty build her summer-bower!  
Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,  
And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower  
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth;  
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake  
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake.

Though appearances are against it, from circumstantial evidence this appears to be proved—a boat. We should like to see the Wastwater

Phenomenon on Windermere. A most uncommon build, with bulging bows big enough to break any billow that ever came to any of the shores of our seas from the Pole. In stern, a Hottentot Venus. Capsize her, and bottom up, she would be about as roomy as yon chapel. To make her crawl snail-wise, would require a strong power of steam. Only two oars? Now shew yourselves men—like your mothers before you—O ye Adelphi; and

“Row, vassals! row, for the pride of the Highlands!”

At this rate the greater part even of the Perpetual Motion will be expended before we reach the Skrees. Think you that she is absolutely under weigh? We have a feeling, now that we acknowledge she does move, that the huge hulk is going backwards. Can the Adelphi be backing water? Well done, Jonathan—bring the assistance of all your strength to bear on the bow-oar. There she goes—the Tortoise! She would not lie over an inch—with that breadth of beam—under a mainsail of a hundred yards of canvass, even in a hurricane. Built for safety and slates. What a quantity of corn would she not contain! “Also much cattle.” The whole congregation are here—curate and clerk—and yet the population seems sparse. She must draw the water of a well. Lucky that line of shore goes plumb down, or we should have to remain here till she went to pieces, and then we could all float to land on the keel. How now? She seems to be accelerating her onward motion according to the squares of the distances. Why, she is a clipper. We sit at the helm, like Jason in the Argo, and yonder, hanging in the sun, is the Golden Fleece.

More beautiful than ever are the Skrees. There they stretch from head to foot of the lake, as they may be seen with their “shivering shingle” in Green’s Sketches, and eke in his Guide. He well says—we remember his words—“From the feet of the monstrous crags which often overhang their bases, the mountain is one continued surface of loose stones, which occasionally shiver into the water; nay, the rocks themselves have been known to fall, to the terror and dismay of the peaceful neigh-

bouring inhabitants, and so much in volume as to shake the very foundations of the mountains.” Mr Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland—a quiet, honest man, not given to romancing, like poets and painters, says, we recollect—“Part of the cliffs or scar consists of rotten stone and red gravel, which is continually running down into Wastwater Lake with great precipitation, which sometimes, when a more than ordinary break or rent happens, causes a prodigious noise, *fire, and smoke*, which in the night-time appears like lightning to the inhabitants of Nether Wastdale. On the top of the Skrees stood for ages a very large stone, called Wilson’s Horse, but about twenty years ago it fell down into the lake, when a cleft was made about a hundred yards long, four feet wide, and of incredible depth.” Fortunate for Mr Wilson that he was not mounted at the time; but he has as many hobbies as Christopher himself, and had it not been Sunday, would have been galloping now all over the mountains.

We called, a few minutes ago, the Skrees beautiful; and so they are, if there be beauty in colour—as Green says finely of them, “in all the subdued colours of the rainbow.” In many parts—here and there—is the finest soft red ore, used for what is called *smitting* (rudding or marking) the sheep. It stains the shingle with what in the sunshine seems liquid gold; and in the shade, vermilion, or crimson, or purple, as it may be, or all the three blended, in the distance, into one miscellaneous hue, to paint which would require the pencil of a Poussin, a Turner, or a Thomson. And then how majestically the league-long shelving line slopes down to the water, from the horrid abruptness of the cliff-range above, that far as the eye can reach is bristling with battlements!

Let us do the pretty to the ladies, and not suffer them in disembarking to plump. The party quietly dissolves like a gay summer cloud—one fragment away down to the Strands, another westward away in the direction of the shoulder of Seatallan to their own home-glep, and a third over Latterbarrow eastward ho! into Miterdale. The Tysons, the Fletchers, and the Ritsons, with North



in the centre, the Adelphi revolving round him like his satellites, and Jonathan his tail, move on towards Eusthwaite and the Crook; two separate nests of houses, the one sweetly situated on the south side of the river (the Irt), and the other on the borders, and in breezy weather with-in murmur, of the lake.

Go where we will, all people are but too happy to make us happy; which, on our giving due consideration to our savage temper, must for ever in our mind remain verily a great mystery, a simple fact—an elementary law—an original principle of human nature which admits of no analysis. Forenoon and afternoon service in the chapel being all in one, and to give time for coming, and going from afar, wisely occupying the middle day, there yet remain a good many hours of the Sabbath; and nothing forbids that the eve should find us, as you shall see, at a noiseless Festival.

From a field fronting Crook, on a point somewhat elevated, there is one of the best views, not only of the head, but of the whole body of the Lake. On the right flows the Irt, if not canopied yet curtained with trees; and should the eye pursue that silvan stream, it gathers with a glance, that may become a gaze, the rock-broken greensward of Latterbarrow. But on the same side are the Skrees—seen here in perspective, and somewhat foreshortened; but that only adds to their height, and from no other point of view are the colours more beautiful, more majestic the outline, more magnificent the crowning cliffs. On the other side of the Lake, the road to Wastdalehead is seen winding, in obedience to the bays, which are more numerous than any body could suppose, when looking down the water; and between Over Beck and Nether Beck bridges, (we, though not you, see both,) dipping into the woods. Between these two bridges,—the one—the farthest off—at the base of Yewbarrow, and the other of Middle Fell,—retiring far away up over the beautiful Bowderdale, are seen many mountains, of which the chief are Knot-Ends, the Chair, and Gosforth Crag; these seem to belong to Yewbarrow. Belonging rather to Middle Fell, you see those curious cones,

the Hay Cocks; curious, but magnificent; at the northern end of which is Great Gowder Crag, a vast rock, which, observed from more elevated stations, seems almost to vie in grandeur with those on the margin of Scawfell and the Pikes. But Yewbarrow herself is here “apparent Queen.” So soft seems the sweep from her crown in the sky to her feet in the Lake, that the eye glides down it, if you will suffer us to say so, like the flight of an easy-descending dove. Far off in front is the Great Gable, and round comes the eye by the Pikes, Scaw, and Lingmell, till it comes back again to the Skrees; and thus have we in vain attempted to describe the square or circle, call it which ye choose, within which lies the gleam of Wastwater, and beyond, the tree-tops, having here a grove-like look, and seeming, for you cannot see its hundred field-enclosures with their thousand walls, to make a forest of Wastdalehead.

In the very middle of this field fronting Crook, and a few hundred yards or less from that village-like farmhouse, stands by itself a stately Sycamore. We have seen twenty cattle whisking their tails uncrowded under its umbrage, and so might twenty more; though the sycamore, you know, is not a tree that spreads so wide a shadow as either a lime or an oak. Now, under it, will you believe us, while we have been wandering about, astonished at our own eloquence in descanting on all the visible glories, for the instruction of the Adelphi, have the active inmates of Crook and Eusthwaite laid out, circling the stem, tables and forms, and stools and chairs; one of the latter, framed of course after the antique fashion of the black mahogany oakwood, with high-arched back quaintly carved, and arms of which the elbows grin with griffins, set like a throne beside a throne, for Christopher North. For the other, to our left, is for Crook himself; and as we sit, the sycamore divides into two equal halves lake, mountain, and sky; yet still the whole is but one landscape, for we can, whenever we choose, cut down, in imagination,—in reality may it live a thousand years!—the gigantic tree.

But the Curate has asked a blessing, and the cups and the cakes go

round. Dalesmen do not dine much on Sabbath. But they, nevertheless, take their meals; and there is no other prepared with so little trouble, as tea. Baked yesterday, but reheated within the hour—thin as wafers, but wide as the round of the spacious gridiron, is not that a beautiful pile of oaten bread, fifty fairs to the pound—and crump, crump, crump? But our business now is to “bury the diet, not to praise it;” and to describe, much more to detail, the viands, might offend the modest givers of the feast.

We have numbered the tenants of the silvan tent, and without counting some sprinklings of children, we find that we are as the years of a Dumbarton Virgin, thirty and five. And among them some of the loveliest lasses of Nether Wastdale. That is a *glorious* girl on the left side of young Ritson, who threw Spedding last Whitsuntide at Gosforth. And is not she a *graceful* creature, smiling a few farther down, between the Adelphi, who seem, in the character of the Rival Brothers, already wellnigh at their wit's end? An outer circle of bonnets, with ribands of all sorts of colours, so blazes round us, that we wonder the grass is not set on fire. And what is no less singular than beautiful, there are not two maidens there—not even these fairies who, we have just now been told, are twins—with hair of the same colour, each pretty head having its own hue, from the flaxen fair to the coal-black, comprehending all the varieties of yellow, brown, and auburn; while, 'tis in vain to deny it, that freckled damsel, with light blue eyes, thick neck, and full bosom of dazzling whiteness, has received from nature, we know not whether in love or anger, a fiery-red poll, bushy as any wig, though by the strong ligatures, you can swear is rooted, far back on that bold broad forehead, the shock of her own indisputable hair. Crook whispers in our ear that she is called the Comet.

Ha! a gentle pattering of rain, that sets the afternoon birds a-singing, as if it were but spring. The bee-murmur above our heads, might now almost be called thunder. But were the shower to fall heavier and heavier for hours, not a drop—or but a few drops—would dance upon our tables.

Hurrying, the children collect the bonnets, and sportively putting them on, the urchins are buried in the “straw-built sheds.” Grass and grove glitter; and flowers unseen before, are set a-smiling in the dew. Come whence it may, the rain comes not from the clouds; for no cloud is on the sky above the sycamore. Yes—a braided fold lies lower than the blue, and thence descends, the moisture that, but for the leaves, would not be heard, as it is not seen, to fall. How fragrant! For the Irt has banks of broom, as well as of birches; people can have no noses who say wild-flowers have no scent; and sweet is the breath of cows. But there is breath that is sweeter still; for young children are venturing now to climb the knees of rosy maidens; and sure enough the blended balm is so delightful, that many of the youths and virgins cannot choose but be in love. Lo! a glory in the far distance—up in Wastdale. Sun and shower have met there; and seldom have we seen such a Rainbow.

In the old Scottish ballads there are many lyrical transitions, which, we remember once hearing Coleridge say, were less frequently, perhaps, to be attributed to the feeling or genius of the sweet singers of glen or wood, though true it is that they were poets of God's own making, than to the falling out, in the course of oral tradition, of intermediate passionless verses, which “memory willingly let die;” and hence many of those *callide junctura* which have over us the power of inspiration. So would it be, were we to print it all, in the lapse of years, with this our Journal of our Flight to the Lakes. Many paragraphs would drop away into oblivion; but few, if any such, it is to be humbly hoped, are among the number to be found in Maga. We have drawn our pen through them, and they are ready-obiterated to the hand of time. Several of that sort—though in themselves, perhaps, not unpretty—intervene in the original manuscript, between the ultimate word in the preceding paragraph (Rainbow), and the startling first term of the one you are about to recite—a passionate apostrophe.

Art thou the Evening Star, sole Shiner in a sky that might have tempted out the whole starry host



from the inmost heavens! Thou hast glided down, all by thyself, to take a look of this fair earth, as gradually it is growing dim in the dying day. Few eyes as yet regard thee, for 'tis not, thinks the ordinary observer of nature, till another hour of dusk, thine allotted time. No wise astronomer are we, yet, like the shepherds of old on the Chaldean mountains, we have studied the stars in a natural philosophy of our own; and just now we raised our eyes to heaven, with a sweet suspicion that thou in thy beauty wert there; and, "Low in the lake soft burns the evening star!"

Lovely, as we seem to near it, the trembling shadow there—one thinks that ere long the oar might touch it; but thou thyself art even as a Spirit, that dwellest in regions "beyond the reaches of our souls," yet mysteriously allied, else why made to man the idle revelation, intimating so

much, yet explaining nothing, with the future destinies of those whose present doom is in the dust!

And is it possible that Wastwater can be more than three miles long, as laid down on the map? The darkening mountains have been so closing in upon us, that we have been mistaking the shadows for the shore; but here it is, and from the bow of our boat we can step out upon the margin. Friends! move on towards the house, and leave us for an hour alone;

"For solitude is sometimes best society,  
And a short absence urges sweet return!"

A dream of old, born of that pen-  
sive smile of moonlight, for her disk  
is in ascension behind the low south-  
ern hills,—a dream of old returns  
upon us, bringing with it the plea-  
sant faces of friends, some of whom  
we can hope but to meet in heaven.  
Here is the spot where, many years  
ago, was pitched the Angler's Tent.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,  
Among the verdant holly-boughs half hid,  
The little radiant airy Pyramid,  
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.  
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,  
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,  
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,  
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth  
Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet  
The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;  
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,  
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.  
And in the liquid lustre of the lake  
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;  
Such image as the clouds of summer make,  
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,  
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,  
A sudden stranger 'mid the silvan scene,  
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,  
Human it is—and human souls are there!  
Look through that opening in the canvass wall,  
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,  
Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,  
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!  
On the green turf all motionless they lie,  
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,  
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,  
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.  
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,  
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,  
In thought they visit many a fairy nook  
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,  
And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain-cloud

Yes, dear to us that solitary trade,  
Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,

Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,  
 White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade !  
 The sweetest visions of our boyish years  
 Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone  
 Of running waters,—and one stream appears,  
 Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone !  
 How glad were we, when after sunny showers  
 Its voice came to us issuing from the school !  
 How fled the vacant, solitary hours,  
 By dancing rivulet, or silent pool !  
 And still our souls retain in manhood's prime  
 The love of joys our childish years that blest ;  
 So now encircled by these hills sublime,  
 We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,  
 Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest !

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,  
 Idle one day, the angler's simple gear ;  
 Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,  
 Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies ;  
 The limber rod that shook its trembling length,  
 Almost as airy as the line it threw,  
 Yet often bending in an arch of strength  
 When the tired salmon rose at last to view,  
 Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,  
 On which at night we dream of sports by day ;  
 And, empty now, beside it close is laid  
 The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray ;  
 And maple bowl in which we wont to bring  
 The limpid water from the morning wave,  
 Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring  
 To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,  
 Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave !

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,  
 Amid the depths of silvan silence pray,  
 Than pray'd we friends on that mild quiet day,  
 By God and man beloved, the day of rest !  
 All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,  
 Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss ;  
 While Innocence her watch in peace did keep  
 Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness !  
 We view'd the green earth with a loving look,  
 Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky ;  
 A voice came to us from the running brook  
 That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.  
 Then all things seem'd imbued with life and sense,  
 And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,  
 Happy in beauty and in innocence ;  
 While, pleas'd our inward quiet to partake,  
 Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,  
 This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,  
 Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,  
 Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.  
 Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes  
 With colours brighter than the brightening dove ;  
 Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies  
 Encircled by the halo breathed from Love !  
 And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow  
 (Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,  
 As if it smiled on Windermere below,  
 Her green recesses and her islands still !



Thus, gently-blended many a human thought  
 With those that peace and solitude supplied,  
 Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought,  
 With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,  
 And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark ! a laugh, with voices blended, stole  
 Across the water, echoing from the shore  
 And during pauses short, the beating oar  
 Brings the glad music closer to the soul.  
 We leave our Tent ; and lo ! a lovely sight  
 Glides like a living creature through the air,  
 For air the water seems thus passing bright,  
 A living creature beautiful and fair !  
 Nearer it glides ; and now the radiant glow  
 That on its radiant shadow seems to float,  
 Turns to a virgin baid, a glorious show,  
 Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.  
 Towards the Tent their lingering course they steer,  
 And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,  
 In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,  
 And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,  
 Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band !

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,  
 Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke ;  
 Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke  
 From the mild lustre of their shining eyes,  
 Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound  
 Of many voices ; in an instant stood  
 Men, women, children, all the circle round,  
 And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd.  
 Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd  
 Our late so solitary dwelling fill ;  
 And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud,  
 Where all before was undisturb'd and still.  
 Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,  
 And moved to happiness our inmost blood,  
 The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,  
 Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,  
 This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude !

Hard task it was, in our small Tent to find  
 Seats for our quickly-gather'd company ;  
 But in them all was such a mirthful glee,  
 I ween they soon were seated to their mind !  
 Some viewing with a hesitating look  
 The panniers that contained our travelling fare,  
 On them at last their humble station took,  
 Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.  
 Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,  
 Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,  
 While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,  
 Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.  
 The playful children on the velvet green,  
 Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,  
 Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,  
 And whisper'd words they to each other said,  
 And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head !

Since that sweet scene, thus simply sung, grey heads have been buried—dark heads grown grey ! Maids, whose faces were as morn, are matrons now, with countenances like

the gloaming—mothers, who have wept the death of children—widows, who have sat by the saddest of all graves.

Yet why should we mourn, see-

ing that all the families in the Dale are so happy! Was not that Sycamore another Tent? And has not this, too, been a pleasant Sabbath? Yet to have enjoyed it, as we have done, is felt to have been forgetfulness of the more delightful past, nay, worse, ingratitude. We could weep to think that we have smiled. Oh! heartless mirth! and soulless merriment! Shallow must be our spirit, with whom life's old affections have been so transitory! and the thoughts that we once believed steadfast in their places as the haunted hills that inspired them, unsubstantial as the shadows of shades!

What! our dear friend Tyson lingering among the bushes, and, like an eavesdropper, overlistening our soliloquy? But that honest face, at all times happy, and at no times joyous overmuch, has convinced us that all this weeping wisdom is almost as bad as laughing folly; that 'tis even sinful to be thus sorrowful; that religion counsels cheerfulness to memory, who, pensive often, should try never to complain; and that nature's self is outraged, sacred as may seem the idol-worship, when with the living before our eyes to love, and be beloved, we vainly consume our hearts in lamentation for the unsympathizing dead.

And see—far wide and high the sky is all besprinkled with stars. The moon takes care not to let out her whole power of light, lest she should obscure the lustre that she loves; and is willing now even to veil her own radiance with some fleecy clouds. You must wonder, Tyson, to hear a sensible man like us thus maundering about the moon and stars. But we cannot bear to look at them shining on squares and streets, all full of great, staring, wide-windowed houses; and here in Wastdalehead we feel the same joy in gazing heavenward that you might suppose a man to *suffer* who had been couched for a cataract, and as soon as his eyes had become able to

face the light by experience of a few rays softly let in through a chink into his bedroom, were brought here with them, still bandaged, and then on the removal of all obstruction, of a sudden shewn that sky!

Lightning! yet so mild, that one might call it a flash of moonlight. Perfectly harmless, and therefore we love it, and look out for its return. It seems as if it came from the wing of an angel. And there—there—see, Mr Tyson, see—a falling star. We used to wonder in childhood what became of them, and supposed they might drop into the sea. The air is exceedingly meteorous. For these streaks, which we ignorantly imagined was the Milky Way, are neither more nor less than the Northern Lights. In high northern latitudes mariners have said they have heard them rustling—but Parry says he never did—nor, alas! poor Ross! 'Tis beyond all doubt the Aurora Borealis. Nothing will induce that phenomenon to sit—stand—or lie still for so much as one moment—mocking the most imaginative eyes with ceaseless transmutations. Poets have pretended to see there phantom-knights, in single combat, engaging in front of opposing battles. But the shew is like nothing in heaven or earth but itself; and what a pity! it has vanished, leaving but some dim wrecks behind, characteristic as common clouds.

We declare we are at the door. Now, our dear and too hospitable friend, you must really not insist on our taking any supper. A single glass, or two at the most, of the old home-brewed will suffice for sleep. We must positively start in the morning immediately after breakfast, and we know, that at this season of the year, your hour is seven; perhaps you will make it six; for, according to the scheme, we shall have a long walk before us, and we hope you will see us over the Sty into Borrowdale.



## ELIEZER THE SAGE, AND ELIEZER THE SIMPLE.

ELIEZER the son of Tamid, the son of Koheleth, was the greatest scholar in the Dispersion. He knew ten languages, was a master of all sciences known in his day, and had baffled in disputation all the philosophers of the Court of the Emperor Hadrian, on whose memory be sorrow!

Such a luminary was required to keep up the fallen fame of his country, for he lived in disastrous times. The bloody sword of Titus had mowed down his people, like grass before the scythe. The ploughshare of desolation had gone over the ruins of his glorious city. Thousands and tens of thousands, who had escaped with their lives, and no more than their lives, had been driven into the uttermost parts of the earth, there to struggle with poverty, sorrow, and shame. Judea was broken down into the dust, but the prodigious learning of Eliezer still threw a light on the fallen fortunes of the people, and the Jews of Rome rejoiced to do honour to the name of their sage. Eliezer, the second Daniel, the new Ezra, the wisest of the wise, were the common titles of this distinguished man. He was now thirty years old, his understanding was in its maturity, his knowledge at its height, his fame in the mouths of all men. But what man is above temptation? Eliezer became arrogant; and finding that none of the rhetoricians of the court could withstand the nervousness of his speech, and none of the logicians answer the subtlety of his reasoning, he suffered himself to be allured into the idea, that all human knowledge was within his grasp, that his presence of mind was incapable of failure, and that his genius was made to turn all the casualties of life to his advantage, justify all extravagance of project, and out of all hazard extract honour.

The state of his countrymen under the fierce and cruel government of Rome, now formed the subject of all his thoughts, and vanity, the true tempter of the learned, often drew before his mental eye a picture of the triumph of his nation, and the tenfold triumph of the man by whom

its deliverance should be effected. Eliezer the Sage was a striking title, but Eliezer the Statesman was something more; and Eliezer the Deliverer, the successor of the Maccabees, the victorious Joshua, the Judge of Judah, was still higher. His views expanded;—what was to hinder his march from the deliverance of Judea, to the expulsion of the Roman armies from the East, to their overthrow in Europe, and finally to the erection of a new and sacred dynasty in Rome itself, breaking down the old altars, abjuring the old idolatry, and adopting, by an universal and illustrious conversion, the religion of the fathers of Jerusalem? The idea was wild, but the imagination in which it was formed was wilder, and the vanity which nurtured it, was wildest of all.

Eliezer began to sound his countrymen in Rome; the simplest hope of restoration was enough to stir every heart among them. He spread his conceptions through Italy, ten thousand daggers were drawn at the first whisper, and their wearers swore never to sheathe them, but at the command of the unknown champion, who still trusted in the strong fidelity of Jewish hearts. But another suggestion spread a glow over his eager mind. Reports of passing pilgrims, from time to time, had kept up the memory of that portion of the Jewish people which once formed the Ten Tribes. By some they were described as a vast, vigorous, and wealthy nation, living in the richest regions beyond the Armenian mountains, preserving their ancient manners, learning, and worship, and burning with indignation at the slavery of their countrymen under Rome. Here was a force which, strongly stirred and wisely directed, might be irresistible by even the colossal strength of Rome. Eliezer determined to commence the designs of his magnificent patriotism by appealing to those exiles; by enlisting their sympathy in his cause; and summoning them to the overthrow of the great European tyranny.

But Eliezer found his ardours on this point but feebly shared in Rome,

and he seemed likely to be reduced to speculation, until one evening, as he pondered the subject in his study, a stranger was announced, a young Hebrew, who briefly told him, that, desirous to learn the laws of his country, he offered himself as a disciple to so illustrious an individual. "But," said he, "I have one fear. I am ignorant, inexperienced, and feeble in mind. Wisest of the wise, whose fame has reached even the remotest corner of the Dispersion of Israel, and whose knowledge rises above the darkness of mankind, as a beacon above the dark waves of the ocean, will not such companionship be a disgrace to my lord? I, too, am named by my father Eliezer; and how will it echo in the ears of the faithful, that under the same roof dwell Eliezer the Wise, and Eliezer the Fool?" The sage was amused by the simplicity of his humble guest; but the proudest of the proud could not be offended by his humility. His knowledge, too, though merely of things that had passed under his own eyes, might be of some use, and Eliezer the Sage enjoyed the whole merit of his condescension in receiving Eliezer the Simple.

The Ten Tribes came under discussion in the course of one of their walks under the towering elms of the Priscian Hill. The Sage warmed with his subject, and pictured with the ardour of eloquence the rejoicing spirit with which the exiles would hear that the glorious times of their country were about to revive; the myriads that would inevitably flock to the standard of Judah, and the irresistible superiority of their hardy and vigorous and enthusiastic force, when brought into contact with the raw levies, and mercenary hostility of the troops of Rome. "How have you discovered all this," said the young Hebrew, "for I know nothing of it?"—"It must be so," said the Sage, "for it is human nature, and especially the nature of our people. They are, even here, hardy, resolute, and enthusiastic in every thing, and more than all in the cause of their country. It is true, that time may have worked some change in the temperament of men exiled for almost a thousand years; that they may have partially forgotten the language, or lost the high and holy im-

pulses of the Jew. But we must take the facts for granted, till we can know better. How to know better, constitutes the whole difficulty of the case."—"I should die before I found out the truth," said the youth, with a bend of deep reverence, "except, indeed, by going to see them."

The expedient was vulgar from its simplicity. But the more Eliezer pondered, the more he brought himself round to the necessity of adopting the expedient. He laughed at his humble friend's accidentally striking upon the point in question. But the facts were so essential to the project which had occupied so many days and nights of his profoundest thoughts, and the magnitude of the project itself so fully counterbalanced all individual sacrifices, that the Sage resolved to leave his people wondering for a time at his absence, that they might hail his return as a pledge of freedom. The distance, the dangers, and the loss of time, were nothing compared with the restoration of Israel; and the Sage Eliezer, in as few days as allowed for his few preparations, left the gates of the capital vanishing behind in morning mist, and with his humble friend, turned his face towards the great storehouse of human wealth, wisdom, and sanctity, the Lesser Asia.

Eliezer himself was what he had described his people, enthusiastic, and his enthusiasm carried him without stop across the confines of Italy, into the depths of the Pannonian forests, from them among the heights of the Riphæan chain, and from them descending among the exquisite valleys and gushing streams of Eastern Greece. But all the enthusiasm that ever burned in the bosom of man will not feed him when he is hungry, nor clothe him when he is naked. The forests and the highways had equally accomplished the objects of leaving the learned Rabbi's purse and person in a dismantled state. Here was a contingency for which the wisdom of the man who spoke ten languages had not thought of providing. The travellers entered the gates of Byzantium, but their magnificent architecture, worthy of the future capital of Asia and the Earth, and worthy, too, of greater things than the capital of either, worthy of the heroism and the ge-



nus of Greece, was lost upon the hungry.

They passed hastily in, crowded among a group of beggars hurrying to partake of a distribution of corn, at the door of the chief patrician, followed by a troop of Roman cavalry, escorting a new governor, who kicked and flogged the beggars out of their way, without mercy, and an immense herd of swine, which made their way through both, without caring for the most palpable wrath of either. Eliezer, strong of frame, haughty of heart, and fierce with famine, had rushed into the centre of the passage, where he at length found himself fairly brought to a stand by the pressure of the crowd. Was he to suffer himself to be trampled on by a rabble, beaten with the pike-shafts of a whole troop of horse, and rubbed all over by five hundred Thracian swine? In the midst of contumely in all the suburb tongue, threats and scoffs in catrp language, and the defilement of the abomination of his fathers, what was to be done? Never was there a master of all the wisdom in greater want of a little of it, than at that moment. His ten languages would not have been worth one of the pikes that he saw flourishing over the heads of the mob in all directions.

In short, the wisest of Rabbis was thoroughly perplexed. He turned to his humble friend, exclaiming in the bitterest accents of the original Hebrew against the curse of Heathenism, which had filled the world with soldiers, beggars, and swine. "To go on," said he, "is impossible, in the midst of such a crowd; to stop, is to have one's brains beaten out by those insolent pagans and their pikes; to go back is to be defiled by their natural companions, the abomination of Israel."—"Far be it from me," said his friend, casting his eyes to the earth, "to utter a voice in the presence of my lord, the light of his people. But when I can neither stop, nor go forward nor backward, I try to go on one side." As he spoke the words, he pushed his hand against a door in the lofty wall, which gave way, and Eliezer, making a bound towards him, found himself suddenly out of the peril, and within a large and rich garden.

Nothing could form a more grate-

ful contrast to the scene from which the travellers had just been extricated. The roses lavishing their beauty in absolute thickets of bloom,—the grapes spreading their pearly and purple clusters over the walls—the marble terraces, the statues, every thing, a Parian fountain of exquisite sculpture, in which a nymph from the chisel of Praxiteles was tossing streams, like showers of silver, in the faces of two playful Cupids, for daring to rouse her from her slumber; a succession of arbours of the clematis, and all the lovely and verdurous plants that at once spread their shade, and breathe odours over the burning hours of an oriental summer; all looked to the travellers' eyes like a vision of paradise, compared with the heat, the clamour, the choking vapours, the stifling dust, and the personal danger, from which they were distant, only by a foot of granite wall. The great Rabbi involuntarily thanked his humble friend, for his having employed his senses so much to the purpose. "However," said he, "I have no doubt that we should have both discovered it, if those insolent pagans had but given us time." His simple disciple made no answer; for at this moment, half-a-dozen personages of angry looks, and armed with staves, scarcely less formidable than the pike-shafts, were seen coming down upon them in full charge. The travellers were instantly surrounded, seized, and accused of having broken into the grounds for the purpose of robbing them of the Smyrnesse melons, expressly intended for the Præfect's table. The Rabbi was indignant at the insult offered to the luminary of the Sanhedrim. But his wrath was of no use. The angry gardeners were but the more convinced of his delinquency.

Eliezer was by nature eloquent, and by habit a first-rate logician. He proved, with a torrent of incomparable language, the impossibility of his having known any thing about the Præfect or his melons, and fairly outreasoned all the wisdom of their cultivators. But his very eloquence was fatal to his cause. The honest gardeners shook their heads, conceived that they had caught a lawyer, and thereupon promptly concluded that the question of his knavery was

beyond dispute. They proceeded to drag him forward; but whether to suspend him from one of the peach-trees that overhung the spot with such shadowy luxuriance, or to drown him in the river that poured in such crystal freshness through the arbours, was evidently the only point now waiting for decision. Eliezer cast a parting look at his fellow-traveller; it told the very profound of perplexity.

This was no time for ceremonial. His friend, whose silence had earned for him the fortunate distinction at that time of being overlooked, or at worst, of being considered only as the tool of his more brilliant associate, now pushed forward into the crowd, and said, "Master, why should we not tell what brought us into Byzantium at all?" There was something in the simplicity of the language, or of the speaker, which pleased the men of the spade. It was, at least, more in their own style than the fine Roman periods of his eloquent friend. They stopped to hear him out. They were amused by the folly of two men attempting to make their road good through the world, only to find out a colony of miserable Jews. They burst out into roars of rustic merriment at the oddities of their travel, were delighted with the chances of their being starved, and could not restrain their laughter at hearing that their whole wardrobe consisted of the clothes on their half-naked limbs. Compassion, however, at last began to find its way, when laughter was tired. They advised the travelling sage to go home again as soon as "so great a block-head could find his way;" and above all, to beware of being again found among melon beds in the neighbourhood of Byzantium; but to his friend, they offered the highest promotion within their gift, pronounced him to have more brains than a hundred of such *talkers*, told him that he was even worthy to be a Byzantine gardener, and promised him the first vacant spade.

The Rabbi was, if the truth must be told, intolerably mortified. But his neck was spared. He was not to float above the heads of mankind from the boughs of the peach-tree, nor to sail beneath their feet down the limpid depths of the river. There

was some comfort even in this. But he made a vow in his soul, to be exposed to no more comparisons if he could, and get rid of his downcast friend on the earliest opportunity. He, however, heard with some degree of gratification, his refusal of the tempting offer of preferment. A thousand miles still lay between him and the nearest settlement of his lost countrymen. The forests, rivers, and barbarism through which he had already passed, had stripped him of his money, turned his robes into shreds, and his feet into an epitome of every pang of fever, cramp, and the actual cautery. European travel had given him a foretaste of the progress over the rugged plains of Asia Minor, the marshes of Babylon, the chain of Caucasus, and the sands of Parthia, which seriously diminished his fondness for solitary journeying. He therefore took his departure, glad to find his humble friend following him; and even not sorry to see that friend's arms, loaded, by the bounty of the gardeners, with a melon worthy of the Prefect's own most luxurious hour.

The melon was destined to be of good service. The sun was hot, and they sat down to rest together under the walls of a sumptuous house, of which all the doors and windows were open to catch a breath of air. A group of slaves were loitering outside the portico. They surrounded the melon-bearer, and offered to make a purchase on the spot.

The Sage suggested, that they should realize the value of their merchandise as soon as possible.

"No doubt," whispered his friend in turn; "but in my country, the customer that you look out for, is a very different person from the customer that looks out for you."

"Simpleton," exclaimed the Rabbi, "your melon will not keep above a day; and unless you take what these fellows offer, we must starve."

The remonstrance seemed to be thrown away upon the melon-bearer, who had risen, apparently attracted by the sound of a lute, and some sweet voices singing within an open chamber, at some distance. He stationed himself under the window, listening.

The chamber was stately;—a pavilion of silk, green as the leaf of the



vine that curled and festooned round it, and beneath that pavilion, a banquet, whose gold and onyx vases alone might have made the revenue of an Asiatic king; but now, made the property or the plunder of the gallant Tribune, commander of the twenty-third legion. Down the sides of the table were seated a long line of the young and fair of Byzantium, listening to the alternate chant and recitation of a group of Greek minstrels, performing a scene from the *Electra*. Even the grave ears of the Rabbi were soothed by the delicious harmony; and as the richness of the verse sunk into his soul, he dreamed of glory once more. But there were other thoughts dawning on his excited spirit. In Italy he had left behind him one, to whom even his pride of understanding was made to bow; Eliezer had a heart, though it had been buried under a weight of folios, and that heart could sometimes remind him, that though speaking ten languages, he could feel the delightful weakness that, more than all the sensations of human nature, raises us above, or sinks us below, the level of man.

The diamond eyes of Narishna, the daughter of his neighbour Jaran, had taught him a lesson which often confused his philosophy; and the keenest struggle which his departure from Rome had cost even his arrogant and daring spirit, was the necessity of leaving this exquisite creature, without disclosing to her the secret that was often nearly an overmatch for his philosophy. In the half dream into which the harmony lulled him, the name of the beloved stole from his heart to his lips. His conscience instantly smote him. The offence might not be much for a man of thirty, and in the full animation of the passions; but what was it for a Rabbi of the first renown, a walking repository of the wisdom of the wise, the future liberator of his country, and now a heroic pilgrim, travelling through sands and snows, fire and water, for her unequalled cause?

In the mean time, his simple associate had drawn the cloak from his shoulders, uncovered the melon to the day, and approached it towards the casement. The odour was conveyed into the apartment with the

current of air. It was delicious. All recognised the perfume of a fruit which the Prefect kept with proverbial jealousy for himself. It was the only luxury wanting to the luxurious board that now lay spread before the gallant Legionary. He ordered its instant purchase. But the possessor was found to be reluctant. The Tribune, indignant at the delay, rose from his couch, and advanced to the window, to see whether the head of the refuser was worth the edge of a Roman sword. But his steps were suddenly surrounded, his wrath was softened, and his sword confined in its sheath by a circle of fair hands, enough to have fettered the ire of Mars himself. The simple merchant and his merchandize were obviously and equally at his mercy. But the Roman was in a scene and an hour of tenderness. He took a purse from his belt, and flung it out, in the midst of a chorus of sweet approbation and sweeter smiles, worth ten times the money. The melon was duly delivered, and deserved all its applause. The simple traveller glided away before it had gone the round of the table; evidently from some knowledge that the generosity of Roman Tribunes seldom lasted much longer. Eliezer, for once not disposed to dispute, walked after him, straight to and through the city gates. His companion now counted his day's profits. The purse contained ten times the sum that had been offered in the first instance.

"You have made the wiser bargain after all," observed the sage.

"I do not know that," answered his disciple; "but, in my country, we never sell if we can help it, till our commodity is asked for; and always prefer the master to the slave."

The price of this day's merchandise supplied the means of carrying the travellers through Asia Minor. It was frugally used; and in a climate where the sky saves the trouble of a canopy to the bed, and the leaves of nectarines and jasmines make excellent coverlets, they dispensed but little for shelter, night or day. Their money accordingly staid with them, till it saw them fairly embarked for the coast of Tripolis, and there the last coin took

leave of them on the shore, and returned to circulate from the hands of porters, into the hands of collectors of the revenue, from them into the hands of the men and maidens of the Præfect's palace, who had the care of petitions from the collectors for promotion, from them into the hands of the Præfect, who sold the promotion, and from them into the hands of the original Tribune, for connivance.

The Rabbi and his companion landed at the foot of the Anti-Libanus, in the exact condition for climbing the lofty range that shuts out Asia Minor from Syria, or for climbing any other precipice of marble that encumbers the globe. They were thin as lizards, were taught to live almost upon air, and were altogether disburthened of clothes, merchandise, and money. The prospect before them now began to be formidable. Both looked terribly cast down. But Eliezer's bold nature triumphed in difficulties, and he was besides a little ashamed of having subsisted so long upon the mere good luck of a being so confessedly his inferior in acquirements and ability as his follower. As they stood on the summit of Lebanon, and looked down on the lovely expanse of country reaching from the foot of the mountains to Damascus—"Now, my young friend," said the Sage, "I may soon repay you some of your money. In three days time we shall be in Damascus, if we can beg our way so far. There a Rabbi goes for something. Barbarism is not suffered to carry all before it, as in the last thousand miles of rock and swamp that we have travelled together. Her people are polished, the rulers humane, the lawyers magnanimous, and even the priests learned."

"I had rather hear that they were charitable," said his simple friend, "for if they are not, we must starve in the streets."

"Set your mind at rest upon that point," was the Sage's reply. "I have not studied the laws of Moses, Solon, and Numa, written commentaries on the government of every kingdom of Asia, and been master of ten languages, to starve in the streets of any city, but a city of white bears or Byzantine gardeners."

They descended the mountain, and

entered that matchless valley which well earned its name, the garden of Syria. For the three days, they travelled through a labyrinth of vineyards and orange groves. The date hung its golden bunches over their heads; the pomegranate rolled its purple globes at their feet; the olive melted at their touch; and the fig, blue as sapphire, and tender as the lip of the maidens of Alraschid, wooed their taste with its aromatic ripeness. Here at least they could not starve. But life was not to be lingered out even among the figs of the valley of Damascus, and they pushed onward for the gates of the renowned city of the oriental graces.

Luckily for their progress, the Mouali Bedouins, on the very day of their view from the Libanus, had marched in the same direction, and been cut up by the cavalry of the Legion quartered in Damascus, and sent head foremost into the desert, with the loss of half their Sheiks, and what they felt much more, all their horses and camels. The Romans had surprised them by a march round the right of the Bahar el Margi, while their Sheik, a venerable and pugnacious warrior and idiot, had sworn by his beard to cut off the head of any man who looked for them on any road but the left. Their expedition thrived accordingly, and the venerable Sheik left his own skeleton, with those of two thousand of his fellow heroes, as an amusement to the jackals, and a warning to his successors, that there were two ways round the Bahar el Margi. The affair had been finished just two hours before the travellers passed; the day was now done, the roar was hushed, the blood was dry; the trumpet of the Legionaries was lost in distance among the gushes of the evening air, and as far as the eye could reach, a long gleam of gold, like a stream of ore flowing from its furnace, shewed where the cavalry were entering the gates of Damascus, with their helmets blazing in the western sun.

The two thousand grinning warriors of the desert were now in no condition to be feared by the traveller; the heavy blade of the Roman horseman had cured all their propensities to plunder; and if Eliezer had worn a turban of gold, and a cuirass of diamond, he might have walked



through the two thousand without a fear. The time was even come, when the Arab himself might be spoiled, and Eliezer's glance was caught by a prodigious emerald on the hilt of the Sheikh's scimitar.

"We may as well," said he to his companion, "rescue this weapon from the dust, or the paw of the jackal. It may belong to some Roman noble of rank, and thus, by restoring it, we may secure the protector, of whom no two men stand more in need than ourselves this day; or we may find it to be the property of some honest man who has been rendered poor by its loss; or if neither should be the case, we may find its use in defending our own heads from the robber; or even sell it, if we are reduced to the necessity."

"The reasons are many and excellent, as become the wisdom of my lord," mildly observed his quiet friend. "But in my country the old men say, 'My son, leave the robber and his goods to take care of themselves.'"

Eliezer was by no means convinced; he saw that the emerald was beautiful, and the blade of the scimitar true Damascus.

"Death," said he, "transfers all property; why not a Bedouin's? That is law, all over the globe. Why shall a fine work of art, an incomparable stone, and an useful weapon, be left to decay, if we want it?"

"If"—echoed the son of simplicity, and followed Eliezer. The sage wrapped the scimitar in his cloak, and strode on, impatient to reach this place of fame and fortune.

The city of Damascus has been, in all ages, a noble and a beautiful city, but in the days of this journey, it united the elegance of Greek taste, the grandeur of Roman opulence, the delights of oriental luxury. All was pomp and pleasure, superb pomp and lavish pleasure. The poets and minstrels of the East crowded round the footstool of the stately Proconsul, who had succeeded to the stately Satrap, as he had succeeded to the stately King. Eliezer rejoiced in the coming opportunity of shewing that his genius was not utterly worthless for getting his bread; an impression which had been of late rather painfully growing over his mind. Damascus was the region of lawyers,

and the Rabbi announced himself as prepared to give lectures on all the codes of mankind.

On the very day when he had first collected an auditory, and was astonishing them with the endless variety of his quotations, the bold decision of his dogmas, and the inexhaustible copiousness of his eloquence, his lecture was broken off by the rushing of a crowd into the room, calling for justice. To a lawyer a new case is irresistible, and Eliezer, inwardly exulting in the opportunity of bringing his acquirements to the test, ordered the man to state his case. Nothing could be plainer. He had sold his paternal house, in the olive grounds to the north of the city, to an Abyssinian. The Abyssinian, in pulling down the wall of one of the chambers, had struck his pick-axe upon a chest. The lid of the chest flew open, and out tumbled ten thousand ounces of gold. The seller now demanded the ten thousand ounces as his property. The buyer refused to give them up, and upon this the injured party came, demanding the authority of the newly arrived sage. Eliezer revolved his memory, and after stating the fiftieth case which bore upon the question, had decided it in his favour; when a clamour at the door announced the arrival of the Abyssinian. The new litigant was by no means disposed to let the cause go against him for want of rage, protestations, and appeals to all beneath the stars.

He was a tall and muscular fellow, of the true Galla breed, ferocious as a tiger, and as full of angry grimace as a baboon. He stalked up and down the spacious room while he detailed his grievances, furious with rage against his adversary, like a wild beast ready to be let loose on a criminal; and the significant gesture with which he from time to time approached the Rabbi himself, pointing to his neck with one hand, while he brandished a huge two-edged Abyssinian knife with the other, might have shaken the judicial nerve of a less intrepid distributor of right and wrong. But the case must be gone over again, and the Abyssinian, subtle as a wild-cat, brought so many evidences of the sale, of its being a sale of the whole possession

and property, and appealed so endlessly to the customs of his own country and every other, that the audience began to take his side, and Eliezer found himself, for the mere purpose of satisfying the audience, compelled to plunge into precedents once more. But what two successive glances at any case in law ever saw it in the same point of view? The great jurist discovered, in the course of his argument, an authority on the opposite side; another soon transpired. At length, perplexed by his own knowledge, in infinite vexation, and with the utter ruin of his renown staring him in the face, he pronounced for the Abyssinian.

The decision produced a shout from the party on his side. The man of Damascus was now furious in his turn, he swore by the mustachio of ten generations of forefathers, that the judge who decided against him must have taken a bribe from the enemy, and that the insult to both himself and justice was only to be wiped out by blood. Eliezer now indignantly rose, to leave the matter between themselves. But the Abyssinian sprang up to his side, and, dagger in hand, commanded him, as a decider of the laws, to register the decision, which he would forthwith carry before the Roman Governor. The clamour now swelled among those intemperate sons of a fiery clime more violently than ever, reproaches were showered, and daggers drawn on all sides. In the midst of this tumult, Eliezer, in miserable anxiety, and hopeless of escaping from such a generation of lunatics with life, saw, and delighted to see, the simple face of his fellow-traveller struggling its way through the crowd. "What is the meaning of all this?" he asked breathlessly, as he came within hearing of the unlucky Sage. "I know not, I know nothing," was the answer, "but that I am in the midst of a knot of madmen, and that law is thrown away upon them."

"Will my lord let me sit by his side for a moment, and at least we may make the better retreat when we are together?" said his friend. The hand was held out, was grasped, and Eliezer the Simple was for once seated side by side with Eliezer the Sage.

A new judge, was the popular

outcry, as they saw his unpretending physiognomy calmly looking round the crowd; "any judge rather than that puzzle-headed blockhead, who blows hot and cold every half hour," cried the party of the man of Damascus.

"Well then," said the Abyssinian, proud of his triumph, "to shew you how little I depend on chance for my rights, I shall give up this solemn ass, who was ignorant enough to give sentence against me, without hearing my case; and now, most learned judge, who are not worthy to comb my camel's tail, come down, and let this honest fellow, who seems to have some common sense, settle the question once for all."

Eliezer felt every syllable like a drop of poison on his heart. He scorned the rabble before him, 'tis true. He knew them to be base, brutal, and ignorant as their own swine. But he was not the more prepared for their contempt; and to be scorned by even the rabble of Damascus, seemed to him the last step in the scale of human humiliation.

He sat with his brow plunged in his hand, while his quiet associate made the parties repeat their story. At the close, he simply said, "I am no lawyer." "So much the better," was the cry of the multitude; "we have had enough of law in that baboon by your side." Eliezer the Wise writhed. "But, my friends, let me only ask two questions," said Eliezer the Simple. "What is the price, an ounce, of gold in Damascus?" He was answered by a hundred voices. "And what was the price at which you bought your house?" he asked the expectant Abyssinian. "A thousand pieces of gold," was the answer. "I can bring," he added, "witnesses by the score to prove that I paid the money. And here is the contract itself." He handed it up to the new judge, who looked over it with a careful eye. "You have made an undoubted purchase," said he; "but though I find here a great deal about chambers, wells, and olive grounds, you have not yet given me the contract for the purchase of the ten thousand ounces of gold." The Abyssinian stared. "And yet," said the judge, "a bargain by which you were to buy gold at the tenth part of the price in the bazaar, was well



worth your mentioning." "My mentioning! By the head of the Nile," exclaimed the Abyssinian, angry at the delay, "how could I mention what I did not know?" "Friend," said the judge, turning to the man of Damascus, "are you in the habit of selling gold for the tenth part of its value? What then induced you to sell your gold to this Abyssinian?" "I never sold him a grain, so may I swallow this dagger, hilt and all," said the fellow, brandishing it as if to make good his words against all repugnants. "Why, then, my friends," said the judge, rising, "in all simplicity, I think that as the first possessor never sold the gold, and the second never bought it, there seems to have been no sale whatever." "Never was decision hailed with fiercer applause. The man of Damascus leaped upon the bench, threw his arms round his neck, and proclaimed him a Daniel, a Zoroaster, a judge of the first magnitude! The Abyssinian, though angry at his reverse, yet, partly from discovering the justice of the case, and partly from seeing the uselessness of resisting the universal opinion, kept his scimitar in its sheath, and walked away with a heavy heart, wishing all second trials and straight-forward judges in the bottom of the Red Sea. The grateful landlord insisted on carrying the assertor of his rights to his dwelling, treated him there like a proconsul, covered him with the most sumptuous robes which his new wealth could command, and on his departure compelled him to accept a heavy purse of the gold acquired by what all Damascus declared to be his supreme knowledge of the law! Eliezer was smitten to the earth, yet still more by the honours of his companion than by his own disgrace. The world seemed to frown upon him in all quarters, and his lofty brows amply returned the frown. Damascus now spread out its glories before him in vain; he saw every thing yellow; he was jaundiced from top to toe. He walked through the Bezestein, filled as it was with all the opulence of the East, with jewelled caparisons, golden cups, diamond girdles, and the purple of the Mediterranean embroidered in all the thousand flowers that perfume the airs of Asia. He pro-

nounced all beggarly. He saw the procession of the Proconsul bringing the image of Vesta, newly arrived from Rome, to its temple on the beautiful hill that overlooks the city. Italy and the East had expended their pomps on the procession. Greece had made a monument for herself in the exquisite architecture of the temple. Eliezer saw nothing in the procession but a tinsel train of liveried mountebanks, and in the temple but a gewgaw theatre of a dull pantomime.

The world was now before him again, and in a fit of mingled despondency and indignation, the master of ten languages, and all the codes of the earth, wished Damascus buried in the snows of Lebanon, or turned into the rocks of the Hindoo Koosh. He now recollected, too, that though men may stand still, time is on the wing; and he had now lost half-a-year of the renown of a leader of the ten tribes. He now determined to shorten the way to the seat of his countrymen as much as possible, and, striking straight across the hills by Diarbekir, thence descend to the dwellings of Israel in Irak. His fellow-traveller offered no objection to the route, further than observing that the beaten way was sometimes found the shortest, and that the traveller who was slain on the road made the slowest of all journeys, for he would not reach home for a thousand years. Eliezer looked with natural scorn on the feebleness of form which seemed to have inspired this cautious idea, and without condescending to confute it, instantly rushed forward across the road of the caravans. The season was made for their expedition; the air had the light and sweet spirit that comes like a new principle of pleasure into the system; his whole frame felt elastic; and when he ascended the first hill, and saw the rich and variegated plain, the continued garden that lay between him and the hated scene of his discomfiture, he congratulated himself on the self-control and resolution which had carried him at once out of the track of man.

The spot where they rested for the night is proverbial to this hour, for one of the finest prospects of Asia. The sun went down in glory and in gold on the distant city, covering the

plain with a floating veil of the most glowing purple, but lighting up the remote masses of the Antilibanus, like pyramids of a thousand-coloured flames. The shades of cedars and the tamarisk overhung a fountain that murmured repose; the breeze came whispering among the blossoms, and shaking out their perfumes at every wave; the nightingale sat on every bough, and all nature seemed like one vast altar of incense offered up in the hour of rest and prayer to the sun as king of all. Eliezer's lofty spirit, restored to its full vigour by the scene, luxuriated in the thoughts of triumph; he had now accomplished two thousand miles of his journey. "Pass but those hills," said he, as he pointed to a long succession of peaks, behind which the moon ascended from the Persian valleys, studding every pinnacle with opal, "and we plunge down into Azerbaijan, a province where our only obstruction will be fields choked with luxuriance, and villages oppressive with hospitality. From its border, the Greater Irak lies before us, and there our journey will be completed. Then we shall find our brethren rejoicing to hear from our lips intelligence of their fathers in the captivity, and rejoicing still more in the prospect of avenging our long injuries on the profane and profligate tyrants of Israel." His fellow-traveller was silent, but at length said, "I know nothing, but that we are not going home." A shower of arrows that came through a thicket loaded with buds of amaranth, broke short the speech. The shower was followed by a wild howl, and the howl by an apparition of a troop of savage-looking men, who bounded on all sides through this loveliest of all bowers, like tiger cats. Eliezer saw his companion wounded, and on the ground; flew to his side, and was in the same moment stretched along with him by the blow of a club. When he recovered his senses, he saw his unlucky friend in the hands of the savages, yet struggling to hold back the arm of a huge Nubian, strong as a buffalo, and black as night, who stood poisoning his lance to send it through a mortal part of the prostrate Sage. Eliezer, still stunned, but resolute to the last, could only exert his remaining strength to pluck

out the scimitar from his cloak, and feebly wave it against the robber. The Nubian's wrath swelled at the sight, his eye darted fire, and with a fierce execration, shaking his helpless captive from his arm, he made a bound forward to give the mortal blow. But in the interval, brief as it was, he saw the hilt of the sword presented to his hand. The young Hebrew had taken it from the grasp of his fainting friend; and used that as a purchase of life, which could no longer be its defence. The hilt was a treaty of peace in itself. The magnificent sapphire sparkled in the eye of the savage; but, Nubian as he was, he had learned more of the ways of the world than to desire any sharers in his prize; and to avoid its attracting other admiration than his own, he seized it at once, twisted the hilt deep within the brown folds of his alhaik, left his vanquished enemy on the ground, and with a valedictory spurn darted into the thicket once more. Eliezer saw that his life was saved by the promptitude of his humble friend, and, for the first time, he trusted his tongue with an acknowledgment of his gratitude.

But rapid as the whole transaction was, it had not been so rapid as to escape the falcon glance of Abdulal Maleck, the young handsome Sheik of the band. The Nubian was still struggling his way through the entangling net of oranges and myrtles that had for ages made the canopy of the hill, when the nervous grasp of the young Sheik was round his throat. Surprised, and conscious of his crime against the laws of the Desert from time immemorial, he made no resistance, but was dragged back to undergo the process of the tribe. The scimitar was instantly torn from his cloak. But the general exclamation of wonder at its brilliancy was lost in the wild sorrow, and wilder rage, that burst from the young Sheik. "By the beard of my fathers! where is the villain who was guilty of the blood of the Bein Talib?" he shrieked out, as he sprang to the spot where Eliezer lay still unable to rise, and tended by the care of his simple friend. The unlucky scimitar had belonged to the father of the Sheik; and the glance that passed from the Sage's almost dying eye, told his compa-



nion how much wiser he had been, if he had taken his advice, and left the robber's weapon where he had left his corpse.

But reflection was now too late. It was in vain for him to protest that he was innocent of the blood of any Arab within the round of the earth. The evidence to the contrary was before them all. "Will any man who has the blood of the Bein Ishmael in his veins, believe that my father would have ever given up his sword but with his life," was the first appeal of the furious warrior. It was unanswerable. "And what but the death of these swine can be the punishment of his murder?" was the second. Every lance was instinctively pointed against the breasts of the travellers. All seemed over with their journey and their lives. But the clamour had raised a third party. The tents of the tribe were pitched behind the hill. The women heard the acclamation at their Sheik's speech. They poured down, headed by the fair and high-blooded Farsani, the Sheik's wife, and, by virtue of the sex, his unquestionable sovereign. The affair was now to be settled before a new tribunal. Farsani expeditiously took judgment into her own hands, and, resolved on reversing the sentence, be it what it might, loudly declared, that where there were so many widows in the tribe, it was absurd to put young men to death, and that while they wanted slaves to drive their flocks to pasture and fold, a wretched Jew, however crippled, who cost nothing, would serve the purpose as well as a negro who would cost a cow. The women all insisted that this was the true version of the law; stayed execution, and ordered the submissive Sheik to listen to reason, and march his prisoners back to the camp.

Eliezer was now in tenfold despair. He was a slave, a cripple, and a coward for life. He cast himself on the flinty ground, and exclaimed against the infinite malice of fortune; through the night and through the day, he lay like Job, refusing to be comforted. His fellow-traveller had, in the meantime, put himself under the orders of the Sheik's princess; shewed her a new way of preparing lentil soup, which established his character among the horde at once; and when

the sunset brought him back to the rock where the unlucky Sage sat, still wringing his hands and throwing dust upon his broad forehead, he brought with him a portion of the soup, which even the fastidious grief of the man of ten languages acknowledged to be consoling. "But here we are for ever," said he, when his hunger had left him time to think of his sorrows, "chained till our dying day, among a gang of plunderers, the slaves of slaves, the hewers of wood and drawers of water to a rabble of barbarians!" The moon was again rising over the cliffs, that but twenty-four hours before had dazzled them with a vision of paradise; they were now transformed into the battlements of an eternal prison. His simple friend pointed to the luminary, as its edge, gently waning, hung, like the curve of a scimitar, suspended on the marble horizon.

"We are in the power of the Bein Ishmael, 'tis true," said he, "but the Sheik Abdul is in the power of the fair Farsani, and that moon was at the full last night; you see what she is now. Woman may have her changes even in the desert."

Eliezer was concocting a matchless train of premises and conclusions, to prove that the old comparison of woman to the moon, was too old for this day of the earth, and that their captivity would last till it left them in the grave, when he was interrupted by a messenger from the wife of the Sheik. Eliezer was still overlooked. The message was for the young Hebrew. The complexion and the cookery of his friend had not been lost on the vivid Farsani. She had now sent for the simple traveller to assist her in taking a midnight march across the Desert, with whose knowledge she had no intention of embarrassing the intellects of the Sheik. The alternative of a refusal was instant hanging on the princess's tent-pole. Eliezer, for once, gave up the arrangement into the hands of his companion, who simply observed, that as if they ever hoped to escape, it must be through the air, or on the back of a camel, they might as well take the midnight march.

Midnight came, dark as ebony, and wild as the Bein Ishmael themselves. Thunder roared, rain fell in deluges, the wind tossed the arms of the oaks

and cedars through the air like straws. But the storm had its uses, the young Sheik heard nothing of the packing of his choicest vestures, his carbine, and his purses, on the back of his favourite dromedary, by the hands of his wife, nor of the untethering of his two mares, fleet as ostriches, and patient as the tortoise, from the tent-pole beside his pillow. Opium and Shiraz wine had relieved him of the pangs of parting, and when his bold, raven-tressed, and ebon-eyed spouse had left him twenty leagues behind, he was still as happy and as deep in dreams, as if she were still the guardian angel of his slumbers.

The coursers deserved their fame; they rushed along with the speed of wind. Before daylight they had threaded the passes of the Curdistan hills, and the noon found them bounding on untired through the flowery pastures of Hamadan. The shadows of the hills at last began to lengthen, and though the Arab's stud seemed willing to have galloped along till doomsday, their riders were ready to drop from their saddles with fatigue. The ruins of a caravansera, flaring in the sunbeams, like a pile of burning bricks, were hailed by all with equal rejoicing; and just as the sun, red as a thunderbolt, plunged down into a new world of sanguine and storm-tossed clouds, they alighted at the gate of the immense ruin. Eliezer once more was now compelled to feel that there were cases where all the wisdom of the wise might be good for nothing. In a college of muftis he must have been an oracle; but here he was freezing with the heavy dew of an Eastern night, and since dawn he had not tasted food; he flung himself on his packsaddle, and meditated in solitude on the misfortunes of a sage.

Meanwhile his friend had watered the cattle, kindled a fire, and was in the full employ of the fair Farsani, as superintendent of a kettle of exquisite lentil soup. But when was life smooth throughout? Eliezer was roused from his reverie by a cry; he started up, but just in time to throw himself across the path of the Sheik's wife, who was in full chase of his friend, lance in hand. He gently drew the weapon from her little, angry fingers,

and then asked, "was supper ready?" Farsani shot a look of fire at him for the words, that must have scorched him to the soul, if he had not been thinking more of the sparkling steel of the lance than of its fair wielder; she then burst from him, declaring herself the most insulted of woman-kind, and finished a long explosion of her tongue, by the natural accompaniment of thunder,—a shower rained from eyes that emulated the twinkling stars above their heads. Once loosed from his hand, she sprang into the darkness, and was gone.

But where was his fellow-traveler? Eliezer called his name in a hundred spots of the ruin, and all in vain. He never felt himself more thoroughly perplexed. He was likely to be left to his own dexterity in a desert, where his next and nearer associates might be the tiger or the hyæna. Philosopher as he was, he felt that he had lost his supper; and the distant rattling of hoofs along the flinty road, convinced him that, with the Sheik's spouse, he had lost the more important chance of ever reaching a civilized country alive. But the loss that struck him deepest, was still the loss of his humble friend.

During three days he remained hiding in the caravansera, living on the wild roots that tardily forced their subsistence from the dry ground, reproaching the folly that had sent him on a pursuit worthy only of a carrier pigeon, and, to his own astonishment, pining more and more for the absence of his simple follower. He often questioned himself, how he could feel any kind of interest in a being so much his inferior in capacity, so utterly unequal to communicate ideas with his scholarship, so mere a matter-of-fact mind. Yet his memory still brought back instances of a gentleness and patience, a willing kindness and a persevering zeal, that in all its ignorance sustained his regret. All things become important by circumstance, and next to the discovery of his exiled countrymen, Eliezer, in the desert, began to rank the discovery of his lost friend.

But time and chance happen to all. A caravan from Cairo, passing through the north of Persia, reached the ruins. The first sensation of joy which Eli-



ezer had experienced in his solitude, was the sound of their camels' bells. He rushed from his hovel, threw himself at their feet, and implored to be either slain or taken away. The guards of the caravan swore that he was a spy, and beating him with the flat of their scimitars, threatened to use the edge on a second application. The head merchant of the caravan, a bloated Egyptian, cursed him as an interloper in the trade, and kicked him out of his tent. Eliezer was undone but for a broad-backed Turcoman, who, seeing his showy figure, speculated upon him as a slave, slipped a noose round his arms, and ordered him to follow at his horse's tail. He had now sounded the lowest depth of humiliation, and despairing, he demanded that his new master would strike the lance into his heart, that the taunting barbarian kept constantly glittering within an inch of it. But the Turcoman answered him only by a fresh oath and another blow. The caravan wound its way through the sands of the Irak. In another week it had reached the sacred region which the unfortunate Rabbi had toiled so far to find. The Louristan was the traditional seat of the illustrious exiles of his country. Here was consummation, glory, the summons of Israel, the overthrow of Rome! But what was before his eyes! On the very mountain where all the records of the captivity had fixed a temple worthy of Solomon himself, now spread in insolent majesty the vast and beautiful architecture of a temple to Jupiter! The caravan halted before it, as was the custom, and the whole train of merchants went to make their offerings for the safety of their journey through the perilous deserts of Parthia.

Eliezer loathed the abomination of the idolaters, but the Turcoman's chain was strong, and he was dragged in among the rest. But the honour of the famous shrine of the deity of Rome was not to be thus insulted by a barbarian and a barbarian's slave. The priests surrounded the Turcoman, and a fierce quarrel ensued; blows fell thick on all sides, but in the tumult Eliezer found his chain loose, and immediately took advantage of the accident to escape

into one of the dark passages of the building. The day died, the caravan went its way, and as the sounds of the worship ceased, the fugitive thought he might now be safe in appearing. But he had delayed too long—the shrine was closed—the priests had retired—and Eliezer, to his supreme displeasure, found himself alone at the foot of the high altar. Yet the dome in which he now stood might have at another time received his admiration; it was the perfection of grace and costliness. But scorn and wrath were now his only impulses. The sight of the noble statues that filled the pile roused his blood. Was the sacred site of his native temple to be profaned by stocks and stones, and the impure follies of paganism? He determined to do at least one great work in the course of his anxious and disappointed existence, and die a martyr, if he could not live a hero. He was alone. In the heat of his indignation he seized a gold-tipped augural staff, which lay at the foot of the altar, and tauntingly struck the marble figure of Jupiter. The blow came from a vigorous hand, and was well applied. The head of the idol bounded off its shoulders, and rolled at his feet. This success led him to try the steadiness of a group of Venus, Mercury, and Apollo, on the next altar. Their divinities, too, fell an easy prey to the augural staff, and its zealous wielder. Eliezer grew ardent in the performance, and before night had put a close to his work, every idol in the temple had left an arm, a leg, a nose, or a head, as a trophy to its daring assailant. Divinities that could exist without heads, might well exist without suppers. Eliezer's hunger was keen; the offerings to the idols lay before him and them alike. He stifled whatever scruples might have arisen on the subject, seized on some of the most tempting viands that had ever been thrown away on the altar of an image, or the palate of its priests; supped luxuriously, though he supped alone; and when his meal was finished, he once more tried the vigour of the augural staff. Death was before him for the morrow. But he was prodigiously tired, was admirably fed, and was dying with sleep. The high altar wore a

coverlet of gold tissue. He wrapped it round him, and fell into a slumber that might be envied by the Emperor Hadrian himself.

When he opened his eyes again, he looked round him with astonishment. A crowd of priests and soldiers were gazing with something of superstitious wonder on him as he lay. But their worship did not last long, his first words convinced them that he was a mere mortal, and they hurried him with fierce outcries before the Roman Prætor, to give an account of his sacrilege.

Eliezer had resolved to die the night before. But since that time he had supped and slept. His death, too, would extinguish the last hopes of his countrymen. The world itself wore a different look in sunshine from the gloomy dejection of the twilight; yet, when called on for his defence, his sagacity was more at a loss than ever. The mutilation of the statues was undeniable. His being alone in the temple was equally beyond all question. He spoke, however, and spoke eloquently; but after trying a hundred modes of defence, which only increased the ire of the multitude, he was on the point of confessing the act, and defying the tribunal, when he heard a whisper from a muffled figure close to him in the crowd, "Say that the gods had quarrelled with each other." The voice was well known to his ear; he recognised his fellow-traveller in the sound, and with his joy, an unconscious feeling of security rose in his heart. The Prætor paused in the very delivery of his sentence, when this extraordinary fact was disclosed in the sonorous tone of Eliezer. All listened with a strange awe. All other sounds were hushed, as the quick conception of the speaker, aided by his majestic figure and noble countenance, poured out this overwhelming mystery.

"I was in a vision in the temple," said he, in a solemn accent. "How I came there, who can divulge? The gates were closed; the priesthood had retired from the altars. It was night. I lay powerless and awed at the foot of the image of your supreme Deity. As the stars rose they cast their light upon the statues of your gods, and as each passed along, the spirit of the star

entered into the image, and the voices of the Gods began to be heard round the dome, like the distant thunder, when the tempest spreads its winds away, and the whirlwind sails heavily and far; and their words were on the power of the Gods of Europe and Asia. What was I, a son of earth, to listen to the voices of the Immortals? I fell to the ground, and implored that I might not be consumed by the grandeur of their presence. But anon, thunders filled the dome, and instead of the fires of the altar, they blazed with lightnings. And I looked, and behold, the images of the Gods lived, and were filled with majesty. The ivory and marble was turned into light, and I saw all the countenances of the Gods around, flashing with living brightness, until they stood like columns of intense flame. Then wrath arose among them. Wild words were there, threats that pierced the ear, like the shafts of the tempest, and the wielding of terrible arms, that smote like winged thunderbolts. In this hour of terror, what was I that I should behold? Was I, a mortal, to look upon the war of the powers of heaven, and live? In the midst of a crash, like the fall of a world, I fell on the ground, and thought that my time, fixed by fate, was come, to die."

The speaker ceased. There was silence among the multitude. There was high mystery in his look, in his voice, in his gesture. He had been found, too, in a mysterious manner in the temple, sleeping under the immediate protection of the Gods. At last the chief-priest, half convinced, cried out,—"Are we to believe that the images of the Gods struck each other, broke each other into pieces, walked down from their pedestals, and walked back again; did stone ever do such things? Let the liar die!"

"I ask you, most noble Prætor," said Eliezer, gravely, turning to the Tribunal, "is it not the daily declaration of this chief-priest, and all his fellow worshippers, that the images of the Gods consume the offerings? If they can eat, they can walk; and if they can drink the enormous quantity of wine which those priests demand from the people, they can quarrel."



The multitude had long felt the extortion, and the argument became popular on the spot. But while the trial was proceeding, a crowd had rushed to the temple to view the fallen statues, and they now rushed back again into the hall, armed with fresh vengeance, and demanding the blood of the criminal. Eliezer stood exhausted, he had no new plea, and he now awaited only the first dagger. In this crisis, his friend was again at his side. He whispered, "Propose to worship whichever image seems best to the people." The Rabbi shrunk, but the offer was loudly made for him by his fellow-traveller. The effect was marvellous;—all was instant confusion. Hundreds of voices called out the name of Mercury, as the wisest, the most eloquent, and the most propitious friend of man; hundreds shouted for Apollo; thousands for Venus; a roar of applause followed the name of Jove. In the midst of the tumult, a band of wild and half-naked men, tossing spears wreathed with laurel and hemlock, and cutting their flesh with knives, bounded into the hall. They were the priests of the ancient deities of Persia, and their shouts of "Mithras, Mithras the Mighty—the illumined, the irresistible Mithras!" appalled the multitude with religious fear. "Let Mithras be King," cried his priests—"Let Mithras be renowned. He alone lives—he alone is conqueror—he alone disdains to chain his glory in the works of men's hands. Behold his triumph over the Gods of Rome!"

They drew forward in their midst a small obelisk of brown stone, with some obscure emblems on its surface. Eliezer remembered to have seen it in the temple, but his wrath had passed it by for more shewy victims. "In the fall of all the gods of the Roman, the god of the Parthian alone stands. Glory to Mithras!" was the wild cry. It spread to the populace without. Woe, then, to the hand which should be lifted against the wondrous stranger who had been sent by the very power of Mithras to assert his dignity. The two travellers were conveyed in triumph on the shoulders of the priests of the national deity, to their palace. A festival was made for them, and before the day was over, they were

loaded with wealth, and almost suffocated with adoration.

The morning saw Eliezer with his robe girded round him, his sandals on his feet, and his staff in his hand. The priests of Mithras thronged round him, and offered him their jewels and their gold, and their priesthood, if he chose to stay among them; their Bactrian dromedaries, if he chose to depart. His choice had been already fixed. "An hour must not be lost, before he set out on his journey." The grateful priesthood caparisoned two of their most rapid dromedaries, filled their saddles with gems, and escorted the travellers to the entrance of the great road that crosses the Irak. They took their leave with multiplied benedictions, and bounded away. Eliezer was silent for a while after they were left alone; then riding up to his fellow-traveller, he threw himself on the ground, and prostrated himself before him. "Let us change names henceforth," said he; "you are Eliezer the Wise, and I Eliezer the Fool; or, am I not presumptuous in thus uttering my speech before my lord? Have not angels come down from heaven in other days, to help the weak, or give a lesson of humility to the vain? Tell me, am I in the presence of a mortal?"

The young Hebrew sprang down by his side, and with a smile, said, "Rabbi, be under no error here. Angels do not travel on dromedaries; and as for myself, I am too happy now to think of any thing but my good fortune at having escaped from the Koords in time to find you again. But which way do we turn?"

"To the setting sun, to the setting sun," exclaimed the Rabbi, eagerly.

"Then you have found the ten tribes?" asked his companion.

"Not a man of them," answered the Rabbi; "nor ever intend to look for them. I have got my lesson—my search is ended. In the name of Heaven, onward. If I had the wings of an eagle, they should be spread this hour for home, home!"

The dromedaries scoured the plain, the valley, and the mountain, with speed scarcely less than the eagle's wing. Province after province, language after language, nation after nation, fell behind their speed. The

love of home fired Eliezer's breast with the violence of a new passion. A week of travel at length brought them within view of the Curdistan Hills, from which the Rabbi had descended with such brilliant hopes of discovery.

"There," said he, to his companion, "glistening in this true Oriental evening, is the spot which I was a blockhead of the first magnitude ever to have passed. But I have gained experience, and hardship is the only school for simpletons. Henceforth, my friend, I shall put myself under your discipline, and try to learn the value of common sense. I have now but one wish more in this world."

"A wish to find out the ten tribes?" said the young Hebrew, laughing.

"Say no more of them," said Eliezer, with an attempt at a smile. "But we have been six months from home. In that time, who can tell what changes may have come among those we love? I cannot describe what a pang strikes across me at every step of my return towards the scene of all my happiness. If Narishna," he added, in a half-suppressed voice, "be inconstant, be wedded, or be dead, I am a miserable man to my last hour!"

"But if she be living, unwedded, and as much in love with you as ever," asked the youth —

"Then she shall be the beloved spouse of Eliezer before another sun goes down," exclaimed the animated sage.

His companion was about to make some reply, when an arrow rustled past them from a thicket that shrouded the dell into which they were on the point of plunging. Both travellers instinctively paused to ascertain whether the shot portended friends or enemies. No attack followed. Eliezer, habitually daring, and now roused by impatience of any obstruction to his rapid transit homewards, at length desired his companion to stay behind, and lashed his dromedary into the dell. His companion rushed after him; all was still as midnight. No sign of life was in the valley. Eliezer now proposed to push forward, gain the summit of the pass before dusk, and trust to fortune for their descent into the civilized land of Armenia. His companion only said, "That the arrow

had not been shot from the moon." But Eliezer was by this time deep in the dell, tearing his way through thickets untouched by the axe since the creation, and bounding over rocks and rivulets which had taken undisturbed possession of the road since the Deluge.

The summit of the pass at length appeared, sheeted with the last radiance of day. Eliezer cast back an encouraging look at his friend, who was still sorely beset in this war of brambles; but the sudden darkening of twilight above, made him cast his eyes upwards. He now had time to recollect the warning. That arrow, indeed, had not been shot from the moon, if he were to judge from the perfectly terrestrial platoon that he saw levelling at his turban as it rose above the web of tamarisks and Indian fig. To turn his dromedary back in a path scarcely too wide for a well-grown serpent, was out of the question; to stop, was to be transpierced through coat and corslet. A dozen marksmen, who could have hit the eye of a swallow, were standing twenty yards above him, every man with his arrow on the string. Furious at his disappointment, he was about to throw himself in the midst of the mountaineers; but his companion, at that instant laying his hand on his rein, and whispering, — "All mountaineers are asses," Eliezer burst out into a laugh at the oddity of the remark. All laughing is epidemic. The mountaineers, struck with the singularity of seeing two wretches, who were within twenty yards of their infallible bows, laughing as if they were at a feast, burst into a roar of merriment. The arrows were dropped, and the moment which, on the Curdistan principle, should have seen them rolling without their heads, from the top to the bottom of the precipice, saw them only pulled off their dromedaries, made prisoners, and walking to the tents of the tribe without their purses.

It has been doubted by many a learned philosopher, whether man is more of the tiger or the monkey. The question would have been difficult of decision among the gallant Curds, for if the day were spent in the tiger style, the monkey had clearly the ascendant of the night. The capture of two strangers, so well



freighted, put the whole tribe into the highest hilarity. The women escaped their customary flagellation for that evening, and were ordered to dance. The hoarded provisions were brought out; the date brandy was handed round in flowing cups; and before the night was half over, the whole tribe were in a state of the most festive helplessness. The stars themselves seemed doubly to twinkle, and Eliezer, tied to the chieftain's left arm, was wrapt in a half-sleeping meditation on Rome, Narishna, and a crowd of other things, when a muffled figure, gliding along the ground, cut his cord. The Rabbi's sudden movement, on finding himself at liberty, was repressed by a voice demanding, whether he were inclined to cut his captor's throat, help a woman to escape, rob the tribe, and fly Curdistan? The question was clogged with too many conditions for an instant answer; and, in the mean time, a drunken fray in the camp roused the chief. The whisperer shrank into the darkness, Eliezer was seized, amid a general uproar of the tribe, and the peculiar clamour of the women, who rushed from every corner, crying out, that they had discovered a conspiracy for making all the wives widows, and selling all the daughters to the Parthians. Eliezer was weary of ill fortune, but still would try his power of appealing to the national justice. In the midst of his harangue, and it was incomparably forcible, eloquent, argumentative, and useless, his astonishment was brought to its height by seeing the young Hebrew solemnly stalk forth into the midst of the irritated multitude, corroborate the charge, directly charge Eliezer with the crime, and offer himself as the evidence to bring him to conviction. The Curds had never been so delighted with public honesty before. The traveller's youth made him popular with the fair; his gravity conciliated the seniors, and his promise of blood enraptured the multitude. He stipulated only, that as justice was sure, she should be solemn, and that the criminal should be put into their strongest place of confinement till the time of trial, which should be delayed no longer than till the next dawn. His proposition was received with loud applause; but the shout was still loud-

er, when, in irrefragable proof of his sincerity, he demanded that the chains which loaded the guilty should be shared by the innocent, and that he himself should be confined in the same dungeon. The young orator was at the height of popularity in an instant; but the mountaineer generosity would not hear of the proposal. The women of the tribe tore their hair at the thoughts of cramping the limbs of one so young, handsome, and ready to execute his friend. Their chief, who knew something more of the world, would have taken him at his word, but the majority carried the day.

The indignant Rabbi had now received a lesson of the perfidy ingrafted in all human nature, that made him doubly indignant. The tardy friendship which he had condescended to feel for his inferior, was now reprobated as utter weakness. The glory of the hundred folios again spread before his sight. The ten languages again lifted him on their airy pinions. But there never was a time when fame could do him less service. A chain on his majestic neck, hand-cuffs on his nervous arms, and fetters on the fine proportions of his legs, were arguments of the reality of things, to which all other logic was a waste of words. He was marched off to his dungeon, with the air of a dethroned king.

But the Curds, deplorably ignorant of the refinements of civilized life, had never thought of building a national jail, and their only resource for the night was the rude one of a cavern at the foot of their camp. But it was a hundred yards deep; it was dark as pitch, inscrutable as the bottom of the sea; and for its further security, it had a group of Curd archers planted round a fire at its entrance. Eliezer descended, led by the twinkling torch and vigorous grasp of a mountaineer, took his seat in the deepest hollow of his dungeon; and when he was left alone, and silence and darkness had resumed their reign together, he wearily wished that it might be his grave.

But, what is man, after all? Eliezer involuntarily began to count the moments. He began to think that a wiser judgment might have found a shorter way of reaching home, than through mountain passes, cluster-

ing with Curds, whose bows could have hit a grasshopper on the wing; even his recollections of the young Hebrew began to be less indignant; and he made some allowances for the weakness of inexperience, the unsteadiness of youth, and the timidity of a feeble frame, in sight of a hundred sheaves of arrows, sharp as the stings of the horse-fly.

But other sounds than his own empassioned interjections now began to break upon the silence. He heard something like a murmur of remote voices—something even like those remote voices joining in song. He set it down to the account of his mountaineer guard. But the sound varied its place in a curious manner. It seemed sometimes over his head; it was sometimes under his feet; and sometimes all round him. At length a low gleam of light that floated along the rocky floor like a meteor, or one of those serpents in whose splendours every Oriental believes as firmly as in the sunrise, whose heads are carbuncle, and whose tails are topaz, stole winding along. Eliezer thought of the mystic wonders of the East; but a voice, perfectly human, a step at his side, and a cloak flung away from the face of his fellow-traveller, brought him back to thoughts of this world. From the darkness another form now emerged, muffled from head to foot, but tall and stately. Eliezer, unconsciously caught the proffered hand, and before he had time to think again of his injuries, his young betrayer told him that he had now only to think of making his way out of the cavern as fast as he could, and that his dungeon, like every other, had two outlets, one of which was in possession of the guard, and the other in possession of the purchaser. The intelligence was new life to the despairing sage; he sprang on his feet, and would have rushed forward instantly. But his companion, gently hinting, that, even on the back of a dromedary, he might find his chains an incumbrance, addressed himself leisurely to the task of opening their locks, for which the muffled stranger supplied him with the keys.

They now moved forward. The cavern was immense, and its branches might have hid an army, a caravan of mendicants, or a nation of mountaineers; but the muffled figure

guided them well. At every step, they heard the voices more distinctly, until at length the Sage's curiosity became irrepressible; and he asked, who were the makers of this mysterious music? "Priests," was the answer.

"Where then are we?" was the next question.

"In the most famous temple of the most famous remnant of the worship of Babylon," was again answered.

"The cavern temple of the chief of the Baalim!" said he.

The feelings of the follower of Moses were startled by the name; but second thoughts flashed on his mind. He knew the fearful propensity of the Pagan orgies to blood. Was he brought there to die on their altars? Was his fellow-traveller only completing his treachery? Why this midnight march? Why this sudden offer of escape? Was this silent and muffled personage, but an additional betrayer, a guard, an executioner?

He suddenly stopped, and demanded, "Whether the priests were sacrificing?"

"Yes," said the young Hebrew; "but listen, their hymn is beginning again."

After a few clashes on a fine-toned timbrel, one of the small harps used in the rites of paganism, was heard sending its harmonies round the cavern, and a rich and sonorous voice sung the following words, which the master of ten languages recognised as one of the popular songs of India:—

"Love no longer thrills my soul,  
Care I value not a feather;  
Here, within this brimming bowl,  
Go their godships both together.

"Here go sorrows, doubts, and fears,  
Here go pining, sinking, sighing;  
When our heads are white with years,  
Time enough to think of dying.

"Why should Leila's diamond eye  
Make me like an infant languish?  
She's an Houri! And must I  
Therefore feel a moment's anguish?

"Beauty is life's morning sun—  
Love's the cloud on which it glows—  
Why delay till eve's begun?  
Who would pluck the fading rose?



"Once, I own, I liked the dame,  
Nay, was once the veriest lover,  
Pale as ashes, hot as flame,  
But, thank Heaven, the fit is over.

"Come, thou cup's delicious trance,  
Come, thou ruby-sparkling wine,  
Bid my heart with rapture dance,  
Bid my eye with rapture shine!

"Cup, well worth a world of tears—  
Cup, well worth an age of sighing,  
Whisper in thy lover's ears,  
Only, that the night is flying."

This jovial appeal to the flagon set the Sage's doubts nearly at rest; and all were stilled, when, after a long continued uproar of drunken delight which rewarded the minstrel, the opening of a small valve in the rock shewed him the parties in the festivity. The day had been one of high ceremonial; the offerings had accordingly been profuse; and when the gates of the temple were solidly shut upon the multitude, the priests had invited themselves to sup with the idol, and in their customary style they had enjoyed the banquet. Song and cup followed each other with rapidity, until the floor began to supersede the table—minstrel and applause gradually sunk down into that matchless repose which makes the sleeper indifferent as to whether he reclines on flints or rose leaves; the lamps twinkled in their sockets—the fire on the altar sent up only a smoke—and even the mighty flagon, which had revolved with such vigour, began to slacken in its circulation, and at last came to a full stop.

"Now is the time," said Eliezer; "morning must soon be on the hills; and if we are to escape through this nest of profligates, we must delay no longer."

"I have heard the proverb," whispered the young Hebrew, "Beware of the shut eyes of a priest."

But Eliezer had already pulled down a fragment of the rock which gave a passage into the temple. He sprang in, crossed the bodies of a herd of sleeping voluptuaries, and, unimpeded, reached the gate. The Hebrew and the muffled figure followed. But while his hand was upon the massive bolt, a glance cast back at the scene of riot, checked him. The flame of the altar, on the point of expiring, had thrown up a broad flash

which brought the whole profanation of this place of evil into living relief. The profligate sculptures, which made the delight and the corruption of the heathen mind, seemed to start into guilty defiance of the Hebrew eye. The Rabbi's zeal could resist the occasion no longer. To overthrow the Baalim had been the glory of the kings of his nation; it had been the tenure of their authority, the praise of their virtue. Wrenching one of the bars from the gate, he felled, with a mighty blow, the central idol, a squat and hideous figure, wearing an enormous sapphire for its eye, and a row of diamonds of incalculable value for its tiara. The image was as unlike the noble forms of the Greek worship in its material as in its rudeness. It was a pile of mouldering wood, of which the fragments flew in all directions. The head rolled to the young Hebrew's feet, who instantly divested it of its tiara and eye, to the surprise and even the offence of the pious iconoclast.

"Man might make the image, but it is God alone that makes the sapphire and the diamond," was the young traveller's only answer to the Sage's indignant glance, at his handling the polluted visage of the holy baboon.

But wit and wisdom were alike too late. The crash had inevitably roused the slumberers. The temple was a scene of rage, clamour, the bellowing of furious execrations, and the clashing of knives as long as scimitars. The fugitives were seized and dragged to the foot of the altar. Death was now beyond all evasion. Here was no tribunal to be argued with—no judge to be tampered with—no fickle rabble to be toyed with. Blood was the cry from a hundred distempered lips, mad with debauch, and burning with love of slaughter. The axes were already glittering above their heads, when the young Hebrew, suddenly throwing himself prostrate on the altar's steps, drew the gems from his girdle, and laid them humbly at the fragments of feet that had once belonged to the idol. The priests, struck by the action, paused. The young victim calmly rose, and turning to the multitude, said, "Followers of Baalim, before I drink the waters of immortality, hear your slave. Has not the

Baalim spoken, and shall not the earth hear?" The clamour fell. "Must I reveal the things of night, or must I close my lips, and leave them untold, in death?" The silence became breathless. "Who among the Seers of the Baalim will stand forth and say, that he cannot hear the voices of his supplicants? Who among the Seers will say, that he cannot summon his people from the uttermost corners of the earth, to bow down before him, if he will?" A low murmur of applause testified the general acknowledgment. "Who among you, pure and venerable sages, full of all wisdom," the youth proceeded with increasing earnestness, "will stand forth, and in the presence of the Baalim say, that at the sunset of yesterday, I, with my companions, was not travelling on the banks of the mighty Ganges, and that at sunrise this day I am not here? or that the Baal of Baalim had not power to give me eagles' wings to pass over the forest, the mountain, and the ocean; and after two thousand miles of travel, place me before his altar in the twinkling of an eye?" The crowd deepened eagerly round the speaker. "Here, then, I stood last night. My incense was sent up in fragrant smoke. My prayer was wafted on the pinions of the four hundred angels, who keep watch at the gates of Paradise, when, with a sound sweeter than the waving of the date groves of Yemen, and the nightingales of the bowers of Cachemire, the Baal of the Baalim spoke. 'What is wealth to the miser, or light to him that is born blind? But let the son of sorrow be happy—the traveller be refreshed—and the poor be rich, that he may honour the giver of the riches.' At the same moment, the sound of a thousand harps echoed, and I saw those precious gems laid by the hand of Baal *glittering* at my feet."

The speech had its weight; but an angry murmur from a knot of the priesthood shewed that it was not considered perfectly conclusive. The orator started forward again, and, with a haughty voice and an air of offended sanctity, exclaimed—

"Who, born of the sons of the mountains, will dare to declare that the Baalim cannot speak, cannot hear, cannot strip from his head those trifles, which, to him who commands

the mines of the Himmaleh, are but as the dust of the whirlwind, and give them to whom he will?"

The courage of the repugnant priests was not equal to the challenge. But, in public discussions, courage is all. The more zealous cried out, that Baal was the oracle of oracles, the speaker of the wisdom of the wisdom, the distributor of the goods of the earth. The controversy grew high. Arguments grew into reproaches. Brute, fool, swine, became the epithets. The effect of the wine had not yet flown; holy tiaras were kicked on the floor, holy beards were plucked, and holy men were rolled under the tables. The young Hebrew touched the hands of his two companions as a token to be ready; took a large diamond from his ear, and flung it among the controversialists. The effect answered all his purposes. A general rush was made to the spot where the gem lay sparkling. The travellers darted towards the gate; but the uproar was now tremendous; they lost each other in the tumult. All was fury; blows were given; knives were out; blood was drawn; corpses were trampled about; and, before the sunrise could shoot its first glimmer into this subterranean, Eliezer had gained the gate, the hill, the summit of the pass, and was far down on the Armenian side of the Curdistan mountains.

But his joy at finding himself beyond the reach of peril at last, was deeply shadowed by its price. He had escaped alone. In the confusion and darkness, he could feel only that his young friend, now more his friend than ever, had been whirled away from his arm, like a leaf in the eddies of the gale. He had tried in vain to follow him. The same irresistible force of the crowd had flung himself forward to the gates, almost senseless, and hope was now at an end.

Yet when was hope ever at an end? Eliezer lingered for a month round the foot of the mountains, if by chance he might obtain any vestige of the youth to whose persevering faith and willing zeal he had so obviously and so often owed his life. But the search was in vain; and the haughty sage, with a softened heart and an humbled spirit, often sat and wept, after a day of fruitless



toil, over the memory of his simple friend.

Here he might have lingered, until he was again a mark for the Curd arrows, or he had broken his neck down some remorseless precipice in the search, but for a golden cloud that one evening spread out its folds above his head in the shape of a gigantic eagle, as measureless as the mighty Simorg itself, or phoenix, dallying in the glories of the west. As the pilgrim sat gazing on this brilliant vapour from the side of one of the naked rocks which the same sun was probably converting into beryl and chrysolite to the eye of the caravan now toiling its slow way through the plain leagues below, the thought struck him, that from that cloud the spirit of his friend might be looking down on his solitude. The imagination of man is quick in embodying the thoughts we love. "Thus spreads its wings," exclaimed the Sage, "the innocent being for whom the world was not fit, and who was not fit for the world. Yet why not?" The Rabbi's memory suddenly teemed with instances of the easy dexterity or the signal good fortune with which the departed had contrived to come triumphant out of every difficulty but the last.

The thought now assumed a higher shape. Once before, he had given way to the idea so familiar to his country, that his fellow-traveller, instead of being less than mortal, was more. The thought was tempting. It exalted his fancy, it fed the remnant of his self-applause, and it dried his natural sorrows. He was the protected of angels, the man over whom the arm of Heaven was stretched in his mission for the purposes of Heaven. The conclusion was rapidly put into act in his ardent and decisive mind. On that evening he descended from the mountain; he was not to mourn for the departure of a being of other worlds, as over the frail sons of mortality. The ministry of the guardian angel had been done; and the servant of the law could have shed only idle and presumptuous tears over the memory of a being who was now hymning above the circle of the stars.

Eliezer joined the caravan, and returned to Europe. With a heart disburdened of its sorrows, and a head purified from its pride, he calmly journeyed homeward, nei-

ther hurried by enthusiasm nor retarded by apathy. Accident and adventure thenceforth seemed to have died to him. He passed along the forest and the defile undisturbed; and when he was once more seated in his pastoral dwelling, with his flowers breathing round him, his books, those shrines of mighty minds departed, in which the minds of the living find their noblest inspiration, and the friends and followers of his name doing him honour, he resolved to seek for happiness no more beyond the beaten paths of man. One name alone he had not heard pronounced since his return; and that name he scarcely dared pronounce to the human ear. Yet thoughts will make words to themselves. He was sitting alone; the evening was like that which had so moved his spirit on the Curdistan hill.

"Narishna!" he involuntarily exclaimed, "Where art thou, my beloved? I left thee rashly, proudly, vainly. Why was I to exalt myself into the liberator of nations? Narishna, if thou art inconstant, wedded, or dead, Eliezer is miserable until his dying hour."

"But if she is not one of the three, what is to be the consequence?" said a sweet and well-known voice.

His senses swam; his frame quivered. He feebly turned to the speaker. It was the young Hebrew! The friend was rejoiced, but the lover was disappointed. The emotion was too palpable to be mistaken.

"Ah, I see," said his fellow-traveller, "that I have come at the wrong time. I should have waited till the sage Eliezer had been married a month, to have been received with the honours of hospitality."

Eliezer excused his want of cordiality in vain.

"Aye," said the youth, "one mistress, fickle as the winds, and restless as the waves, is always worth a thousand friends."

The Sage was in no mood to hear the qualities of his mistress brought into question. But he had at least learned to respect the presence of his friend.

"Hear me," said he. "You should have known Narishna. She is lovely; but her loveliness of form is only an emblem of her noble, generous, and feeling mind. Living or

dead, the name of Narishna is engraven on my soul."

The young Hebrew laughed lightly, tried to speak, failed, and fainted. The Sage was more perplexed than in all his past perplexities. He rushed out for assistance. It came; the Sage himself bearing a cup of wine that might have revived all but the dead. But what vision met his eye? Narishna was sitting in the spot where he had left the young Hebrew—sitting, lovely, animated, smiling, blushing, and trying to brush away with the most taper fingers in the world, tears as large as pearls that would steal down her cheeks, let her strive as she might. The young traveller had vanished, but had left his scarf behind; his jewelled girdle, and a row of invaluable diamonds flashing lustre on an enormous sapphire! Truth, brighter than them all, flashed instantly through Eliezer's mind. He wildly clasped his blooming mistress in his arms.

"I see it all," exclaimed he. "You knew my rashness; my unfitness for the business of life; my unreal vanity; my real ignorance; and you made yourself my guardian, my guide, my protector. But how did you escape from the cavern?"

"By the help of our muffled friend," said Narishna. "She was no less than the fair Farsani, the wife of the Sheik Abdul. The princess of a hundred robbers had once taken it into her soul to be struck with my graces. I repelled her admiration; and she would have repaid me by a lance through the heart. In her flight through the desert, she fell into the hands of the Curdistan priests, who robbed her of the Sheik's sapphire-hilted sword, which she had purloined from his pillow. The priests made her a slave of their temple. In revenge, or perhaps in love, or perhaps in a little of both, for they now and then mingle in the hearts of the sex, the fair Farsani proposed to poniard her master, and rove the world, even with me. I had become the public accuser of the sage Eliezer, that I might make the most of my popularity, and save the head of a philosopher, and at night I followed my Arab princess to the dungeon, which led to the temple, which was to have led us all to light and liberty. But the sleep

of the priests was too short for this; and, after the fray, I found myself flung on a courser swift as the simoom, and galloping side by side with my fair deliverer. How far we flew, or where, I know not. At length I plainly told her, that though she was entitled to my friendship for life, marriage with me was out of the question. She bore the intelligence meekly; for she had, the day before, seen the gallant captain of a Greek galley, with whom she was content to take a voyage for life. I reached home, still in possession of my spoil. The priests were robbers, and had no right to it. The idol was not the worse for its loss, and there was one on earth whom I determined to make much the better. I was even on the point of setting out on a second pilgrimage, to look for that one. But the attempt would have discounted my character for wisdom; for, on the very night when I was to have set out, he returned. We must never hurry the course of things. Time is the best manager after all."

The Sage listened to her words with ecstasy; he pressed her coral lip, and rejoiced that his guardian angel was not soaring even on the clouds of the finest possible sunset. But a new thought struck him—

"And you were in my sight for months together? This is the jest, this is the grand absurdity of all," he exclaimed. "Where shall Eliezer ever hide his head again? Prince of blockheads that I have been, to have galloped over half the earth, and never found out that all that life was worth living for was at my side! I now see it all. She knew my rashness, my arrogance, my haughty folly, my empty learning; and she interposed, like a ministering spirit, between me and all my follies. In the desert, in the city, in the tribunal, in the temple, her love and her wisdom, worth all the wisdom that books ever gave, protected me. But now," said he, turning to her with a look of unutterable love, "the trial is over; the journey is complete; the task is done. From this hour we part no more. Ambition sleeps, vanity is ashamed, arrogance is dead. Eliezer the proud, is henceforth Eliezer the humble; with nature for his school, life for his teacher, and love for his reward!"



## DEVOTIONAL MELODIES. BY DELTA.

## No. I.

## RETURN—ONCE MORE RETURN.

RETURN—once more return,  
 Oh Wanderer, to thy God,  
 A voice yet on thee calls,  
 A finger points the road :—  
 Why wilt thou, sinful, still  
 The proffer'd boon disdain,  
 Did Jesus come to save,  
 Yet bleed—yet die in vain ?

Return—trust not to youth,  
 To strength, health, wealth, renown ;  
 Thine eyelids may be shut,  
 Ere even this day goes down ;  
 Where'er thy steps are bent,  
 Death hovers by thy side,  
 Thou know'st not what an hour  
 May to thy fate betide !

Behold the mighty sun,—  
 He metes out day by day ;  
 Each new moon's circlet saith,  
 " A month hath passed away :"  
 Preach not unto thy heart  
 The seasons, as they roll,—  
 " Nearer and nearer draws  
 To judgment-seat thy soul !"

" Return !"—the promise saith,  
 " Hark ! wayward wanderer, ho !  
 Thy sins, as scarlet red,  
 Shall white be made as snow !  
 Trust in the Saviour, trust,—  
 Against Sin's torrent strive ;  
 Thy faith shall make thee whole ;  
 The soul that hears shall live !

" Before the Lord cast down  
 The burthen of thy sin,  
 The old man and his deeds,  
 And a new life begin ;  
 So, walking in the light  
 By Revelation given,  
 Through darkness and through death,  
 Thy path shall lead to Heaven !"

## No. II.

## OH ! WHO IS LIKE THE MIGHTY ONE.

Oh ! who is like the Mighty One  
 Whose throne is in the sky,  
 Who compasseth the universe  
 With his all-searching eye ;

At whose creative word appear'd  
 The dry land and the sea?  
 My spirit thirsts for thee, oh! Lord,  
 My spirit thirsts for thee!

Around him suns and systems swim  
 In harmony and light,  
 Beside him harps angelic hymn  
 His praises, day and night;  
 Yet to the contrite in the dust  
 For mercy turn will he;—  
 My spirit thirsts for thee, oh! Lord,  
 My spirit thirsts for thee!

Yes! though unlimited his works,  
 His power upholds them all;  
 He clothes the lilies of the field,  
 And marks the sparrow's fall;  
 The ravens young cry not in vain;  
 Then will he pass not me;—  
 My spirit thirsts for thee, oh! Lord,  
 My spirit thirsts for thee!

### No. III.

#### HOW PLEASANT IS THE OPENING YEAR.

How pleasant is the opening year!  
 The clouds of winter melt away;  
 The flowers in beauty reappear;  
 The songster carols from the spray;  
 Lengthens the more refulgent day;  
 And bluer glows the arching sky;  
 All things around us seem to say,  
 "Christian! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length  
 Of Winter, slept both bud and bloom;  
 But Nature now puts forth her strength,  
 And starts, renewed, as from the tomb;  
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,  
 O man! a star hath shone to save—  
 And morning yet shall re-illumine  
 The midnight darkness of the grave!

Yet ponder well, how then shall break  
 The dawn of second life on thee—  
 Shalt thou to hope, to bliss awake?  
 Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?  
 Then shall pass forth the dread decree,  
 That makes or weal or woe thine own;  
 Up and to work! Eternity  
 Must reap the harvest Time has sown!



## CHATEAUBRIAND.

## No. II.

## GENIE DE CHRISTIANISME.

It is the glory of the Conservative Party throughout the world, and by this party we mean all who are desirous in every country to uphold the religion, the institutions, and the liberties of their fathers, that the two greatest writers of the age have devoted their talents to the support of their principles—Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand are beyond all question, and by the consent of both nations, at the head of the literature of France and England since the Revolution; and they will both leave names at which the latest posterity will feel proud, when the multitudes who have sought to rival them on the revolutionary side are buried in the waves of forgotten time. It is no small triumph to the cause of order in these trying days, that these mighty spirits, destined to instruct and bless mankind through every succeeding age, should have proved so true to the principles of virtue; and the patriot may well rejoice that generations yet unborn, while they approach their immortal shrines, or share in the enjoyments derived from the legacies they have bequeathed to mankind, will inhale only a holy spirit, and derive from the pleasures of imagination nothing but additional inducements to the performance of duty.

Both these great men are now under an eclipse, too likely in one, at least, to terminate in earthly extinction. The first lies on the bed, if not of material, at least, it is to be feared, of intellectual death; and the second, arrested by the military despotism which he so long strove to avert from his country, has lately awaited in the solitude of a prison the fate destined for him by revolutionary violence. But

“Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.”

It is in such moments of gloom and depression, when the fortune of

the world seems most adverse, when the ties of mortality are about to be dissolved, or the career of virtue is on the point of being terminated, that the immortal superiority of genius and virtue most strongly appear. In vain was the Scottish bard extended on the bed of sickness, or the French patriot confined to the gloom of a dungeon; their works remain to perpetuate their lasting sway over the minds of men; and while their mortal frames are sinking beneath the sufferings of the world, their immortal souls rise into the region of spirits, to witness a triumph more glorious, an ascendancy more enduring, than ever attended the arms of Cæsar or Alexander.

Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career; though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued at once with the learning of classical and of catholic times; gifted with a retentive memory, a poetical fancy, and a painter's eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the charm of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling. Hence his writings display a reach and variety of imagery, a depth of light and shadow, a vigour of thought, and an extent of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. All that he has seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind, whatever he does, or wherever he is. He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauties of classical learning, inhales the spirit of ancient prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams on the banks of

the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests; visits the Holy Sepulchre with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim, the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines, in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman virtue, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom. His writings are less a faithful portrait of any particular age or country, than an assemblage of all that is grand, and generous, and elevated in human nature. He drinks deep of inspiration at all the fountains where it has ever been poured forth to mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of genius which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. "His style," said Napoleon, "is not that of Racine, it is that of a prophet;" and, in truth, it seems formed on the lofty strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the Book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it beauties unknown to the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than these illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow in quicker succession, his words follow in more striking antithesis; the past, the present, and the future rise up at once before us; and we see how strongly the stream of genius, instead of gliding down the smooth current of ordinary life, has been broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less impassioned and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This is his unequalled excellence—there he stands, since the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel in his charac-

ters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch Novels, is nature itself. Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the deep substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom every where the same; and thence they have found a responsive echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist is without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we live with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid colouring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollection, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendour of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms; their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly



courtesy; the shock of their battle-steeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colours, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Bruce and Marmion, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to elevate their real character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he has formed, he has ever proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the great romance-writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

Of such men France and England may well be proud; shining, as they already do, through the clouds and the passions of a fleeting existence, they are destined soon to illuminate the world with a purer lustre, and ascend to that elevated station in the higher heavens where the fixed stars shed a splendid and imperishable light. The writers whom party has elevated—the genius which vice has seduced, are destined to decline with the interests to which they were devoted, or the passions by which they were misled. The rise of new political struggles will consign to oblivion the vast talent which was engulfed in its contention; the accession of a more virtuous age bury in the dust the fancy which was enlisted in the cause of corruption; while these illustrious men, whose writings have struck root in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and been watered by the streams of imperishable feeling, will for ever continue to elevate and bless a grateful world.

To form a just conception of the importance of Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity*, we must recollect the period when it was published, the character of the works it was intended to combat, and the state of society in which it was destined to appear. For half a century before it appeared, the whole genius of France had been incessantly directed to undermine the principles of religion. The days of Pascal and Fenelon, of Saurin and Bourdaloue, of Bossuet and Massillon, had passed away; the splendid talent of the seventeenth century was no longer arrayed in the support of virtue—the supremacy of the church had ceased to be exerted to thunder in the ear of princes the awful truths of judgment to come. Borne away in the torrent of corruption, the church itself had yielded to the increasing vices of the age; its hierarchy had become involved in the passions they were destined to combat, and the cardinal's purple covered the shoulders of an associate in the midnight orgies of the Regent Orleans. Such was the audacity of vice, the recklessness of fashion, and the supineness of religion, that Madame Roland tells us, what astonished her in her youthful days was, that the heaven itself did not open, to rain down upon the guilty metropolis, as on the cities of the Jordan, a tempest of consuming fire.

While such was the profligacy of power and the audacity of crime, philosophic talent lent its aid to overwhelm the remaining safeguards of religious belief. The middling and the lower orders could not, indeed, participate in the luxurious vices of their wealthy superiors; but they could well be persuaded that the faith which permitted such enormities, the religion which was stained by such crimes, was a system of hypocrisy and deceit. The passion for innovation, which more than any other feature characterised that period in France, invaded the precincts of religion as well as the bulwarks of the state—the throne and the altar; the restraints of this world and the next, as is ever the case, crumbled together. For half a century, all the genius of France had been incessantly directed to overturn the sanctity of Christianity; its corrup-

tions were represented as its very essence; its abuses part of its necessary effects. Ridicule, ever more powerful than reason with a frivolous age, lent its aid to overturn the defenceless fabric; and for more than one generation, not one writer of note had appeared to maintain the hopeless cause. Voltaire and Diderot, D'Alembert and Raynal, Laplace and Lagrange, had lent the weight of their illustrious names, or the powers of their versatile minds, to carry on the war. The *Encyclopedie* was a vast battery of infidelity incessantly directed against Christianity; while the crowd of licentious novelists, with which the age abounded—Louvot, Crebillon, Laclos, and a host of others—insinuated the poison, mixed up with the strongest allurements to the passions, and the most voluptuous seductions to the senses.

This inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days: to the unrestrained indulgence of passion succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held society together; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilisation and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution: from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery streams of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne, were destroyed: the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way; and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rites proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope; marriage no longer received a benediction, sickness was left without consolation; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The grass grew in the churches of

every parish in France; the dead without a blessing were thrust into vast charnel-houses; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate; and infancy, untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgencies of life were to commence.

It was in these disastrous days that Chateaubriand arose, and bent the force of his lofty mind to restore the fallen but imperishable faith of his fathers. In early youth, he was at first carried away by the fashionable infidelity of his times; and in his "*Essais Historiques*," while the principles of virtue and natural religion are unceasingly maintained, he seems to have doubted whether the Christian religion was not crumbling with the institutions of society, and speculated what faith was to be established on its ruins. But misfortune, that great corrector of the vices of the world, soon changed these faulty views. In the days of exile and adversity, when, by the waters of Babylon, he sat down and wept, he reverted to the faith and the belief of his fathers, and inhaled in the school of adversity those noble maxims of devotion and duty which have ever since regulated his conduct in life. Undaunted, though alone, he placed himself on the ruins of the Christian faith; renewed, with Herculean strength, a contest which the talents and vices of half a century had to all appearance rendered hopeless; and, speaking to the hearts of men, now purified by suffering, and cleansed by the agonizing ordeal of revolution, scattered far and wide the seeds of a rational and a manly piety. Other writers have followed in the same noble career: Salvandy and Guizot have traced the beneficial effects of religion upon modern society, and drawn from the last results of revolutionary experience just and sublime conclusions as to the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of humanity; but it is the glory of Chateaubriand alone to have come forth the foremost in the fight; to have planted himself on the breach, when it was strewn only with the dead and the dying, and, strong in the consciousness of gigantic powers, stood undismayed against a nation in arms.

To be successful in the contest, it was indispensable that the weapons



of warfare should be totally changed. When the ideas of men were set adrift by revolutionary changes, when the authority of ages was set at nought, and from centuries of experience appeals were made to weeks of innovation, it was in vain to refer to the great or the wise of former ages. Perceiving at once the immense change which had taken place in the world whom he addressed, Chateaubriand saw, that he must alter altogether the means by which they were to be influenced. Disregarding, therefore, entirely the weight of authority, laying aside almost every thing which had been advanced in support of religion by its professed disciples, he applied himself to accumulate the conclusions in its favour which arose from its internal beauty; from its beneficent effect upon society; from the changes it had wrought upon the civilisation, the happiness, and destinies of mankind; from its analogy with the sublimest tenets of natural religion; from its unceasing progress, its indefinite extension, and undecaying youth. He observed, that it drew its support from such hidden recesses of the human heart, that it flourished most in periods of disaster and calamity; derived strength from the fountains of suffering, and, banished in all but form from the palaces of princes, spread its roots far and wide in the cottages of the poor. From the intensity of suffering produced by the Revolution, therefore, he conceived the hope, that the feelings of religion would ultimately resume their sway: when the waters of bitterness were let loose, the consolations of devotion would again be felt to be indispensable; and the spirit of the Gospel, banished during the sunshine of corrupt prosperity, return to the repentant human heart with the tears and the storms of adversity.

Proceeding on these just and sublime principles, this great author availed himself of every engine which fancy, experience, or poetry could suggest, to sway the hearts of his readers. He knew well that he was addressing an impassioned and volatile generation, upon whom reason

would be thrown away, if not enforced with eloquence, and argument lost, if not clothed in the garb of fancy. To effect his purpose, therefore, of re-opening in the hearts of his readers the all but extinguished veins of religious feeling, he summoned to his aid all the allies which learning, or travelling, or poetry, or fancy, could supply; and scrupled not to employ his powers as a writer of romance, an historian, a descriptive traveller, and a poet, to forward this great work of Christian renovation. Of his object in doing this he has himself given the following account.\*

“ There can be no doubt that the Genius of Christianity would have been a work entirely out of place in the age of Louis XIV.; and the critic who observed that Massillon would never have published such a book, spoke an undoubted truth. Most certainly the author would never have thought of writing such a work if there had not existed a host of poems, romances, and books of all sorts, where Christianity was exposed to every species of derision. But since these poems, romances, and books exist, and are in every one's hands, it becomes indispensable to extricate religion from the sarcasms of impiety; when it has been written on all sides that Christianity is ‘*barbarous, ridiculous, the eternal enemy of the arts and of genius*’; it is necessary to prove that it is neither barbarous, nor ridiculous, nor the enemy of arts or of genius; and that that which is made by the pen of ridicule to appear diminutive, ignoble, in bad taste, without either charms or tenderness, may be made to appear grand, noble, simple, impressive, and divine, in the hands of a man of religious feeling.

“ If it is not permitted to defend religion on what may be called its *terrestrial side*, if no effort is to be made to prevent ridicule from attaching to its sublime institutions, there will always remain a weak and undefended quarter. There all the strokes at it will be aimed; there you will be caught without defence; from thence you will receive your death-wound. Is not that what has already arrived? Was it not by ridicule and pleasantry that Voltaire succeeded in shaking the foundations of faith? Will you attempt to answer by theological arguments, or the

\* All the passages are translated by ourselves. There is an English version, we believe, but we have never seen it.

forms of the syllogism, licentious novels or irreligious epigrams? Will formal disquisitions ever prevent an infidel generation from being carried away by clever verses, or deterred from the altar by the fear of ridicule? Does not every one know that in the French nation a happy bon-mot, impiety clothed in a felicitous expression, a *felix culpa*, produce a greater effect than volumes of reasoning or metaphysics? Persuade young men that an honest man can be a Christian without being a fool; convince him that he is in error when he believes that none but capuchins and old women believe in religion, and your cause is gained; it will be time enough to complete the victory to present yourself armed with theological reasons, but what you must begin with is an inducement to read your book. What is most needed is a popular work on religion; those who have hitherto written on it have too often fallen into the error of the traveller who tries to get his companion at one ascent to the summit of a rugged mountain when he can hardly crawl at its foot—you must shew him at every step varied and agreeable objects; allow him to stop to gather the flowers which are scattered along his path, and from one resting-place to another he will at length gain the summit.

"The author has not intended this work merely for scholars, priests, or doctors; what he wrote for was the *men of the world*, and what he aimed at chiefly were the considerations calculated to affect *their* minds. If you do not keep steadily in view that principle, if you forget for a moment the class of readers for whom the Genius of Christianity was intended, you will understand nothing of this work. It was intended to be read by the most incredulous man of letters, the most volatile youth of pleasure, with the same facility as the first turns over a work of impiety, or the second devours a corrupting novel. Do you intend then, exclaim the well-meaning advocates for Christianity, to render religion a matter of fashion? Would to God, I reply, that that divine religion was really in fashion, in the sense that what is fashionable indicates the prevailing opinion of the world! Individual hypocrisy, indeed, might be increased by such a change, but public morality would unquestionably be a gainer. The rich would no longer make it a point of vanity to corrupt the poor, the master to pervert the mind of his domestic, the fathers of families to pour lessons of atheism into their children; the practice of piety would lead to a belief in its truths, and with the devotion we would

see revive the manners and the virtues of the best ages of the world.

"Voltaire, when he attacked Christianity, knew mankind well enough not to seek to avail himself of what is called the *opinion of the world*, and with that view he employed his talents to bring impiety into fashion. He succeeded by rendering religion ridiculous in the eyes of a frivolous generation. It is this ridicule which the author of the Genius of Christianity has, beyond every thing, sought to efface; that was the object of his work. He may have failed in the execution, but the object surely was highly important. To consider Christianity in its relation with human society; to trace the changes which it has effected in the reason and the passions of man; to shew how it has modified the genius of arts and of letters, moulded the spirit of modern nations; in a word, to unfold all the marvels which religion has wrought in the regions of poetry, morality, politics, history, and public charity, must always be esteemed a noble undertaking. As to its execution, he abandons himself, with submission, to the criticisms of those who appreciate the spirit of the design.

"Take, for example, a picture, professedly of an impious tendency, and place beside it another picture on the same subject from the Genius of Christianity, and I will venture to affirm that the latter picture, however feebly executed, will weaken the impression of the first, so powerful is the effect of simple truth when compared to the most brilliant sophisms. Voltaire has frequently turned the religious orders into ridicule; well, put beside one of his burlesque representations the chapter on the Missions, that where the order of the Hospitalers is depicted as succouring the travellers in the desert, or the monks relieving the sick in the hospitals, attending those dying of the plague in the lazarettos, or accompanying the criminal to the scaffold, what irony will not be disarmed—what malicious smile will not be converted into tears?—Answer the reproaches made to the worship of the Christians for their ignorance, by appealing to the immense labours of the ecclesiastics who saved from destruction the manuscripts of antiquity. Reply to the accusations of bad taste and barbarity, by referring to the works of Bossuet and Fenelon. Oppose to the caricatures of saints and of angels, the sublime effects of Christianity on the dramatic part of poetry, on eloquence, and the fine arts, and say whether the impression of ridicule will long maintain its ground? Should the author have no



other success than that of having displayed before the eyes of an infidel age a long series of religious pictures without exciting disgust, he would deem his labours not useless to the cause of humanity."—III. 263—266.

These observations appear to us as just as they are profound, and they are the reflections not merely of a sincere Christian, but a man practically acquainted with the state of the world. It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith, in which the arguments of the sceptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on Divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the *indifference*, not the scepticism of such men, which is chiefly to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God, but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently that divines in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very evil they intended to remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute; they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined, and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that some writings should exist which should lead men *imperceptibly* into the ways of truth, which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinements of ordinary life, and perpetually recur to the cultivated

mind with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

Chateaubriand divides his great work into four parts. The first treats of the doctrinal parts of religion: the second and the third, the relations of that religion with poetry, literature, and the arts. The fourth, the ceremonies of public worship, and the services rendered to mankind by the clergy, regular and secular. On the mysteries of faith he commences with these fine observations.

"There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

"If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

"If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connexion with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Every thing is concealed, every thing is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of

the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

"It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare their mysteries to those of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they with the *sacrifice* which every where constitute the essence of the worship. God is the great secret of nature, the Deity was veiled in Egypt, and the Sphynx was seated at the entrance of his temples."—I. 13, 14.

On the three great sacraments of the Church, Baptism, Confession, and the Communion, he makes the following beautiful observations:—

"Baptism, the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, clothes him, in the words of the Apostle, with Jesus Christ. That sacrament reveals at once the corruption in which we were born, the agonizing pains which attended our birth, and the tribulations which follow us into the world; it tells us that our faults will descend upon our children, and that we are all jointly responsible; a terrible truth, which, if duly considered, would alone suffice to render the reign of virtue universal in the world.

"Behold the infant in the midst of the waters of the Jordan: the man of the wilderness pours the purifying stream on his head: the river of the Patriarchs, the camels on its banks, the Temple of Jerusalem, the cedars of Lebanon, seem to regard with interest the mighty spectacle. Behold in mortal life that infant near the sacred fountain; a family filled with thankfulness surround it; renounce in its name the sins of the world; bestow on it with joy the name of its grandfather, which seems thus to become immortal, in its perpetual renovation by the fruits of love, from generation to generation. Even now the father is impatient to take his infant in his arms, to replace it in its mother's bosom, who listens behind the curtains to all the thrilling

sounds of the sacred ceremony. The whole family surround the maternal bed; tears of joy, mingled with the transports of religion, fall from every eye; the new name of the infant, the old name of its ancestor, is repeated by every mouth, and every one mingling the recollections of the past with the joys of the present, thinks that he sees the venerable grandfather revive in the new-born which has taken his name. Such is the domestic spectacle which throughout all the Christian world the sacrament of Baptism presents; but religion, ever mingling lessons of duty with scenes of joy, shews us the son of kings clothed in purple, renouncing the grandeur of the world, at the same fountain where the child of the poor in rags, abjures the pomps by which he will in all probability never be tempted.

"Confession follows baptism; and the Church, with that wisdom which it alone possesses, fixed the era of its commencement at that period when first the idea of crime can enter the infant mind, that is at seven years of age. All men, including the philosophers, how different soever their opinions may be on other subjects, have regarded the sacrament of penitence as one of the strongest barriers against crime, and a *chef-d'œuvre* of wisdom. What innumerable restitutions and reparations, says Rousseau, has confession caused to be made in Catholic countries! According to Voltaire, 'Confession is an admirable invention, a bridle to crime, discovered in the most remote antiquity, for confession was recognised in the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have adopted and sanctified that wise custom, and its effects have always been found to be admirable in inclining hearts, ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness.'

"But for that salutary institution, the guilty would give way to despair. In what bosom would he discharge the weight of his heart? In that of a friend—Who can trust the friendships of the world? Shall he take the deserts for a confidant? Alas! the deserts are ever filled to the ear of crime with those trumpets which the parricide Nero heard round the tomb of his mother. When men and nature are unpitiable, it is indeed consolatory to find a Deity inclined to pardon; but it belongs only to the Christian religion to have made twin sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

"In fine, the Communion presents a touching ceremony; it teaches morality, for we must be pure to approach it; it is the offering of the fruits of the earth to the Creator, and it recalls the sublime and touching history of the Son of Man.



Blended with the recollection of Easter, and of the first covenant of God with man, the origin of the communion is lost in the obscurity of an infant world ; it is related to our first ideas of religion and society, and recalls the pristine equality of the human race ; in fine, it perpetuates the recollection of our primeval fall, of our redemption, and re-acceptance by God." —I. 30—46.

These and similar passages, not merely in this work, which professes to be of a popular cast, but in others of the highest class of Catholic divinity, suggest an idea which, the more we extend our reading, the more we shall find to be just, viz. that in the greater and purer writers on religion, of whatever church or age, the leading doctrines are nearly the same, and that the differences which divide their followers, and distract the world, are seldom, on any material or important points, to be met with in writers of a superior caste. Chateaubriand is a faithful, and in some respects, perhaps, a bigoted, Catholic ; yet there is hardly a word here, or in any other part of his writings on religion, to which a Christian in any country may not subscribe, and which is not calculated in all ages and places to forward the great work of the purification and improvement of the human heart. Travellers have often observed, that in a certain rank in all countries manners are the same ; naturalists know, that at a certain elevation above the sea in all latitudes, we meet with the same vegetable productions ; and philosophers have often remarked, that in the highest class of intellects, opinions on almost every subject in all ages and places is the same. The same uniformity may be observed in the principles of the greatest writers of the world on religion : and while the inferior followers of their different tenets branch out into endless divisions, and indulge in sectarian rancour, in the more lofty regions of intellect the principles are substantially the same, and the objects of all identical. So small a proportion do all the disputed points in theology bear to the great objects of religion, love to God, charity to man, and the subjugation of human passion.

On the subject of marriage, and the reasons for its indissolubility, our

author presents us with the following beautiful observations :—

" Habit and a long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls ; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What ! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them ? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No ; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure ; we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

" We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make of a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing is alone sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions ; you will constantly compare one to the other, the wife you have lost to the one you have gained ; and do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible will empoison all your joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost ; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity ; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and, like God who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point, the past, the present, and the future.

" The wife of a Christian is not a simple mortal : she is a mysterious angelic being : the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of her husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, does nothing but regain part of the substance which he has lost. His soul as well as his body are incomplete without his wife : he has strength, she has beauty ; he combats the enemy and labours the fields, but he understands nothing of domestic life ; his companion is awaiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them : his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman man would

be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united: together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb."—I. 78, 79.

The extreme unction of the Catholic Church is described in these touching words:

"Come and behold the most moving spectacle which the world can exhibit—the death of the Faithful. The dying Christian is no longer a man of this world; he belongs no farther to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculations of time are closed, and the great era of eternity has commenced. A priest seated beside his bed pours the consolations of religion into his dying ear: the holy minister converses with the expiring penitent on the immortality of the soul; and that sublime scene which antiquity presented but once in the death of the greatest of her philosophers, is renewed every day at the couch where the humblest of the Christians expires.

"At length the supreme moment arrives: one sacrament has opened the gates of the world, another is about to close them: religion rocked the cradle of existence; its sweet strains and its maternal hand will lull it to sleep in the arms of death. It prepares the baptism of a second existence; but it is no longer with water but oil, the emblem of celestial incorruption. The liberating sacrament dissolves, one by one, the chords which attach the faithful to this world: his soul, half escaped from its earthly prison, is almost visible to the senses, in the smile which plays around his lips. Already he hears the music of the seraphims; already he longs to fly to those regions, where hope divine, daughter of virtue and death, beckons him to approach. At length the angel of peace, descending from the heavens, touches with his golden sceptre his wearied eyelids, and closes them in delicious repose to the light. He dies: and so sweet has been his departure, that no one has heard his last sigh; and his friends, long after he is no more, preserve silence round his couch, still thinking that he slept; so like the sleep of infancy is the death of the Just."—I. 69—71.

It is against pride, as every one knows, that the chief efforts of the Catholic Church have always been directed, because they consider it as the source of all other crime. Whether this is a just view may be well doubted, to the extent at least that they carry it; but there can be but one opinion as to the eloquence of the apology which Chateaubriand makes for this selection.

"In the virtues preferred by Christianity, we perceive the same knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; but no sooner was the word heard, than all the elements arranged themselves in the moral world, as at the same divine inspiration they had produced the marvels of material creation. The virtues ascended like pure fires into the heavens; some, like brilliant suns, attracted the regards by their resplendent light; others, more modest, sought the shade, where nevertheless their lustre could not be concealed. From that moment an admirable balance was established between the forces and the weaknesses of existence. Religion directed its thunders against pride, the vice which is nourished by the virtues; it discovers it in the inmost recesses of the heart, and follows it out in all its metamorphoses; the sacraments in a holy legion march against it, while humility, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, its eyes downcast and bathed in tears, becomes one of the chief virtues of the faithful."—I. 74.

On the tendency of all the fables concerning creation to remount to one general and eternal truth, our author presents the following reflections:

"After this exposition of the dreams of philosophy, it may seem useless to speak of the fancy of the poets. Who does not know Deucalion and Pyrrha, the age of gold and of iron? What innumerable traditions are scattered through the earth! In India, an elephant sustains the globe; the sun in Peru has brought forth all the marvels of existence; in Canada, the Great Spirit is the father of the world; in Greenland, man has emerged from an egg; in fine, Scandinavia has beheld the birth of Askur and Emla; Odin has poured in the breath of life, Hœnerus reason, and Loedur blood and beauty.

'Askum et Emlam omni conatu destitutos  
Animam nec possidebant, rationem nec habebant,  
Nec sanguinem, nec sermonem, nec faciem venustam,  
Animam dedit Odinus, rationem dedit Hœnerus,  
Loedur sanguinem addidit et faciem venustam.'



"In these various traditions, we find ourselves placed between the stories of children and the abstractions of philosophers; if we were obliged to choose, it were better to take the first.

"But to discover the original of the picture in the midst of so many copies, we must recur to that which, by its unity and the perfection of its parts, unfolds the genius of a master. It is that which we find in Genesis, the original of all those pictures which we see reproduced in so many different traditions. What can be at once more natural and more magnificent,—more easy to conceive, and more in unison with human reason, than the Creator descending amidst the night of ages to create light by a word? In an instant, the sun is seen suspended in the heavens, in the midst of an immense azure vault; with invisible bonds he envelopes the planets, and whirls them round his burning axle; the sea and the forests appear on the globe, and their earliest voices arise to announce to the universe that great marriage, of which God is the priest, the earth the nuptial couch, and the human race the posterity."—I. 97, 98.

On the appearance of age on the globe, and its first aspect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, the author presents an hypothesis more in unison with the imagination of a poet than the observations of a philosopher, on the gradual formation of all objects destined for a long endurance. He supposes that every thing was at once created as we now see it.

"It is probable that the Author of nature planted at once aged forests and their youthful progeny; that animals arose at the same time, some full of years, others buoyant with the vigour and adorned with the grace of youth. The oaks, while they pierced with their roots the fruitful earth, without doubt bore at once the old nests of rooks, and the young progeny of doves. At once grew a chrysalis and a butterfly; the insect bounded on the grass, suspended its golden egg in the forests, or trembled in the undulations of the air. The bee, which had not yet lived a morning, already counted the generations of flowers by its ambrosia—the sheep was not without its lamb, the doe without its fawns. The thickets already contained the nightingale, astonished at the melody of their first airs, as they poured forth the newborn effusion of their infant loves.

"Had the world not arisen at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the impressive, would have disappeared from nature; for all these sentiments depend for their very essence on ancient things.

The marvels of existence would have been unknown. The ruined rock would not have hung over the abyss beneath; the woods would not have exhibited that splendid variety of trunks bending under the weight of years, of trees hanging over the bed of streams. The inspired thoughts, the venerated sounds, the magic voices, the sacred horror of the forests, would have vanished with the vaults which serve for their retreats; and the solitudes of earth and heaven would have remained naked and disenchanted in losing the columns of oaks which united them. On the first day when the ocean dashed against the shore, he bathed, he assured, sands bearing all the marks of the action of his waves for ages; cliffs strewn with the eggs of innumerable sea-fowl, and rugged capes which sustained against the waters the crumbling shores of the earth.

"Without that primeval age, there would have been neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Most High; and, contrary to all our conceptions, nature in the innocence of man would have been less beautiful than it is now in the days of his corruption. An insipid childhood of plants, of animals, of elements, would have covered the earth, without the poetical feelings which now constitute its principal charm. But God was not so feeble a designer of the grove of Eden as the incredulous would lead us to believe. Man, the sovereign of nature, was born at thirty years of age, in order that his powers should correspond with the full-grown magnificence of his new empire,—while his consort, doubtless, had already passed her sixteenth spring, though yet in the slumber of nonentity, that she might be in harmony with the flowers, the birds, the innocence, the love, the beauty of the youthful part of the universe."—I. 137, 138.

In the rhythm of prose these are the colours of poetry; but still this was not to all appearance the order of creation; and here, as in many other instances, it will be found that the deductions of experience present conclusions more sublime than the most fervid imagination has been able to conceive. Every thing announces that the great works of nature are carried on by slow and insensible gradations; continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the confluence of innumerable rills; vegetation, commencing with the lichen and the moss, rises at length into the riches and magnificence of the forest. Patient analysis, philosophical discovery, have now taught us that it

was by the same slow progress that the great work of creation was accomplished. The fossil remains of antediluvian ages have laid open the primeval works of nature ; the long period which elapsed before the creation of man, the vegetables which then covered the earth, the animals which sported amidst its watery wastes, the life which first succeeded to chaos, all stand revealed. To the astonishment of mankind, the *order of creation*, unfolded in Genesis, is proved by the contents of the earth beneath every part of its surface to be precisely that which has actually been followed ; the *days* of the Creator's workmanship turn out to be the days of the Most High, not of his uncreated subjects, and to correspond to ages of our ephemeral existence ; and the great sabbath of the earth took place, not, as we imagined, when the sixth sun had set after the first morning had beamed, but when the sixth period had expired, devoted by Omnipotence to the mighty undertaking. God then rested from his labours, because the great changes of matter, and the successive production and annihilation of different kinds of animated existence, ceased ; creation assumed a settled form, and laws came into operation destined for indefinite endurance. Chateaubriand said truly, that to man, when he first opened his eyes on paradise, nature appeared with all the majesty of age as well as all the freshness of youth ; but it was not in a week, but during a series of ages, that the magnificent spectacle had been assembled ; and for the undying delight of his progeny, in all future years, the powers of nature for countless time had been already exerted.

The fifth book of the *Génie de Christianisme* treats of the proofs of the existence of God, derived from the wonders of material nature—in other words, of the splendid subject of natural theology. On such a subject, the observations of a mind so stored with knowledge, and gifted with such powers of eloquence, may be expected to be something of extraordinary excellence. Though the part of his work, accordingly, which treats of this subject, is necessarily circumscribed, from the multitude of others with which it is overwhelmed, it is of surpassing beauty, and su-

perior in point of description to any thing which has been produced on the same subject by the genius of Britain.

" There is a God ! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, ' There is no God ! '

" Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature ; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year ; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn ; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds ; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow ; fields gilded by the tints of autumn ; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning ? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west ; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful ; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

The instincts of animals, and their adaptation to the wants of their existence, have long furnished one of the most interesting subjects of study to the naturalist, and of meditation to the devout observer of creation. Chateaubriand has painted, with his usual descriptive powers, one of the most familiar of these examples—

" What ingenious springs move the feet of a bird ? It is not by a contraction of muscles dependent on his will that he maintains himself firm upon a branch ; his foot is constructed in such a way that when it is pressed in the centre, the toes close of their own accord, upon the body



which supports it. It results from this mechanism, that the talons of the bird close more or less firmly upon the object on which it has alighted, in proportion to the agitation, more or less violent, which it has received. Thus, when we see at the approach of night during winter the crows perched on the scathed summit of an aged oak, we suppose that, watchful and attentive, they maintain their place with pain during the rocking of the winds; and yet, heedless of danger, and mocking the tempest, the winds only bring them profounder slumber;—the blasts of the north attach them more firmly to the branch, from whence we every instant expect to see them precipitated; and like the old seaman, whose hammock is suspended to the roof of his vessel, the more he is tossed by the winds, the more profound is his repose.”—I. 147, 148.

“Amidst the different instincts which the sovereign of the universe has implanted in nature, one of the most wonderful is that which every year brings the fish of the pole to our temperate region. They come, without once mistaking their way, through the solitude of the ocean, to reach, on a fixed day, the stream where their hymen is to be celebrated. The spring prepares on our shores their nuptial pomp; it covers the willows with verdure, it spreads beds of moss in the waves to serve for curtains to its crystal couches. Hardly are these preparations completed when the enamelled legions appear; the animated navigators enliven our coasts; some spring aloft from the surface of the waters, others balance themselves on the waves, or diverge from a common centre like innumerable flashes of gold; these dart obliquely their shining bodies athwart the azure fluid, while they sleep in the rays of the sun, which penetrates beneath the dancing surface of the waves. All, sporting in the joys of existence, meander, return, wheel about, dash across, form in squadron, separate and reunite; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired by a breath of existence, pursues with bounding movements its mate, by the line of fire which is reflected from her in the stream.”—I. 152, 153.

Chateaubriand’s mind is full not only of the images but the sounds which attest the reign of animated nature. Equally familiar with those of the desert and of the cultivated plain, he has had his mind alike open in both to the impressions which arise to a pious observer from their contemplation.

“There is a law in nature relative to the cries of animals, which has not been

sufficiently observed, and deserves to be so. The different sounds of the inhabitants of the desert are calculated according to the grandeur or the sweetness of the scene where they arise, and the hour of the day when they are heard. The roaring of the lion, loud, rough, and tremendous, is in unison with the desert scenes in which it is heard; while the lowing of the oxen diffuses a pleasing calm through our valleys. The goat has something trembling and savage in its cry, like the rocks and ravines from which it loves to suspend itself. The war-horse imitates the notes of the trumpet that animates him to the charge, and, as if he felt that he was not made for degrading employments, he is silent under the spur of the labourer, and neighs under the rein of the warrior. The night, by turns charming or sombre, is enlivened by the nightingale or saddened by the owl—the one sings for the zephyrs, the groves, the moon, the soul of lovers—the other for the winds, the forests, the darkness, and the dead. Finally, all the animals which live on others have a peculiar cry by which they may be distinguished by the creatures which are destined to be their prey.”—I. 156.

The making of birds’ nests is one of the most common objects of observation. Listen to the reflections of genius and poetry on this beautiful subject.

“The admirable wisdom of Providence is nowhere more conspicuous than in the nests of birds. It is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the Divine goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless.

“No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than a thousand little workmen commence their labours. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briars. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest; within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise himself on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage enough to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters, who have never as

yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the vast heavens, the waving summit of the pine-trees, and the vast labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the banks of the same river where he sung his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring."—I. 158.

The subject of the migration of the feathered tribes, furnishes [this attentive observer of nature with many beautiful images. We have room only for the following extract:

"In the first ages of the world, it was by the flowering of plants, the fall of the leaves, the departure and the arrival of birds, that the labourers and the shepherds regulated their labours. Thence has sprung the art of divination among certain people; they imagined that the birds which were sure to precede certain changes of the season or atmosphere, could not but be inspired by the deity. The ancient naturalists, and the poets, to whom we are indebted for the few remains of simplicity which still linger amongst us, shew us how marvellous was that manner of counting by the changes of nature, and what a charm it spread over the whole of existence. God is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was therefore an ineffable harmony to see the periods of his existence regulated by measures of time as harmonious as himself.

"Beneath the tents of Jacob or of Boaz, the arrival of a bird put every thing in movement; the Patriarch made the circuit of the camp at the head of his followers, armed with scythes. If the report was spread, that the young of the swallows had been seen wheeling about, the whole people joyfully commenced their harvest. These beautiful signs, while they directed the labours of the present, had the advantage of foretelling the vicissitudes of the approaching season. If the geese and swans arrived in abundance, it was known that the winter would be snow. Did the redbreast begin to build its nest in January, the shepherds hoped in April for the roses of May. The marriage of a virgin on the margin of a fountain, was represented by

the first opening of the bud of the rose; and the death of the aged, who usually drop off in autumn, by the falling of leaves, or the maturity of the harvests. While the philosopher, abridging or elongating the year, extended the winter over the verdure of spring, the peasant felt no alarm that the astronomer, who came to him from heaven, would be wrong in his calculations. He knew that the nightingale would not take the season of hoar frost for that of flowers, or make the groves resound at the winter solstice with the songs of summer. Thus, the cares, the joys, the pleasures of the rural life were determined, not by the uncertain calendar of the learned, but the infallible signs of Him who traced his path to the sun. That sovereign regulator wished himself that the rites of his worship should be determined by the epochs fixed by his works; and in those days of innocence, according to the seasons and the labours they required, it was the voice of the zephyr or of the tempest, of the eagle or the dove, which called the worshipper to the temple of his Creator."—I. 171.

Like all other great men who have thought on this subject, Chateaubriand strives to mingle the admiration of natural beauty with gratitude and devotion to its Author. For this purpose, he concludes this part of his subject with two pictures of nature,—one a terrestrial scene, one a maritime, of such surpassing beauty, that we cannot resist the gratification of laying them both before our readers.

"It was frequently our custom to rise in the middle of the night, and seat ourselves on the fore-castle, where we found only an officer, and a few sailors smoking their pipes in silence. The only sound which could be heard, was the plunging of the prow through the waves, while lines of foam, mingled with sparks of fire, flew along the sides of the vessel. God of the Christians! it is especially in the abyss of waters, and the immensity of the heavens, that thou hast engraved the traits of thy omnipotence—millions of stars glittering in the azure dome of heaven—the moon in the midst of the firmament—an ocean without bounds—infinity in the heaven and the waves! Never have I felt more overwhelmed by thy magnificence than in those nights, when, suspended as it were between the stars and the ocean, I had infinity above my head, and immensity beneath my feet.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely



seas which bathe the coast of Virginia, —all the sails were furled—I was occupied below, when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the forecastle, with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the star of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of Succour. How touching was that prayer of men, who, on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst of the waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which cannot be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara. Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

"An hour after sunset the moon shew-

ed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

"The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and reappeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the meaning of the owl; while, in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God."

"Præsentiorum conspiciamus Deum,  
rera nunc, æga, cunctosque præruptos,  
Sonantes inter aquas nemorumque noctem."

Let no one exclaim, what have these descriptions to do with the spirit of Christianity? Gray thought otherwise when he wrote the sublime lines from which the above quo-

tation is taken, on visiting the Grande Chartreux. Buchanan thought otherwise, when, in his exquisite Ode to May, he supposed the first zephyrs of spring to blow over the islands of the Just. The work of Chateaubriand, it is to be recollected, is not merely an exposition of the doctrines, spirit, or precepts of Christianity; it is intended expressly to allure, by the charms which it exhibits, the man of the world, an unbelieving and volatile generation, to the feelings of devotion; it is meant to combine all that is delightful or lovely in the works of nature, with all that is sublime or elevating in the revelations of religion. In his eloquent pages, therefore, we find united the Natural Theology of Paley, the Contemplations of Taylor, and the Analogy of Butler; and if the theologians will look in vain for the weighty arguments by which the English divines have established the foundation of their faith, men of ordinary education will find even more to entrance and subdue their minds.

Among the proofs of the immortality of the soul, our author, with all others who have thought upon the subject, classes the obvious disproportion between the desires and capacity of the soul, and the limits of its acquisitions and enjoyments in this world. In the following passage this argument is placed in its just colours.

"If it is impossible to deny, that the hope of man continues to the edge of the grave—if it be true, that the advantages of this world, so far from satisfying our wishes, tend only to augment the want which the soul experiences, and dig deeper the abyss which it contains within itself, we must conclude that there is something beyond the limits of time. 'Vincula hujus mundi,' says St Augustin, 'asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam, certum dolorem, incertam voluptatem, durum laborem, timidam quietem, rem plenam miseriæ, spem beatitudinis inanem.' Far from lamenting that the desire for felicity has been planted in this world, and its ultimate gratification only in another, let us discern in that only an additional proof of the goodness of God. Since sooner or later we must quit this world, Providence has placed beyond its limits a charm, which is felt as an attraction to diminish the terrors of the tomb; as a kind mother, when

wishing to make her infant cross a barrier, places some agreeable object on the other side."—I. 210.

"Finally, there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which has not been sufficiently insisted on, and that is the universal veneration of mankind for the tomb. There, by an invincible charm, life is attached to death, there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its coffin, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Which one has any regard for the bones of its father, or even knows its father, after the first necessities of infancy are passed? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death? Do a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No; without doubt we respect the bones of our fathers because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has every where consecrated the funeral service throughout the world: all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration."—I. 217.

To the objection, that if the idea of God is innate, it must appear in children without any education, which is not generally the case, Chateaubriand replies,

"God being a spirit, and it being impossible that he should be understood but by a spirit, an infant, in whom the powers of thought are not as yet developed, cannot form a proper conception of the Supreme Being. We must not expect from the heart its noblest function, when the marvellous fabric is as yet in the hands of its Creator.

"Besides, there seems reason to believe that a child has, at least, a sort of *instinct* of its Creator; witness only its little reveries, its disquietudes, its fears in the night, its disposition to raise its eyes to heaven. An infant joins together its little hands, and repeats after its mother a prayer to the good God. Why does that little angel lisp with so much love and purity the name of the Supreme Being, if it has no inward consciousness of its existence in its heart?

"Behold that new-born infant, which the nurse still carries under her arms. What has it done to give so much joy to that old man, to that man in the prime of life, to that woman? Two or three syllables half-formed, which no one rightly understands, and instantly three reasonable creatures are transported with delight, from the grandfather, to whom all



that life contains is known, to the young mother, to whom the greater part of it is as yet unrevealed. Who has put that power into the word of man? How does it happen that the sound of a human voice subjugates so instantaneously the human heart? What subjugates you is something allied to a mystery, which depends on causes more elevated than the interest, how strong soever, which you take in that infant: something tells you that these inarticulate words are the first openings of an immortal soul."—I. 224.

There is a subject on which human genius can hardly dare to touch, the future felicity of the just. Our author thus treats this delicate subject:

"The purest of sentiments in this world is admiration; but every earthly admiration is mingled with weakness, either in the object it admires, or in that admiring. Imagine, then, a perfect being, which perceives at once all that is, and has, and will be; suppose that soul exempt from envy and all the weaknesses of life, incorruptible, indefatigable, unalterable; conceive it contemplating without ceasing the Most High, discovering incessantly new perfections; feeling existence only from the renewed sentiment of that admiration; conceive God as the sovereign beauty, the universal principle of love; figure all the attachments of earth blending in that abyss of feeling, without ceasing to love the objects of affection on this earth; imagine, finally, that the inmate of heaven has the conviction that this felicity is never to end, and you will have an idea, feeble and imperfect indeed, of the felicity of the just. They are plunged in this abyss of delight, as in an ocean from which they cannot emerge: they wish nothing; they have every thing, though desiring nothing; an eternal youth, a felicity without end; a glory divine is expressed in their countenances; a sweet, noble, and majestic joy; it is a sublime feeling of truth and virtue which transports them; at every instant they experience the same rapture as a mother who regains a beloved child whom she believed lost; and that exquisite joy, too fleeting on earth, is there prolonged through the ages of eternity."—I. 241.

We intended to have gone through in this paper the whole *Genie de Christianisme*, and we have only concluded the first volume, so prolific of beauty are its pages. In succeeding numbers we shall continue our commentary on this splendid work. We make no apology for the length of the quotations, which have so much extended the limits of this

article; any observations would be inexcusable which should abridge passages of such transcendent beauty.

The splendour of these passages suggests one reflection of a painful kind. We are constantly speaking of the march of intellect, the education of the people, their vast acquisitions, and the unparalleled lights of the age; yet these beautiful extracts, and the immortal work from which they are taken, are almost unknown to the British public. Out of the many hundred thousand educated persons who read this miscellany, we doubt if there are many hundreds who ever read the *Genius of Christianity*. Translations may exist—editions have been printed in this country—but still the work itself, like all the standard productions of French genius during the last thirty years, is almost totally unknown to the British public. You will not meet with one person out of an hundred, even in the most polished circles of either sex, who has read it, either in the original or a translation. Whence is this general neglect of works of such exquisite beauty, breathing so pure a spirit, of such universal usefulness? The cause is to be found in the multitude of new publications which inundate the world—in the vast share which the newspapers occupy of the attention of men, and novels of that of women—in the ephemeral bubbles which glitter on the stream of public opinion, and soon burst and disappear. The time consumed in the perusal of this fleeting literature, throws into obscurity the works of standard excellence. It is well for public taste that Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Tacitus, are forced into the minds of boys at school, before the days of novels and newspapers begin, or they would soon be consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. The prodigious change which is so rapidly going forward, and in which we all in some degree participate, is fraught with the worst effects to literature and morality. It is fast deteriorating and degrading the public taste, and will induce, it is much to be feared, a corruption of national thought, consistent with the decline of our glory, and the extinction of our liberties, under the march of democratic ambition.

## SONGS FOR MUSIC. BY MRS HEMANS.

## I.

OH! SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING!

Oh! sky-lark, for thy wing!  
 Thou bird of joy and light,  
 That I might soar and sing  
 At Heaven's empyreal height!  
 With the heathery hills beneath me,  
 Whence the streams in glory spring,  
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me—  
 Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,  
 I would range the blessed skies,  
 Through the blue divinely clear,  
 Where the low mists cannot rise!  
 And a thousand joyous measures  
 From my chainless heart should spring,  
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,  
 As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver cords,  
 That around the heart are spun,  
 From gentle tones and words,  
 And kind eyes that make our sun!  
 To some low sweet nest returning,  
 How soon my love would bring,  
 There, *there* the dews of morning,  
 Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

## II.

LET HER DEPART!

HER home is far, oh! far away!  
 The clear light in her eyes  
 Hath nought to do with earthly day,  
 'Tis kindled from the skies.  
 Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,  
 Ev'n as some gentle star  
 Seems gazing down on Grief or Mirth,  
 How softly, yet how far!  
 Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—  
 Oh! could they mount and fly!  
 She never sees a wandering dove,  
 But for its wing to sigh.  
 Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear  
 Low music on its way,  
 But deems it sent from heavenly air,  
 For her who cannot stay.  
 Let her depart!



Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,  
 She breathes and moves alone,  
 Pining for those bright bowers and streams,  
 Where her beloved is gone.  
 Let her depart!

## III.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

Where shall we make her grave?  
 Oh! where the wild-flowers wave  
                     In the free air!  
 Where shower and singing-bird  
 Midst the young leaves are heard—  
                     There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—  
 Now may sleep minister  
                     Balm for each ill:  
 Low on sweet Nature's breast,  
 Let the meek heart find rest,  
                     Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!  
 Faint gales, with happy sigh,  
                     Come wandering o'er  
 That green and mossy bed,  
 Where, on a gentle head,  
                     Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain  
 Falls now the bright spring-rain,  
                     Plays the soft wind;  
 Yet still, from where she lies,  
 Should blessed breathings rise,  
                     Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew  
 Thence in the heart renew  
                     Life's vernal glow!  
 And o'er that holy earth  
 Scents of the violet's birth  
                     Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild-flowers wave,  
 Make ye her mossy grave,  
                     In the free air!  
 Where shower and singing bird  
 Midst the young leaves are heard—  
                     There, lay her there!

## IV.

SUMMER SONG.

COME away! the sunny hours  
 Woo thee far to founts and bowers!  
 O'er the very waters now,  
                     In their play,

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—  
     Come away!  
 Where the lily's tender gleam  
 Quivers on the glancing stream—  
     Come away!

All the air is fill'd with sound,  
 Soft, and sultry, and profound;  
 Murmurs through the shadowy grass  
     Lightly stray;  
 Faint winds whisper as they pass—  
     Come away!  
 Where the bee's deep music swells  
 From the trembling fox-glove bells—  
     Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue  
 Now hath won its richest hue;  
 In the woods the breath of song  
     Night and day  
 Floats with leafy scent along—  
     Come away!  
 Where the boughs with dewy gloom  
 Darken each thick bed of bloom—  
     Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose  
 Now the crimson love-hue glows;  
 Now the glow-worm's lamp by night  
     Sheds a ray,  
 Dreamy, starry, queenly bright—  
     Come away!  
 Where the fairy cup-moss lies,  
 With the wild-wood strawberries,  
     Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,  
 Sheds its own rich twilight round,  
 Glancing there from sun to shade,  
     Bright wings play;  
 There the deer its couch hath made—  
     Come away!  
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
 Glisten in their honey-time—  
     Come away—away!

## V.

## ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word  
     Of battle on the blast!  
 Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,  
     As if a storm went past;  
 Her thousand hills the call have heard,  
     And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters, for the chase,  
     The kingly chase of foes!  
 'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,  
     Whose trampling shakes the snows!



Arm, arm ! 'tis on a nobler trace  
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,  
With many an icy bed ;  
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles  
Above th' invader's head !  
Or let the seas that guard our isles,  
Give burial to his dead !

## VI.

## THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,  
Bright living stream, set free !  
The troubled haunts of care and strife  
Were not for thee !

The woodland is thy bounty,  
Thou art all its own again ;  
The wild birds are thy kindred race,  
That fear no chain !

Flow on, rejoice, make music  
Unto the glistening leaves !  
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds  
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight  
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,  
Whose brightness bears no token more  
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let free-born music  
Flow with thy wavy line,  
While the stock-dove's lingering, loving voice  
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,  
Strings of the forest lyre,  
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,  
In joy respire.

Yet, midst thy song of gladness,  
Oh ! keep one pitying tone  
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee  
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,  
To bring, like healing dew,  
A sense that Nature ne'er forsakes  
The meek and true.

There, *there* roll on, make music,  
Thou stream, thou glad and free !  
The shadows of all glorious flowers  
Be set in thee !

## UPPER CANADA. BY A BACKWOODSMAN.\*

WE could sit for a whole day poring over a map of the Canadas. Compare one of fifty years date with one brought up to last Christmas, and what a difference in the pictures of that noble district of the New World! Villages, towns, cities, settlements of all sorts, occupying stances now, where then blackened, without a glade, the seemingly everlasting woods. Are the aboriginal savages all dead? Most of them—but not all—for go to the Chippawa hunting country, for instance, and you may yet see a tomahawk—nay, get yourself, without much difficulty, scalped by a red man. But rifles have slain their thousands, and rum its tens of thousands, and rare now is a sight of the blanket with its yellow strings. This is as it should be. Nature abhors the independence of man. Her delight is to see her enlightened children all hanging on one another for their mutual protection. She sheds few or no tears over the extirpation of the solitary savage—and what else were these wandering tribes? She rejoices to see her forests felled, and her rivers and lakes navigated by her statelier sons clearing those gloomy clouds from the earth that grows green as they disappear, till the desert blossoms like the rose, and peace and plenty dwell where once war and famine prowled through the howling wilderness.

Look at the map. Sail in imagination up the St Lawrence from the Bald Mountains near the sea, to the head of Lake Superior, thousands of miles, through those successive Mediterranean, and you will smile to suppose what the earth must think of Mr Malthus. Yet true it is, that the principle of population is prodigious; and overleaps, like molehills, the Mountains of the Moon. Let it, then, have full play. "The world is all before it, *where to choose*, and PROVIDENCE ITS GUIDE."

Emigration! Colonization! Mighty words—and as you dream into them, expanding over the globe. Human

beings live, like bees, in hives. But then they are hives of their own building; and they can add eke to eke, till the tangent of the sky cuts the circle. And when the hum grows like thunder, and the whole air of such an Island, for instance, as ours, is tormented with angry swarms, a current comes from the clouds, and carries them away, not unwillingly, in myriads, in millions, to free climes beyond the seas. There the industrious insects find lands flowing with milk and honey; and the same process is repeated, till the whole globe at last shall murmur to their wings. What will happen then? Why the fulness of time will have come; the entire race, drones, workers, queens and all, will be *smeeked*, and all be still. To that final consummation nature is manifestly tending, but how far off! Let us then eat, drink, and be merry; let there be marrying and giving in marriage; so shall we all be legitimate; and as for there being no place at nature's tables for millions who may thus be born, the fear is a phantom, if we obey her laws, impious; for she spreads her tables in her wildernesses, and all who work may sit down and eat. The Starvation-system will not hold either in theory or practice, the Principle of Population abhors it, luxury may be commensurate with labour, and labour with life.

Britain—at least England—is over-peopled—and what then? Put the tip of your little finger on Britain on the map of the world, and you never miss her, Queen though she be of the Seas. We care not though she be *cramm'd*. Her ships shoot like sunbeams to the uttermost parts of the earth. What is the use of her navies? True it is, as Cowper sublimely says,

"God's curse can cast away a thousand  
sail,"

but it is equally true, that God's blessing can bring them all safe to

\* Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the Use of Emigrants. By a Backwoodsman. 12mo. London: John Murray. 1832.



anchor, in a hundred bays. Let her put forth her might in mercy, for she is strong to save. Her cannon ere now have quelled the world. Let her military and her merchant marine carry our language and our limbs wherever there is air and earth—and let the great spirit of the woods, and lakes, and mountains, solitary no longer, hear how

“ the mighty tread  
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty.”

So much for an introduction to a splendid article on Emigration. But we are not now going to write a splendid article. We wish *Maga* this month to be merely a pleasant Number, spirited and various, and one the public can peruse without having her eyes dazzled; for were she to effulge in a blaze of light from June to January, our subscribers would withdraw their names from the list, rather than run the risk of being made blind. This Number shall soothe their eyes, as if they were looking “on man, on nature, and on human life,” through Claude Lorraine glasses, and saw all things, animate and inanimate, and the very creation of fancy, they know not well whether reposing in the hues of a gentle sunset, or in those of a tender morn.

Our June Number contained, you will remember, an account—nay, almost an abridgement—comprehensive, in its political and philosophical sweep, of all that was most valuable in Mr M<sup>c</sup>Gregor’s *British America*. We refer you to that excellent work for a thousand details. Read, likewise, *Bourchette*; nor forget to buy “*The Canadas*,” by Mr Picken.\* Read, too, those animated articles, so full of agreeable and instructive notices, by Mr Fergusson, in that prosperous periodical, the *Agricultural Journal*. Dozens of light pamphlets besides are floating in the air, and scores of heavy ones thudding on the ground—all about the Canadas. And here is one of the best of the whole lot; a Blackwoodian Backwoodsman, who can handle a quill as well as a

hatchet, and is in every sense a Chopper.

“Some authors,” quoth he, “write for fame, some for money, some to propagate particular doctrines and opinions, some from spite, some at the instigation of the devil. But I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for intruding myself on the public; for my motive, which has at least the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness.” This is a falsehood. Nay, we beg leave to go a step farther, and tell the Backwoodsman that he is a liar. We might as truly say that sheer laziness is the characteristic of the life of a tiger. Every page of the *Emigrants’ Manual* proves the writer to be a man of great muscular power, both of mind, body, and manners. He is a verb in the active voice and the imperative mood, difficult to decline and impossible to conjugate. That he often indulges in long fits of laziness, we can easily believe, just like all other civilized Christians who have had recourse to a savage life. But when he rouses himself from his lair, and chooses some occupation, he either addicts himself to it with pertinacity, or drives through it like a whirlwind. Besides, bluffer though he be than Bluffness-head, he is benevolent; and we hope he will not send us a challenge across the sea for having given him the lie, when we tell the world that, proud as he appears of his own selfishness, he has an unaccountable pleasure in doing good. He is one of the fiercest of philanthropists; and while he looks as if he were about to knock you down, he is in fact holding out a hand to “help a lame dog over the stile.” Gruff but gracious, he is at once one of the most forbidding, and one of the most winning of men.

But that is not the only lie he tells, in the above volume, the lie about his laziness—it contains five other thumpers at least. He does not write for fame, forsooth; and yet publishes with Mr Murray. He cares not for money—not he indeed—and yet

---

\* *The Canadas*, compiled from documents furnished by John Galt, Esq. with the fullest general information for Emigrants. By Andrew Picken. With a map. London: 1832. Effingham Wilson.

refused—why we need not say—twenty guineas a-sheet for his manuscript for *Maga*, from Mr Blackwood. He has no particular doctrines and opinions to propagate, and yet attributes all the miseries of the working classes in Britain to machinery. No spite has he, yet cuts up honest people by the score. He denies the instigation of the devil, while the old gentleman is at his elbow. And is equally cavalier with his other friends, at the very time he is contributing all he can to satisfy their urgent demands for instruction and amusement. In farther proof of this last charge, read his own words.

“To explain this, it is necessary to state that, for some years past, I have been receiving letters from intending emigrants, containing innumerable queries respecting Upper Canada;—also from the friends of such children of the forest *in posse*, who seasoned the unpalatable task of writing on other people's business with the assurance so consolatory to my vanity, that I was, of all men in the province, the one they considered best qualified to give such information, &c. These letters, always couched in the most polite terms, commencing with the writer's ‘sincere sorrow for taking up so much of my valuable time,’ and ending with ‘the most perfect reliance on my knowledge and candour,’ required to be answered; and so long as they came ‘like angel visits, few and far between,’ it was no great grievance to do so. But, after having written some reams in answer to them, and when every other packet brought one, and no later ago than last week I had two to answer, things began to look serious, and so did I: for I found that, if they went on at this rate, I should have no ‘valuable time’ to devote to my own proper affairs. And therefore, it being now mid-winter, and seeing no prospect of my being able to follow my out-of-door avocations for some weeks, I set myself down in something like a pet, to throw together and put in form the more prominent parts of the information I had been collecting, to the end that I might be enabled in future to answer my voluminous correspondents after the manner of the late worthy Mr Abernethy, by referring them to certain pages of *My Book*.”

Here we have the most inconsistent of mortals pleading guilty to self-preferred charges, most of which we know to be true—of the most egregious vanity, the most indefati-

gable industry, the most sensitive pettishness, the most particular friendliness, and the most universal philanthropy—all in one breath; and yet calling on the world to acquit him of them all, and to convict him but of “sheer laziness,” on which, had it been the only count in the indictment, he would have been unanimously and honourably found innocent, and, as we say in Scotland, *assoilzied*, and dismissed *simpliciter* from the bar.

Yet strange to say, the Backwoodsman prides himself, above all his other merits, on his veracity. In stating his qualifications to give information relative to the Province, after having informed us that he served there during the war, in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, and that since the year 1826 his principal employment has been to traverse the country in every direction, and visit nearly every township in it, for the express purpose of obtaining statistical information; he adds, “if, therefore, the reader will only be pleased to allow that my judgment is equal to that of the ordinary average of mankind, it must be pretty evident that I have sufficient knowledge for the undertaking; and I, on my part, can assure him or her, (for I am in hopes I shall have both sexes for readers,) that I will, according to the formula of the oath, speak the ‘truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.’”

And we believe him. For though ignorant of the chief points of his own character, on all other subjects of which he treats, he is a well-informed man and Backwoodsman. He lies on the laziness in which he never lay; but on all matters of statistics he is an apostle of truth.

The object of his *Manual* is of itself sufficient to shew that he is a good man, and the style in which he has attained it shews that he is an able one—it being “to give such information to emigrants that they may not be disappointed on their arrival in Canada; that they may know how to proceed and where to go, and not, as too often happens, waste their time and their money in great towns, making fruitless enquiries of people just as ignorant as themselves, with this difference, that they are aware of their ignorance, whereas their ad-



visers think they know something about the matter, and thereby often unintentionally mislead and deceive them."

In looking over his introduction, he expresses himself disturbed by the consciousness of another trait of character, which seems to sit as easily on him as on ourselves—"I find I have been abominably egotistical." Now we have observed, during our progress through a wide and long experience, that your true—your intense egotist, cunningly avoids the use of the first personal pronoun. He is, in fact, an *Ille*-ist. The man who cares nothing, and is never thinking about himself, is constantly uttering the capital *I*. The late Lord Buchan may have been an exception, who, on complaining of some delay in the getting up of a book of his at the Ballantyne press, was told by the most lively of Johns, that he had not a sufficient number of capital *I*'s in his printing office. You may as well call a man an egotist for presuming to have in your presence a personal identity of his own, and a distinct personal character. 'Tis only when self ponders on self, and is pleased therewith, and sedulously seeks self's satisfaction, that self is selfish. And the same rule applies to egotism. Now, our Backwoodsman is as fine a fellow as ever felled an oak, or slept in "the bush." It is only on reflection that he discovers he "has been abominably egotistical;" but in action, his conduct, though he does not seem to know it, is not only disinterested, but generous; and we, for one, will accept no apology. Finally, we are not only "pleased to allow that his judgment is equal to that of the ordinary average of mankind," which is all he claims, but we are delighted to declare that it is far above it; and that we have derived more knowledge from his "wee bit bookie" of a hundred and twenty shortish pages, than it is our lot too frequently to do from a couple of quartos. The motto on his title-page, is "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce."—*Napoleon*. And we offer another, which his modesty would have rejected, "*Multum in parvo*."

The Backwoodsman says he once did study Adam Smith, and thought at the time that he understood him; but that he is out of date now-a-days,

and Peter M'Culloch reigns in his stead. Peter and his compeers have, he opines, turned Political Economy into what may be defined to be the science of paradoxes. Our friend is here not only out of his reckoning, but, were he to heave the lead, he would find no bottom. Nevertheless, the bottom is there, wherever he in his small craft may be sailing, and he has but to lengthen his line. Adam Smith is not out of date; but on some of his doctrines, misunderstood, have been founded measures by our nose-led Ministers, Whig and Tory, which in the following, or rather forcing, have sorely dried up the sources of this country's wealth. As to Peter M'Culloch and his compeers, they have left the science of Political Economy just where they found it; just as they received it from Ricardo. Neither have they, by laying all their heads hardly together, been able to beat out of their brains one paradox. Their senseless assertions are not paradoxical; opinions alone are so; and it requires ingenuity—nay, genius—of which none of the clumsy set possess a particle—to make its reverse seem truth. Giving the amicable go-by to our Statistical Sketcher's stupidity, in ascribing all the distress of the working classes to that greatest agent in the production of wealth, machinery, true it is, that the disease is, as he says—though he knows not the full meaning of what he says—a superfluity of manufactures, and a paucity of consumers; and *the* (a) remedy, to send the overplus of the manufacturing population to the colonies, where at one and the same moment they lose the character of manufacturers, and assume that of consumers.

The first and most important question is, certainly, "Who then are to go to the Canadas?" and he replies, "*All* who cannot support themselves comfortably by their labour at home." But here—on the very threshold—considerations at once occur "to give us pause." Mr Picken, in his valuable compilation, "The Canadas," &c., in which he received much assistance from the talents, knowledge, and experience of Mr Galt, gives good reasons for offering a very different advice. Necessity, he holds, which the proverb says

has no law, compels people to emigrate. The question is a plain one between subsistence and want. But then this rule of necessity naturally divides itself among several classes, all of whom feel it (not equally) urgent, but not with the same degree of hope, in reference to emigration. Take those at the very bottom of the scale of society at home. They are helpless in their destitution; they might be formidable to a colony from their numbers. Entirely do we agree with Mr Picken, when he says that the operation of the feeling of necessity itself ought to be checked, in reference to those helpless orders, by such regulations, even in the supply of labour beyond the Atlantic, as may prevent destitute families from throwing themselves in shoals upon a new country, without even the means of their own conveyance to those inland settlements, where their labour may procure them present subsistence.

Who, then, it is again asked, may go to Canada, with a fair prospect of bettering their condition? Mechanics and artisans of all descriptions—millwrights, blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, millers, and all the ordinary trades that are required in an agricultural and *partially ship-owning* and commercial country—will, says the Backwoodsman, do well to come to Canada. Not so weavers. If they go, they must become farmers. Our friend says, that they soon make good farmers, and a friend of his from Paisley asserts that they make better farmers than agricultural labourers—an assertion manifestly no less strange than false. True it is, however, that in time they become adepts in the trade. The weavers from Renfrew and Lanarkshires are prosperous settlers in the Bathurst district; and it has been observed, that the linen-weavers from the north of Ireland (a strong steady race of expatriated Protestants) make the best *choppers*, *native* or imported, in the province, as they can to a man chop with either hand forward, and by changing their hand they relieve themselves and obtain rest. This *ambi-dexterousness* is ascribed by their countrymen to their habits of using both hands equally in throwing the shuttle. Th

is a refinement, and surely the *native* choppers, who chop from the cradle, have had the sense to make themselves *ambi-dexter*. Mr McTaggart, too, tells us that a Glasgow weaver, although not bred to spade and pickaxe, makes a capital settler, can build a neat little house for his family, and learn to chop with great celerity, so that in a short time nobody could suppose that he had been bred up amongst bobbins and shuttles. It takes an Irishman, he says, a long time to learn the use of the hatchet, if he has been chiefly used to spade and shovel work, which is quite a different kind of occupation. No doubt it is, but to our weak mind not more so than weaving. When Paddy first commences hewing down trees, he often hews them down upon himself, and gets maimed or killed; and if he attempts *squaring*, he cuts and abuses his feet in a shocking manner. The common people of Ireland, the same writer says, are awkward and unhandy; what they have been used to they can do very well; but when put out of their old track, it is almost impossible to teach to them any thing. Vulcan in Canada is Plutus. "If," quoth the Backwoodsman in his dry way, "there were in nature (which is doubtful) such a being as a sober blacksmith, he might make a fortune." We think we know one.

"A man of fortune, in my opinion, ought not to come to Canada!" Indeed!—Neither, in our opinion, ought he to establish his summer headquarters in Timbuctoo. Nor his winter quarters even among the more fashionable wigwams of the Esquimaux. In the Backwoods, no credulity could expect to find "the elegancies of life, refined or literary society, public amusements, first-rate libraries, collections of the fine arts," &c.; and accordingly our friend warns the men of fortune, of fashion, and of the world, against coming to Canada in search of such enjoyments. Centuries, he believes, and so do we, must elapse before that country becomes a fitting stage for the heroes and heroines of the fashionable novels of Mr Bulwer or young D'Israeli. But who ever dreamt of such a thing as a man of fortune going to settle as a chopper in Canada? Yet so might he get rid of his *ennui*.



The case is different with farmers and tradesmen of small capital, and even with men of *large* capital; by the word large, if we understand, with Don Manual, about L.5000. The small industrious capitalist, if a farmer, may and ought, in the course of five or six years, to have all his capital in money, and a good, well-cleared, and well-stocked farm into the bargain, with the requisite dwelling-house and out-buildings, besides having supported his family in the meantime; and the more numerous his family the better, for a child seven years old is considered worth his maintenance and education—(both simple)—and the wages of a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age are generally higher than those of a stout and skilful ploughman in Great Britain. Blessed, therefore, is he who hath his quiver full of them—he meets his competitors in the fields, bids—where there is letting—for their farms over their heads, and where there is no such law, takes them out of the hands of bachelors, or barren pairs. Here we talk “of a poor man with a large family;” but such a phrase in Canada, we are told, would be a contradiction in terms. In that country, only half of the old adage holds true—“The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer;” for the cheer increases in the same ratio with the numbers, and not till a house is *hotchin’* is there any thing to eat. Then the only danger is, that the family die at last of daily surfeits; while each deceased is with difficulty carried to his grave by kindred pall-bearers, staggering under the double load of their own and the defunct’s repletion. With us, again, not only has every poor man a large family, but every man with a large family is poor. In Canada, however, the man of large capital (L.5000) is not so likely to live in clover as the man of small (L.250,) unless his family be out of all bounds—and then, if lucky, he may live. This requires explanation. His wisest plan is to lend the surplus on mortgage at six per cent—next to that, to become a wholesale storekeeper in one of the towns. But should he attempt to set up a mill, a distillery, a tannery, a fulling and saw-mill, and a store, (mark, not *one*, but *all*,) as is often

found to be profitable, from the one trade playing into the hands of the other, and if he has not *sons* capable of looking after the different branches, why, he must intrust the care of them to clerks and servants. And what, pray, is the result to the infatuated Factotum? Clerks and servants are not, quoth the Backwoodsman, to be had ready-made; (neither, we have always been so simple to suppose, are sons;) he must, therefore, take a set of unlicked cubs, and teach them their business, (which the devil is in him if he understands himself—for who ever heard of a heaven-born genius, from birth an accomplished miller, distiller, tanner, fuller, and storekeeper?) And when that is fairly done, (*when*) it is ten to one but, having become acquainted with his business and his customers, they find means to set up an opposition, and take effectually the wind out of the former patron’s sails. A melancholy picture of a large capitalist! “But where,” quoth our facetious friend, “a man has a large family of sons, he can wield a large capital in business, and to very good purpose too.” The idea is beautiful. The Patriarch’s days and nights of labour are now all at an end. By filial machinery he wields a large Canadian capital of L.5000, with nearly the same ease that we, without it, should do a small British one of L.50,000; but if his sons are as potent every way as himself, what will become at last of the prodigious accumulation? But ’tis foolish to disturb the tranquillity of the picture by imagination’s fears. We have the old large patriarchal Canadian capitalist this moment in our mind’s eye—sitting at the board surrounded by his sons—the miller—the distiller—the tanner—the fuller—the sawyer—the shopkeeper—and “severals” of anonymous but productive employments—all as like as pease; while, as it would be absurd to suppose that the family are all males, daughters at least as numerous, married and unmarried, but all marriageable, are seen wallowing in beauty and in wealth; and all the younger branches, incalculable without a pencil, are blooming under the protecting shadow of that capital, which, ere long, like so many additional fly-wheels set to the filial machinery, they will

be strenuously and scientifically assisting to wield.

One species of emigration is recommended in this Manual, which the writer wonders should never have struck the authorities at home, and which he thinks would prove most beneficial to all parties—infant emigration. The idea was suggested to him some years ago by his “late worthy and excellent friend, Major William Robinson, of the King’s regiment.” All the most sensible people he consulted about it in Canada assured him, that it was not only practicable, but could not fail of being highly beneficial. It is thus explained.

“Let a number of parish children, of from six to twelve years of age, be sent out to Canada under a qualified superintendent.

“Let there be established in every county, or in every two or three townships, if necessary, a commissioner, or board of commissioners, to receive applications from farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, wanting apprentices or servants, taking from them, at the same time, a bond with securities, that they will teach them their trade, craft, or mystery,—keep them, educate them, and, when their apprenticeship is up, give a small sum, (say, L.25.) to set up in business those who have been indented apprentices. With younger children, whose work will not at first be equal to their maintenance, it will only be necessary to bind the person taking them to educate them; for, by a law of the province, parents, or persons standing in *loco parentis*, are entitled to the work of their children or wards, till they attain the age of majority.

“The objection that would strike an Englishman most forcibly to such an arrangement, would be the possibility of the children being ill-treated; but this is hardly a supposable case in this country. Their labour is too valuable for their master lightly to risk the loss of it by ill-usage, when the boy could so easily abscond; and in this country, the fault of fathers and masters leans more to the side of a total disregard of King Solomon’s advice as to the propriety of using the rod for the purpose of promoting infantile morality, than an over-zealous conformity with the *dicta* of the inspired writer. Besides, public opinion would always side with the child; and as, if this plan were to be carried into effect, the children must, in some degree, be

considered as wards of the king, the legislature could easily provide some simple and summary means, whereby any injustice or infraction of agreement might be punished promptly and efficaciously.

“The advantages of this system must be apparent to all. Parishes would get rid of young paupers, who, in the course of time, grow up, and, perhaps, become a heavier burthen on the parish by the addition of a family,—and would get quit of them too at an expense not exceeding one-fourth of what an adult could be removed for,—seeing that L.4 would be the maximum for which they could be conveyed to Canada. And here we should get settlers at an age when they could easily be habituated to the work, the climate, and the ways of the country.”

He deprecates the plan of bringing out adult parish paupers. For, he argues, that of course the gentry and yeomanry of a parish will strain every nerve to keep at home the honest, industrious, and sober part of the peasantry, and send out only the drunken, the vicious, and the idle, who, in Canada as elsewhere, will be a burden on the community, and have not the slightest prospect of improving their own condition.

No doubt there is much truth in that; and therein lies the difficulty of knowing what to do. To send away all good, and keep all bad, poor people, would not, we should think, much benefit the country, or improve the condition of the working classes. Yet, if Canada will only take the good, and we will only offer her the bad, there is not only a hitch, but a dead lock; and our population must continue to multiply and starve at their leisure. To encourage and help away out of our island the *elite* of our artisans or peasants—even if distressed from want of employment—would be the strangest folly; but, however sorry we should be to see it, they may go if they choose. And too many, alas! are driven to go, and will return no more. But the Backwoodsman is in error when he says, that our gentry and yeomanry would send out only the drunken, the vicious, and the idle. They would send out *unemployed poor*, call them *paupers*, if you will—unemployed, because there is no work for them—and among them would be many worthy men, with their wives and children. But far-



ther, suppose that they were drunken, vicious, and idle. Pray what made them so? The Backwoodsman hints—the Poor Laws. Now, not to enter on that *questio vexata*, are they so *invariably*? No. They are idle, according to his own account of the matter, because machinery leaves them nothing to do; they are drunken, because by law they are allowed something to eat (which they drink); and they are vicious, because no ignorant man ever was otherwise, *supported in starvation out of work*. The evil, and it is a miserable one, if not at all times and irremediably, is certainly at frequent intervals incident to all great commercial nations; but with a favourable change, with the revival of trade, it diminishes—the persons to whom that character was truly attributed (or rather those habits,) improve; they become again industrious by being again set to work; and they who on parish pay were drunkards, on their own *earnings*—wages at the *market-rate*, which has risen, we are supposing, up to that point at which Ricardo has placed—and God knows that is low enough—the *natural rate*—are found to be, as the world goes, sober men.

If this be a true account of such persons, and, alas! they are mighty in number in this country, the same changes will take place in them in Canada. Even there, we presume, people cannot live without working; they cannot, without effort, even catch squirrels. Such poor emigrants will not all at once find their children such bread-winners as those spoken of in the Manual. For some time the little hungry wretches will consume more than they produce; and fathers will have the same necessity there as here to labour that they may live. By hypothesis they are human.

"Food," says one who knew Canada well, "is not to be had there merely for the eating; it requires considerable exertion to make a living, as it does in almost every other place; neither is employment readily obtained; a common labourer can find nothing to do for almost six months in the year, until he has learned how to wield a hatchet. He must learn."

Our friend, therefore, we hope, will qualify his doctrine. "There is

one security, however," he says, in the conclusion of his first chapter, "that we (the Backwoodsmen,) must always have against such a contingency, namely, that the rapscallionly part of the community, knowing that, if they remain in England, the parish must maintain them, and that if they go to Canada they must work for their living, may not be easily induced to quit their present *advantageous position*." Alas! he knows little of the character of the English poor. A "rapscallionly part" there is in every community, even in that of the Backwoods of Canada. The basest of them in England would no doubt rather lie dead-drunk, or die outright in one ditch, than be set to dig another; but these are the refuse—the dregs. "The present *advantageous position*" of a pauper is one which nine out of ten, even of the "rapscallionly part of the community," would not be loath to abandon. We fear not to say, that is about the proportion of those who would prefer a dollar a-day in Canada with work, (and that seems to be a low wage there,) to sixpence or ninepence a-day in England with none. And if belonging—which eight out of the nine probably do—to that portion of the rapscallionly part of the community, that contains "poor men with large families," how they would giggle there to see their bold brats blooming on ploughmen's wages, by days'-work of eight or ten hours, instead of groaning, as they groan here, to look on the white-faced ghosts of their children, coming home after seventeen hours' slavery within reach of the horrid teeth of some perilous machine, their tatters bedizened with tufts of flax, and their backs wealed by the savage thong of some merciless monster of an overseer of a mill.

We were happy to find in Mr Picken's excellent volume, for documents of that kind get lost, and 'tis in vain to look for them, "Copy of the Report of Mr Richards to the Colonial Secretary, respecting the waste lands in Canada, and Emigration." It contains the latest information respecting the colonies, and gives all that can be given in a form of official authenticity. We refer to it, not for details, for which we have not room, but for the admirable

### "General Remarks on the Provinces."

"The first remark which presents itself is upon their inconvenient shape; a long narrow belt of settlement, upon the northern boundary of a powerful neighbour, capable of being pierced through or overrun at will. But as that neighbour has immense forests of his own to subdue and settle; as his migrating population prefer a milder climate, and the annexation of the British provinces to him would make but a small addition to his exports, and produce nothing which he does not produce; it is fair to presume he would not be misled by ambitious feelings of doubtful advantage. The first and leading object to us should be, at all events, to give them compactness and solidity; to condense the population and give it breadth, at the same time to connect the different provinces together, by any and every means of commercial intercourse and internal communication.

"Their increase of population has been, and continues to be, so astonishingly rapid, that it is well to note it particularly. By minutes of Evidence before a Committee of the House of Assembly, Quebec, 1824, it appears that the whole population of Lower Canada, in 1784, was

|                                      |         |
|--------------------------------------|---------|
|                                      | 65,338  |
| Nova Scotia, by Haliburton, then was | 32,000  |
| New Brunswick and Newfoundland, say  | 12,000  |
| Total,                               | 109,338 |

Upper Canada then was nothing, making a Total of, say 110,000

|                                                                |           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| The present population may be taken at                         |           |
| For Upper Canada, 200,000                                      |           |
| For Lower Canada, 544,000                                      |           |
| For New Brunswick, 80,000                                      |           |
| For Nova Scotia, 130,000                                       |           |
| For Cape Breton, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, say | 100,000   |
| Total,                                                         | 1,054,000 |

"Here then is almost a tenfold increase in 46 years, which shews a duplicating ratio every 14, and is rather better than an increase at 5 per cent compound interest. This, however, is, in a great degree, an emigrating increase, and not a natural one. The United States are

found to double every 24 years, which is equal to 3 per cent at compound interest; and if a partial view of one of their new western states only were to be taken, it would probably give a result equally extraordinary as that we are now examining."

But it is only of late years, as he remarks, that the powers of increase of their commerce, navigation, and consumption of British manufactures, and provincial revenues, have been developed in so extraordinary a degree. Thirty years ago, the whole export of Lower Canada consisted of peltry, and was taken off in three ships annually; that of Nova Scotia was confined to vessels carrying fish and grindstones; and of New Brunswick, to gypsum and lumber. In 1829, at the four ports of Quebec, St John's, St Andrew's, and Halifax, there were cleared outwards, 5,140 vessels, with 644,959 tons, and 31,048 seamen. This is by the custom-house returns; and if we add the actual clearances of the other Nova Scotia ports, for the year 1828, (supposing that those of 1829 might have been as much,) it will exhibit an aggregate of 797,502 tons; and that without including Miramichi, Liverpool, Bathurst, and Newfoundland.

There were built in Lower Canada, in 1829, 5465 tons of vessels; in Nova Scotia, in 1828, 99 vessels, containing 7138 tons; and in New Brunswick, a larger amount than either of the two; so that, including Newfoundland, the total employed by the colonial trade, (making allowance for double voyages,) may be stated at 425,000 tons, and 22,000 seamen; and about nine-tenths in British vessels. Now, in 1826, the whole amount of American tonnage, belonging to the state of Massachusetts, (their greatest ship-owner,) for foreign trade, coasting, and fisheries, was only 385,785 tons; and that of the state of New York, 390,709. The cause of this extension is to be attributed entirely to the Canada timber trade, and the monopoly of the West India trade. Attend to Mr Richards.

"To those who measure the first by the quality of timber compared with the Baltic, or the policy of the second by the pressure of an extra price upon the planter's supplies, it is fair to explain the astonishing progress of British navigation which has sprung into existence under



the late protecting policy : this invaluable and indispensable nursery for seamen, which is the basis of all our naval power, the very life-blood of the empire, and the more important character of the provinces themselves, in conjunction with that power, as a bulwark to our other transatlantic possessions.

"Nor as consumers of British manufactures are they to be unnoticed, for lumberers and fishermen are of all labourers the most extravagant; and I believe it will be found that they import manufactures in full proportion to the augmentation of their commerce. Their consumption of West India produce is particularly deserving notice, as being *exclusively British*; so that in their intercourse with the mother-country and the island, all exchange of production is that of British industry; all employment created, all profits accruing, are national, and contributing to the prosperity of the empire. They have no feelings of competition or exclusiveness; their interests are identified with ours.

"Many products can be supplied by them cheaper than elsewhere, but the length of the voyage requires a protecting duty; and it is presumed that a reduction of one farthing duty per pound upon the West India sugar consumed in England, would be a compensation for all extra charge borne by the West India planter.

"The peculiar advantages in supplying new countries with manufactures is too sensibly felt at present to be dwelt upon; but it is presumed that the circumstances of the late war developed it completely, and that the commerce of Great Britain was never more flourishing than while she had that monopoly trade with her colonies and the new countries. If her other colonies could increase in the same ratio as those of North America, and the establishment of more could give like results, the beneficial consequences are too apparent to be pointed out.

"But to return to the subject of my remarks, it appears to me no more than a self-evident truism, that in the progress of advancement the late impetus may be long continued before they reach their zenith; and that the trade itself is of the safest possible nature, not interfering with any other British trade, but opening many new avenues to it.

"Their present condition on a small scale exhibits a miniature picture of the advantages of the colonial system, for which we have been so long in contention with our rival neighbour; and in my humble opinion nothing is now wanting to add full effect and vigour to their in-

ternal prosperity also, but a judicious and well-matured system for settling the country and arranging the land-granting departments. Many of their defects have been adverted to in travelling through each of the provinces, and remedies suggested, to which others may perhaps be added.

"If the colonies have been a charge to the mother country, it has not been on account of *the promotion of settlements*.

"I have stated the probable quantity of open land available for settlement in all the provinces at about twenty-three millions of acres. Say in Upper Canada, five and a half millions; Lower Canada, five and a half millions; New Brunswick, eleven millions; and Nova Scotia, one million; and this without estimating the unexplored districts."

Mr Richards, when in the colonies, heard much said upon the two questions of spontaneous and regulated emigration; and the great evil of which they complained was, the entire absence of wholesome regulation. He is himself fully convinced that, whatever course may be ultimately adopted, even if the present loose mode is to go on, the necessity of reducing it to a system will be forced upon us; that is, whether we consider the poor man's comfort in leaving his native soil, his establishment in the wilderness of a new country, the manner in which he is to be received by the province, or his means of adding to its prosperity,—they are all questions of high import, and have a claim to consideration and provisional arrangement. It is taking a very narrow and a very pernicious view, which many do, of the vast subject, to regard the transmission of a part of our redundant population, in the exclusive, light of parish or even national relief. Great dissatisfaction has been created at Quebec by desultory arrivals of paupers, (in one case, 150 of them, whose passage-money had been paid here by public subscription,) and Mr Richards fears that the end of such shipments may be the passing of some provincial law to check them in future.

The following extract from the Backwoodsman bears strongly on this important point:

"The Hon. Peter Robinson, under the orders of government, brought out a great number of poor emigrants from the

south of Ireland, and settled them here. So far as concerns the beneficial effects of emigration to the emigrants, the experiment has succeeded beyond the expectation of the most sanguine; for, from being absolutely penniless, they are now in the most comfortable and independent, and many of them in even what may be called affluent, circumstances. Their morals, too, contrary to the general rule, have improved with their circumstances; for they are (considering always that they are Irishmen) a quiet, peaceable, sober, and industrious population; and the very men who, if at home, might be figuring as Caravats, Shanavists, or Carders, rebelling against all authority, and tracing their path with burning haggards and roasted Peelers, are quietly pursuing a peaceful and useful career in the backwoods. Grateful to the government to whom they owe all the advantages they enjoy, they are the most loyal and devoted of his Majesty's subjects; and, having got quit of the feeling of hopelessness and despair of ever bettering their condition, that weighs down and paralyzes the Irish peasant in his own country, they have acquired the self-respect so essential to respectability, and which the habitually oppressed can never know. So far, moreover, from requiring a civil and military force to compel obedience, the ministrations of my worthy friend, the priest, are found quite effective in maintaining order among them; though it must be confessed, that the worthy ecclesiastic does not depend exclusively on spiritual thunder, but, with hardened and impenitent sinners, sometimes resorts to the temporal co-operation of an oak-stick—an argument which no man in the province can handle with more power and emphasis.

"It is true, that this experiment cost a good deal of money; but were it to be repeated, from the knowledge the government has attained of emigration, it could be effected for much less; and, indeed, our worthy lieutenant-governor is now thickly settling many townships with poor emigrants, at an expense trifling in the first instance, and which must ultimately be repaid to government with interest. Would that the legislature of Great Britain would consider this, and back him in his laudable endeavours! for, we believe, that even Joseph Hume himself, were the thing fairly stated to him (*in figures*), would not hesitate to recommend a small advance to rescue hundreds of thousands of his countrymen from want, turbulence, and vice, and place them in a situation at once so comfortable to themselves and advantageous to the nation.

"It is to be hoped, however, that, should the British government ever again actively interfere in emigration, they will employ men to conduct the undertaking who know something about it; or, if these cannot be found, at all events honest men, who will neither betray the people entrusted to their charge, nor the government which employs them. Their essay last summer was certainly any thing but creditable. They collected a number of army pensioners, and came the old soldier over them, by commuting their pensions at a certain rate,—which rate (the poor fellows not being used to the calculation of annuities) was highly advantageous to the government; and instead of remitting the whole or a greater part of the money to Canada, there to be paid them when they were settled on their farms, they paid them a large portion in London,—where, as might have been anticipated by any one who knows what an old soldier is made of, they drank it, and one half of them never embarked at all. Those who did come to Quebec without warning, had the rest of their money paid, spent it there, and got scattered about without advice or guidance. A few found their way to Upper Canada, where the government provided for them; but many, it is feared, will return to England, where the evil report they will bring will be partly shared by the country, while, in justice, the blame ought to rest entirely with Lord Goderich and his Majesty's ministers."

In case of any regulated plan, there could be little difficulty in that part of it relating to embarkation and passage. Persons should be appointed at every port of embarkation, to give the necessary facility to their departure, and guard as much as possible against their sufferings, for these poor people now undergo much unknown misery. Half an hour ago we read in an Edinburgh newspaper, the North Briton, a letter signed Thomas Richardson, Whitehaven, June 11, 1832, giving a most deplorable picture of the sufferings of some Scottish emigrants about to embark on board the *Nancy* for Quebec. Thomas calls upon Mr Hogg (a nephew of the Shepherd's) was among the number) to awaken the Forest. "The *Nancy* was entirely crowded with passengers, when nearly two hundred of us arrived this morning, who had all taken their passage on board of her. We have now lain a week, and will probably have to be



nearly, another, before the Magnet will be ready for sailing, which is to take us away. We are living in private lodgings, which they pay for, but we have to provide our own victuals. Warn all my acquaintances who intend coming to America, not to pay any advance-money to any of the ship-brokers, for they are a set of rascals; they have used us most shamefully, *having engaged nearly four hundred passengers for a brig conveying only one hundred and twenty passengers*; if they get their money, they don't care what becomes of you. There was one of them at Annan, who told us all the time we were to sail in the Nancy; I have seen twenty more, and it would do to every Scotsman a service to put it into the newspapers, so that they deceive no more poor emigrants." Shame! Shame! Shame!

The costs of passage are pretty well regulated by competition. Adults are taken from Liverpool at L.3 per head; from Dublin and Cork, at L.2, 10s., and from a western port in Ireland, at L.2. Their provisions cost about 35s. or 40s. from Liverpool, and 25s. or 30s. from Ireland and Scotland. So that the total of passage and provisions for an adult may range from L.3, 3s. to L.4, 15s. Children under fourteen years at half, and seven years at one-third price—infants, gratis. They, in general, will not, we suspect, have much to suck.

Observe what peculiar facilities are afforded to emigration by the *Timber Trade*; there is so much spare tonnage outwards to the provinces. During the year 1829, the ships cleared from the ports of Quebec and St John's to Great Britain and Ireland consisted of 340,000 tons; and as three passengers are allowed to five tons, and in some roomy vessels, three to four tons, the mutual advantages of the Emigrants and Timber Trade are plainly seen, and the benefit accruing is altogether national. A Ministry lament to hear the country groaning under overpopulation; they long to relieve it; they look around for means of transport, and can find none; Scotsmen acquainted with the Ettrick Shepherd, and among them one of his nephews, are stowed—crammed—dove-tailed—into the Magnet, who

takes the place of the Nancy, in a style superior in point of packing to any thing ever seen in a slave-trader for the coast of Guinea; while here are vessels, under proper and easy regulations, sufficient for all purposes, multiplying annually in a trade which the self-same patriotic, philanthropical, philosophical, and Christian Ministry argue, through their mouth-pieces the Political Economists of the Dry and Dusty, the Brick-dust School, should be gradually discouraged, and finally put down, that Free Trade may flourish, and the nations commemorate the anniversary of the birth-day of the Stot,—*vulgo vocatus* Peter McCulloch.

In one of his very best chapters, that on the Lumber Trade, the remarks of the Backwoodsman corroborate those of Mr Richards. The lumber trade, he reminds objectors, gives the colony the support of two most powerful and influential bodies in the Mother-Country; for so long as the men who procure, and the sailors who export the timber, consume so much of our agricultural produce, as to prevent the landed interest of England from becoming jealous of the Canadians, they are secure from opposition from that quarter; and so long as that trade employs eight hundred ships, which are unfit for any other traffic, the colonists insure the support of the ship-owners. But the great advantage, he says, of the lumber trade to British America—and this is the point to which we direct attention—is, that from the home being so much more bulky than the outward cargo, an immense number of ships must go out in ballast, and these necessarily will transport emigrants at any price that will be a saving one. The result is, that while in the New York packet-ship the steerage passage is forty dollars without provisions, the same terms can be procured in a Quebec timber-ship for something less than as many shillings. Were the lumber trade done away with, L.20 per head would not put on their farms in Canada the poor whom their parishes in England would wish to enable to emigrate. Fifty-five thousand went to the Canadas in 1830, and 100,000 were expected in 1831; were it not

for the cheap passages afforded by the timber ships, nine-tenths of these people must have staid at home. In a few years they will require L.300,000 of British goods annually; and that will go on increasing to a prodigious extent, as certainly as the sun will continue to rise.

But suppose the emigrant on the Transatlantic shores. He is in the wilderness of a new country, but no pelican. He cannot in that way feed his children, though they bring blood from his breast. Unless, says Mr Richards, he is to move under some regulated system, got up under foresight, reflection, and previous arrangement, it will "be like giving him a stone when he asks for bread." Yes, it will indeed. It will, instead of giving him a loaf to put into his hungry stomach, be tying a stone round his weary neck, till his shoulders slouch, and he sinks under the burthen, and dies in a foreign land. We must give another extract from "the Report," full of judicious commendation.

"It may be well first to consider the expense actually incurred in locating individuals upon the late experimental settlements. The emigration of 1823, after deducting cost of passage, gave L.15, 8s. 9d. per head. That of 1825 gave L.13, 11s. 8d.; and a more recent experiment in the town of Ops, in Upper Canada, gave L.3, 2s. 6d.; but it would be unsafe to assume either of these as data for further proceedings; for in the two first cases many abandoned their lots and increased the average cost, although their places have been supplied since; and the situation of Ops was too near to other settlements to call it a beginning in the wilderness; on this account the sum of L.400 was limited to it; but I understood from a gentleman who had access to the disbursement accounts, that L.1000 would probably be sufficient to set a new settlement fairly off with, but without the expense of mills.

"I believe the township of Cavan, in Upper Canada, was settled also without advance.

"In Lower Canada the unoccupied Crown reserves in the townships of Inverness and Leeds, have been sold to settlers who are doing very well, and free of cost to Government; so much so, that the county in which they are, contained, the 1st of May 1829, only 523 souls, and in September 1830, it exceeded 2000,

which was almost entirely owing to the increase of those townships. More settlers might also have been added last autumn, but they were deterred by an insufficiency of provisions on the spot, and the expense of drawing them from a distance. But again, this settlement of reserves, as the name implies, was a secondary one.

"Among the Reports of Committees of the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, 1829, I find an interesting communication upon the settlement of new lands, with an estimate of the cost of locating 150 poor families, stated at L.900, or L.6 each, with the idea not only that it is to be repaid in six years, but of the probability of as much more being gained by the advance, exclusive of the value of the lands settled; and this effect is proposed to be produced by supplying the settler with labour upon the spot, in the shape of a public farm, from which he is to receive payments in provisions, and no other public work to be effected.

"Many respectable people are of opinion of the safety of advances to settlers, and even regard it as a profitable operation. But I can only say that my *experience* obliges me to take the *other side* decidedly; and without even considering the *risk*, it is to be remarked that the advances alone would gather rapidly to a very heavy amount, in case an extensive system of emigration should be acted upon, which might gradually and insensibly swell so much as to create dissatisfaction and disgust, and finally either break up the whole system, or cause its falling by its own weight.

"But if it be ultimately determined upon aiding the settler in the first occupancy of the wilderness, or to bring the waste lands of the Crown into action, my advice would be, first, to determine with consideration, where the settlements are to be, and then to survey the lands into townships and lots of 100 acres each, and this will take up six months previous arrangement at least.

"Afterwards I should be decidedly of opinion to prefer giving assistance by finding labour for him to earn the supplies he wants, to any advance of money or funds to be used at his own discretion. Emigrants arriving with a few pounds in their pockets, are said to hang about the town and spend all before they move, and especially such as have been assisted by the parish; and the change of circumstances, from parochial relief to competent rations, regularly distributed, and the independent feelings attached to the ownership of lands, all conspire to work a change in the moral feelings of the



man, and the provincial rate of daily wages lifts him above absolute dependence. Upon his gratitude I should place no reliance, nor much security upon the increased value of his lot, which, if unoccupied for a few years, returns to its former valueless condition. The fact is, he requires to be kept in a constant state of excitement and exertion against his first difficulties; some stimulant is necessary, and money is a sedative.

"If labour is found for him to resort to, whenever his own farm does not require it, during his first year's occupation, it would remain for us to discover some profitable investment for it. I should therefore adopt the public farm, as recommended in the Report, which would soon produce a proportion of all the provisions required for the young settlers, and thus far have in itself the means of paying them for their labour: but I would also find labour upon the public roads, leading to the settlement, and through it to others.

"The greatest desiderata in new settlements are mills and roads; mills should be supplied by private enterprise, but roads come under the regulation of the law; hence the inability of young settlements to accomplish them till they rise into opulence, and the consequent retardation of their advance.

"The House of Assembly, in Lower Canada, has voted L.58,000 for internal communications, and about L.16,000 for roads, in 1829, a great proportion of which is for the new settlements with scanty populations, and lying at distances; the opening of roads would therefore be a work of public utility, and stamp a permanent value upon every lot in the settlement.

"In suggesting the above ideas, I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to incorporate the leading objects of all the different parties who have thought seriously upon the subject, advancing assistance to the emigrant, according to the Emigration Report, offering labour on a public farm, according to the Canadian Report, with my own addition of the labour on roads. I would beg, however, to be particularly understood, that the public farm is only recommended where settlements are in a manner to be *forced*, and that the land, so improved, might afterwards be resold at advance.

"This also appears to me the most economical mode of procedure; it would not require more expenses than seem now almost indispensable; the surveying is absolutely so; that of agents is equally wanted to forward the emigrant to his destination, and place him upon his lot;

the extra charge would be only that of finding provisions, which, if supplied in payment of labour, can be more easily regulated, modified, or dispensed with, than a cash advance, which always carries with it something in the way of bounty. This mode would enable the agent to proportion his assistance to the meritorious settler, and the indolent would not resort to the settlement; the price of land would rise with the success of the operation. Moral discipline and order would grow out of it spontaneously, the best foundation of all institutions; and it might not be too much to ascribe all future success to this original preparation of the soil."

In the fertile lands and moderate climate of the Upper Province, Mr Richards is of opinion that the settlements may—to a considerable extent—supply their own means of improvement. But in Lower Canada, and also in New Brunswick, much assistance is absolutely necessary; and then it is only the poorer classes who will lead the way into the woods. If people, he adds, of some capital or better education, could be induced to embark in the undertaking, it would be most desirable; and is not Britain the birth-place of noble enterprise? It would be well, too, he thinks, taking a wide and wise view of the social and political state of these colonies, if encouragement could be extended to the Canadian seigneurs. Some modification of the old French mode of settlement might be adopted, not at variance with our laws and customs. By this mode of settlement, he says, they establish a denser population, a people more attached to their soil, and more exclusively so to their own habits. Those habits are the natural supporters of the monarchical system. And that is the only part of the continent of North America where this is the natural tendency of social institutions. But, when we view a country to be redeemed from the wilderness to a state of agriculture by the gradual advance of lot by lot, without an original investment of capital or improved education, or, in fact, controlling minds, or superior classes to direct, lead, or concentrate public feeling, he fears, that such a mode of procedure would be in hostility to the best interests of our institutions. With the Americans, such a retail occupation of the wilderness is by

no means objectionable, as it harmonizes with their habits of progressive advance; first, settlement of any kind attracts attention to the district, then speculation creeps in, and various interests get engaged in it; enterprising young men of the professional classes soon follow; villages grow up; and if any thing like commercial enterprise can take root, the bank completes the machinery of social life.

These views which we have transferred but slightly abridged to our pages, shew Mr Richards to be a man not only of acute observation, but of profound reflection, and we trust they will not be lost on the government to which they are addressed, and that Britain and the Canadas will experience the benefit of the measures carried into effect at the suggestion of such true wisdom.

But we must return to the Tiger—beg pardon, the Backwoodsman. His second chapter is a good one—plain and sensible—as indeed they all are—“Preparations for Emigration.” The motto is appropriate. “Bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, and I’ll go and pouse my fortune.”—*Scotch Nursery Tale*. Let no emigrant carry to the woods of Upper Canada heavy lumbering articles of wooden furniture. All these can be procured for far less than the cost of transport, from Quebec and Montreal. Black walnut makes handsomer furniture than mahogany, and it does not so easily stain; “a property which saves much scrubbing, and not a little scolding in families.” But let all emigrants that can, carry out coarse clothing; such as slop and shooting jackets, shirts, bedding, cooking utensils, a clock or timepiece, “books packed in barrels,” hosiery, boots, and shoes. As a general rule, too, every thing made of metal. Besides gardeners’ and carpenters’ tools, he ought to take out with him some purgative medicines—and the Doctor recommends Anderson’s, or any other of the *aloetic and colocynth* pills, (he apologizes afterwards for having used the learned word, “*deliquate*,”) epsom salts, magnesia, and emetics, made up in doses. Sail as early in spring as you can, and in a fast sailer. If you find yourself on the outward voyage,

you must lay in a very considerable quantity of potatoes and oatmeal, not only because these articles are cheap, but because (witness, we beseech you, the utter absence of the itch from Scotland,) they have a tendency to correct the scorbutic qualities of salt meat. A few onions and leeks—(especially if you are a Welshman,)—likewise will be found a great comfort on a long voyage, as also a good supply of vinegar and pickles. The difference of a fortnight in the voyage may make you miserable or happy for the next year. For if you arrive in time to put in a small crop of potatoes, turnips, oats, Indian corn, and a little garden stuff, it will go a great way to the maintenance of your family for the first year, as it will enable you to feed pigs, and keep a cow, which you could not otherwise accomplish. Sail in no ship with a drunken captain. But how are you to ascertain his sobriety? Perhaps by the colour of his nose. Yet the proboscis is often a gay deceiver. You may escape all shoals under the perpetual alarm spread over the steerage by a rubicund nasal promontory, and in spite, or perhaps in consequence of a pinched point as pale as snow, the Safety may suddenly “go down with twice two hundred men.” There are many civil, good tempered, sober captains of regular traders between Montreal and Greenock and Liverpool, and we are glad to hear it; but in preference to them all, the Backwoodsman, *experto crede Gulielmo*, strongly recommends “my worthy though diminutive friend, Captain Holridge of the Silas Richards.”

How, it is often asked, should money be taken to Canada? Answer by the Backwoodsman—“In any way except in goods.” Gold and silver, he says, and we believe him, make a good investment. But there is one great objection to bringing out money, which must stare every honest man in the face—ten to one you lose it, or are robbed. Lodge it therefore with “T. Wilson and Co. of Austin Friars, agents for the Bank of Upper Canada, or at the Canada Company’s office in St Helen’s Place, taking an acknowledgment”—(what sumph, we ask, would forget that?)



—“and then you can draw upon the fund from Canada, receiving the premium of the day on the exchange.”

The emigrant who can contrive to carry outseeds of the rarer grasses, as lucerne, and trefoil, and potatoe-oats, and the larger black oat of the south of Ireland for seed, (as that grain, if not renewed, degenerates into something little better than chaff,) may make a little fortune. But he would soon be the richest man in the county, or perhaps in Canada, could he, along with himself, wife, and a large family, export a first-rate boar, a good bull, and a superior stallion. He might also condescend to forward his fortunes by some “dogs for household use—such as the English sheep-dog, or Scotch colley, or the lurcher, who would be highly prized, particularly if trained to bring home the cattle, which often stray in the woods, and get injured by not being regularly milked. With careless settlers, indeed, one half the day is often spent in hunting up and down, and driving home the oxen.” Our friend here offers an ingenious idea. Cattle are fond of salt. Wherever there is a salt-spring or a salt “lick,” the deer and cattle flock to it from all quarters. A few hundred weight of rock salt from Liverpool, therefore, would bring the cattle together in Canada better than the same number of lurchers. “A friend of mine,” quoth the Backwoodsman, “had one (a lick) on his farm, and no force could keep off these intruders, (deer and cattle,) till at last he was obliged to come to a compromise with the four-footed congress, and fairly fenced in a road to the spring, and by this species of Whig conciliation, by a sacrifice of part of his rights, saved the rest of his property.” Talking of Liverpool rock-salt and “licks,” puts him in mind of kindred matters; and he cautions the emigrant, on his arrival on the St Laurence, after having been on a shortish allowance of water, “not to swallow the river by bucket-fulls.” You will abstain from so doing, if you have any bowels of compassion for your intestinal canal; for the lime, that forms a pretty considerable constituent of Canadian water, acts pretty much in the same manner as a solution of Glauber’s Salts. Thence dysentery and diarrhœa. The

Backwoodsman avows an unbounded veneration for the principles of the Temperance Societies, (leaving the practice to his brother,) but with all deference recommends, that the pure fluid be drunk in very small quantities at first, and even then tempered with the most impalpable infusion possible of Jamaica or Cogniac.

But “what is to be done on landing in Quebec?” That is the taking title of Chapter Third, which, as usual, has a well selected motto from the “Irishman’s prayer in the woods between New York and Canada, A. D. 1784.”—“Lord, have compassion upon me, a poor unfortunate sinner, three thousand miles from my own country, and seventy-five from anywhere else!” He addresses himself first to “rich men,” who have no business there, we can see, at least as settlers. With them it matters not how soon or late they may settle, or how they spend their money; and since they are at Quebec at any rate, he advises them to go to Paine’s Hotel—to visit the heights of Abraham, the fortifications of Cape Diamond, the cathedral and the convents—to make an excursion to Montmorencie and Lorette, and do all the other things recommended by the “Guide Book,” and the “Picture of Quebec.” But if you have no money to throw away, in with yourself and luggage, the first and indeed only thing you do, into a Montreal steam-boat, and off to the head of the Lake of Ontario. Perhaps you have written to your friends there to provide a farm for you beforehand, on which you can set to work at once like a thousand devils. If not, then go to York, the capital of the Province, like a flash of fire; for there the greatest quantity of land is for sale, and then you may fix on the proper place to set up your staff. Here is an amusing and instructive extract.

“If you have little or no money, you may apply to the agent for emigrants, who will put you in the way of procuring lands at a cheap rate, and on easy conditions, in the back townships; or, if you prefer working to enable you to pay for lands in a better settled country, he may probably inform you where good wages can be procured. If you have money enough to pay a first instalment and

keep yourself and family for a year, you had better apply at the office of the Canada Company or the Crown Commissioner, where you will receive every information as to the lands most suitable to your circumstances and views, and learn the terms on which they are willing to sell them. Those of the Canada Company are generally as follows:—Having fixed upon a lot, you offer the price at which their surveyors have valued it, and on paying a first instalment of one-fifth down, and signing five notes of hand, each for one-fifth of the remainder payable yearly with interest, till the whole is liquidated, you receive what is called a letter of license, which at once acknowledges the receipt of the money paid, and gives you full possession of the lands; and when the last promissory note is paid off, you receive a regular deed for the lands, and forthwith become entitled to all the privileges, dignities, and immunities of Canadian freeholders. Strangers in the province sometimes get taken in, in an unscriptural sense of the term, by purchasing lands from individuals with defective titles, or no titles at all. If the party pays the whole money at once, this risk may be obviated, as there is a register office in each county, and by consulting that, he can ascertain if any and what burthens are upon the estate; but if he is to pay the purchase-money by instalments, he must depend wholly on the character of the seller; for even though he register his lien on the farm, he is laying out his labour and money on it, which is enhancing its value to a much greater amount than the mere repayment of his instalments will cover.

"If you have no particular motives to induce you to settle in one part of the province more than another, I would recommend to you the Canada Company's Huron Tract, and for the following reasons:—

"1st, The land, as I shall have occasion to show, is equal to any in the province, and superior to much the greater part of it.

"2d, The very great extent of land (nearly eleven hundred thousand acres) gives the settler an extensive power of selection, which he does not possess in any other part of the province; and when a community, however numerous, comes out, they are enabled to settle together, without any other party interfering with them.

"3d, It possesses numerous streams capable of driving any given quantity of machinery, whether for mills, manufactories, or farming purposes, and it has water conveyance to carry away produce.

"4th, Being from 120 to 400 feet above the level of lake Huron, it is healthy, and the prevalent winds, the north-west, west, and south-west, blowing over the lake, which, from its depth, never freezes, temper the rigour of the winter frost and summer heat; and the snow, which has always hitherto fallen in sufficient quantity to afford good winter roads, prevents the frost from getting into the ground, so that the moment it melts the spring commences, and the cattle have pasture in the woods fully three weeks sooner than in the same parallel of latitude on the shores of lake Ontario—a great advantage to the farmer, under any circumstances, but an invaluable privilege to a new settler, whose chief difficulty is to procure feeding for his stock during winter.

"5th, Crown and clergy reserves have long been a bar to the settlement and improvement of the province, though the nuisance is now, to a certain extent, abating by their sale on fair terms; but no legislative enactment can secure the people against absentee proprietors—that is, persons about the government who have received large grants of land, or others who have purchased from these, and who hold them till, by the labour of their neighbours, roads are cut, and their value increased. Now, in the Huron tract there are no reserves of any kind; and as for absentee proprietors, the Company's regulations compel all its settlers to clear about three and a half per cent of their land annually for the first seven years. This is no hardship; for a man, if he means to do good, will clear much more of his own accord, and if he has no such intention, it is only fair to prevent him from injuring his neighbour. The Company has made good roads through the tract; and this regulation, by making every farm be opened towards the road, not only keeps them so, from letting in the sun and air upon them, but secures the residence of eight families on every mile of the road, by whose statute labour it can be kept in the very best repair.

"It has been objected by some, that this tract of country is *out of the world*; but no place can be considered in that light, to which a steam-boat can come; and on this continent, if you find a tract of good land, and open it for sale, the world will very soon come to you. Sixteen years ago, the town of Rochester consisted of a tavern and a blacksmith's shop—it is now a town containing upwards of 16,000 inhabitants.

"The first time the Huron tract was ever trod by the foot of a white man was in the summer of 1827; next summer a



road was commenced, and that winter, and in the ensuing spring of 1829, a few individuals made a lodgment: now it contains upwards of 600 inhabitants, with taverns, shops, stores, grist and saw-mills, and every kind of convenience that a new settler can require; and if the tide of emigration continues to set in as strongly as it has done, in ten years from this date it may be as thickly settled as any part of America—for Goderich has water-powers quite equal to Rochester, and the surrounding country possesses much superior soil.

"Emigrants are often anxious to purchase a farm partially cleared; and for those who can afford it, this is a very good plan. But you must not let your English prejudices against stumps lead you, without farther enquiry, to give an extravagant price for a farm where the stumps have disappeared; for from the slovenly mode of farming pursued in this country, these farms are often what are emphatically denominated *exhausted*,—that is to say, crop after crop of wheat has been taken off them until they are so completely deprived of the power of supporting vegetable life, that they will yield nothing; and then, when they will not return the seed that is sown in them, the wily proprietor finds a greenhorn who wants a fine cleared farm, which he *lets him have* for a handsome consideration; and next autumn the poor man discovers, too late, that it will cost him more money to bring his purchase into heart, than would have bought and cleared a wild farm. To such an extent is this system carried, of growing wheat without relieving the land by a rotation of crops, or a single cart-load of manure, that I have known twenty-seven crops of wheat taken off a field consecutively, and then, as a matter of course, if it cannot be sold, it is allowed to grow up with briars and brambles, and the owner sets himself to clear new land. Persons wishing to buy a cleared farm, would do well to take a farm for a year or so, until they have acquired sufficient knowledge of the country to be able to judge for themselves, as to what purchase would be eligible for the purposes they have in view."

Chapter Fourth is on the "Climate of Upper Canada." The Motto? "*Capt. B.* 'Well, John, what kind of night have we had?' *Servant.* Why, your honour, it *sne*d a little in the forepart of the night, but towards morning it *frizz* horrid.'" The Backwoodsman candidly confesses that it has never been accountable to him how the

heat of the sun is regulated. All Upper Canada is to the south of Penzance; but there is no part of England where the cold is so intense as in Canada. There again is Virginia. Were it on the European side of the hemisphere, it would be looked on as almost a tropical climate. Yet the Virginian cold is so intense as to hold the coldest of English cold at open defiance. The summer heat, on the other hand, of Upper Canada, is as great as it is whimsical—generally ranging towards 80° Fahrenheit, but during the night, frequently tumbling down to 40°. The climate, however, is delightfully dry. Roofs of tinned iron of fifty years standing, are as bright as the day they came out of the shop; and you may leave a charge of powder in your gun for a month, and find, at the end of it, that it goes off without hanging fire. The notice of two such facts, simple as they are, shews the keen eye, and the purpose for which they are mentioned, the mind of a philosopher. Pulmonary consumption, the scourge alike of England and the sea-coast of America, is so rare, we are told, in the northern parts of New York and Pennsylvania, and the whole of Upper Canada, that in eight years residence, the writer has not seen as many cases of that disease as he has in a day's visit to a provincial infirmary at home. (There he lets out the Doctor.) You never hear a churchyard cough. And in the cathedral at Montreal, where from three to five thousand people assemble every Sunday, the service is seldom interrupted by those universal fits of a suppressed "hoast," which in Scotland so often strangle the sermon. Poor M'Taggart (he was a clever creature) gives a somewhat different account, in his *Three Years in Canada*. "Consumption," says he, "is very frequent, and of the most rapid nature, too. Dr Christie, myself, and some others, were one evening resting ourselves in the Hull hotel, when behind the arras some one gave a cough. 'That's a churchyard cough,' exclaimed the Doctor; 'and whoever gave it will be in the grave in less time than six weeks from this date.' Astonished at the matter, we started up, and went to explore the adjoining rooms. We did so; and although we found

plenty of people in them, not one seemed any thing like ready for the grave in six weeks; all looked pretty fat and healthy. We enquired about who had been *coughing*; but all denied it, or rather they were not aware of any one—the very person himself was not aware. We went back to our apartment; and having been there a few hours, we heard a similar cough again. Up we started, determined to *discover its author*, and traced it to proceed from a master mason, a very strong and healthy-looking young Scotchman! I would not believe the Doctor; but his words proved perfectly true. The *lad* died in less than six weeks' time, to the grief of a fine young woman he was going to have for a wife. I went to see him on his death-bed; she was there, and weeping over him. Dear girl! her lover died; but she had another in a few weeks afterwards, and was married. Mr Mackay, my worthy friend, gave them the *oufit*:—of course I was at the wedding."

The only disease, says the Backwoodsman, we are annoyed with here that we are not accustomed to at home is the intermittent fever; and though most abominably annoying, it is by no means dangerous. You are only laughed at. Mr M'Taggart, again, says it is "often fatal, and the nature of it seems not well understood by the faculty." Indeed we may ask *what disease is?* The Backwoodsman says Canada may be pronounced the most healthy country under the sun, considering that whisky can be procured for about one shilling sterling the gallon; and we cannot find out from him on what principle it is that the Canadians die. The fact is nowhere indeed denied, nor is it anywhere admitted. Mr M'Taggart again says, "Canada has a large share of diseases; like most other countries, it is not so very *fine* and *healthy* as has been reported. There are many hale old people in it, to be sure; but such persons are to be met with even in Batavia, the most sickly town on the earth. If we had no occasion to *expose* ourselves to the weather, it is probable that we should find ourselves enjoying better health than we commonly do; but who can keep from exposing themselves? We must go forth on

our business, whatever that may be. The majority of mankind must struggle to live, in order to die. If we can afford to go out and come in when we please, I dare say there is not any more to be said against sickness in this climate than in England; but if we have to wander in the wilderness amongst swamps, as many have—to sleep amongst them, and be obliged to drink bad water, the *dysentery*, *fever* and *ague*, and all manner of bilious fevers, are sure to succeed one another.

"The fever and ague of Canada are different from those of other countries. They generally come on with an attack of bilious fever, and dreadful vomiting, pains in the back and loins, general debility, loss of appetite, *so that we cannot even take tea*, a thing that can be endured by the stomach in England when nothing else can be suffered. After being in this state for eight or ten days, the yellow jaundice is likely to ensue, and then *fits* of trembling; these come on some time in the afternoon, mostly, with all. For two or three hours before they arrive, we feel so cold that nothing will warm us; the greatest heat that can be applied is perfectly unfelt; the skin gets dry, and then the *shaking begins*. Our very bones ache, teeth chatter, and the ribs are sore, continuing thus in great agony for about an hour and a half: we then commonly have a vomit, the trembling ends, and a profuse sweat ensues, which lasts for two hours longer. This over, we find the malady has run one of its rounds, and start out of bed in a feeble state, sometimes unable to stand, and entirely dependant on our friends (*if we have any*) to lift us on some seat or other."

Mr M'Taggart says the weather is very changeable; and passages in the Backwoodsman imply as much—especially in summer. When it does change, it is always on a sudden; and few can prophesy from appearances with any degree of success, more than five hours before the alteration takes place. The heavens will sometimes get overcast, and the rain begin to pour in a twinkling; the sky, says Mr M'Taggart, is "seldom very beautiful to look upon;" the Backwoodsman speaks with delight of the smoke "gradual-



ly melting in the beautiful clear blue of the morning sky;" and Mr M'Taggart complains that he never once saw "what might be called a respectable towering woolly cloud." Winds are seldom severe; sometimes, however, they lay waste extensive belts of the forest for thirty miles at a stretch, and from a quarter to a mile broad. These are called windfalls. Our readers may remember a noble description of one in our article on Audubon's Ornithology by that powerful painter. The wide roads, Mr M'Taggart tells us, through pieces of forest-ground, are dangerous to travellers during a squall; he has seen trees crashing down before and behind in a frightful manner; and at Stony Creek, he saw a woman and her son killed on the spot. The weather, he says, is so excessively sultry that you do not know what to do with yourselves; you seek for the lake or the river to have a swim, but that does no good, for the water is so warm that you are afraid of being boiled, and prefer coming out to be roasted.

The climate, however, on the whole, is certainly good, as climates go; and he would be hard to please in the article of weather, who did not love and admire a Canadian winter. There is no day there, except now and then a rainy one, on which a man need be kept from his work. "The thermometer there is no judge of warm or cold weather." Here it is a judge, but a bad one; and will pronounce a different decision every two hours; so you know not, in your perplexity, what to do with your great coat, and are sorely puzzled about your umbrella. Mr M'Taggart, and the Backwoodsman, and Mr M'Gregor, and Monsieur Bourchette, and all—are in raptures with the winter. M'Taggart says, enthusiastically, "the farmer requires it all, and the lover thinks it too short, for it is only in the *sleighting* season that he has any chance of seeing his mistress." Yet with all the admitted merits of the Canadian climate, both summer and winter, and Indian summer (a season between the other two), a satirical friend of the Doctor's said, summing up the year, "for two months of spring, and two months of autumn, you are up to your middle in mud; for four months of summer you are broiled by the heat, choked

with the dust, and devoured by the mosquitoes; and for the remaining four months, if you get your nose above the snow, it is to have it bit off by the frost." This is almost as severe as Dr Johnson's character of our Scottish year—"ten months of winter, and two of exceedingly cold weather."

It was our intention to have quoted largely from the excellent chapter, overflowing with information useful to emigrants, on the "Soil of Upper Canada." But we cannot quote every thing; and wish to direct the attention of the English Public to Canadian Cookery. The Inns, though many of them clean and comfortable enough, and the landlords almost uniformly civil and obliging, are bad. For never in any other country was so fully illustrated the proverb of "God sending meat and the Devil the Cook." "The radical cause of this defect, (for this 'effect defective comes by cause,') seems to me to be," quoth the Doctor, "that the Cookery of America is derived from that of Holland—so they are inferior pupils of an indifferent school; for though both countries have produced painters of great eminence, I never yet heard of either producing a cook of even moderate genius." He speaks with indignation of the place of the Gridiron being usurped by the Frying-Pan, with disgust of the universal deluge of Grease and Butter. In America, he tells us, that the mysteries of Cookery have hitherto, like those of the Druids of old, been preserved by oral tradition; but that a Virgin, *benempted* Prudence Smith, is now about to collect, arrange, and classify them into a Code of Transatlantic culinary oeconomics, and thus will become the Justinian and Napoleon of her national gastronomy—the Meg Dods and Hannah Glasse of the New World.

We cannot sympathize with our friend's horror of Grease and Butter. The following dishes, as described by him, with a strange mixture of disgust and desire, must be to a high degree palatable—and we shall prove one or two of them ere we sleep. The principle on which poultry is dressed in Canada, must be opposite to those on which the practice we are now going to quote depends. He conjectures, that in or-

der to deprive it of all taste and flavour, and give it the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, they first boil it to rags, and then bake it to a chip in an oven.

*"To Dress a Beef Steak.*—Cut the steak about a quarter of an inch thick, wash it well in a tub of water, wringing it from time to time after the manner of a dish-clout; put a pound of fresh butter in a frying-pan, (hog's lard will do, but butter is more esteemed,) and when it boils, put in the steak, turning and peppering it for about a quarter of an hour; then put it into a deep dish, and pour the oil over it, till it floats, and so serve it.

*"To Boil Green Peas.*—Put them in a large pot full of water, boil them till they burst. Pour off one half of the water, leaving about as much as will cover them; then add about the size of your two fists of butter, and stir the whole round with a handful of black pepper. Serve in a wash-hand basin.

*"To Pickle Cucumbers.*—Select, for this purpose, cucumbers the size of a man's foot,—if beginning to grow yellow, so much the better; split them in four, and put them into an earthen vessel—then cover them with whisky. The juices of the cucumber, mixing with the alcohol, will run into the acetous fermentation, so you make vinegar and pickles both at once; and the pickles will have that bilious, Calcutta-looking complexion, and slobbery, slimy consistence, so much admired by the Dutch gourmands of this country.

*"To make Butter Toast.*—Soak the toasted bread in warm milk and water; get ready a quantity of melted butter, and dip the bread into it; then place the slices stratum super stratum in a deep dish, and pour the remainder of the melted butter over them."

With such victuals, we should not be fastidious about a dining-room. But how are the settlers lodged in Upper Canada? Most of their houses are of logs. But we had better quote them *abridge*.

"There are different kinds of houses in Canada, about which a few words may be useful to the settler. Most of the houses, more particularly those of recent settlers, are built of logs. When a man gets on a little in the world, he builds a frame house, weather-boarded outside, and lathed and plastered within; and in travelling along the road, you can form a pretty accurate estimate of the time a man has been settled, by the house he inhabits;—indeed, in some instances, you may read the whole history

of his settlement in the buildings about his farm-yard.

"The original shanty, or log-hovel, which sheltered the family when they first arrived on their wild lot, still remains, but has been degraded into a pig-gery; the more substantial loghouse, which held out the weather during the first years of their sojourn, has, with the increase of their wealth, become a chapel of ease to the stable or cowhouse; and the glaring and staring bright-red brick house is brought forward close upon the road, that the frame dwelling, which at one time the proprietor looked upon as the very acmé of his ambition, may at once serve as a kitchen to, and be concealed by, its more aspiring and aristocratic successor; just like a man who, having acquired wealth from small beginnings, is anxious to conceal from the world the gradations by which he rose, and to exhibit only the result of his successful industry.

"If you can afford to build a brick or stone house at first, by all means do so; but if you cannot, take my advice, and, like a good fellow, don't build a frame one. It is the most uncomfortable dwelling ever man lived in. It is utterly impossible to make it air tight, so that it is as hot as an oven in summer, and as cold as an open shed in winter. Build a log-house; not a thing that is put up in the course of a forenoon, but with corners neatly squared and jointed, as if a carpenter had dovetailed them. Point it with mortar, not clay, and whitewash it outside and in; and give it a cottage roof, the eaves projecting at least twenty inches, so that the drop may never touch the walls. As you will hardly get seasoned wood, you had better lay your floors rough, and run up temporary wooden partitions. With such a house, you may make a shift for the first winter. Next spring, the boards will be seasoned; so you can take them up room by room, and have them properly planed, ploughed, tongued and laid; and then, when you plaster your walls and partitions, the logs having dried and settled as much as there is any chance of their ever doing, you will have a comfortable house for the remainder of your life.

"We build very ugly houses in Canada, very ill laid out, and very incommodious; but this is our misfortune, not our fault, for there are no people on the face of the earth more willing to learn, and if by any chance a man once lays out a cottage a little neater than his neighbour's, you will see it imitated for ten miles on each side of him along the road. Therefore, if you will bring out with you a set of neat designs and elevations of small houses, it will not only enable you to



build a good house yourself, but you will become a public benefactor, by showing to the whole of your neighbourhood how they may do the same."

In his *Three Years in Canada*, Mr M'Taggart writes so well on the same subject, that we are sure we shall please our friends by giving them a pretty long passage.

"The orders of architecture baffle all description: every one builds his cottage or house according to his fancy; and it is not a difficult thing, in passing through the country, to tell what nation the natives of the houses *hail from*, if we are aware of any of the whims or conceits that characterise them. Thus, a plain rectangular house of brick or stone, with five windows and a door in front, and a window, perhaps, in either gable; the barns, sheds, stables, and offices at a respectable distance behind; a kitchen-garden off at one end, full of turnips, melons, onions, cabbages, &c., and at the other an orchard, full of fruit-trees, with a range of beehives in a corner, is the dwelling of an honest English farmer. The wealthy Lowland Scotchman follows the same plan nearly: there is not such an air of neatness and uniformity, but there is more live stock about the doors: the pool, or river, is full of geese and ducks, while round the barn are numerous flocks of hens and turkeys; a favourite cow, perhaps, hangs on for friendship about the gate; a sow comes forth with her litter; and the cur-dogs seem not to be scarce.

"A house larger than either of these, chiefly built of wood, and painted white, with nine windows and a door in front, seven windows in either gable, and a *semicircular* one above all, almost at the top of the angle of the roof, the blinds painted green, the chimney stalks highly ornamented, and also the fanlight at the door; the barns, stables, &c. off from the house at a great distance; the arches of all the shed doors turned of wood in eccentric elliptics; live stock not very plentiful about the place; a disposition to be showy and clean, without neatness, proportion, or substantiality; a good-looking girl, I might say, about the head, but the shoes not shining with Warren's best, with a tolerably well-made gown on, not very tawdry, the petticoats, which may sometimes be seen if we mind our eye, having no charms, and any thing but the colour of the snow,—it is almost needless for me to say, that this is the mansion of Jonathan, or the U. E. Loyalist from the United States.

"A house nearly as large as the American's, but built of stone, and high roofed, having two tall chimney stalks growing

out of either gable; an attempt to be showy and substantial, without rhyme or reason; an air of great miscalculation, and a woeful sacrifice made with the intention to gain something, which something does not seem to have been properly defined; a disposition evidently for a house like no other person's, beyond the reach of architecture, generally met with in a state of dilapidation and decay, the window-panes sadly mutilated, old straw-hats stuck in to keep out the wind, and so forth,—this (and there are many such places) was intended for the abode of a person who had made a few thousand pounds by the fur-trade—a wild, pushing Highlandman, who had often seen the remotest regions of the north-west.

"The French Canadian has a little house with verandas all round, few windows, and few fancies; every thing done with an air of humble comfort; a windmill, perhaps, turns round on the top of one chimney, and a *cross* is stuck up on another; if a large pole stands before the door with a cock perched on the top of it, the owner is a captain in the native militia. The Dutch copy the Canadians: have their houses small and comfortable, but without much uniformity, and they seem to dislike little *toys*, such as windmills: if the house can be surrounded with an orchard, they will have it done: and above the well is sure to be placed the long Dutch lever, a large spar, often nearly thirty feet long, balanced on a fulcrum of about twelve feet high; a chain is fixed to the upper end, and a hook, by which the *can* or *pail* is let down into the well, and when full, the lever, to return to its equilibrium, assists the drawer of water to bring it up—a simple and useful invention."

The emigrant having become a settler, and finding that, though he must work, and also eat, like a horse, there are leisure hours when it would be unnatural to do either, begins to think "what shall be my amusements?" The forests abound with game, the rivers teem with fish, and he has brought out with him a gun and a fishing-rod. Thus shall the labours of his leisure load the larder with "the most savoury part of its contents." Deer, larger than the fallow-deer of England, and with horns twined the wrong way, abound; and deer-stalking is practised with success by those who know the salt licks. But there is another way of shooting them more picturesque. You let a canoe or raft float down a stream during the midsummer night, with a bright light upon it. This

dazzles or fascinates the animal, who is fond of standing in the water, when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manœuvre be skilfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him—so near indeed, that he has been killed with a fish-spear. At other times, with hound and horn, he is driven into the water, where you from a boat knock him on the head, or catching him by the seat (tail), you make him tow the boat till he is exhausted.

"In deer stalking, and, indeed, all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out,—that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods, punk, that is, German tinder, a fungous excrescence of the maple, and a flint. With this and the back of his knife, a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead, nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather tight. And in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow up on the walls so as to exclude the wind.

"When a bear runs away with one of your pigs, there is no use in going after him, hallooing, without a gun. You may scare him away from the mutilated carcass, but it will make but indifferent pork; since, not being bred in Leaden-hall or Whitechapel, he has but a slovenly way of slaughtering. But trace to where he has dragged it, and near sunset let self and friend hide themselves within easy distance, and he will be certain to come for his supper, which, like all sensible animals, he prefers to every other meal. Nay, it is highly probable, if he possesses the gallantry which a well-bred bear ought to have, he will bring Mrs Bruin and all the children along with him, and you can transact business with the whole family at once.

"In hunting the bear, take all the curs

in the village along with you. Game dogs are useless for this purpose; for, unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces or hugged to death for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree,\* where he can be shot. The bear of Canada is seldom dangerous. He is always ready to enter into a treaty, similar to what my Lord Brougham negotiated lately with Lord Londonderry, viz. let-be for let-be—but if wounded, he is dangerous in the extreme. You should always, therefore, hunt him in couples, and have a shot in reserve, or a goodly cudgel, ready to apply to the root of his nose, where he is as vulnerable as Achilles was in the heel. Some ludicrous stories are told of bear-hunting; for Bruin is rather a humourist in his way. A friend of mine, with his surveying party, ten men in all, once treed a very large one; they immediately cut clubs, and set to work to fell the tree. Bruin seemed inclined to maintain his position, till the tree began to lean, when he slid down to about fifteen feet from the ground, and then clasped his fore-paws over his head and let himself tumble amongst them. Every club was raised, but Bruin was on the alert; he made a charge, upset the man immediately in front, and escaped with two or three thumps on the rump, which he valued not one pin.

"When once they have killed a pig, if you do not manage to kill the bear, you will never keep one hog; for they will come back till they have taken the last of them;—they will even invade the sacred precincts of the pig-stye. An Irishman in the Newcastle district once caught a bear *flagrante delicto*, dragging a hog over the walls of the pew. Pat, instead of assailing the bear, thought only of securing his property; so he jumped into the stye, and seized the pig by the tail. Bruin having hold of the ears, they had a dead pull for possession, till the whillilooing of Pat, joined to the plaintive notes of his *protégé*, brought a neighbour to his assistance, who decided the contest in Pat's favour, by knocking the assailant on the head.—A worthy friend of mine, of the legal profession, and now high in office in the colony, once, when a young man, lost his way in the woods, and seeing a high stump, clambered up it with the hope of looking around him. While standing on the top of it for this purpose, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the hollow of the tree, beyond the power of extricating himself.

\* "Tree-to,"—an American verb active, signifying to make any animal take to a tree."



Whilst bemoaning here his hard fate, and seeing no prospect before him, save that of a lingering death by starvation, the light above his head was suddenly excluded, and his view of the sky, his only prospect, shut out by the intervention of a dense medium, and by and by he felt the hairy posteriors of a bear descend upon him. With the courage of despair he seized fast hold of Bruin behind, and by this means was dragged once more into upper day. Nothing, surely, but the instinct of consanguinity could have induced Bruin thus to extricate his distressed brother."

Otters are abundant; but there are no otter hounds. Foxes are small, and have the most delicate of furs. They are caught in traps, we presume. So is an anonymous and anomalous animal, "something between a hare and a rabbit." He frequents the swamps, and must be a curiosity in his way. The racoon is hunted in marshy grounds by moonlight, treed by dogs, and then either shot, or killed by felling the tree. He is valuable for his fur; and, when baked with potatoes, his flesh is esteemed a delicacy. The beaver is rarely seen; but the varieties of the pole-cat kind are numerous, including the ermine. The wolf is mischievous, but, a high reward being offered for his head, will soon be extinct. Black squirrels are incalculable. For the continent contains perhaps one thousand times as much uncleared as cultivated land; and when the acorns and beech-mast fail in the woods, they must seek for food elsewhere, and in countless millions invade the corn-fields. In 1827, the party exploring the now Canada Company's Huron tract were much annoyed by an animal called a mole, but more like the shrew-mouse; perhaps a cross between them, like our friend, the produce of a hare by a rabbit. These pests, we are informed, kept running over the faces of the party all night, poking their long slender noses up the nostrils and into the eyes of the poor people while asleep, and on one occasion one of them commenced making a meal on the upper lip of an unfortunate Scotchman, who raised a cry that wakened the whole camp, under the conviction that the Indians had made a night attack on them. And we have a shrewd suspicion that they had. Whenever a fish was caught and laid

on the beach, you were sure, if absent for ten minutes, to find it deprived of its eyes; and if for half an hour, four or five of these mole-shrew-mice would have found a lodgment in the abdomen, while as many more were lugging at the sides. You could not walk a step without killing the creatures. For five years not one of them has been seen. Some years ago, the Talbot settlement was invaded by an army of weazels, which boldly entered the houses, and though from six to a dozen of them were killed every day in one gentleman's house, not a single female was ever found among the casualties. How can this be accounted for? exclaims the Backwoodsman—"I pause for a reply!" The ladies were all as "ladies wish to be who love their lords." And the lords were probably on such an excursion as lords like to take who do not love their ladies. In the bird way, there are pheasants, grouse, quails, snipes, woodcocks, and a great variety of the duck tribe. The finest for sport is the wood or tree-duck, as the finest for food is the canvass, to whose incomparable merits we did ample justice in our review, with our pen and pencil, of Mrs Trollope, and with our knife and fork at frequent dinners in New York, and other towns and cities in Unbritish America. The tree-duck is elegant, we are told, in his form, and with none of that aldermanic waddle in his gait that distinguishes the tame duck; he has a beautiful crest, of about two inches long, which distinguishes him from every other of his species. He quacks, we have no doubt, like a nightingale. Of the interminable flights of wild pigeons in America, every person has heard who has read Cooper and Audubon. Some two summers ago—says the facetious Backwoodsman—a stream of them took it into their heads to fly over York; and for three or four days the town resounded with one continual roll of firing, as if a skirmish were going on in the streets—every gun, pistol, musket, blunderbuss, and fire-arm of whatever description, being put in requisition. The constables and police magistrates were on the spot, and on the alert, and offenders without number were *pulled up*; among whom were honourable members of the executive and legislative councils, crown lawyers, respecta-

ble staid citizens, and, last of all, the Sheriff of the county; till at last it was found that pigeons, flying within every shot, were a temptation too strong for human nature to withstand; and so the contest was given up, and a sporting jubilee proclaimed to all and sundry. Wild geese and swans are only seen *in transitu*; for in Canada the climate is too hot for them in summer, and too cold in winter. But the king of feathered game is the wild turkey—weighing from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds; nor is he at certain periods shy. You can distinguish him from his tame cousin by a quick, firm, light-infantry step in his gait, and his look independent while watchful. They are game—quoth the Backwoodsman—"for pointers will set them." Then so are larks and mice. Sporting dogs are ever "a desideratum." Spaniels and setters are not found to do so well as smooth-haired pointers. Aye, after all, they everywhere are your jewels. There are no cockers. Invaluable would be a staghound with a cross of the bloodhound—with a voice like Mr Braham or Madame Pasta, to drive the deer "to soil," and throttle them in spite of their antlers. Greyhounds, he says, have been calumniated in Canada, people asserting, first, that they can't live, and, secondly, that they would be of no use if they did. "Both assertions," says the bold Backwoodsman, "I deny. For I have seen many *live* greyhounds in this country; and though a small, thin-skinned, silky-haired, drawing-room pet of a Surrey hound cannot be expected to dash through thick cover that would endanger the safety of its slender limbs, yet could a wolf-hound, or failing that, a strong, rough, wire-haired monster, such as is used in the hilly districts of Scotland, be introduced, I think he would prove effective in the woods, with fox, deer, or wolf. Wherever there are vermin, terriers are invaluable. In Canada there are plenty of the former, therefore let the setter be brought hither. The Scotch wire-haired, black-muzzled, or the English snow-ball, is the best." Not so fast, Doctor. The long-backed, short and thick-legged, out-turn-toed, shaggy Highlander, all the world over for our love and money; but we cannot part with Fang; no, no, Fang, thou must not be an emigrant.

We must give over quoting and abridging from this charming little book at last; and we conclude with an extract to our heart's delight.

"It is only since writing the above, that I fell in with the first volume of Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and I cannot describe the pleasure I received from reading his vivid, spirited, and accurate description of the feelings he experienced on first taking on him the life of a hunter. At an earlier period of life than Lord Edward had then attained, I made my *début* in the forest, and first assumed the blanket-coat and the rifle, the moccasin and the snow-shoe; and the ecstatic feeling of Arab-like independence, and the utter contempt for the advantage and restrictions of civilisation which he describes, I then felt in its fullest power. And even now, when my way of life, like Macbeth's, is falling 'into the sere, the yellow leaf,' and when a tropical climate, privation, disease, and thankless toil, are combining with advancing years to unstring a frame, the strength of which once set hunger, cold, and fatigue at defiance, and to undermine a constitution that once appeared iron-bound, still I cannot lie down by a fire in the woods, without the elevating feeling which I experienced formerly returning, though in a diminished degree. And this must be human nature;—for it is an undoubted fact, that no man who associates with and follows the pursuits of the Indian, for any length of time, ever voluntarily returns to civilized society.

"What a companion in the woods Lord Edward must have been! and how shocking to think that, with talents which would have made him at once the idol and the ornament of his profession, and affections which must have rendered him an object of adoration in all the relations of private life,—with honour, with courage, with generosity, with every trait that can at once ennoble and endear,—he should never have been taught, that there is a higher principle of action than the mere impulse of the passions,—that he should never have learned, before plunging his country into blood and disorder, to have weighed the means he possessed with the end he proposed, or the problematical good with the certain evil!—that he should have had Tom Paine for a tutor in religion and politics, and Tom Moore for a biographer, to hold up as a pattern, instead of warning, the errors and misfortunes of a being so noble,—to subserve the revolutionary purposes of a faction, who, like Samson, are pulling down a fabric which will bury both them and their enemies in it."



## TO THE FUTURE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE great contest which has divided this country, and fixed the attention of the civilized world, is now over. Yielding to the loudly expressed opinion of a majority in number at least of the nation, the legislature has agreed to remodel the representative part of the government; the admission of above half a million of new electors, chosen from every class in society, has given new and unprecedented influence to popular feeling, while the extinction of most of the old sources of aristocratic ascendancy has in a proportional degree diminished the weight of the fly-wheel, which, as we think, steadied, as you think, oppressed, the movements of society.

Whatever may be thought of the means by which this change has been effected, or the effects which it is likely to produce upon the public welfare, there can be but one opinion as to its magnitude and importance. So great a change on the elements of political power never was made, except in France at the era of the Constituent Assembly, in any state of the world. The Reformers have strongly advocated the necessity of this change, and represented it as calculated to remedy, in the end, all the evils of society, and remove the abuses which have crept into every department of the state. The Anti-Reformers have as steadily opposed it, as fraught, in their opinion, with imminent danger to the peace, the welfare, and the very existence of society. Differing on almost every other subject of human thought, these two great bodies in the state have agreed only in this, the immense importance of the change which the passing of the Reform Bill was calculated to work upon the frame of government, and, through it, ultimately upon all the varied interests of the state.

Of one thing Reformers and Anti-Reformers may rest assured, that the change will be productive of great effects one way or other upon the future fate of England, and the future happiness of every family it contains. Recent as well as remote

experience proves this. Of what immense changes in the political history and subsequent fortunes of France, was the duplication of the *Tiers Etat*, in other words, the Parliamentary Reform of France, the parent! What great and lasting effects in our own times have arisen from changes incomparably less momentous or general in their operation than this! Reflect on the consequences which have already followed the introduction of free trade, Mr Pitt's restriction on the payment by the Bank in gold in 1797, Sir Robert Peel's return to a metallic system in 1819, the suppression of the small notes of country bankers in 1826, the changes in the laws of the West India colonies within the last twelve years, and the emancipation of the Catholics. Many different opinions exist as to the expedience or inexpedience of these changes, and whether the interests of the empire have gained or suffered from their adoption; but there is but one as to the magnitude of the effects of one kind or another which they have produced. Some classes in society have been reduced to bankruptcy, others have been raised into opulence by their effects; there is not a family in the kingdom which has not been benefited or injured by these changes; half the fortunes which were in existence at their commencement, have disappeared during their operation; half those which now overshadow the land, have arisen out of the commercial changes which they have induced.

But what are all these changes in extent or importance to that effected by the late change in the constitution of Parliament? As dust in the balance. This change is fitted to be the parent of a thousand others, if the wishes of the innovating party are carried into operation. It vests the political power of the state in new hands, with hardly any other counteracting force to oppose them, and exposes the legislature directly and immediately to the influence of the opinion existing among a million of electors. The opinions of men

are widely divided as to whether this immense change is destined to be beneficial or hurtful; whether it will improve or blacken the prospects of the empire; whether it will cause the sun of British glory to shine with redoubled lustre, or to set in servitude and blood. But that it will do one or other of these things they are all agreed. Change has now been induced, not on the stream of government as it flows through any of the varied channels of society, but on the fountain-head itself; the sources which supplied it have been altered, and on the quality of the waters which have now been infused, depends whether it is to supply, like the Nile, a vivifying stream to the state, or overwhelm it with the torrents of desolation.

Though the opinions of the Reformers and Anti-reformers seem as far divided as the poles are asunder, it is on one point *only* that the higher and more intelligent class among them are really at variance: That point is, *the conduct likely to be pursued by the new electors*. Every thing depends on this: it is from the difference of their anticipations in this particular that the vehemence of the contest between them has arisen; and from the opposite ideas they entertained on this subject, that all adjustment between them, or mutual persuasion, was impossible.

The Anti-reformers maintained, that these proposed changes were eminently perilous, because they vested power in the hands of those who, by their numbers, habits of life, and pursuits in society, were unable to wield it to advantage; that great bodies of men are incapable of deliberation, and never have been known to deliberate from the beginning of the world; that they necessarily fall under the influence, not of the wisest and the best, but the most forward and vehement of their leaders; that by the great extension of the electoral body, the passions and precipitance of the multitude would be communicated to the legislature, which would thereby necessarily be precipitated into revolutionary measures; and that it was the height of insanity to introduce such changes into the frame of society, when France had been bleeding

and convulsed for the last forty years under the effects of similar innovations, and when, at this very instant, all the resources of Ireland were withering under the agitation consequent on their commencement in that island.

To this it was replied by the Reformers, that all this proceeded on an entirely false estimate of the character of the people into whose hands the government of the state under the new act was to be intrusted; that they were not, like the ignorant peasants of France, or the half savage inhabitants of Ireland, impetuous men, liable to be led away by the arts of demagogues, or the passions of the moment, but sober and reflecting citizens, possessing a stake in society, attached to habits of order, and rendered capable, by previous education, of judging correctly on all the different questions that might be submitted to their consideration; that when they found themselves invested with the means of governing the country, they would become as desirous of resisting farther innovation as the most decided of the Anti-reformers, and would necessarily with the interests acquire the desires of the Conservative Body; that after the contest was over, the old and kindly relations of life would recommence on a firmer and more extended footing, and every one be astonished at the apprehensions that had once been entertained by those who had opposed the measure; that they were as adverse to revolution as their political opponents, and would be the last to advocate the change, if they thought it would lead to such a result; but that they supported them, precisely because they thought that, by so doing, they were strengthening the barrier against its occurrence, and enlisting on the side of order the most respectable and influential of those who heretofore had been the foremost in the ranks of innovation.

Which of these opinions is the better founded, time alone can shew; but one thing is perfectly clear, that if the future Electors wish to confirm to demonstration all the arguments of the Anti-reformers, they have only to return representatives who will go on with the movement,



and precipitate the country into those changes which must soon induce revolution. If they would prove their error, silence those among their opponents who proceeded on selfish, and convert those who were actuated by patriotic motives, they have only to return Conservative Members. By *Conservative Members*, we do not mean men of any particular party; we do not mean Tories in opposition to Whigs—we mean those, of whatever party, who *will uphold the remaining institutions of the country*; who will protect our liberties equally against regal oppression and popular violation; who will shield all classes, of whatever rank, from outrage, spoliation, or intimidation; who will uphold, at the expense of the landed proprietors, the religious establishment of the country, and not, *to relieve them*, lay upon the poor the burden of providing themselves with religious instructors; who will preserve sacred and inviolate, subject only to the correction of its abuses, the funds provided by the charity of our ancestors for the relief of the indigent and the education of the poor; who will save from spoliation the national Funds, the great Savings' Bank of the middling and industrious classes; who will not expose the agriculturists and country labourers of England to certain ruin, in order, by their destruction, to enable the foreign grower to levy the *same price* from the British consumer which now contributes to the maintenance of the rural classes, that is, one-third of the total population of the state. These are the interests which the Conservative Members of the Legislature have now to support, and not any vile contest for place or power which they are to maintain. If they return members of this description, whether they are Whigs or Tories, the march of revolution may, for a time at least, be stayed, and the anticipations of the really patriotic and enlightened among the Reformers be realized. If they are seduced by the Movement Party, and return members who will support any farther measures of innovation, the worst fears of the Anti-reformers will at once be realized, and the torrent of revolution at once be let loose to devastate the state.

And let not the electors of England, whether they are the tenants inhabiting houses, of the value of L.10 and upwards, or the freeholders enjoying property to that amount, or the leaseholders occupying farms of the value of L.50 a-year rent, flatter themselves that *any farther measures* of spoliation or innovation can be introduced without wasting their fortunes and destroying their interests. It signifies nothing, what interest is attacked, whether it is the Church, the Corn Laws, or the Funds; the attack on *any, even, the least of these*, will at last prove ruinous to the best interests of the industrious classes. Those who live by industry, the shopkeepers and trading classes of England, know whether their interests have flourished since political agitation commenced; whether their sales have enlarged with the increasing terrors of the rich, or their profits advanced with the augmented turbulence of the poor; whether the period since the commencement of the Movement has been one of comfort, riches, and prosperity, or of want, suffering, and distress. Those who attend to the great index to national prosperity which the public revenue affords, know how rapidly, how fearfully rapidly, it has fallen during these disastrous days; they recollect that the Duke of Wellington, by the admission of the present Ministers themselves, left them a clear surplus revenue of L.2,900,000 a-year; that in little more than a year this surplus was not only extinguished, but converted into a deficit of nearly L.4,000,000 a-year; that the public revenue, so far from having at all increased since the Reform Bill passed, has continued progressively to decline, and exhibited in the last quarter a deficiency on the year of L.2,600,000. To what is this rapid and deplorable decline in the public income, amounting, since the Duke of Wellington was driven from the helm, to no less than SEVEN MILLIONS STERLING A-YEAR, to be ascribed? Is it to greater remissness or indulgence in the tax-gatherers? Every body knows that on the contrary they have become much more rigorous and severe than before; that arrears have been distrained for with unheard of severity; and that a new survey has been taken of every

house in the empire, in order, by increased taxation, to compensate the fall in the other branches of the revenue. The fall in the public and private revenue is the natural consequence of agitation; of the dread of revolutionary measures; of the contracted expenditure of the rich, and the doubt and distrust thrown over every branch of commercial enterprise. It has not diminished, but, on the contrary, *increased*, since the passing of the Reform Bill, because that is regarded as the measure calculated to give effect to all the innovating measures, and realize too soon the worst fears of the Conservative Party.

Whatever individuals may have, therefore, at least the trading and industrious classes, the men who compose the new constituencies of the empire, have now no interest in the continuance of agitation, or the farther progress of revolutionary measures. Whatever increase of *power* they may have gained by the recent changes, at least they have hitherto gained nothing, but, on the contrary, lost immensely, in their *pecuniary interests* by their adoption. Now, therefore, is the time to turn to their own real advantage the increase of power which they have acquired, to shew that they are not unworthy of the trust reposed in them by the legislature; that the apprehensions of the Anti-reformers as to their unfitness to wield the destinies of the empire were unfounded, and the fond anticipations of the Reformers as to the wisdom with which they would exercise their newly acquired powers not misplaced. If they return men who will continue the movement, who will perpetuate the infernal work of agitation, who will assail the different interests of the state, and increase the terrors of the opulent classes by continued attacks upon their property, they will prove themselves utterly unfit for their situation; they will demonstrate the truth of all that was urged against the cause of Reform; they will ruin their own interests, consign themselves and their families to the workhouse or the grave, and induce a relentless military despotism on their country.

The Revolutionary Party will probably reply that they have no intention of attacking any of the vital in-

terests of the country; that their measures are directed only to the acquisition of cheap and good government; that they propose to relieve the springs of industry of the load which oppresses them, and that under their administration trade and manufactures will rise to an unprecedented height of prosperity. That such is the intention of all the virtuous and well-meaning of the party we have no doubt. But the point for consideration is not what do they intend, but what can they do; what is the consequence of their measures; what is likely to be the result of the innovations which they propose to adopt. If reason and experience prove that these consequences must be disastrous; if increased misery and more poignant suffering is likely to follow the continuance of the movement, it will be no consolation to a ruined nation to say that they meant well; it will be no excuse to an infatuated body of electors to say that they clamoured for a share of political power, which they immediately shewed themselves unfit to possess.

Let no one flatter himself with the delusion that the revolutionary fire can be opened upon *any one class*, that *any interests* in society can be destroyed without every other class being involved in suffering, and the downward progress of the Revolution rendered inevitable. The reason is, that the destruction of any interest, however inconsiderable, from the effects of Reform, will spread still farther, and render irremediable the already awakened terrors of the holders of property, and that this, by continuing the stagnation of industry, augmenting the embarrassments of trade, must, from the embarrassment of the revenue, precipitate the state into those changes which will at once involve us in the whirlwind of Revolution.

Take, for example, the Church, the most defenceless of all the branches of property in the state, and the one which at first sight seems most open to harmless innovation, because it is vested only in persons having a life-interest, and its destruction does not expose families to ruin. No proposition in Euclid is more susceptible of demonstration than that the spoliation of this class, or any measure which, under the name of Reform,



shall interfere with the vested interests of the Church, will inevitably precipitate the nation into the full career of revolution. The Anti-reformers have always alleged that the Church would be one of the first victims of a reformed legislature; that the tempest of innovation would be turned upon that in the first place, as the most defenceless interest in the state; that its property, under the name of Reform, would in reality and substantially be confiscated; and that this first grand work of spoliation being accomplished, all the rest would inevitably follow, as it did in France in 1789. The Reformers maintained that this dread was altogether chimerical, and that the new constituencies would prove themselves not less conservative than the holders of the boroughs placed in Schedule A. Now, if the very first measure of a reformed Parliament is to confiscate the property, or materially alter the condition of the Church, will not the inference be unavoidable, that the Anti-reformers were right in their anticipations; that interest after interest is about to be devoured by the revolutionary hydra; and that some other class will next be the object of its devastation? From the prevalence of such ideas, what can be anticipated but increased distrust, and still more gloomy presentiments; a general disposition to hoard among the opulent classes, universal stagnation and distress in trade, a diminished income to government, an increased necessity for expenditure, and, consequently, either public bankruptcy, or such a reduction in the income of the holders of funded property as is equivalent to it?

It must constantly be kept in mind by all who consider the situation of this country, that we have a *necessary and unavoidable expenditure*, which can be provided for by taxation only when the nation is in the full tide of prosperity, when public and private credit are in perfect vigour, when expenditure goes on fearlessly among the rich, and industry is animated and uninterrupted among the poor. It is needless to enquire how the finances have been brought into this situation, whether, as the Whigs allege, by extravagant expenditure in unnecessary

wars against the liberties of mankind; or, as the Tories maintain, in the just defence of our independence against foreign aggression, and to stave off the internal evils which are now staring us in the face. It is sufficient to say, that such is *the state* in which they are placed, and the question is, what course is to be pursued under such circumstances? Suppose the whole sinecures and pensions which are so much dwelt on by the popular orators abolished, it would only effect a saving of L.400,000 or L.500,000 a-year. There would still remain forty-two millions annually to be provided for, of which no less than twenty-eight is for the interest of debt. It is utterly chimerical to talk of serious reduction in our expenditure, when the aspect of public affairs on the Continent is so threatening; when Ireland, increasing in agitation, with all the concessions made to its people, is almost in open insurrection, and the West Indies labour under a smothered revolt, which must eventually sever them from the mother country. The Whigs have proved this completely; for though they came into office under the strongest professions of economy, and have constantly had the public income declining on their hands, their expenditure in all the branches of the public service, even in a period of external peace, has been greatly above that of their predecessors. In these circumstances, any reduction of the expenditure is obviously out of the question, and therefore the *continuance* of such a progressive fall in the revenue as has occurred for the last eighteen months, must inevitably induce a public bankruptcy, and, of course, render extreme revolutionary measures unavoidable.

This is the true solution of all the extravagancies of the revolutionary progress, and of the experienced impossibility, hitherto at least, of any nation pausing or receding in the career. It is *embarrassment of finances* which always precipitates the Legislature, how unwilling and reluctant soever, into measures of spoliation. The acquisition of power by the middling and lower orders is the first object of ambition; and if society could relapse into its ordinary tranquil and pacific state, after

that has been gained, all might for a time at least be well. It is the fall of the revenue invariably consequent on the anxiety and political agitation which has attended this change, which is uniformly the cause of ulterior revolutionary measures; because with a decreasing revenue, and an increased necessity for expense, bankruptcy is soon found to be unavoidable, unless some class in society is sacrificed to avert it. The relief procured by their confiscation proves elusory; what is gained at one end by the acquisition of their property, is lost at the other by the increased anxiety and terror produced by this great revolutionary sacrifice; and notwithstanding all it has acquired by the ruin of individuals, the chasm in the national income daily becomes greater from the augmented terror and anxiety of the public mind. The whole revenues of the Church in Great Britain are about £2,000,000 a-year; and supposing every farthing of it carried to the Consolidated Fund, and the clergy universally reduced to beggary, it would increase rather than diminish the embarrassment of the state. The agitation of Reform has already lowered the revenue seven millions a-year. Such a revolutionary sacrifice as this, by shaking property of every description, and inducing an universal feeling of anxiety and distrust, would, to all appearance, lower it as much more. This was proved on the most extended scale, both in the French and the Spanish revolutions. The immense fall of the French revenue consequent on the commencement of the Revolution, long before any blood was shed, from £24,000,000 a-year to £17,000,000, rendered the confiscation of the property of the Church a matter of necessity; but though the state thus acquired one-third of the whole land of France, it afforded no relief to its finances, because the shock thus given to public and private credit, and the universal suspension of expenditure in consequence, lowered the revenue by still more than it had gained; and within less than a year

after the Church had been confiscated, the issue of assignats bearing a forced circulation became indispensable, which soon swallowed up property of every description, by the ruinous change of prices which it induced. In like manner, the rapid fall of the revenue in consequence of the Revolution of Spain in 1820, rendered the confiscation of the property of the Church unavoidable; but even the acquisition of that immense fund, amounting to no less than one-third of the land of the country, gave no lasting relief to the financier; great loans still became necessary, which, to the cost of the holders of their stock in this country, still remain unpaid; and such was the embarrassment of their finances, that they were unable to oppose any effectual resistance to the invasion and conquest of their country by the Duke d'Angoulême. The confiscation, or serious invasion of Church Property, therefore, by fixing us irretrievably in the revolutionary stream, would here, as in all other instances, render our destruction unavoidable, without procuring even a temporary relief to the public necessities.

Nor would the confiscation of the Church, or the abolition of the tithes, afford any relief to the cultivators of the soil, or tend to enrich any class excepting the landed proprietors. If the tithes are vested in Government, of course, the farmers, so far from being benefited, will be essentially injured by the change; because their full amount, or nearly their full amount, will be levied by the tax-gatherer, whereas, at present, there is not a twentieth of the produce, and in Ireland, at an average, *not a fortieth*, drawn by the clergyman.\* In like manner, if the tithes are simply abolished, what must be the consequence? Will the farmer be benefited by the whole amount of the sum formerly paid to the clergy? Quite the reverse; the rent of the land will rise in an equal or greater proportion; the cultivator will find his landlord a more formidable creditor than the clergyman, who, from being only a life-tenant of

\* It was proved before the House of Lords in the Tithe Committee, that the sums drawn by the clergy of Ireland do not amount in general to a fortieth of the produce, hardly anywhere to a twentieth.



his living, is generally more lenient in the collection of his dues than the owner of the soil, and the last state of that man will be worse than the first. Here again the results of experience confirm the conclusions of reason; the tithes in the hands of the lay impropiators of England, amount to from a twelfth to a fifteenth of the produce, while those in the hands of the clergy do not average a twentieth.

In truth, the absurdity of demanding the extinction of tithes, with a view to the relief of the lower orders, is so obvious, that unless a judicial blindness had come over a nation, it would never be so much as thought of. For what is the principle on which tithes are every where established? Simply this, that the burden of the religious education of the poor should be laid upon a *certain portion of the landholders*. Now, what system do the Revolutionists propose to introduce in its stead? That the clergy should be paid by the state, or by the poor themselves; that is, in both cases that it should be laid upon *the industrious classes* of the community. That is to say, having got a church which is wholly paid for by the landholders, or rather, having got a law which compels a certain portion of the landholders to discharge *gratis* the duty of religious instruction, it is gravely proposed that these landholders should be relieved of the burden of discharging their ecclesiastical duties, and the weight of the clergy *be laid entirely on the shoulders of the industrious class*. This is literally the change which is demanded; and it is demanded in the name and for the behoof of the poor!

An hospital in a city is supported entirely by landed estates, bequeathed to it by the charity of former times, and maintains, as at Milan, thousands of the sick poor, without burdening any human being. The Radicals demand that the land which maintains this hospital is to be relieved of the burden, and that it is to be laid entirely upon a subscription or assessment from the middling and lower orders. What would we say of the intellect of any men who should insist on such a demand, in the idea that they were thereby benefiting the industrious classes? Yet

this is precisely what the innovating party every where do, when they propose that the landholders, who now constitute the clergy, should be relieved of that duty, and it should be borne entirely by the indigent and hard-working part of the community.

Admitting that some of the clergy are indolent or negligent of their sacred functions, the question is, do they not do a great deal more work for their money than the ordinary landholders who do nothing, than the young squires who ride after foxes and hares, or the noblemen who race at Newmarket, or dance at Almack's? This is the other alternative. By extinguishing tithes, you make a present of £2,000,000 a-year to that portion of the landholders who do nothing, at the expense of that portion who do something; you exterminate the class who devote at least a part of their time to the religious instruction of the labouring classes, to enrich that which does nothing whatever for that object; and you reduce the poor, who now in every Christian country receive religious instruction gratis, to the necessity of either remaining altogether without it,—in other words, of relapsing into a state of barbarism, or of paying for it out of their own hard earnings.

In like manner take the Corn Laws, and consider whether they could be abolished, or seriously modified, without ruining all the other classes of the state, and rendering the revolutionary progress altogether inevitable. Corn can be raised in Poland for 18s. a quarter, and laid down in any harbour in Britain for 33s. Now, if a free importation of grain is permitted, we are told by the advocates of free trade, that wheat will be sold in every market in England for 38s. or 40s., and that this must bring down the price of provisions of every sort to nearly a half of their present amount. Supposing that this were the case, what must be the consequence of such a change upon the existing state of society in the country? The first effect of such a change, of course, must be, that great part of the land will be thrown out of tillage; and if, in consequence of this diminution in the supply of home produce, the price of grain is not restored to its former level, the

inevitable result will be, that the price of every other article in life will fall in the same proportion. Wages, whether of country labourers or manufacturers, will fall to the same amount. If grain is reduced from 70s. to 35s. a quarter, wages will fall from 18d. to 9d. a day. The condition of the labourer, whether in the town or the country, will remain the same; with this difference, that a large portion of the land will be thrown out of tillage, and a proportional diminution effected, both in the employment of the rural labourers, and the amount of manufactures which they will take off in the home market.

But the consequences of the change will not rest here; and though the labouring classes will not be benefited by the change of prices, the national prosperity will be irrevocably destroyed by such an alteration. For if the price of provisions is seriously altered by the change in the Corn Laws, how are the existing burdens, whether of individuals or the state, to be discharged? Rents of course must fall, and that right speedily, with the reduction in the price of agricultural produce; and if this is the case, how are the existing burdens on the landed proprietors—the mortgages, the family provisions, the jointures—to be discharged? How is the national debt to be maintained, if, from a general change of prices, every man's income is reduced to one-half its former amount? How is the weight of private debts to be borne, if the amount of the creditors' claims is from this alteration doubled? It is evident that the thing is out of the question. We have already found how grievous was the addition made to the weight of debts by the change of prices consequent on the alteration of the currency in 1819 and 1826. Another similar change of prices, acting simultaneously with the anxiety and distress consequent on Reform and incipient revolution, would land the nation in general insolvency.

It is evident, therefore, that the effects anticipated from the repeal of the Corn Laws, and held forth as unmitigated good by the innovators, would in reality be the first and most certain step to general ruin; and that the nation could by nothing be more

certainly precipitated into that state of insolvency which is the sure precursor of revolutionary confiscation, than by the adoption of such measures.

The speedy emancipation of the Negroes in the West Indies is another favourite project of the Revolutionists; and it is the more to be dreaded, because it speaks to the generous and humane feelings of our nature, and its peril is not obvious but to those possessed of historical information. The flames of Jamaica may, it is thought, however, following so soon on the destruction of St Domingo, open the minds of the most inconsiderate to the enormous peril of such changes. It is evident, since the rumour even of approaching emancipation precipitated the slaves of that unhappy colony into that disastrous revolt, that any thing approaching to its reality would soon visit it with the same devastation and ruin which, upon a similar innovation, overwhelmed the once beautiful and flourishing St Domingo. Now, if the West India Islands are once lost to Britain, or so involved in insurrection and confusion as to be the same as lost, revolutionary confiscation must immediately ensue at home, to make good that great *hiatus* in the revenue of the state which must arise from such a catastrophe. The duties on West India produce being L.7,000,000 a-year, the manufactures which its inhabitants take off from the mother state, L.7,000,000 more, and the revenue derived from the landholders and merchants of the islands resident in Great Britain, at least as much again, it is impossible to suppose that these great sources of public and private income can be lost to the state, in its present afflicted condition, without inducing a general public and private bankruptcy.

The confiscation of the Funds, or some equivalent measure, either of taxing that species of property to the exclusion of others, or of lowering the interest of the debt without the consent of the creditors, is the only measure which would afford any thing like a substantial relief to the overburdened finances of the state. But how illusory would be such a prospect, and how terrible and far-spread would be the scene of misery which that great revolutionary



measure would occasion! Without mentioning that the Funds are vested in 280,000 individuals, of whom probably 200,000 are heads of families, and consequently that their confiscation or serious reduction would reduce to beggary at least a *million* of the most meritorious and industrious of the community, let it only be considered how dreadful would be the effect of such a measure upon public and private credit. The Bank of England, and with it all the public and private banks throughout the kingdom, would instantly break,—bills would every where cease to be discounted,—cash credits would cease, or be peremptorily called up,—every debtor would find his whole creditors on his back at once, and in proportion to the clamour with which he would be assailed for the payment of his debts, would be the difficulty he would experience in making good his own claims from his debtors. What would be the misery, ruin, and starvation which would result from such a state of things in a great commercial and manufacturing country, where at least nine-tenths of the community are maintained by the daily wages of labour, and would instantly perish on their termination, it is hardly possible to conceive. It is probably no exaggeration to affirm, that the wide-spread and far-famed suffering induced by the French Revolution, would be nothing in comparison: for in France, the beautiful but flimsy fabric of credit had not been raised when the Revolution broke out; paper money was unknown; the national debt was little more than a third of that which now weighs down this country, and the manufacturing classes were not a tenth of those who now overwhelm the British Isles.

And let no man flatter himself so far as to imagine, that, because he has no money himself in the Funds, therefore he would not be a sufferer by their confiscation. From the Sovereign on the throne to the captive in the dungeon, there is not an individual in the community who would not be grievously injured by such a catastrophe. The tradesman would be ruined by the extinction of his credit, and the ruin of a large portion of his customers: the farmer, by the breaking of the banks, in

whose paper all the wealth he possessed consisted, and the impossibility of finding a profitable sale amidst the general insolvency of the community; the landlord, by the failure of his tenants; the servants of Government, by the general extinction of the revenue consequent on such a convulsion; the labourers, by the decay of rural employment; the manufacturers, by the destruction of the system of credit, which is the life and soul of manufacturing industry. All—whether high or low, rich or poor—would suffer extensively, irremediably, by such a convulsion. But let it not be imagined, that, because the effects of such a measure would be as disastrous as has now been depicted, that therefore it will not be eagerly demanded by a numerous and noisy portion of the community, and that the distress of Government may not become such as to compel even a Conservative Administration, fully aware of the consequences, to adventure on the dreadful step. It is the nature of revolutionary changes, by leading men on from one thing to another, to familiarise them with disasters from which at first they would have recoiled with horror; and it is the unhappy effect of distress, whether in individuals or nations, to suggest plans of immediate relief, even when fraught with the most apparent ultimate ruin. If we would avoid falling into an abyss, we must not follow the path which leads to it.

What renders a confiscation of funded property, with all its consequent horrors, a measure which is always adopted in the later stages of revolution, is, that the means of discharging the national obligations no longer exist, and that the temporary relief which it promises to the Government is too great a temptation for an insolvent Administration to withstand. That is the thing which, from first to last, precipitates all revolutionary changes, and renders a false step, once taken, in general ir retrievable. It is the increasing embarrassments of the Treasury, the failure of all the ordinary sources of revenue, with the anxiety, distrust, and agitation of the times, which in the end force the most upright Ministers to measures of confiscation;

and of these, none are found to afford any relief, even for a time, but this, which, by cutting off at one blow the old creditors of Government, exhibits the delusive hope that it will at length reduce the public expenditure within the national income.

It is obvious, therefore, to any one who will attentively consider the subject, that measures of revolutionary confiscation must follow necessarily and immediately any of the great innovations which are now pressed on the country as the first fruits of Reform; and that, unless a stand is *now made* against any farther change, the downward progress of the stream will speedily become irresistible. It is a law of nature, that the passion for political innovation, like every other passion of the human heart, soon becomes by indulgence insatiable, and that unless its victim has the resolution to pause in the commencement of the career, he has no chance of escaping destruction. It is much more difficult now to stem the torrent than it would have been a year ago; it will be much more difficult a year hence than it is now. A single great measure of innovation once passed the Reformed Parliament, and the future career of revolution cannot be stopped. It will become as irresistible as that of guilt is to the sinner, or the progress of embarrassment to the hopeless bankrupt. Even if our future rulers, after such a step, should have the firmness of the Duke of Wellington, the eloquence of Pitt, or the energy of Napoleon, and should apply the energies of Herculean strength to resist the torrent, they will be swept away by its fury. National insolvency is the fatal rock on which they must split; necessity the stern force which will drive them into revolutionary confiscation. The unerring law of nature, which makes public revenue decline in periods of agitation and suffering, is the force which will impel them forward: the monsoon does not blow with a steadier gale, nor the hurricane with a fiercer blast.

Hitherto the people of England have been saved from all these revolutionary perils by the steady power of Aristocracy, which, being necessarily and uniformly Conservative, has protected them from all

the dangers of a career of innovation. That power is now destroyed, whether wisely or not we will not stop to enquire; suffice it to say that it *is destroyed*, and that the Revolutionary Party has gained as great additional strength as the Conservative has lost by the change. Now, therefore, the electors of England have no barrier to defend them but their own resolution; and unless their good sense can withstand the seduction of their demagogues, the nation will speedily be precipitated into the fatal vortex of the French Revolution. One false step now taken is irretrievable; a single revolutionary measure now passed, and all will follow rapidly and inevitably, how anxious soever they may be to avoid the gulf, when it opens beneath their feet. One innovating Parliament now returned, and England, with all its millions of industrious subjects, is lost for ever.

Already the Revolutionary Party, shouldered into Parliament by the emancipation of the Catholics, has acquired such a degree of power and influence, as to be all but irresistible. More than once O'Connell has beard the Prime Minister; and Earl Grey, supported as he is by the English Reformers, has been forced to yield to the threat of desertion by the Irish party. If this party, which at present does not number 40 Members, is now so powerful when the old Conservative Members exist to withstand it, what will it be if it is raised to 100 in the new Parliament, and all those established opponents are withdrawn? It is more than ever necessary, therefore, now for the electors throughout all the country to think seriously on the mighty interests which are dependent on their decision, and the irrevocable consequences which will follow one single erroneous choice in their representatives. If the English institutions are destroyed under the action of the Reform act, the cause of freedom is irrevocably lost for modern Europe. If England, with its sagacious character, its conservative interests, its public newspapers, its free discussion, its general education, is precipitated by Reform into the same career of blood and confiscation as France, it will become evident that the excitation is too powerful for human nature, even in its most



elevated circumstances; and that if we would avoid falling through anarchy into despotism, we must never attempt to extend political power to the lower orders. The cause, therefore, not only of British, but of European freedom, is at stake; and not only will unutterable misery be fixed on themselves, but eternal damnation brought on their cause, if, yielding to the clamour of demagogues, they forget that they should *now be the Conservative Party*—that on them now depend the fortunes of the state.

The circumstance, joined to a falling revenue, which, in every age and country, has brought on revolutionary convulsions shortly after any considerable extension of political power to the great body of the people, has been, that they forget that they have been transferred from the ranks of Opposition into those of Government—that the transposition has been suddenly effected without their having made the requisite change in their habits and wishes—and that they carry, in consequence, into the possession of power, the passions and the ideas which are suited only to the jealous observers of its conduct. There is the dreadful danger. The new electors forget that they are now invested with supreme authority—that the restraints which formerly coerced them have been removed, and that the indulgence of their passions, the vehemence of their language, the precipitance of their conduct, now produce irreparable consequences. They forget, in short, that they have changed sides with their opponents, and that if they would avoid all the horrors of shipwreck, they must now imitate the caution and foresight of the veteran at the helm. The Conservatives clearly perceived the danger of the continuance of such ideas in the Reforming Party, when once invested with the reins of power; they pointed them out in clear and emphatic language, but they were told, that education had provided an effectual antidote for this danger, and that the reading of the newspapers had so opened the minds of the new electors, that they could be safely invested with supreme authority.—Now, therefore, is the time, and the *only time*, for shewing that these fears on the part of the Anti-reformers were

ill, and these expectations on the part of the Reformers well founded; but let it be recollected, that if this is not the case—if the innovating passions, and the revolutionary ambition which animated the Reformers when struggling for power, continue to influence them when in full possession of it, the destruction of themselves and their country is unavoidable; and they will go down to posterity as men who, from insane ambition, contended for the possession of power, which, upon its first acquisition, they proved themselves totally unfit to enjoy.

In our last number was suggested the propriety of a general understanding among the Conservative party as to confining their patronage and employment to those who were hostile to revolutionary principles; and the suggestion, as we anticipated, has given rise to unmeasured obloquy and clamour from the Radical party. If we had ever doubted as to the propriety of the suggestion, it would have been removed by the powerful and instantaneous effect produced by its publication. It is evident we have hit the Revolutionary party at last between wind and water. They are quite conscious that nearly the whole property of the state is against them; that they are fed, and lodged, and maintained chiefly by Conservative wealth; that their bread is dependent mainly on Conservative industry, and their employment on Conservative capital. Yet, while this is notoriously the case, they have the hardihood to expect, and the effrontery to demand, that all the wealth of the state shall continue to be poured into their hands to enable them to subvert it; that the accumulations of ages shall be given to a party who openly aim at their destruction, and the industry of the tranquil be unceasingly exerted to maintain and nourish the revolutionary. Like the husbandman and the viper in the fable, they expect that they are not only to be taken by the hand, but pressed in the bosom of those whom they are about to sting to death; that the Conservatives are not only to stretch out their neck to the revolutionary axe, but furnish their enemies with the means of purchasing it.

In truth, the leniency, modera-

tion, and humanity of the Tories have been such, that it has utterly subverted the ideas of right and wrong among their opponents, and accustomed them to a conduct so diametrically the reverse of that which they pursue in return, that they are horror-struck when a proposal even is made to turn upon them their own weapons. The Conservatives, during the latter years of their ascendancy, governed the state with such lenity, that party spirit almost disappeared. Promotion was conferred at least as much on the Whigs as on their own adherents, and nearly all the measures of Government, unhappily for the state, were adopted from the suggestion of the Opposition benches. No sooner did the Whigs get into power, than the arrogance and tyranny of revolutionary measures at once were put in force; the Tories were universally removed even from the most subordinate situations; the Queen even was compelled to dismiss her Chamberlain, because he did not vote on the Reform Question; and Sir H. Parnell, for refusing to sanction the Russian-Dutch job, was summarily turned off. The Radical newspapers have never ceased to urge a general and sweeping removal of all Conservatives from every situation, high and low, without exception, under Government, and to stigmatize Earl Grey as an imbecile, because he did not instantly comply with the harsh demand. The violence of the Radicals, as all the world knows, has been such, that the opponents of Reform could not stand forward to express their opinions in any part of the country, but at the hazard of their lives. Bristol was burnt and sacked, Nottingham and Derby overwhelmed with revolutionary violence, and every man in London or Edinburgh, who declined to submit to the mandates of the imperious rabble, as to illuminating, stoned, wounded, or had his property destroyed. The very Radical papers, who are loudest in reproaching the defensive measures suggested to the Conservatives, declare, "that they would like to see the man who would dare in Edinburgh to come to the hustings and vote for a Tory candidate;" and recount, with undisguised satisfaction, the universal and revo-

lutionary combination against tithes in Ireland. Measures are openly advocated by the Radical press, pledges are proposed to be exacted from the members of Parliament at the approaching election, which will utterly and avowedly destroy the interests, blast the industry, or confiscate the fortunes of the Conservative party, and with that for ever ruin the future prospects of Great Britain. Yet with all this violence and injustice, past, present, and to come, the Radicals express the utmost horror at the suggestion even of defensive measures by their opponents, and exclaim about the extreme harshness of the least return to them of the weapons which they have so liberally made use of in their own warfare. They expect that the Conservatives are to go on showering down upon them benefits of every description, while they are incessantly engaged in destroying their fortunes; and that, imitating the beneficence of the Supreme Being, they are under the most extreme provocation to cause their rain to fall alike upon the just and upon the unjust.

We should be the last to recommend that any measures should be adopted in ordinary times, and with fair political opponents, which should interrupt the connexions, or embitter the charities, of domestic life. The Conservatives, ever at the head of all charitable or munificent institutions, and whose rule has been signalized by such excessive political gentleness, have given the best evidence that they are not inclined to commence measures of division or rigour. It is *as defensive measures, and defensive measures alone*, that we recommend a withdrawal of patronage from the Revolutionary party; and as such we style all who, *having got reform*, seek to agitate the nation to ulterior measures of innovation. Let the innovators return to the tranquil industry and kindly feeling of ordinary life; let them cease to support revolutionary candidates, or exact pledges to revolutionary measures; let them cease to stone and assault electors opposed to their favourites, or burn and destroy cities suspected of adverse principles, and we shall be the first to recommend the return, by the Conservatives, to



the undistinguishing beneficence of their former conduct.

The manner in which this proposal has been received by the different parties, is strikingly characteristic of the different principles of action by which they have been actuated. The Radicals have exclaimed against it with the utmost fury, as the most unchristian and unsocial proposal that ever was made, well knowing all the time that it is the principle on which they themselves have acted for 30 years, and are acting incessantly at this moment in every part of the kingdom. It is by sticking together, confining all their patronage and support to their own side, and praising each other exclusively on every occasion, that the Whigs, as a party, have become so powerful. We are far from wishing the Conservatives to imitate their exclusive reading and associating together, which have gone so far to blind and bewilder their opponents' judgment on all political affairs, and we should be the last to recommend that they should ever, on any occasion towards the unfortunate, forget the undistinguishing charity and beneficence, which is the glory of their party, not less than the injunction of their religion. But while this is admitted on the one hand, the question remains on the other, whether, in the distribution of their patronage, in encouraging the industry of the affluent and the prosperous, they should not let it be understood that they will prefer those who are inclined to save, rather than destroy their country? That is the question. Are they, when the enemy have been discharging for long red-hot shot at them, to go on returning volleys of powder over their heads? The Revolutionists are actuated by nothing but political ambition, or the desire of individual elevation. Nothing will move them but something which immediately affects their interests. If the Conservatives go on, showering upon them benefits, while they are incessantly engaged in compassing their destruction, they may depend upon it that destruction will speedily be accomplished. It is because

they see that the secret of their own political warfare, so long practised, and with such success by them, has been discovered, that the Revolutionists are so vehement in reprobating its adoption by the friends of order.

Many, on the other hand, of the most upright, humane, and respectable of the Conservatives have, themselves, expressed the utmost aversion to such a proposal. We honour such feelings: it shews how strongly the principles of religion and patriotism have struck root in their minds, and how generally they have adopted the true principle, that evil should not be done that good may come of it. The very fact, that a large part of the Conservative body are averse to such measures, proves how beneficent and liberal has been their former conduct, and how little they have imitated the bad example set them by their opponents, and so strenuously urged for adoption by the Revolutionary press. But the question remains, Is such conduct, however amiable or respectable on ordinary occasions, the proper way to meet a revolution? Is the beneficence and gentleness of ordinary life the way to combat a highwayman who has a pistol at your throat? That is the point. In truth, it is this very gentleness and humanity of their conduct which, in every age and country where revolution has prevailed, has led to the overthrow of the Conservative by the Movement party; they are unwilling, as the Girondists were in France, "to come to extreme measures, and would rather be the guillotined than the guillotiners; they go on acting on principle, while their adversaries are acting on passion, and are dreaming of plans of beneficence while they are sharpening their poniards." \* Let measures of revolution cease to be agitated, or enjoined to the representatives of the people; let a system be discontinued which threatens the lives and fortunes of every man in the kingdom, and the agitators themselves at least as much as their adversaries; let the dagger be taken from the throat of the nation, and we shall be the first to recom-

---

\* 1 Louvet, *Memoirs*, 32.

mend an universal oblivion of the past, and that Tory wealth shall continue, as heretofore, to nourish and maintain Whig independence.

The Radical papers have done us the honour liberally to quote our former observations on this subject. If they are not conscious of an untenable cause, let them also insert the preceding observations.

The principal point which requires the consideration of the electors at this crisis, is, what is the character of the representatives whom they should select for the next Parliament? Now, on this point the following observation seems of the last importance.

The great point for every real friend to his country to look to, in returning a representative to Parliament, is, what is the chief danger to be apprehended during its continuing to hold the reins of the state? from what quarter does the wind blow most fiercely? and where is the rampart of liberty and order to be strengthened by the patriotic and the good? In former times, during the days when the power of the Crown "had increased, was increasing, and should be diminished," it was strongly urged upon the people, that it was from the Crown that the peril to freedom was then to be apprehended, and that it was the duty of every true patriot to return such members as would set themselves against any farther encroachment of regal power. Is that the quarter from which danger is *now* to be apprehended? Is it from the undue influence of the Peers, or the overwhelming power of the Crown, that public freedom is *now* threatened? Is it not rather from popular violence, from the insane career of revolution, from the restless spirit of innovation, the insatiable ambition of democracy, and the perilous dreams of political theorists? Is there any man in the kingdom, not a decided anarchist and revolutionist, who doubts that this is the danger with which we are now threatened? that our liberties are indeed in peril, but that the danger comes from the other quarter from that where it formerly appeared? and that it is not the weight of the Crown, or the ascendancy of the Nobles, but the despotism of Jacobin Clubs, the

tyranny of a Committee of Public Safety, or the sword of a Napoleon, which is now to be dreaded? If this is avowedly and confessedly the case, what is the course of a true patriot? of that upright and estimable character, a *Whig of former days*? of the friend of freedom, from whatever side it is menaced, and the foe to tyranny, in whatever quarter it appears? Clearly to set his face against this new and terrible enemy to liberty, which has sprung up so suddenly in a quarter where it was so little expected, and already made such fearful progress; to shew the same front against popular, which our ancestors have so long done against regal oppression; and, unblinded by the magic of names, or the war-cry of parties, to hasten to the breach where the rampart of liberty is assaulted, by the troops, and under the banner, which had so long been employed in its defence.

Conservative members, that is, members inclined, whether they are Whigs or Tories, to resist the farther progress of revolution, are at all times required in a free country, because numbers are always to be found in such a state, who, from turbulence of character, desperation of circumstances, or the influence of a revolutionary press, are inclined to support the cause of innovation. Such members are more than ever required now, from the unexampled strength which recent events have given to the Government party. That the Revolutionists should not be allowed to get it all their own way; that *some* obstacle should be thrown in their way, and that we should not, within sight of the shores of France, embark in the insane career of the Constituent Assembly, will probably be admitted by the most ardent Reformer. But how is this obstacle to be created; how is the rapid, *the fearfully rapid*, march of revolution to be stayed; how, in short, is innovation to be rendered consistent with preservation, and revolution to be softened down to reformation, unless a large proportion of the new House of Commons are attached to Conservative principles? The House of Peers is overthrown; that great and steady weight, which hitherto steadied all the movements of the political machine, is



now thrown off, and is never in future to be relied on in contemplating its movements. The Crown, shorn of half its former influence, by the reduction of the expenditure, and embarrassed by an almost insolvent treasury, is surely no longer the object of dread. Any one who should now talk of its power as formidable, would, as Dr Johnson long ago said, have been crying fire during the deluge. All the Conservative elements in the constitution, therefore, have now been dissolved, except such as are to be found in the House of Commons. If, therefore, the former proportion of Conservative members only is returned, the progress of revolution will be rendered inevitable; because experience has proved that that proportion, even when supported by the Aristocracy, and for long by the Crown, was not a match for the Democracy. It is indispensable, therefore, unless we are at once to be launched without rudder or compass upon the ocean of anarchy, that the Conservative party be greatly strengthened in that branch of the legislature which may now be styled the National Assembly, and that this bulwark of order, removed from so many other quarters, should be materially strengthened in the only remaining one where they can be restored with the least prospect of success.

In the choice of men to discharge these important duties, the great thing to look to is firmness of mind, and uprightness of public and private character. Eloquence, talents, information, are valuable in the leaders of a party, and they have not been wanting in the late arduous contest on the Conservative side. But the qualities wanted in the great body of their followers are firmness and integrity, and the only evidence of their existence is to be found in the *former lives* of the candidates. If they have been distinguished for upright conduct as men and as citizens; if they have usefully and honourably discharged their several duties; if they have not hesitated, in trying times, and in opposition either to the influence of the throne or the mandates of the rabble, to stand forth as the defenders of the institutions of their country; if they have been humane and munificent

in private life; if they have shewn that capacity for managing their own concerns which is so imperiously required of them in undertaking those of the country; if their names are to be seen at the head of all useful or beneficent institutions; if, in a word, they have shewed themselves qualified, in Milton's words, "to discharge faithfully and honourably all their duties as men and citizens, whether in peace or in war;" then they are the fit men to be intrusted in perilous times with the destinies of the state. But if they have shewn, by their previous lives, that they are not actuated by these principles; if their regard for the poor has been shewn only in stimulating their passions, and their love of freedom only in encouraging democratic usurpation; if they are harsh or unfeeling landlords, faithless or profligate husbands, or reckless and desperate adventurers; if they have squandered their estates, ruined their fortunes, or compromised their reputations; if, in dangerous times, they have veered from the post of honour, and shewed that disposition to yield to popular intimidation which is as contemptible and more dangerous than the sycophance of courtiers; if they have flattered the people when they did wrong, and inflated them with arrogance when they should have reminded them of their duties; if they are arrogant and haughty in their private life, and selfish or uncharitable in their intercourse with the poor; if, in short, they have used the people only as an engine to raise themselves and their party into power; then they may depend upon it that they are not the men to whom political power can with safety be intrusted. They will use it only as a means of advancement; ruin the lower orders by neglecting their interests, and disqualify them from righting themselves by inflaming their passions. They will flatter them as long as it suits their purposes to do so, and let them go when they have no longer an object to gain by such conduct; they will precipitate the nation into a career of innovation to which there is no end; and, having ruined the people by their extravagance, betray them by their baseness. It is by such men that

the cause of Revolution has in all ages been most promoted; and it is by characters of a different stamp that its fury has ever been averted; by those who have scrupled not to discharge their duty in the most perilous times; who have disdained to flatter popular passion when it was led astray; and who, without attempting "to disturb the peace of all the world," have sought only to save it when 'twas wildest.

Finally, let the electors in every part of the country consider what is the tendency of the revolutionary measures now in progress upon the RELIGION of the state; and what is the character, in this respect, of the allies with whom they have been connected during the late Reform contest. It is notorious, that in all other countries, the overthrow of religion has speedily followed the triumph of the democratic party; that in France, the throne and the altar fell together, and ten years elapsed, during which there was neither Sunday observed, nor children christened, nor the communion administered, nor prayers offered up in France. No one can be so blind as not to see, in the present distracted and disastrous state of that country, the consequence and the punishment of that terrible and unprecedented chasm in the religious education of a whole generation. Those who are destitute of all feelings of piety, and ignorant of the truths of judgment to come, are always the first to revolt against the restraints either of government or virtue in this world. The irreligious tendency of the Radical party in this country is avowed, and not even sought to be concealed; the whole Radical party in Parliament voted against any recognition of the Supreme Being, in the act relating to the Cholera. If, therefore, the electors of Great Britain wish to destroy the faith and religion of their fathers—if they would see Sunday abolished, churches closed, the dead buried without any service, children named without a blessing—if, in a word, they would see the Christian religion extinguished in this island—the ark where it has hitherto remain-

ed safe during all the fury of the deluge—they have nothing to do but support the Revolutionary candidates at the next election. The measures of innovation which they propose, will lead to the total destruction of religion in this empire, just as certainly as they did in France, and that equally whether their supporters wish, or do not wish, that ulterior effect to follow. Men whose minds are unhinged in their ideas of government and social order, will not long remain subject to the restraints of the Christian faith. The Revolutionary party, who have flung aside all deference to God in the outset of their career, are not likely to resume it in its close.

But let not any one imagine that by pursuing this insane career he will succeed in overturning the Christian Faith, or add religious to political innovation. The Gospel will prove in the end too strong for its enemies; here, as in France, the sad consequences of irreligion will be felt, and the nation be compelled, as there, to resume its observances. But though the Christian Faith will rise triumphant over all its enemies, the nation which discards, the generation which forgets it, will be destroyed; and future ages turn to France and England, as to Sodom and Gomorrah, as the terrible examples of the retributive justice of the Deity. Now is the time to check this fatal career; now the chariot is at the edge of the precipice, a little longer and it will be precipitated into the abyss. Unerring wisdom is now preparing for us a more lasting punishment than fire or brimstone; the punishment of our own passions and vices. These passions have been vehemently excited by the late changes in the constitution; their farther indulgence will prove fatal to every principle of order and devotion. Unless all who revere their religion, and love their country, now combine to resist the farther progress of innovation, the day of salvation will be lost, the torrent of revolution rendered ungovernable, and Britain, with all its millions, consigned for ever to the waves.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Note to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—At the close of the 12th Chapter of this Diary, and in a note prefixed to the separate edition of it, I mentioned an intention of publishing two or three additional chapters. This, however, circumstances prevented my doing till now in your Magazine, and the fear of intruding on the public a *third* volume kept me from adding them to the separate edition. You have kindly intimated that your columns are still open to me—with assurances that my reappearance, brief though it may be, will not prove unwelcome to you or your readers. An unexpected interval of leisure enables me to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of preparing for press the two or three concluding Chapters of this Diary. I send you now Chapter XIII., earnestly hoping that you and your readers will feel not less interested now than heretofore in the “Diary of a Physician.”

Yours, ever faithfully,

LONDON, 10th August, 1832.

&c. &c. &c.

### THE THUNDER-STRUCK.—THE BOXER.

IN the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trem-

bling and cowering beneath a coming shock. To use the exquisite language of one of our old dramatists,\* there seemed

——“A calm

Before a tempest, when the gentle air  
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to  
listen

For that she fears steals on to ravish her.”  
From about eleven o'clock at noon  
the sky wore a lurid threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder;

\* Marlow.

suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand! Though not myself over credulous, or given to superstitious fears, I own that on coupling these fearful predictions with the unusual, or rather unnatural, aspect of the day, I more than once experienced sudden qualms of apprehension as I rode along on my daily rounds. I did not so much communicate alarm to the various circles I entered, as catch it from them. Then, again, I would occasionally pass a silent group of passengers clustering round a street-preacher, who, true to his vocation, "redeeming the time," seemed by his gestures, and the disturbed countenances around him, to be foretelling all that was frightful. The tone of excitement which pervaded my feelings was further heightened by a conversation on the prevailing topic which I had in the course of the morning with the distinguished poet and scholar, Mr ——. With what fearful force did he suggest probabilities; what vivid, startling colouring did he throw over them! It was, indeed, a topic congenial to his gloomy imagination. He talked to me, in short, till my disturbed fancy realized the wildest chimeras.

"Great God, Dr ——" said he, laying his hand suddenly on my arm, his great black eyes gleaming with mysterious awe—"Think, only think! What if, at the moment we are talking together, a comet, whose track the peering eye of science has never traced—whose very existence is known to none but God, is winging its fiery way towards our earth, swift as the lightning, and with force inevitable! Is it at this instant dash-

ing to fragments some mighty orb that obstructed its progress, and then passing on towards us, disturbing system after system in its way?—How—when will the frightful crash be felt? Is its heat now blighting our atmosphere?—Will combustion first commence, or shall we be at once split asunder into innumerable fragments, and sent drifting through infinite space?—Whither—whither shall we fly! what must become of our species?—Is the Scriptural JUDGMENT then coming?—Oh, Doctor, what if all these things are *really at hand*?"

Was this imaginative raving calculated to calm one's feelings!—By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visitor, were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way—was a Miss Agnes P——, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P—— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly shadowed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ec-



stasy—"Star of your sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted" were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to enquire after *my* health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P——'s expectations!" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P——surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest, and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N—— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—

about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and, for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a *little* coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked about by Agnes but the coming 10th of July: and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking!

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these "Passages" are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless—was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life!—I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collars—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink-

stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a *glimpse* merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed, at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere, and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolical. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal!—May I never see or hear the like again!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

“Kneel down! Love! Husband!”—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees—“Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!” After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. “Wait a moment, love,” said I, “and I’ll fetch you a few reviving drops!”—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs,

—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. *Where* was she? What would *she* say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

“Edward—Edward,” I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; “where’s Miss P——?”

“Miss P——, sir!—Why—I don’t—oh, yes!” he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, “about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs, and haven’t seen her since, sir.”—“What!” I exclaimed, with increasing trepidation, “was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?”—“Yes, it was, sir!”—“Take this in to your mistress, and say I’ll be with her immediately,” said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, “Agnes! Agnes! where are you?” I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

“Agnes! Where are you?” I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

“Agnes! Agnes! For God’s-sake, speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!” No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!—She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended, as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak—but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment



or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P—. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming “Agnes—Agnes!”—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. “Is she killed?” murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—“Has the lightning struck her?”

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend to her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and

what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances,—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, “She’s possessed! she’s possessed!—Satan has her!”—convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with CATAPLEPSY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of,

but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P—'s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to par-

boil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

#### THE BOXER.

THE patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services, proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider, besides, much the worse for liquor, had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public-house, not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, overhead. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and

every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes—there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

"But, my good woman," said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs; "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him—quite out of my way!"

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God, don't say so!" gasped the poor creature, with affrighted emphasis—



"oh, do *something* for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—he'll be killing us!"

"Do something!" roared my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me—"do something, indeed? ay, and be — to you! Here, here—look ye, Doctor—look ye, *here!*" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—"look here, indeed!—ah, that — horse! that — horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched, with fury—"If I don't break every bone in his — body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!"

I felt, for a moment, as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking.

"Hush! hush! you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor — won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! Let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, — me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! *Here*, you doctor, as you call yourself! What's to be done?" Really I was too much shocked, at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the *surgical* nature of the case—but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my own feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned; and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden frenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child," he groaned, "what you're about! Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor, —, I say—be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife, in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word—"Don't go away! Oh, go on—go on! It *must* be done, you know! Never mind what he says! He's only a little the worse for liquor now—and—and then the *pain!* Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow!"

"Wife! Here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So—you—! I'm drunk, am I? I'm *drunk*, eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk—you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs—and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow), kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

The storm still continued raging.

The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think *I'm* afraid of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse —d—it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! Be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come—none o' your —methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your shop," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not *that* rebuke your blasphemies?" I enquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed, speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion, we should have thought him

dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—remorse—agony—(or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his "pale face turned to the wall"—and, unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening!

I hurried home full of agitation at the scene I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eye-lids, and passed and re-passed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eye-lids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out



my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my pen-knife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P—— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P——’s mother, and Mr N—— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr D——, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P——’s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. “Beautiful, unfortunate creature!” thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. “What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!” I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to sum-

mon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P——. I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder-storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one’s mind. “If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it,” says a distinguished writer. “The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever recollect witnessing, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folk with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there were instances of people frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil’s *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*,” &c.

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P——’s room. The image of the blinded Boxer flitted in fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses.—It must have been, I should think, between two and three o’clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-

room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P——, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P——'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued, throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia,\* which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities

into action: and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared:—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder!—I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had dispatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr N—— at Oxford, and to Miss P——'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr D——'s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *élite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P——, should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!"—I replied with a sigh.

Dr D—— continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"—

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a confident air—"We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism,

\* Liquid smelling salts.



and then try the effect of your organ.\* I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head—

‘Saxifici Medusæ vultus.’

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory descriptions of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term “*attoniti*,” which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper: while, in our own day, the celebrated Dr Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognises the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous unquestionable cases of catalepsy recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his “*Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities*,” relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient. As it is not likely that general readers have met with this interesting case, I shall here transcribe it. The young

lady who was the subject of the disorder was seized with the fit when Dr Jebb was announced on his first visit.

“She was employed in netting, and was passing the needle through the mesh; in which position she immediately became rigid, exhibiting, in a very pleasing form, a figure of death-like sleep, beyond the power of art to imitate, or the imagination to conceive. Her forehead was serene, her features perfectly composed. The paleness of her colour—her breathing being also scarcely perceptible at a distance—operated in rendering the similitude to marble more exact and striking. The position of the fingers, hands, and arms was altered with difficulty, but preserved every form of flexure they acquired. Nor were the muscles of the neck exempted from this law; her head maintaining every situation in which the hand could place it, as firmly as her limbs.

“Upon gently raising the eyelids they immediately closed with a degree of spasm.† The iris contracted upon the approach of a candle, as in a state of vigilance. The eyeball itself was slightly agitated with a tremulous motion, not discernible when the eyelid had descended. About half an hour after my arrival, the rigidity of her limbs and statue-like appearance being yet unaltered, she sung three plaintive songs in a tone of voice so elegantly expressive, and with such affecting modulation, as evidently pointed out how much the most powerful passion of the mind was concerned in the production of her disorder; as, indeed, her history confirmed. In a few minutes afterwards she sighed deeply, and the spasm in her limbs was immediately relaxed. She complained that she could not open her eyes, her hands grew cold, a general tremor followed; but in a few seconds, recovering entirely her recollection and powers of motion, she entered into a detail of her symptoms, and the history of her complaint. After she had discoursed for some time with apparent calmness, the universal spasm suddenly returned. The features now assu-

\* I had at home,—being myself a lover, though not a scientific one, of music—a very fine organ.

† This was not the case with Miss P——. I repeatedly remarked the perfect mobility of her eyelids.

med a different form, denoting a mind strongly impressed with anxiety and apprehension. At times she uttered short and vehement exclamations, in a piercing tone of voice, expressive of the passions that agitated her mind; her hands being strongly locked in each other, and all her muscles, those subservient to speech excepted, being affected with the same rigidity as before."

But the most extraordinary—if not apocryphal—case on record, is one\* given by Dr Petetin, a physician of Lyons, in which "*the senses were transferred to the pit of the stomach, and the ends of the fingers and toes, i. e. the patients, in a state of insensibility to all external impressions upon the proper organs of sense, were nevertheless capable of hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting whatever was approached to the pit of the stomach, or the ends of the fingers and toes. The patients are said to have answered questions proposed to the pit of the stomach—to have told the hour by a watch placed there—to have tasted food—and smelt the fragrance of apricots touching the part, &c. &c.*" It may be interesting to add, that an eminent physician, who went to see the patient, incredulous of what he had heard, returned perfectly convinced of its truth. I have also read somewhere of a Spanish monk, who was so terrified by a sudden sight which he encountered in the Asturias mountains, that, when several of his holy brethren, whom he had preceded a mile or two, came up, they found him stretched upon the ground in the fearful condition of a cataleptic patient. They carried him back immediately to their monastery, and he was believed dead. He suddenly revived, however, in the midst of his funeral obsequies, to the consternation of all around him. When he had perfectly recovered the use of his faculties, he related some absurd matters which he pretended to have seen in a vision during his comatose state. The disorder in question, however, generally makes its appearance in the female sex, and seems to be in many,

if not in most instances, a remote member of the family of hysterical affections.—To return, however.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P—. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, from which I had expected so much, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God, was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover? of her mother! These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain anywhere but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr D— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression

---

\* A second similar case, well authenticated, occurred not long afterwards, at the same place.—They are attributed by Dr P. to the influence of animal electricity.



of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sate upright, but with a blank absent aspect that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but *sunk* down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P—! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sate up suddenly, leaned forwards towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her. Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced

the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P—. The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor;\* and the associations revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr — laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—"Well! what *is* to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! \* \* \* Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."—

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her?—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one

---

\* A word about that case, by the way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrible. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprung up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly—the colour rushed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as to shew all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No.—I don't think she exactly *believed* it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, —, there was something *very* strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—*That* is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr N—, her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married, He will be here shortly to see her"—

"My God!" exclaimed Dr D— clapping his hands, eyeing Miss P—, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him!—'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her *mother*—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting *you*!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressingly engaged: but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping—though faintly—that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I knelt down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay,

and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bed-side as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my description should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P—, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age,—and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P—'s—her "own sweet pet"—as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P—, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!"—he cried—"Papa say, 'tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh?—Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments—and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr N—, for poor Agnes!—For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P—! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay

\* I had been examining her eyes, and had only half closed the lids.



for N—; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation: but the postscript most affected me.

"P.S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy!—*Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa?*—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr N—, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P—'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then, it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P—'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every enquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had

occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of *music*—of which you say *she* is so fond! Do not you intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P—. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we

must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shewn at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. “My child! my child! my child!” she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter’s seizure) had snatched Miss P——’s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——’s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs P—— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency to-

wards it, even though Mrs P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr D—— arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther’s hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o’clock, the Dean’s carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

“Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!” he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. After a moment’s pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean’s table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse



than a living being! As soon as Dr D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion!

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started

up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"AGNES!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr N——! what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"AGNES!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The Venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs P—— had fainted; my wife

seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr N——, happened to bear on the outside the words "*special haste!*" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P—— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr D——, the Dean of ——, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God!

All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr D——

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" enquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She *must* sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr D——; "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!" \* \* \*

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr D——, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her MIND may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why"—stammered the Dean, turning pale—"what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!" \*

"Aye!" replied Dr D——, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman"—There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr D——'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from

\* In almost every known instance of recovery from Catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them!



his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P—— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr D—— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr D—— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P——. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P—— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. “How are you, Agnes?” I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

“Do you feel pain anywhere?” I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left

her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr D——’s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o’clock. I then repaired to my patient’s room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. “Kiss me!” she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

“Don’t cry!” she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilled fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o’clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequent-

ly; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about *heaven*—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she enquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs —," (my wife,) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And is it quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming!"

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning!"

"Come, child, you rave!"

"—They seemed coming towards the world!"

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see HIM. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her, and retired. The last words surprised and dis-

turbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how could she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I MUST see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice-repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. \* \* \*

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual enquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure.



I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

“Remember! N—— must be here to-night!”

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening,—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

“Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!” exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

“Raise me! Let me look at it!” replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

“He will be here soon?”

“In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—Why do you wish to see him?”

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr D—— should accompany Mr N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

“N—— is come at last!” said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

“Shall he be shewn in at once?” I enquired.

“No—wait a few moments,” replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. “Now!” she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr D—— and Mr N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

“PREPARE!” she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and, to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## CHAP. XIII.

## VOMITO PRIETO.

THE second and acting third lieutenants were on board the prizes—the purser was busy in his vocation—the doctor ditto. Indeed, he and his mates had more on their hands than they could well manage. The first lieutenant was engaged on deck, and the master was in his cot, suffering from a severe contusion; so when I got on board, and dived into the gun-room in search of some crumbs of comfort, the deuce a living soul was there to welcome me, except the gun-room steward, who speedily produced some cold meat, and asked me if I would take a glass of swizzle.

The food I had no great fancy to, although I had not tasted a morsel since six o'clock in the morning, and it was now eight in the evening; but the offer of the grog sounded gratefully in mine ear, and I was about tackling to a stout rummer of the same, when a smart dandified shaver, with gay mother-of-pearl buttons on his jacket, as thick-set as pease, presented his tallow chops at the door. "Captain N— desires me to say, that he will be glad of your company in the cabin, Mr Cringle."

"My compliments—I will wait on him so soon as I have had a snack. We have had no dinner in the gun-room to-day yet, you know, Mafame."

"Why, it was in the knowledge of that the Captain sent me, sir. He has not had any dinner either; but it is now on the table, and he waits for you."

I was but little in spirits, and, to say sooth, was fitter for my bed than society; but the Captain's advances had been made with so much kindness, that I got up, and made a strong endeavour to rouse myself; and, having made my toilet as well as my slender means admitted, I followed the Captain's steward into the cabin.

I started—why, I could not well tell—as the sentry at the door stood to his arms when I passed in; and, as if I had been actually possessed by some wandering spirit, who had taken the small liberty of using my faculties and tongue

without my concurrence, I hastily asked the man if he was an American?—He stared in great astonishment for a short space—turned his quid—and then rapped out, as angrily as respect for a commissioned officer would let him,—“No, by —, sir!”

This startled me as much as the question I had almost unconsciously—and, I may say, involuntarily—put to the marine had surprised him, and I made a full stop, and leant back against the door-post. The Captain, who was walking up and down the cabin, had heard me speak, but without comprehending the nature of my question, and now recalled me in some measure to myself, by enquiring if I wanted any thing. I replied, hurriedly, that I did not.

“Well, Mr Cringle, dinner is ready—so take that chair at the foot of the table, will you?”

I sat down, mechanically, as it appeared to me—for a strange swimming dizzy sort of sensation had suddenly overtaken me, accompanied by a whoreson tingling, as Shakspeare hath it, in my ears. I was unable to eat a morsel; but I could have drank the ocean, had it been claret or vin-de-grave—to both of which I helped myself as largely as good manners would allow, or a little beyond, mayhap. All this while the Captain was stowing his cargo with great zeal, and tifting away at the fluids as became an honest sailor after so long a fast, interlarding his operations with a civil word to me now and then, without any especial regard as to the answer I made him, or, indeed, caring greatly whether I answered him or not. “Sharp work you must have had, Mr Cringle—should have liked to have been with you myself. Help yourself, before passing that bottle—Zounds, man, never take a bottle by the bilge—grasp the neck, man, at least in this fervent climate—thank you. Pity you had not caught the Captain though. What you told me of that man very much interested me, coupled with the pre-



vailing reports regarding him in the ship—daring dog he must have been—can't forget how gallantly he weathered us, when we chased him."

I broke silence for the first time. Indeed, I could scarcely have done so sooner, even had I chosen it, for the gallant officer was rather continuous in his yarn-spinning. However, he had nearly dined, and was leaning back, allowing the champagne to trickle leisurely from a glass half a yard long, which he had applied to his lips, when I said,—

"Well, the imagination does sometimes play one strange tricks—I verily believe in second sight now, Captain, for at this very instant I am regularly the fool of my senses,—but pray don't laugh at me;" and I lay back on my chair, and pressed my hands over my shut eyes and hot burning temples, which were now throbbing as if the arteries would have burst. The Captain, who was evidently much surprised at my abruptness, said something hurriedly and rather sharply in answer, but I could not for the life of me mark what it was. I opened my eyes again, and looked towards the object that had before riveted my attention. It was neither more nor less than the Captain's cloak, a plain, unpretending, substantial blue garment, lined with white, which, on coming below, he had cast carelessly down on the locker, that ran across the cabin behind him, and just under the stern windows. It was about eighteen feet from me, and as there was no light nearer it than the swinging lamp over the table at which we were seated, the whole after-part of the cabin thereabouts was thrown considerably into the shade. The cape of the cloak was turned over, showing the white lining, and was rather bunched as it were into a round heap, about the size of a man's head. When first I looked at it, there was a dreamy, glimmering indistinctness about it that I could not well understand, and I would have said, had it been possible, that the wrinkles and folds in it were beginning to be instinct with motion, to creep and crawl as it were. At all events, the false impression was so strong as to jar my nerves, and make me shudder with horror. I knew there was no such thing, as well as Macbeth, but nevertheless it was

with an indescribable feeling of curiosity, dashed with awe, that I stared intently at it, as if fascinated, while almost unwittingly I made the remark already mentioned.

I had expected that the unaccountable appearance which had excited my attention so strongly, would have vanished with the closing of my eyes; but it did not, for when I looked at it again, the working and shifting of the folds of the cloth still continued, and even more distinctly than before.

"Very extraordinary all this," I murmured to myself.

"Pray, Mr Cringle, be sociable, man," said the Captain; "what the deuce do you see, that you stare over my shoulder in that way? Were I a woman now, I should tremble to look behind me, while you were glaring aft in that wild, moonstruck sort of fashion."

"By all that is astonishing," I exclaimed in great agitation, "if the folds of the cape have not arranged themselves into the very likeness of his dying face! Why it *is* his face, and no fanciful grouping of my heated brain. Look there, sir—look there—I know it can't be—but *there he lies*,—the very features and upper part of the body, lith and limb, as when he disappeared beneath the water when he was shot dead."

I felt the boiling blood, that had been rushing through my system like streams of molten lead, suddenly freeze and coagulate about my heart, impeding my respiration to a degree that I thought I should have been suffocated. I had the feeling as if my soul was going to take wing. It was not fear, nor could I say I was in pain, but it was so utterly unlike any thing I had ever experienced before, and so indescribable, that I thought to myself—"this may be death."

"Why, what a changeable rose you are, Master Cringle," said Captain N—, good-naturedly; "your face was like the north-west moon in a fog but a minute ago, and now it is as pale as a lily—blue white, I declare. Why, my man, you must be ill, and seriously too."

His voice dissipated the hideous chimera—the folds fell, and relapsed into their own shape, and the cloak was once more a cloak, and nothing more—I drew a long breath. "Ah,

it is gone at last, thank God!"—and then aware of the strange effect my unaccountable incoherence must have had on the skipper, I thought to brazen it out by trying the free and easy line, which was neither more nor less than arrant impertinence in our relative positions. "Why, I have been heated a little, and amusing myself with sundry vain imaginings, but allow me to take wine with you, Captain,"—filling a tumbler with vin-de-grave to the brim, as I spoke. "Success to you, sir—here's to your speedy promotion—may you soon get a crack frigate; as for me I intend to be Archbishop of Canterbury, or maid of honour to the Queen of Sheba, or something in the heathen mythology."

I drank off the wine, although I had the greatest difficulty in steadying my trembling hand, and carrying it to my lips; but notwithstanding my increasing giddiness, and the buzzing in my ears, and swimming of mine eyes, I noticed the Captain's face of amazement as he exclaimed—"The boy is either mad or drunk, by Jupiter."—I could not stand his searching and angry look, and in turning my eye, it again fell on the cloak, which now seemed to be stretched out at greater length, and to be altogether more voluminous than it was before. I was forcibly struck with this, for I was certain no one had touched it. "By heavens! it heaves," I exclaimed, much moved—"how is this? I never thought to have believed such things,—it stirs again—it takes the figure of a man—as if it were a pall covering *his* body. Pray, Captain N—, what trick is this?—Is there any thing below that cloak there?"

"What cloak do you mean?"

"Why, that blue one lying on the locker there—is there any cat or dog in the cabin?"—and I started on my legs.—"Captain N—," I continued, with great vehemence, "for the love of God tell me *what* is there below that cloak?"

He looked surprised beyond all measure.

"Why, Mr Cringle, I cannot for the soul of me comprehend you; indeed I cannot; but, Mafame, indulge him. See if *there be any thing* below my cloak."

The servant walked to the locker,

and lifted up the cape of it, and was in the act of taking it from the locker, when I impetuously desired the man to leave it alone. "I can't look on him again," said I; while the faintishness increased, so that I could hardly speak. "Don't move the covering from his face, for God's-sake—don't remove it,"—and I lay back in my chair, screening my eyes from the lamp with my hands, and shuddering with an icy chill from head to foot.

The Captain, who had hitherto maintained the wellbred patronising, although somewhat distant, air of a superior officer to an inferior who was his guest, addressed me now in an altered tone, and with a brotherly kindness.

"Mr Cringle, I have some knowledge of you, and I know many of your friends; so I must take the liberty of an old acquaintance with you. This day's work has been a severe one, but your share in it, especially after your past fatigues, has been very trying, and as I will report it, I hope it may clap a good spoke in your wheel; but you are overheated, and have been over-excited; fatigue has broken you down, and I must really request you will take something warm, and turn in.—Here, Mafame, get the carpenter's mate to secure that cleat, on the weather side there, and sling my spare cot for Mr Cringle.—You will be cooler here than in the gun-room."

I heard his words without comprehending their meaning. I sat and stared at him, quite conscious, all the time, of the extreme impropriety, not to say indecency, of my conduct; but there was a spell on me; I tried to speak, but could not; and, believing that I was either possessed by some dumb devil, or struck with palsy, I rose up, bowed to Captain N—, and straightway hied me on deck.

I could hear him say to his servant, as I was going up the ladder, "Look after that young gentleman, Mafame, and send Isaac to the Doctor, and bid him come here now;" and then, in a commiserating tone—"Poor young fellow, what a pity!" When I got on deck all was quiet. The cool fresh air had an instantaneous effect on my shattered nerves, the violent throbbing in my head ceased, and I began to hug myself with the



notion that my distemper, whatever it might have been, had beaten a retreat.

Suddenly I felt so collected and comfortable, as to be quite alive to the loveliness of the scene. It was a beautiful moonlight night; such a night as is nowhere to be seen *without* the Tropics, and not often *within* them. There was just breeze enough to set the sails to sleep, although not so strong as to prevent their giving a low murmuring flap now and then, when the corvette rolled a little heavier than usual in the long swell. There was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, not even a stray shred of thin fleecy gauzelike vapour, to mark the direction of the upper current of the air, by its course across the moon's disk, which was now at the full, and about half-way up her track in the liquid heavens.

The small twinkling lights from millions of lesser stars, in that part of the firmament where she hung, round as a silver pot-lid—shield I mean—were swamped in the flood of greenish-white radiance shed by her, and it was only a few of the first magnitude, with a planet here and there, that were visible to the naked eye, in the neighbourhood of her crystal bright globe; but the clear depth, and dark translucent purity of the profound, when the eye tried to pierce into it at the zenith, where the stars once more shone and sparkled thick and brightly, beyond the merging influence of the pale cold orb, no man can describe *now*—one could, *once*—but rest his soul, he is dead—and then to look forth far into the night, across the dark ridge of many a heaving swell of living water—but, “Thomas Cringle, ahoy—where the devil are you cruising to?” So, to come back to my story. I went aft, and mounted the small poop, and looked towards the aforesaid moon, a glorious resplendent tropical moon, and not the paper lantern affair hanging in an atmosphere of fog and smoke, about which your bleareyed poets *haver* so much. By the by, these gentry are fond of singing of the *blessed* sun—were they sailors, they would *bless* the moon also, and be——— to them, in place of writing such wearisome poetry regarding her *blighting* propensities. But I have lost the end of my yarn once more, in the strands of

these parentheses—Lord, what a word to pronounce in the plural!—I can no more get out now, than a girl's silkworm from the innermost of a nest of pill boxes, where, to ride the simile to death at once, I have warped the thread of my story so round and round me, that I can't for the life of me unravel it. Very odd all this. Since I have recovered of this fever, every thing is slack about me; I can't set up the shrouds and backstays of my mind, not to speak of bobstays, if I should die for it. The running rigging is all right enough, and the canvass is there; but I either can't set it, or when I do, I find I have too little ballast, or I get involved amongst shoals, and white water, and breakers—don't you hear them roar?—which I cannot weather, and crooked channels, under some lee-shore, through which I cannot scrape clear. So down must go the anchor, as at present, and there—there goes the chain-cable, rushing and rumbling through the house-hole. But I suppose it will be all right by and by, as I get stronger.

“But rouse thee, Thomas! Where is this end of your *yarn*, that you are blarneying about?”

“Avast heaving, you swab you—avast—if you had as much calomel in your corpus as I have at this present speaking—why you would be a lad of more metal than I take you for, that is all.—You would have about as much quicksilver in your stomach, as I have in my purse, and all my silver has been *quick*, ever since I remember, like the jests of the gravedigger in Hamlet—but, as you say, where the devil *is* the end of this yarn?”

Ah, here it is! so off we go again—and looked forward towards the rising moon, whose shining wake of glowworm-coloured light, sparkling in the small waves, that danced in the gentle wind on the heaving bosom of the dark blue sea, was right ahead of us, like a river of quicksilver with its course diminished in the distance to a point, flowing towards us, from the extreme verge of the horizon, through a rolling sea of ink, with the waters of which for a time it disdained to blend. Concentrated, and shining like polished silver afar off—intense and sparkling as it streamed down nearer, but becoming less and

less brilliant as it widened in its approach to us, until, like the stream of the great Estuary of the Magdalena, losing itself in the salt waste of waters, it gradually melted beneath us and around us into the darkness.

I looked aloft—every object appeared sharply cut out against the dark firmament, and the swaying of the mast-heads to and fro, as the vessel rolled, was so steady and slow, that *they* seemed stationary, while it was the moon and stars which appeared to vibrate and swing from side to side, high over head, like the vacillation of the clouds in a theatre, when the scene is first let down.

The masts, and yards, and standing and running rigging, looked like black pillars, and bars, and wires of iron, reared against the sky, by some mighty spirit of the night; and the sails, as the moon shone dimly through them, were as dark as if they had been tarpawlings. But when I walked forward, and looked aft, what a beauteous change! Now each mast, with its gently swelling canvass, the higher sails decreasing in size, until they tapered away nearly to a point, though topsail, topgallant-sails, royal and sky-sails, shewed like towers of snow, and the cordage like silver threads, while each dark spar seemed to be of ebony, *fished* with ivory, as a flood of cold, pale, mild light streamed from the beauteous planet over the whole stupendous machine, lighting up the sand-white decks, on which the shadows of the men, and of every object that intercepted the moonbeams, were cast as strongly as if the planks had been inlaid with jet.

There was nothing moving about the decks. The lookouts, aft, and at the gangways, sat or stood like statues half bronze, half alabaster. The old quartermaster, who was cunning the ship, and had perched himself on a carronade, with his arm leaning on the weather nettings, was equally motionless. The watch had all disappeared forward, or were stowed out of sight under the lee of the boats; the first Lieutenant, as if captivated by the serenity of the scene, was leaning with folded arms on the weather gangway, looking abroad upon the ocean, and whistling now and then either for a wind, or for want of thought. The only being who showed sign of life was

the man at the wheel, and he scarcely moved, except now and then to give her a spoke or two, when the cheep of the tiller-rope, running through the well-greased leading flocks, would grate on the ear as a sound of some importance; while in daylight, in the ordinary bustle of the ship, no one could say he overheard it.

Three bells! "Keep a bright lookout there," sung out the Lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir," from the four lookout men, in a volley. Then from the weather-gangway, "All's well" rose shrill into the night air. The watchword was echoed by the man on the forecastle, re-echoed by the lee-gangway lookout, and ending with the response of the man on the poop. My dream was dissipated—and so was the first Lieutenant's, who had but little poetry in his composition, honest man. "Fine night, Mr Cringle. Look aloft, how beautifully set the sails are; that mizen topsail is well cut, eh? Sits well, don't it? But—Confound the lubbers! Boatswain's mate, call the watch." Whi-whew, whi-whew, chirrup, chip, chip—the deck was alive in an instant, "as bees biz out wi' angry fyke." "Where is the captain of the mizen top?" growled the man in authority. "Here, sir."—"Here, sir!—look at the weather-clew of the mizen topsail, sir,—look at that sail, sir,—how many *turns* can you count in that clew, sir? Spring it, you no-sailor you—spring it, and set the sail again."

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable all this appeared to me at the time, I well remember; but the obnoxious *turns* were shaken out, and the sail set again so as to please even the fastidious eye of the Lieutenant, who, seeing nothing more to find fault with, addressed me once more. "Have had no grub since morning, Mr Cringle; all the others are away in the prizes, you know; you are as good as one of us now, only want the order to join, you know—so will you oblige me, and take charge of the deck, until I go below and change my clothes, and gobble a bit?"

"Unquestionably,—with much pleasure."

He dived forthwith, and I walked aft a few steps towards where the old quartermaster was standing on the gun.



"How is her head, Quartermaster?"

"South-east, and by south, sir. If the wind holds, we shall weather Morant Point, I think, sir."

"Very like, very like."

"What is that glancing backwards and forwards across that port-hole there, Quartermaster?"

"I told you so, Mafame," said the man; "what are you skylarking about the mizen chains for, man?—Come in, will you, come in."

The Captain's caution to his servant flashed on me.

"Come in, my man, and give my respects to the Captain, and tell him that I am quite well now; the fresh air has perfectly restored me."

"I will, sir," said Mafame, half-ashamed at being detected in his office of inspector-general of my actions; but the Doctor, to whom he had been sent, having now got a leisure moment from his labour in the shambles, came up, and made enquiries as to how I felt.

"Why, Doctor, I thought I was in for a fever half an hour ago, but it is quite gone off, or nearly so—there, feel my pulse."—It was regular, and there was no particular heat of skin.

"Why, I don't think there is much the matter with you. Mafame, tell the Captain so; but turn in and take some rest as soon as you can, and I will see you in the morning—and here," feeling in his waistcoat pocket, "here are a couple of capers for you; take them now, will you?"—(And he handed me two blue pills, which I the next moment chucked overboard, to cure some bilious dolphin of the River complaint.) I promised to do so whenever the Lieutenant relieved the deck, which would, I made no question, be within half an hour.

"Very well, that will do—good-night. I am regularly done up myself," quoth the Medico, as he descended to the gun-room.

At this time of night the prizes were all in a cluster under our lee quarter, carrying every rag they could set, looking like small icebergs covered with snow. The Gleam was a good way astern, as if to whip them in, and to take care that no stray picaroon should make a dash at any of them. They looked like phantoms of the deep, every thing in the air and in the water was so still—

I crossed to the lee-side of the deck to look at them.—The Wave seeing a person looking over the hammock-nettings, sheered close to, under the Firebrand's lee-quarter, and some one asked, "Do you want to speak us?" The man's voice, reflected from the concave surface of the schooner's mainsail, had a hollow, echoing sound that startled me.

"I should know that voice," said I to myself, "and that figure steering the schooner." The throbbing in my head and the dizzy feel, which had capsized my judgment in the cabin, again returned with increased violence—"It was no deception after all," thought I, "no cheat of the senses—I now believe such things are."

The same voice now called out, "Come away, Tom, come away," no doubt to some other seaman on board the little vessel, but my heated fancy did not so construe it. The cold breathless fit again overtook me, and I ejaculated, "God have mercy upon me a sinner!"

"Why don't you come, Tom?" said the voice once more.

It was Obed's. At this very instant of time, the Wave forged ahead into the Firebrand's shadow, so that her sails, but a moment before white as wool in the bright moonbeams, suffered a sudden eclipse, and became black as ink. "His dark spirit is there," said I, audibly, "and calls me—go I will, whatever may befall." I hailed the schooner, or rather I had only to speak, and that in a low tone, for she was now close under the counter—"Send your boat, for since you call, I know I *must* come."

A small canoe slid off her deck; two shipboys got into it, and pulled under the larboard mizen chains, which entirely concealed them, as they held on for a moment with a boat hook in the dark shadow of the ship. This was done so silently, that neither the lookout on the poop, who was rather on the weather side at the moment, nor the man at the lee-gangway, who happened to be looking out forward, heard them, or saw me, as I slipped down unperceived—"Pull back again, my lads; quick now, quick."

In a moment, I was alongside, the next I was on deck, and in this short space a change had come over the

spirit of my dream, for I now was again conscious that I was on board the Wave with a prize crew. My imagination had taken another direction. "Now, Mr —, I beg pardon, I forget your name,"—I had never heard it—"make more sail, and haul out from the fleet for Mancheoneal Bay; I have dispatches for the admiral—So, crack on."

The midshipman who was in charge of her never for an instant doubted but that all was right; sail was made, and as the light breeze was the very thing for the little Wave, she began to *snore* through it like smoke. When we had shot a cable's length ahead of the Firebrand we kept away a point or two, so as to stand more in for the land, and, like most maniacs, I was inwardly exulting at the success of my manœuvre, when we heard the corvette's bell struck rapidly. Her main topsail was suddenly laid to the mast, whilst a loud voice echoed amongst the sails—"Any one see him in the waist—anybody see him forward there?"

"No, sir, no."

"Afterguard, fire, and let go the life-buoy—lower away the quarter boats—jolly boat also."

We saw the flash, and presently the small blue light of the buoy, blazing and disappearing, as it rose and fell on the waves; in the corvette's wake, sailed away astern, sparkling fitfully, like an *ignis fatuus*. The cordage rattled through the davit blocks, as the boats plashed into the water—the splash of the oars was heard, and presently the twinkle of the life-buoy light was lost in the lurid glare of three blue lights, one being held aloft in each boat, in which the crews were standing up looking like spectres by the ghastly blaze, and anxiously peering about for some sign of the drowning man.

"A man overboard," was repeated from one to another of the prize crew.

"Sure enough," said I.

"Shall we stand back, sir?" said the midshipman.

"To what purpose?—there are enough there without us—no, no; crack on, we can do no good—carry on, carry on!"

We did so, and I now found severe shooting pains, more racking than the sharpest rheumatism I had ever

suffered, pervading my whole body. They increased until I suffered the most excruciating agony, as if my bones had been converted into red-hot tubes of iron, and the marrow in them had been dried up with fervent heat, and I was obliged to beg that a hammock might be spread on deck, on which I lay down, pleading great fatigue and want of sleep as my excuse.

My thirst was unquenchable; the more I drank, the hotter it became. My tongue, and mouth, and throat, were burning, as if molten lead had been poured down into my stomach, while the most violent retching came on every ten minutes. The prize crew, poor fellows, did all they could—once or twice they seemed about standing back to the ship, but, "make sail, make sail," was my only cry. They did so, and there I lay without any thing between me and the wet planks but a thin sailor's blanket and the canvass of the hammock, through the livelong night, with no covering but a damp boat-cloak, raving at times during the hot fits, at others having my power of utterance frozen up during the cold ones. The men, once or twice, offered to carry me below, but the idea was horrible to me.

"No, no—not there—for heaven's sake not there! If you do take me down, I am sure I shall see him, and the dead mate—No, no—overboard rather, throw me overboard rather."

Oh, what would I not have given for the luxury of a flood of tears!—But the fountains of mine eyes were dried up, and seared as with a red-hot iron—my skin was parched, and hot, hot, as if every pore had been hermetically sealed; there was a hell within me, and about me, as if the deck on which I lay had been steel at a white heat, and the gushing blood, as if under the action of a force-pump, throbbed through my head, as if it would have burst on my brain—and such a racking, splitting headache—no language can describe it, and yet ever and anon in the midst of this raging fire, this furnace at my heart, seventeen times heated, a sudden icy shivering chill would shake me, and pierce through and through me, even when the roasting fever was at the hottest.

At length the day broke on the



long, long, moist, steamy night, and once more the sun rose to bless every thing but me. As the morning wore on, my torments increased with the heat, and I lay sweltering on deck, in a furious delirium, held down forcibly by two men, who were relieved by others every now and then, while I raved about Obed, and Paul, and the scenes I had witnessed on board during the chase, and in the attack. None of my rough but kind nurses expected I would have held on till nightfall; but shortly after sunset I became more collected, and, as I was afterwards told, whenever any little office was performed for me, whenever some drink was held to my lips, I would say to the gruff sun-burnt, black-whiskered, square-shouldered topman, who might be my Ganymede for the occasion, "Thank you, Mary; Heaven bless your pale face, Mary; bless you, bless you!" It seemed my fancy had shaken itself clear of the fearful objects that had so pertinaciously haunted me before, and occupying itself with pleasing recollections, had produced a corresponding calm in the animal; but the poor fellow to whom I had expressed myself so endearingly, was, I learned, most awfully put out and dismayed. He twisted and turned his iron features into all manner of ludicrous combinations, under the laughter of his mates—"Now, Peter, may I be — but I would rather be shot at, than hear the poor young gentleman so quizz me in his madness." Then again—as I praised his lovely taper fingers—they were more like bunches of frosted carrots, dipped in a tar-bucket, with the tails snapt short off, where about an inch thick, *only*.

"My taper fingers—oh lord! Now, Peter, I can't stomach this any longer—I'll give you my grog for the next two days, if you will take my spell here—My taper fingers—murder!"

As the evening closed in, we saw the high land of Jamaica, but it was the following afternoon before we were off the entrance of Mancheoneal Bay. All this period, although it must have been one of great physical suffering, has ever, to my ethereal part, remained a dead blank. The first thing I remember afterwards, was being carried ashore in

the dark in a hammock slung on two oars, so as to form a sort of rude palanquin, and laid down at a short distance from the overseer's house, where my troubles had originally commenced. I soon became perfectly sensible and collected, but I was so weak I could not speak; after resting a little, the men again lifted me and proceeded. The door of the dining-hall, which was the back entrance into the overseer's house, opened flush into the little garden through which we had come in—there were lights, and sounds of music, singing, and jovialty within. The farther end of the room, at the door of which I now rested, opened into the piazza, or open veranda, which crossed it at right angles, and constituted the front of the house, forming, with this apartment, a figure somewhat like the letter T. I stood at the foot of the letter, as it were, and as I looked towards the piazza, which was gaily lit up, I could see it was crowded with male and female negroes in their holiday apparel, with their wholesome clear brown-black skins, not *blue-black*, as they appear in our cold country, and beautiful white teeth, and sparkling black eyes, amongst whom were several gumbie-men and flute-players, and John Canoes, as the negro Jack Pudding is called; the latter distinguishable by wearing white false faces, and enormous shocks of horsehair, fastened on to their woolly pates. Their character hovers somewhere between that of a harlequin and a clown, as they dance about, and thread through the negro groups, quizzing the women, and slapping the men; and at Christmas time, the grand negro carnival, they don't confine their practical jokes to their own colour, but take all manner of comical liberties with the whites equally with their fellow bondsmen. The blackamoor visitors had suddenly, to all appearance, broken off their dancing, and were now clustered behind a rather remarkable group, who were seated at supper in the dining-room, near to where I stood, forming, as it were, the foreground in the scene. Mr Fyall himself was there, and a rosy-gilled, happy-looking man, who I thought I had seen before; this much I could discern, for the light fell strong on them,

especially on the face of the latter, which shone like a star of the first magnitude, or a lighthouse in the red gleam—the usual family of the overseer, the book-keepers that is, and the worthy who had been the proximate cause of all my sufferings, the overseer himself, were there too, as if they had all been sitting still at table where I saw them now, ever since I had left them—a fortnight before—at least my fancy did me the favour to annihilate, for the nonce, all intermediate time between the point of my departure on the night of the cooper's funeral, and the moment when I now revisited them.

I was lifted out of the hammock, and supported to the door between two seamen. The fresh, nice-looking man before mentioned, Aaron Bang, Esquire, by name, an incipient planting attorney in the neighbourhood, of great promise, was in the act of singing a song, for it was during some holyday-time, which had broken down the stiff observances of a Jamaica planter's life. There he sat, lolling back on his chair, with his feet upon the table, and a cigar, half consumed, in his hand. He had twisted up his mouth and mirth-provoking pimple of a nose, which, by an unaccountable control over some muscle, present in the visage of no other human being, he made to describe a small circle round the centre of his face, and slewing his head on one side, he was warbling, *ore rotundo*, some melodious ditty, with infinite complacency, and, to all appearance, to the great delight of his auditory; when his eyes lighted on me,—he was petrified in a moment,—I seemed to have blasted him,—his warbling ceased instantaneously,—the colour faded from his cheeks,—but there he sat, with open mouth, and in the same attitude as if he still sung, and I had suddenly become deaf, or as if he and his immediate compotators, and the group of Blackies beyond, had all been on the instant turned to stone by a slap from one of their own John Canoes. I must have been in truth a terrible spectacle; my skin was yellow, not as saffron, but as the skin of a ripe lime; the *white* of my eyes, to use an Irishism, ditto; my mouth and lips had festered and *broke out*, as we say in Scotland; my head was bound round with

a napkin—none of the cleanest, you may swear; my dress was a pair of dirty duck trowsers, and my shirt, with the boat cloak that had been my only counterpane on board of the little vessel, hanging from my shoulders.

Lazarus himself could scarcely have been a more appalling object, when the voice of him who spoke as never man spake, said to him, "Lazarus, come forth."

I made an unavailing attempt to cross the threshold, but could not. I was spellbound, or there was an invisible barrier erected against me, which I could not overleap. The buzzing in my ears, the pain and throbbing in my head, and racking aches, once more bent me to the earth—ill and reduced as I was. A relapse, thought I; and I felt my judgment once more giving way before the sweltering fiend, who had retreated but for a moment to renew his attacks with still greater fierceness. The moment he once more entered into me—the instant that I was possessed—I cannot call it by any other name—an unnatural strength pervaded my shrunken muscles and emaciated frame, and I stepped boldly into the hall. While I had stood at the door, listless and feeble as a child, and hanging as it were on the arms of the two topmen, after they had raised me from the hammock, the whole party had sat silently gazing at me, with their faculties paralysed with terror. But now when I stamped into the room like the marble statue in Don Juan, and glared on them, my eyes sparkling with unearthly brilliancy, under the fierce distemper which had anew thrust its red-hot fingers into my maw, and was at the moment seething my brain in its hellish caldron, the negroes in the piazza, one and all, men, women, and children, vanished into the night, and the whole party in the foreground started to their legs, as if they had been suddenly galvanized; the table and chairs were upset, and whites and blacks trundled, and scrambled, and bundled over and over each other, neck and crop, as if the very devil had come to invite them to dinner *in propria persona*, horns, tail, and all. "Duppy, come! Duppy, come! Massa Tom Cringle ghost stand at for we door; we all shall dead, oh—we all



shall go dead, oh!" bellowed the father of gods, my old ally Jupiter.

"Guid guide us, that's an awfu' sight!" quod the Scotch book-keeper.

"By the hockey, speak if you be a ghost, or I'll exercise [exorcise] ye wid this but of a musket," quoth the cow-boy—an Irishman to be sure, whose round bullet head was discernible in the human mass, by his black, twinkling, half-drunken-looking eyes.

"Well-a-day," groaned another of them, a Welshman, I believe, with a face as long as my arm, and a drawl worthy of a methodist parson; "and what can it be—flesh and blood, it is not—can these dry bones live?"

Ill as I was, however, I could perceive that all this row had now more of a tipsy frolic in it—whatever it might have had at first—than absolute fear; for the red-faced visitor, and Mr Fyall, as if half ashamed, speedily extricated themselves from the chaos of chairs and living creatures, righted the table, replaced the candles, and having sat down, looking as grave as judges on the bench, Aaron Bang exclaimed—"I'll bet a dozen, it is the poor fellow himself returned on our hands, half-dead from the rascally treatment he has met with at the hands of these smuggling thieves!"

"Smugglers, or no," said Fyall, "you are right for once, my peony rose, I do believe."

But Aaron was a leetle staggered, notwithstanding, when I stumped towards him, as already described, and he shifted back and back as I advanced, with a most laughable cast of countenance, between jest and earnest, while Fyall kept shouting to him—"If it be his ghost, try him in Latin, Mr Bang—speak Latin to him, Aaron Bang—nothing for a ghost like Latin, it is their mother tongue."

Bang, who it seemed plumed himself on his erudition, forthwith began—"Quæ maribus solum tribuuntur"—Aaron's conceit of exorcising a spirit with the fag-end of an old grammar rule would have tickled me under most circumstances; but I was far past laughing. I had more need, God help me, to pray. I made another step. He hitched his chair back. "Bam, Bo, Rem!" shouted the incipient planting attorney. Another hitch, which carried him clean out of the supper-room, and across the narrow piazza; but, in this last

movement, he made a regular false step, the two back-feet of his chair dropping over the first step of the front stairs, whereupon he lost his balance, and toppling over, vanished in a twinkling, and rolled down half a dozen steps, heels over head, until he lay sprawling on the manger or mule-trough before the door, where the *beastesses* are fed under Busha's own eye on all estates; for this excellent and most cogent reason, that the maize or guinea-corn, belonging of right to poor *mulo*, would generally go towards improving the condition, not of the quadruped, but of the biped Quashie, who had charge of him; and there he lay in a convulsion of laughter.

The two seamen, who supported me between them, were at first so completely dumbfounded by all this, that they could not speak. At length, however, old Timothy Tackle lost his patience, and found his tongue. "This may be Jamaica frolic, good gentlemen, and all very comical in its way; but, damn me, if it be either gentlemanlike or Christianlike, to be after funning and fuddling, while a fellow-creature, and his Majesty's commissioned officer to boot, stands before you, all but dead of one of your blasted fevers."

The honest fellow's straightforward appeal, far from giving offence to the kindhearted people to whom it was made, was not only taken in good part, but Mr Fyall himself took the lead in setting the whole household immediately to work, to have me properly cared for. The best room in the house was given up to me. I was carefully shifted and put to bed; but during all that night and the following day, I was raving in a furious fever, so that I had to be forcibly held down in my bed, sometimes for half an hour at a time.

. . . . .

I say, messmate, have you ever had the yellow fever, the *vomito prieto*, black vomit, as the Spaniards call it?—No?—Have you ever had a bad bilious fever then? No bad bilious fever either?—Why, then, you are a most *misfortunate* creature; for you have never known what it was to be in heaven, nor eke the other place. Oh

the delight, the blessedness of the languor of recovery, when one finds himself in a large airy room, with a dreamy indistinct recollection of great past suffering, endured in a small miserable vessel within the tropics, where you have been roasted one moment by the vertical rays of the sun, and the next annealed hissing hot by the salt sea spray, and in a broad luxurious bed, some cool sunny morning, with the fresh sea-breeze whistling through the open windows that look into the piazza, rustling the folds of the clean wire gauze musquitto net that serves you for bed-curtains; while beyond you look forth into the cool sequestered court-yard, overshadowed by one vast umbrageous Kennip tree, making every thing look green and cool and fresh beneath, and whose branches the rushing wind is rasping cheerily on the shingles of the roof—and oh, how passing sweet is the lullaby from the humming of numberless glancing bright-hued flies, of all sorts and sizes, sparkling among the green leaves like chips of a prism, and the fitful whining of the fairy-flitting humming-bird, now here, now there, like winged gems, and living “atoms of the rainbow,” round which their tiny wings, moving too quickly to be visible, formed little haloes, and the palm-tree at the house-corner is shaking its long hard leaves, making a sound for all the world like the pattering of rain; and the orange-tree top, with ripe fruit, and green fruit, and white blossoms, is waving to and fro flush with the window sill, dashing the fragrant odour into your room at every *whish*; and the double jessamine is twining up the papaw, (whose fruit, if rubbed on a bull's hide, immediately converts it into a tender beefsteak,) and absolutely stifling you with sweet perfume; and then the sangaree—old Madeira, two parts of water, no more, and nutmeg—and not a taste out of a thimble, but a rummerful of it, my boy, that would drown your first-born at his christening, if he slipped into it, and no stinting in the use of this ocean; on the contrary, the tidy old brown nurse, or mayhap a buxom young one, at your bedside, with ever and anon a “leetle more panada,” (d—n panada, I had forgotten that!) “and den some more

sangaree; it will do massa good, trenthen him tomack”—and—but I am out of breath, and must lie to for a brief space.

I opened my eyes late in the morning of the second day after landing, and saw Mr Fyall and the excellent Aaron Bang sitting one on each side of my bed. Although weak as a sucking infant, I had a strong persuasion on my mind that all danger was over, and that I was convalescent. I had no feverish symptom whatsoever. I felt cool and comfortable, with a fine balmy moisture on my skin; but I spoke with great difficulty.

Aaron noticed this. “Don't exert yourself too much, Tom; take it coolly, man, and thank God that you are now fairly round the corner. Is your head painful?”

“No—why should it?” Mr Fyall smiled, and I put up my hand—it was all I could do, for my limbs appeared loaded with lead at the extremities, and when I touched any part of my frame, with my hand for instance, there was no concurring sensation conveyed by the nerves of the two parts; sometimes I felt as if touched by the hand of another, at others, as if I had touched the person of some one else. When I raised my hand to my forehead, my fingers instinctively moved to take hold of my hair, for I was in no small degree proud of some luxuriant brown curls, which the women used to praise. Alas and alack-a-day! in place of ringlets, glossy with Macassar oil, I found a cool young tender plantain leaf, bound round my temples.

“What is all this?” said I. “A *kail-blade*, where my hair used to be!”

“How came this *kail-blade* here, and how came it here?” sung friend Bang, laughing, for he had great *powers of laughter*, and I saw he kept his quizzical face turned towards some object at the head of the bed, which I could not see.

“You may say that, Aaron—where's my wig, you rogue, eh?”

“Never mind, Tom,” said Fyall, “your hair will soon grow again, won't it, miss?”

“Miss! miss!” and I screwed my neck round, and lo! “Ah, Mary, and are you the Delilah who have shorn my locks—you wicked young female lady you?” She smiled and



nodded to Aaron, who was a deuced favourite with the ladies, *black*, brown, and white, (I give the *pas* to the staple of the country—hope no offence,) as well as with every one else who ever knew him. “How dare you, friend Bang, shave and blister my head, you dog?” said I—“You cannibal Indian, you have scalped me; you are a regular Mohawk.” The sight of my cousin’s lovely face, and the heavenly music of her tongue, made me so forgiving, that I could be angry with no one. At this moment, a nice-looking elderly man slid into the room as noiselessly as a cat.

“How are you, Lieutenant? Why, you are positively gay this morning! Preserve me—why have you taken off the dressing from your head?”

“Preserve me—you may say that, Doctor—why, you seem to have preserved me, and pickled me after a very remarkable fashion, certainly! Why, man, did you intend to make a mummy of me, with all your swathings? Now, what is that crackling on my chest? More plantain leaves, as I live!”

“Only another blister, sir.”

“Only another blister—and my feet—Zounds! what have you been doing with my feet? The soles are as tender as if I had been bastinadoed.”

“Only cataplasms, sir; mustard and bird-pepper poultices—nothing more.”

“Mustard and bird-pepper poultices!—and pray, what is that long fiddle-case supported on two chairs in the piazza?”

“What case?” said the good Doctor, and his eye followed mine. “Oh, my gun-case. I am a great sportsman, you must know—but draw down that blind, Mr Bang, if you please—the breeze is too strong.”

“Gun-case! I would rather have taken it for your *game-box*, Doctor. However, thanks be to Heaven, you have not *bagged* me this bout.”

At this moment, I heard a violent scratching and jumping on the roof of the house, and presently a loud croak, and a strong rushing noise, as of a large bird taking flight—“What is that, Doctor?”

“The devil,” said he laughing, “at

least your evil genius, Lieutenant—it is the carrion crows, the large John-Crows, as they are called, flying away. They have been holding a council of war upon you, since early dawn, expecting (I may tell you, now you are so well) that it might likely soon turn into a coroner’s inquest.”

“John-Crow! Coroner’s inquest!—Cool shavers those West India chaps, after all!” muttered I; and again I lay back, and offered up my heart-warm thanks to the Almighty, for his great mercy to me a sinner.

My aunt and cousin had been on a visit in the neighbourhood, and overnight Mr Fyall had kindly sent for them to receive my last sigh, for to all appearance I was fast going. Oh, the gratitude of my heart, the tears of joy I wept in my weak blessedness, and the overflowing of heart that I experienced towards that almighty and ever-merciful Being who had spared me and brought me out of my great sickness, to look round on dear friends, and on the idol of my heart, once more, after all my grievous sufferings! I took Mary’s hand—I could not raise it for lack of strength, or I would have kissed it; but, as she leant over me, Fyall came behind her and gently pressed her sweet lips to mine, while the dear girl blushed as red as Aaron Bang’s face. By this my aunt herself had come into the room, and added her warm congratulations, and last, although not least, Timothy Tackle made his appearance in the piazza at the window, with a clean, joyful, well-shaven countenance. He grinned, turned his quid, pulled up his trowsers, smoothed down his hair with his hand, and gave a sort of half-tipsy shamble, meant for a bow, as he entered the bedroom.

“You have forereached on Davy this time, sir. Heaven be praised for it! He was close aboard of you howsomdever, sir, once or twice.” Then he bowed round the room again, with a sort of swing or caper, whichever you choose to call it, as if he had been the party obliged.

“Kind folks these, sir,” he continued, in what was meant for *sotto voce*, and for my ear alone, but it was more like the growling of a mastiff puppy than any thing else.

“Kind folks, sir—bad as their moun-

tebanking looked the first night, sir—why, Lord bless your honour, may they make a marine of me, if they han't set a Bungo to wait on us, Bill and I that is—and we has grog more than does us good—and grub, my eye!—only think, sir—Bill and Timothy Tailtackle waited on by a black Bungo!" and he doubled himself up, chuckling, and hugging himself, with infinite glee.

"All now went merry as a marriage bell." I was carefully conveyed to Kingston, where I rallied, under my aunt's hospitable roof, as rapidly almost as I had sickened, and within a fortnight, all bypast strangenesses explained to my superiors, I at length occupied my berth, in the Firebrand's gun-room, as third lieutenant of the ship.

---

THE SECRET LOVER.

*From the Persian of Jaumi.*

LIVES there the soulless youth, whose eye  
That ruby tinted lip could see,  
Nor long for thee to live or die?  
How unlike me!

Or see that cheek's pomegranate glow;  
Yet think of anything but thee,  
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?  
How unlike me!

Or see thee o'er the golden wire  
Bend with such lovely witchery,  
Nor feel each tone like living fire?  
How unlike me!

Or see thee in the evening dance  
Float, like the foam upon the sea,  
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?  
How unlike me!

Or hear thy hymn, at moonlight rise,  
Soft as the humming of the bee,  
Nor think he sits in paradise?  
How unlike me!

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,  
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,  
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?  
How unlike me!

But lives there one who vainly tries  
To look the freest of the free,  
And hide the wound by which he dies?  
Ah! how like me!

ANTAR.



## FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

"These things are an allegory."

## CHAP. III.

## HOW JOHN'S OTHER MATTERS WERE MANAGED ALL THIS TIME.

WHEN John, who, hearing the scuffle in the house, had locked himself up in his own room, was told of Madam Reform's tumble from the second story, and how she had been carried away senseless, and was not expected to recover, he felt in an odd sort of taking, and hardly knew whether he ought to laugh or cry over the catastrophe. "To be sure," said he to Gray, who stood by blubbering, "she was always a mischief-making beldam, and had got into very bad hands at last: more shame to that rascal Radical Dick, and others that should have known better, who got about her and dosed her with strong waters day and night. But after all, now she's gone, I'm sorry she should have come to an untimely end. She was a sort of relation, they say, though I never could understand how. So harkye, Gaffer, get my suit of mournings brushed out, and tell the sexton I'll see her decently interred at my own expense. She has left a child too, they say; we can't let the poor creature come upon the parish, so take it in and see if Mrs Bull can do any thing for it. The poor infatuated old woman, to think of her performing such a somerset at her time of life!" And thereupon John wiped his eyes, and began to moralize in an edifying way on the shortness of life. With all that, however, he could not at times help chuckling to himself, that his old tormentor was out of the way; he would throw his nightcap in the air, or, pushing the tankard over to Gray, would tell him to drink rest to her bones and her tongue, for she had need of both. Gray took the tankard with a wry face, and tried to squeeze a tear or two from the corner of his eye; not that he really cared a farthing for the poor woman's disaster, for he could have seen her give up the ghost, and have written her epigraph with all the pleasure in life, if it had not been, that just at that mo-

ment—what with John himself, who would have delighted to get quit of him, and the tenants on the estate, most of whom were beginning to see through his humbug, and to swear that, notwithstanding all his scraping and bowing, they were better off with honest old Arthur, gruff as he was—he found, to his annoyance, that he really could not get on without the old woman. He saw, in fact, that her case made a famous handle for hectoring John, and humouring all the idle blackguards on the estate, who, in the mean time, by their shouting and firing off horse-pistols under John's bedroom windows, kept him in such fear of his life, that to get quit of them he would have made almost any sacrifice. But I must tell you a little more particularly how all this had come about, and how Gray and the rest of them had come to be found out on all sides; and, for that purpose, we must look back a little how they had been managing John's other matters while all this racket had been going on about the old lady.

Among other things on which Gray piqued himself very much from the first, was his new method of book-keeping. "None of your *Sundries* debtor to Cash for me," he used to say; "none of your mixing up the servants' wages with the housebook! Let every thing speak for itself, say I. Look at these double columns—such ruling; saw ye e'er such accounts? I sent my Jack-of-all-trades, the Doctor, to borrow Philip Baboon's ledger on purpose"—"And paid him too, I observe," said John, with a groan. "O, no matter for that, see how the accounts look at the year's end; and if there isn't a handsome surplus, I'm a sinner." Well, when that year's end came, John, having a spare morning on his hand, sent for Gaffer and his assistants, and told them he wanted to look over the books. He perceived at once by their hangdog looks, as

they came in, that all was not right, so turning up the last page of the ledger, there, to be sure, he saw a damnable balance against himself. "Call ye this a surplus, quotha? Are these your single accounts and double entries? Why I'm fivescore thousands or thereabout out of pocket by you since last year; how's all this?" Gray tried to brazen out some hypocritical excuse, saying it was a mistake in the last year's balance, and all that. But Allsoap, who had not wit enough to be a knave, blundered out the truth, and confessed that the rents had fallen terribly short that year, he could not comprehend how; "for," said he, "we tried all we could to keep them up, and distrained and pounded without mercy." So seeing him fairly boggled, and John sitting gazing at him with a grim look, and his hands diving down into his breeches pockets, as if he were feeling for a shilling, up starts Pullet, another of Gray's hangers-on, a fellow who had been long about a soapwork, and, says he, "Look ye, Master Bull, what's all this grumbling about—what's a few thousands up or down at the end of the year? Neither here nor there!"—"I faith, that's too true," muttered John, "neither *here* nor *there*!"—"If it's not in *your* pocket," continued Pullet, "it's safe in your tenant's. What's *his* is *yours* you know: There it is, ready for use, any day in the year; *fructifying*, as we used to say in our soapwork!" John could not help thinking, that if *all* his rents were left fructifying in the same way, he would be in the Gazette or the King's Bench before long. "And how are my butcher's and baker's accounts to be paid in the meantime?" he was beginning to say, but with that they all fell upon him at once, told him he was an ignoramus who did not understand political economy or double entry, and so stunned him with hard words, that for the sake of peace he gave up the argument for the time. "But," said he to himself as they left the room, (Pullet crowing excessively at his own cleverness, at having floored John by the fructification argument,) "though that blockhead Allsoap could not see the cause of the shortcoming, it's plain enough! Why, no one will give a decent rent for one of my

farms, so long as this infernal racket is kept up in the estate. What with bonfires one day, and burning haystacks the next, and drunken villains staggering into your house and breaking your ploughs and spinning-wheels, and all the while these rascally servants of mine standing by and saying nothing, or making them a low bow, and crying God speed ye, as they pass—with such a scene of confusion going on, why the place is a perfect Pandemonium! No wonder honest men are shy about laying out money on their farms while this lasts. But, please Heaven, the time is coming shortly, when I may be able to send them to fructify elsewhere, and bring these fellows to their senses, and have a little peace and quietness again, were it only for a change."

"But what the devil's this?" said John, who, after the worthy crew had gone out, had been dipping into the ledger here and there, and among other things had stumbled upon an entry in this fashion: "To paid Esquire North, half year's interest on account of Nick Frog's loan, L.500."—"Hollo you there, Gray, Allsoap, come back, with a pox on ye, and tell me what's all this? By the powers I don't owe Esquire North a rap, as you may well know! It's very true, when he lent Nick Frog that L.20,000 on the security of both his estates, I mean the Lowlands, as well as his father's old estate of Scheidam on the other side of the canal, I agreed to relieve him of half the loan, and pay half the interest of the mortgage; but lookye, did ye not hear me say distinctly, that if he was ousted out of Lowlands, I would not remain bound for a brass farthing; and does not the bond to Esquire North say so too, eh? It was all very well to lend my money when I had my security over both his gin-manufactory and his lace-work, but as for allowing my bond to remain over one of them only, I never would have thought of it." Gray and his deputies were forced to admit, that the terms of the bond were quite clear; so they tried to touch John upon his weak side, his honour, telling him it would not become a gentleman of his immense fortune and high standing in the country, to go to the rigour of



the law with his old friend Squire North, who had always been a good neighbour, and behaved as a gentleman, and had turned out to help him once before when his house was attacked, and besides needed the money damnably. They told John in particular, that Esquire North had got lately involved in a dispute with a troublesome pack on his own estate, who had attacked him with poles, and that but for the assistance of John's money he could not be able to buy a bludgeon or two in self-defence. "Well," said John, "the thing's done now, and it's too late to be helped; for I warrant you, Esquire North is too knowing not to have indorsed away my bill by this time; but I'll have this matter overhauled, and put upon a right footing shortly. But i'faith, Gray, I believe, in my conscience, that you paid away that money to North for no other purpose but just to keep him quiet, and prevent him from interfering, while you and your friend Philip Baboon were driving my poor old acquaintance Nick Frog to the wall, as I am told you are doing. That's my notion—do you take me?" Gray did not choose to answer this hint, but sneaked out with his crew, pretending he had been seized with a bleeding at the nose, which prevented him from looking up.

Shortly after this some other things happened which John could not comprehend at first, and which he thought looked very suspicious indeed. Somehow, every thing he said or did, however privately, found its way into the village newspaper, or was publicly discussed among the crew that met at the Three Stripes, or the Westminster Tap. If a friend wrote a letter to him on private business, although, as he thought, it was safely locked up in his own desk, he was sure in a week's time to see it in print. Now, as none but Gray and his assistants had keys to John's desk where his papers lay, he naturally suspected some roguery in that quarter, the more so as they were known to be hand-in-glove with these same newspaper writers; and so he told Gray his mind about it more than once, but no satisfaction was to be had of him. "Impossible, my dear sir," he would say, "impossible! your secrets are as safe with

me as in your own breast. Why, there's only Allsoap, and Drum, and Johnny, and some dozen more, who ever look at your private letters, and they're all honourable men. I'll vouch for Allsoap; and Allsoap will answer for Drum, and Drum will make affidavit for Johnny, and Johnny will swear for any body, and so on, if need be. After all, my dear sir, don't you think it possible you may have sent the letter yourself to the newspapers, and forgot?" John thought this odd enough, but he bore it a little longer, till one day Harry Fill-pot, the new waiter at the Exeter Arms, brought him up the newspaper, and there to be sure the first thing he clapt his eyes upon was a private letter he had just got the week before from Buckinghamshire, printed at full length. John got into a towering passion at this, particularly when Fill-pot offered to make affidavit before any Justice of the Peace, that he had seen a black fellow, very like Drum, sneaking out of the editor's house after nightfall. "Come along then, my lad," said John, puffing and blowing all the way up to the house, "please heaven we shall have this matter looked into." Up they marched into the steward's office, and there Fill-pot taxed Drum roundly with the fact, swearing that the man he saw was as like him as two peas, "and," says he, "if you, or some of you, did not take the letter, how came it in the newspaper, pray? answer me that."

"Why, you pitiful tapster," said Drum, getting into a passion, as he always did when posed, and looking like a collier in the jaundice,—“are not you the fellow that was hostler in the Stall at Durham, and ran away from the sign of the Church to be under-waiter at the Pope's Head? You're a pretty fellow to be sure—what's your davy worth? Do you dare to say that you saw me with your own eyes take this letter out of John's desk, or will you swear that I was the man you saw at old Walter's? Besides, don't you see there are three words of difference between the letter and the newspaper, and no marks of quotation, eh? Do you dare to call that a *copy* of a letter, you rednosed rakehell renegade?" And soon he went in his usual Billingsgate style, as if he thought

he would whitewash his own dirty face by blackening Fill-pot's. But he did not gain his end, for John gave Gray and the rest plainly to understand, that if any more of his private letters went astray—not that he meant to impute any thing to such honourable men—he must just try to find a steward who had a Bramah lock to his desk, and did not let every idle fellow about the house dip into his master's papers when he had a mind.

Just about this time, too, John was beginning to see through more of Gray's tricks. At first Gray and his fellows had been at great pains to train the ragamuffins on the estate to be very civil to John, and to shout and throw up their caps manfully whenever he appeared. Nothing was to be heard but "Huzza for Squire Bull and Madam Reform, huzza for the Patriot Landlord!" and so forth; while all the while Gray kept nudging him with his elbow, and saying, "Aha! famous, isn't? and all owing to me. See what it is to be popular." John was hugely tickled with all this at first, and would make a low bow with much gravity to these whippersnappers whenever they set up their pipes in his praise, and would insist on Mrs Bull dropping a curtsy to them at the same time. But Gray carried the joke a little too far; for seeing John so much flattered one day with all these genuflexions and loyal ejaculations, he went the length of advising him to discharge a posse of watchmen, whom he and his ancestors had kept at their own expense for the protection of the premises, and to let a set of these roaring fellows take their place. "You see how fond of you they are," added he; "they will serve you all for love; and Radical Dick, who has seen service in the Bristol Militia, will soon bring them into proper training." But John liked his own watchmen, who had more than once saved his house when Nap the housebreaker, who should have been hanged, but was afterwards transported beyond seas, had tried to break in by the north entry, by wading through the ford at night—and the watchmen liked him, for he paid them well, and made much of them on all occasions; and it was because they knew how much they were attached to John, that Gray

and his friends were so anxious to get them out of the way. So John positively refused to have any thing to say to the proposal, and when Gray kept pointing out the crowds which followed John whenever he appeared, he put him out by asking how many of them he thought would stay at home if he were going to be hanged. There is no saying, however, where matters might have ended, if it had not happened that John one day, after he had been bowing and scraping to a set of these fellows whom he had met on the lawn, and who had been huzzaing and hallooing in his praise in the usual style, chanced, after passing them, to turn his head back, and to catch a glimpse of one fellow shaking a stick at him, while the rest were cocking their eye and squirting out tobacco juice behind him; and casting a look up to the house at the same time, he saw somebody in a grey jacket, though he could not make out who, exchanging winks with them from the steward's room window. John said nothing more, and walked on as if he had seen nothing, but for all that he had seen enough. For ever afterwards it was observed, that when any of the rabble began with their huzzas, he would knit his brows, and be heard muttering to himself, "Aha! my fine fellows, pleasant cutpurses, amiable slitweasands, Heaven help those who have you for watchmen! But keep your breath to cool your porridge, if you have any."

All this, however, bad as it was, was nothing to the way in which poor Mrs Bull was used at their hands. Now this vexed John more than any thing else, for he loved his wife, and used to take counsel with her often in family matters. "For," said he, "if she's to live in the same house, and to gain or lose by these things, it's but fair she should have a word to say in them too." And neither Gray nor any of the rest would have seen any objection to this, if it had not so happened that Mrs Bull, from the moment she heard of this plan of bringing back the old lady to the Squire's house, saw there was something more under it, and determined to leave no stone unturned as far as advice went (for she was too sensible a woman to do more), to keep out the old woman and her rela-



tions, who she foresaw would soon contrive to follow her, and litter up every room in the house. So she was often in the custom of giving a serious caution to John, or a sly wibe to the crazy old lady in Gray's hearing; and he, well knowing that John had a great respect for her opinions, was much alarmed thereat. He could not venture to shew his spite openly, however, but contented himself with giving her every petty annoyance that he could devise, now turning off her washerwoman, now insisting on her dismissing her footman. "Lord, how can you think of keeping this fellow?" he would say, "a pragmatistical jackanapes. I only asked him to tell a white lie for me the other day, and the fellow, would you believe it, talked of his conscience! Marry come up, conscience indeed! But he leaves this house to-morrow, and I'll send over some civil friend of my own—a relation for that matter—to fill his place."

"Lookye, sir," said Mrs Bull, "if John allows you to turn off my servants, there's no help for it, but you may keep your relations to yourself; you seem to have enough of them; and I'll do without a servant in the meantime. It may save John a little money, which is more, I take it, than you are likely to do."

"Say you so, madam?" said Gray, biting his lip; so next night, at his evening club at the Stripes, he took care to introduce the subject among his pot-companions. "Ah," said he, sighing, "John's an excellent well-meaning man as need be; and if left to himself, and good advisers, why all would go right soon—but between you and me," pretending to whisper, but taking care to be heard loud enough even in the kitchen—"it's all owing to that brimstone Mrs Bull. If it were not for her, we should all have peace and plenty soon enough. It would not do for me, you know, living in the family, to raise words between man and wife—not to mention that it's as much as my place is worth—only it's a thousand pities, I say, that John has not some honest friend at hand to tell him the truth, without mincing the matter." You may easily suppose, with such a set, such a hint was enough; you would have thought in a day or two that all the filth in the

neighbourhood had been collected in a heap near John's house, for the very purpose of bespattering poor Mrs Bull. If she remained at home, she was sure to hear some dozen villains singing lewd ballads under her window. If she stirred out, down came a shower of mud upon her best lace cap and gown; and while the servant ran after the fellow who had thrown it to catch him, another, seeing her left alone, would start out from behind a hedge, and courageously discharge some kennel water in her face from a squirt. Besides, John could not turn a corner in his own house without stumbling upon some bawdy ballad or ribald song, abusing his wife, and calling her no better than she should be; and these he would find stuck up over the hall door, in his own bedroom, in the parlour, in the drawingroom, every where, in short, from the sunk story to the attics. But the best of it was, to see how Gray and the rest behaved all this time. If John asked them a question about any of these ballads, they were sure never by any chance to have seen them, although all the time, perhaps, they had been staring them in the face over the chimney-piece in the steward's room.

"There now," said John one day to Gray, "don't you see that fellow there, skulking behind the scullery, with a dead cat in his hand, just waiting, I suppose, till Mrs Bull go out to prayers. I'll be hanged if I don't think him very like Hum the Scotch quack—eh?"

"Where, where?" cried Gaffer, clapping on his spectacles, and pretending to hurry to the window, but taking care all the time to wink as hard as possible with both his eyes—"it's very odd—I see nobody—do you?" when by this time Hum, or whoever it might be, had contrived to sneak away into the privy.

"There again, now," cried John, starting up, "don't you hear that rascal bawling out some beastly song about Mrs Bull under my very window? Flesh and blood can't stand this."

"Bless me, my dear sir," said Gray mildly, pricking up his ears, as if he had been listening to the music of the spheres, "you're in an entire mistake, I assure you; it's on-

ly a man performing God save the King, in the street;—though all the while, in fact, the chorus of the song was German Bitch.\* Then, sometimes when John, who made a point of tearing down these dirty pasquinades whenever he met with them, would suddenly pull one of them out of his breeches pocket, and lay it before him, asking him what he thought of it, and Gaffer could no longer sham deafness or blindness, it was edifying to see how he would turn up the white of his eyes and exclaim,—“O the iniquity of the Times!—who could have believed that any one would have so slandered my good excellent lady?” And with that he would squeeze a crocodile tear or two out of the corner of his eye, and seem much affected.

“But would it not be better, instead of whining about it,” said John, “to lay hold of some of the rascals at once—you’ll find them out without difficulty, I’ll be sworn, the moment *you* choose to put an advertisement in the Hue and Cry—and so bring them before a magistrate without more ado? I’ll answer for it, there is not a J. P. in the county that would not be delighted to make out their mittimus at once.”

“Hush, hush, my dear master,” Gray would answer. “Don’t think of such a thing. Have you no regard to the feelings of Mrs Bull? Just suppose that the rascals should plead a justification—only think of that! Then consider the appeals, certioraris, replevins, rebutters, surrebutters, venire facias, capias, dedimus, supersedeas, præcipsis postea, writs of error, bills in Chancery, and so forth, with which you are sure to saddle yourself the moment you are fairly in Court; and though Mrs Bull is a good woman, an excellent woman, and has right on her side, who knows where it may end? Far better let the matter blow over. The more you stir it—you know the proverb.” And John, partly terrified by so much Latin, partly by the thought of an endless lawsuit, where nothing was certain but the expense, agreed, though sorely against the grain, to give up the thought of law proceedings against these libellers.

But the idea that Gray and his set were at the bottom of this, directly or indirectly, still rankled in John’s heart; and with all this catalogue of grievances on his mind, you may easily suppose that he and his steward led but a cat and dog life. The truth was, matters had now come to that point, that John was only waiting for a fair opportunity of turning him adrift. At first, there had been such a preposterous rout raised about him by the tenantry, that John could not have ventured to say black was the white of his eye, though all the time, perhaps, it was as dark as Erebus. At every word with them, it was, Master Gray will do this or that;—he’s the man to lower John’s rents, and sell his corn cheap, and stop the waste in his house, and turn off the idle hulking fellows who eat him up, and prevent him from giving a penny now and then to a poor man. And so matters stood for a little time; Gaffer Gray—who but he?—was to turn the world upside down, and make the wells to run rack punch, and the fowls, ready dressed, to hop along the streets, as of old, in Cockayne. But John began to perceive that the tide was turning now, and that most of the respectable tenants on the estate were beginning to be as heartily sick of Gray and his crew, as ever they had been anxious for their engagement. And no wonder if faith, for after all his vapouring, when it came to the settlement of their rents, the devil a rap would Gray abate; nay, if they were but one day behind hand, down he would come upon them, with a bailiff at his back, and on a moment’s notice, their goods and chattels were all distrained, and knocked down to the highest bidder. “My dear sir,” he would say, when any of them remonstrated, and told him old Arthur had never been so sharp with him, “it cuts me to the heart to hear you say this. You see I weep, but there’s no help for it—so I’ll trouble you to hand over those things to the bailiff as fast as possible. We’ve a deal to do this morning yet. Always happy to serve you—your humble servant.” They remembered, too, that when he first became steward, he had told them he would put an end to the old plan

\* Vide Examiner.



of clapping in every idle fellow who happened to be a relation of the steward into all the snug births about John's house. But somehow or other, in a month he had littered every hole and corner in the house with some of his own blood relations; nay, he would keep a place vacant when an old servant dropped off, and talk big about not filling up—till some of these ragamuffins was old enough to allow him to put him into it. If you asked, who got the last footman's place? You were told John Gray, the steward's brother. Who got the head gardener's? Dick Gray, the steward's nephew. Who was made chaplain's assistant? Will Gray, the steward's cousin. Who was made master of John's coasting trader? Fred. Gray, the steward's son; and on even to the third and fourth generation. One Gray was put into the steward's office, to do nothing, with another to help him;—in the stables, in the butler's pantry, in the servants' hall, every where you stumbled on some lazy rascal, whistling or sucking his thumbs; and if you asked his name, you were sure to find it was Gray. All this you may imagine disgusted the better sort of tenants very much; for they could not help thinking old Arthur had done a great deal more to save John's money, and help themselves, without saying half so much about it.

Neither did they at all like the way in which Gray and the rest of them had been treating John's old neighbours, among the proprietors round about him, nor the new upstarts they seemed inclined to favour. Poor Nick Frog, the grocer, who had been time out of mind one of John's oldest friends, and had smoked many a pipe with him, they allowed to be fairly driven to the wall between his own rascally tenants on the Lowlands estate, and that avaricious money-getting codger, Philip Baboon, who, they say, would colleague at any time with a kept mistress; if he thought that by doing so he could get the old fellow, her keeper, to leave him a hundred pounds in his will. Nay, Gray and his friends had the effrontery, along with Baboon, (whose game they were playing without knowing it,) to send out a manager to take possession of poor Nick's property, just as coolly as if

they themselves had not been parties to the deed of surrender, by virtue of which Nick got possession of the Lowlands some years before. Nick, who, though a man of phlegmatic constitution, had the spirit of a lion in him, still contrived, however, to keep possession of a preserve on one corner of his estate, from which his gamekeeper, a determined dog as ever handled a double barrel, would every now and then give a peppering to the rascals, with small shot, as they passed, which, as they generally took effect behind, made their seats uneasy to them for a month afterwards. Nick swore he would not give up his title to his estate for any man born, let them send as many managers as they liked; and, above all, he spoke of the hardship of taking possession of one of his best farms to the east, which he said had been his from time immemorial, long before he succeeded by excambion to the rest of the property. This Gray and the rest knew very well, but what cared they? They laughed at Nick, with his vested rights; told him, possession was eleven points of the law; and at last persuaded John, one evening when it was so dark he could hardly see what he was signing, to put his name to a sort of round-robin, which they baptized a protocol, in which they told Nick that five of the neighbouring gentry had clubbed together to put a stop to his pestilent complaints, and that if he would have law, they would see whose purse and courage would hold out longest. But Nick was not to be daunted by their round-robins; for while they were all gabbling away together, he was very busy at home, preparing to give his successor in the Lowlands a hearty drubbing, by way of welcome to his estate; so sallying out one evening quietly with only about a dozen stout fellows behind him, he came suddenly on some fifty or sixty of his old tenants singing and drinking, at the sign of the Turkey Cock. I wish you could have heard what spouting, and crowing, and bragging was going on among them, and how they were swearing they would eat Nick alive, or carbonadoed in gunpowder sauce, the first opportunity. At that moment, Nick, with his *posse comitatus*, quietly opened the door, and looked in upon them, just as

Dan, the fellow who had said this, was raising the tankard to his head with a "Here's to the brave Lowlanders;" but, Lord, what a confusion ensued! Dan flung the tankard over his head, some made for the windows, some for the door, some sneaked under the table, while Nick, laying hold on his intended successor, a strapping fellow enough, who had at one time been manager of the Coburg, and who tried for a moment to shew fight, bestowed upon him some twenty handsome bastinadoes upon his posteriors, and so tumbled him out of the window. This sally of Nick's, and the drubbing he had inflicted on these braggarts, cooled the courage of the litigants for a time; indeed, it was pretty generally believed that Squire North, who was one of them, but had never been very cordial in the business from the first, was not sorry at what had happened; and certain it is, that though they had engaged their attorneys, they have been in no hurry to file their bill against Nick, who they all know very well is the devil.

The conduct of Philip Baboon, and of Gray and his brethren, was still more queer in another matter which happened about this time. Both of them, as you may imagine, had a sufficient dislike to Esquire North, and would have seen him drowned in the Baltic without ever heaving a plank to him; but while they hated him, they were at the same time consumedly afraid of him. For Esquire North was a tall, gaunt, rawboned fellow, who walked about in a great-coat lined with furs; and if he met with any trespassers upon his ground, did not scruple to lay a rope's end about their shoulders incontinently, as his grandfather Peter had done before him; nor would he put up with any interference between himself and his tenants, and had often stopped Gray when he began with any of his obliging and disinterested advices. So what do you think did Baboon and Gray do to get their ends of him? Why, they got among some poor creatures upon a farm he had lately succeeded to, (and who, by the way, were ten times better off under Esquire North than they had

been under their old masters, who used to ride and grind them to pieces,) told them they were a poor oppressed miserable pack, and that if they would stand up boldly for their rights they would support them. So the silly creatures, in an evil hour for themselves, took their advice; but when they came to turn out, not a man nor a musket would Baboon or Gray lend them, and they were left with nothing but the poles they had in their hands to make the most of it against the Esquire and his crew, who, being strapping fellows, well armed, and well fed, drubbed them at last to their hearts' content, though, to do them justice, they handled their sticks well. All this while you would have died of laughing had you seen the manœuvres of Baboon and Gray, who, standing behind a hedge where they thought North could not see them, kept shouting out, "Fight on, my brave fellows with the poles, death or victory! Here's to ye—we're drinking success to your cause;" and thereupon they would turn up their little fingers devoutly behind the hedge, and look as big as if they were in the very centre of the row. Nay, so much were they afraid of North's suspecting they had any thing to do with the matter, that during all the time the scuffle lasted they kept sending him presents of English porter and French brandy, to refresh him, as they said, as the day was hot; and, as I told you before, Gray had been the means of getting him the very money with which he bought the bludgeons with which he belaboured the polemen. As for Baboon, again, when some of the poor creatures, after their drubbing, sought shelter in an old barn on his estate, he had them turned out in the twinkling of an eye, and told them all he could do for them would be to use his interest to get them transported to the plantations. With all these complaints, you may imagine Gray was not very acceptable now, either to John or any body else; and that if it had not been for the confusion which this business about the old woman had created, he would have been sent adrift long ere this time.



## CHAP. IV.

## HOW MADAM REFORM GOT INTO JOHN'S HOUSE AFTER ALL, IN SPITE OF HIS NECK.

BUT, in believing the story that the old woman was dead, both John and Gray had been reckoning without their host. For a long time, no doubt, she lay as dead as Hector after Ebrington's cordial had been administered to her, so that all about her thought she had fairly given up the ghost, and were beginning to think of having her put into the ground with as little ado as possible. But just at that moment, as they were preparing to send for the undertaker, who should come in but Hum the Scotch quack, Cabbage the tailor, and others, fresh from a jollification at the Westminster Tap. Hum seeing them beginning their preparations for putting the corpse into a winding-sheet, stept up, and feeling her pulse, (for Hum, you must know, had dabbled a little in surgery while he had been an apothecary in India,) "I'm a Greek," said he, "if I don't believe there's life in the old woman yet.—Hollo you there, pitch your cordials, and hartshorn drops, and constitutional elixirs to the devil; that's not the thing the old woman's been accustomed to at all! But, harkye, kindle a good rousing bonfire by her side, and get a score or two of Radical Dick's boon companions to dance round it and shout in her ear; nothing like heat and excitement for restoring sensation; tell them to bawl out her name lustily, and ten to one but we'll bring the poor wretch (an old idiot, but she'll answer our purpose) to her senses (such as they were) again." So, to be sure, they lost no time in getting the experiment tried, burning a stack or two of one of the neighbours for the purpose, though that was a trifle; and, as Hum had predicted, no sooner did the heat begin to be felt, and the ragamuffins to shout loud enough, than the poor old woman began to move her hands a little, as if she had been subjected to the action of a galvanic battery, and by and by to open her eyes, and to stare wildly about her, and at last to chatter and giggle without end. It was plain, however, that any little

judgment she ever had was irrecoverably gone, for now her whole talk was of Jacobin Clubs, National Guards, non-payment of taxes, blood and wounds, rebellion, and so forth. Now and then, while speaking of taxes, she would articulate the name of Milton, though, as she had never been accustomed to read *Paradise Lost*, no one could conjecture what she meant by it. However, all this made but little impression on Hum, who, with his companions, had been standing by to watch the effect of his prescriptions. "She's never the worse for our purpose," said he, "that she has lost the little sense she had, for now she will say any thing that's put into her mouth; so run some of ye down to the steward's room at the house; you're sure to find him at home, poor man, downhearted enough for that matter I dare say. Tell him the old one hasn't kicked the bucket yet! All's right, and he may be getting the poor thing's bed ready, for we shall be with him in the twinkling of an eye." "A lazy villain though," he added to himself, after the pot-boy went out; "if we didn't keep the spurs in his sides he would never move an inch. A pox on him, if he had bestirred himself as he might have done, we might all of us have been snug under John's mahogany by this time!"

If Gray had been downcast at the news of the old lady's decease, you may suppose he was overjoyed to find that she was still in the body, and that now he could shake the whip as effectually over John's back as ever. So, having given half-a-crown to the messenger, to work he went with his assistants to get every thing put in order for madam, (for, during the row, you must know all their former preparations had been undone,) and, to do them justice, a hard day's work they had of it. Gray, who had been toiling like a horse till eleven o'clock at night, and after all had not got half through with his work, had just got down to his own room, and had sat down to take

a snack and a glass of something comfortable there, when, would you believe it, up flew the door, and in bolted Cabbage the tailor, with about a dozen more, some of them stinking hideously of blue ruin, and all of them having their coats, for good reasons, tightly buttoned up to the very neck, till their eyes seemed staring in their heads.

"So, so," said Cabbage, shuffling in, so as to leave the floor inch-deep of mud; "all's ready for us, I suppose; sheets aired, beds warmed, fires blazing—all your measures taken, as we say in the shop—we shall be with you by ten to-morrow at farthest."

"Ten! Lord bless me, the thing's impossible," replied Gray, in a talking; "have we not been working like felons in a tread-mill the whole day? Has not my undutiful son-in-law Drum, (sorry am I to say it, but he never gives me a civil answer,) been blowing the very breath out of his asthmatical body lighting coal fires to air the rooms? Hasn't Pullet rubbed the very flesh off her hands, and wasted I don't know how many pounds of Windsor soap, trying to wash up the old woman's dirty linens, which not one of the women would touch? Aye, and will have enough for to-morrow and next day, too, I'll answer for it. And Johnny and All-soap, have not they been trying for three hours to make up a bed for her, and can't get it to lie smooth after all? It's devilish hard to be treated in this way when one's doing his best."

But seeing that all this harangue made no impression on Cabbage, who had unceremoniously helped himself to the glass of flip which Gray had brewed for his own drinking, he only ventured to ask a respite of a week or so at the most, assuring him he would have every thing snug and comfortable for the old lady by the week after next. So Cabbage, having by this time finished the flip, rose to go, taking care to spit upon the carpet as he went out, which feat he managed in such a way as to convey a portion of the liquid into Gray's own face, while Gray followed him and his crew to the door, bowing and scraping, and assuring them he would always be happy to see them by night

or by day, at a minute's warning. But being naturally as proud as Lucifer, whenever he had not his own ends to serve, he took this unceremonious intrusion of Cabbage much to heart, and consoled himself after they were gone by sending him and his gang to the devil.

Gray, as you may imagine, was not long in letting John know that the story of Madam Reform's death was a mere hoax, and that she was still alive, and as determined to have justice done her as ever.

"And now," said he, returning to his old argument, for he well knew how much John hated all unnecessary squabbling; "it's plain to me, that if we are ever to have peace and quietness, in she must come; and it's equally plain, that till you agree to carry matters with a high hand with the upper servants, she never has the least chance of getting within the door, by fair means at least. We shall have the same cursed row in the passage over again, and, after all, we shall be just where we began, if, indeed, the poor creature does not get her brains fairly knocked out this time—for, let me tell you, they hit hard enough these same fellows, as my back can answer."

"Why, look you," said John, "you know very well I never would have made any fuss about taking the poor creature in if she had come alone, or with one or two quiet orderly people with her, and I dare to say, no more would the upper servants either; but to give up the best half of my house to her, to be at her beck and call at all hours, to turn some fifty or sixty of my old pensioners out of their rooms, and fill them with any scum she may choose to send—s'blood, it's too much to bear, and I don't wonder if they fought a stout battle to keep her out. And why, pray, after all, must she come in in this braggadocio style, a hundred strong? Didn't you yourself tell me she would be content with sixpence a-day, and some two or three rooms on the sunk story? Come now, there's a good fellow, go and tell her from me, that if she'll turn off Hum and the rest of that pack, who are always dodging in her rear, and come down like a decent woman with a servant or two, and without any of those marrowbones,



and cleavers, and three-striped flags, which she is so fond of, I'll bring her in with a wet finger, and make her comfortable for the rest of her life. And, as I have some thought of building an addition to the house one of these days, why, if we find we have not enough of room, we may enlarge her accommodations a little, without dislodging all these old tenants to make way for her."

"Fair and softly," said Gray, "all this would have been very well a year ago if you had done as I advised, and taken her in without more ado; but now there's such a damnable racket got up all over the country, that the matter's no longer in my hands. She has got connected with such a crew of tailorly fellows, and drunken compositors, and needy knights of the post, who are all determined to feather their own nests out of hers, that nothing less now than three-fourths of the House will serve her turn, and very well pleased we may be if she leave us the remainder. Why, have you forgotten how these fellows treated Leatherhall the other day, when he went down to hold your Manor Court—how they sent him home without his breeches, and burnt his wig and his account-book into the bargain? And, by Jove, you'll see the worst's to come yet!"

And true enough it was, for the next week or two John had scarcely a life to live. One day a set of rascals would get drunk on Nottingham ale, or Darby's stout, and try to set fire to the house of one of John's very best tenants. The next, his Welsh colliers would strike in a body, crying, "Drum for ever!" and bastinado his overseers like Mussulmen; then the discontented villains would form themselves into clubs, swear to part their last shirt and glass of gin together, and talk of marching over in a body to John's house, and making short work of the business. Of all these disturbances Gray and his crew, of course, contrived to make the most. They would come running up into John's bedroom of a morning, and, looking as white as his nightcap, Gray would exclaim, "For the love of Heaven, get up; there's a thousand men from the cotton works (or the iron foundery, as it might be) all in full march for the house."

"Say two," said Allsoap, "not a man less, I'll be sworn."

"Two, quotha!" said Buckram. "Five, by the Lord Harry! I counted them myself from the garret window, and they're all already on the lawn, with sticks in their hands as thick as weavers' beams, or my friend Allsoap's head. For heaven's sake, hide yourself under the bed, and leave us to deal with them. Then having got John's head fairly under cover, they would raise the most fearful yells on the stairs and in the room, and lay about upon the tables and chairs, and a-top of John's bed, as if they had been so many devils incarnate, John shaking and perspiring at every blow which was dealt upon the bolster and counterpane. All this while they were bawling out—"Stand off, villains; avaunt, ye bloodthirsty cut-throats; ye shall never touch our master. Fighton, Buckram! Get that fellow's head in Chancery! Ah, poor Drum's brains are out! Allsoap's floored!" and such like ejaculations, till at last, after keeping up the farce for a time, they would gradually allow the tumult to die away, and then pulling John out of his concealment, they would reappear before him with their heads bound up with bloody handkerchiefs, and their eyes bandaged or stained black and blue, as if it had been an affair of life and death. "You are safe for once," they would say; "thanks to us, the fellows have sheered off for this time; but, by the hokey, the next time they get in you're a dead man."

At last with these daily alarms, John began to feel that his flesh was wasting off his bones, and his appetite getting worse and worse, and to think that he must just yield to his fate, and let in Madam Reform with the best grace he could. "But the difficulty," said he to Gray, "lies here. The upper servants, as you know, won't hear of her coming in, and I can't turn them out if I were so inclined."

"Very true," said Gray, hesitating and looking somewhat ashamed, as if he knew that what he was going to say might astonish the natives a little—"but there's nothing, you know, to prevent your taking in some fifty or sixty more, and making the old

people's places too hot for them. Only let me tell them that I have your leave to hire as many more as I like, and I'll soon bring them to terms. They'll do any thing rather than let fellows from the second table among them." John stared at this advice, especially coming from the quarter it did, and shook his head. "No, no," said he, "that would never do. I'll have none of these fellows thrown in upon us, as you would toss a truss of hay with a pitchfork in at a granary window. A precious pack they would be, to be sure, after they had served their turn! But harkye, I'll go so far with you. I never thought it fair of the upper servants not to give the old woman a fair hearing, and did not like that way of theirs of keeping her standing on the stair-head, and speaking through the keyhole, or the door ajar. They should have let her in and heard her out, and then, if they had liked, turned her out too. Now, I care not though you tell them from me, that I think she ought to be allowed to come in, though I won't say with how many, and that I am determined, one way or other, to get her a fair hearing. But after that, mark you me, I leave her in their hands, for hang me if I attempt to cram her and her tribe down their throats against their will."

"Well, in case of accidents, you'll let me have this on black and white, under your hand?" said Gray; to which John consented.

No sooner had Gray got John's hand to it, than he sent down Allsoap to the under servants, who, being mostly his creatures, he knew would give him no trouble. "We've made some new arrangements about the old woman," said he, in a snuffling key. "It's true many of them are in the very teeth of what you agreed to last year, but you're not the men to boggle at trifles when a friend is concerned."

"Not I, faith, for one," said Hum, starting up; "I'm ready to swear black's white any day for that matter, till my turn is served; and then mayhap, Master Allsoap, you and I may have a scramble for that same cash-box of yours." So without paying the least attention to the other party, or answering one of their questions, which, to say the truth,

were posers, they cried out to vote, and threw up their caps, and repeated their lesson after Allsoap. When the matter was arranged below, Gray walked into the upperservants' room, and calling them about him, said he, "Gentlemen,"—for he thought he would come over them with smooth tongued phrases,—“Gentlemen, many of you may have been supposing that John was opposed to his relation's coming into the house; that's quite a mistake, let me tell you. John agrees with me entirely that she should come in, and what's more, he's determined to carry his point. I don't just say, mark me, that if you won't come to terms, John has given me warrant to engage as many servants as I please from the second table—though some folks do say that a certain person, who shall be nameless, did say something very like this to another person, who is not a hundred miles off—but this I say, it were best not to provoke me, that's all. Besides, though you agree to let the poor lady in, I mayn't stand upon every little point; a room more, or a room less,—that we can talk over at our leisure. Comenow, why should we quarrel about it? Let's settle the matter quietly. 'Pon my soul, it would grieve me excessively to be obliged to lower the dignity of the upper hall with a squad from the second table!"

This speech threw them into great consternation. Those who believed that John had really gone this length, said, if that were the case, why, there was an end of the matter; that needs must when the devil drives, and that it was better to let in the old woman, and keep out the new comers, than to have both forced in upon them, whether they would or not. Others again, who knew Gray's tricks of old, and what a slippery fellow he was, thought the story was all gammon, and swore that nothing in the world should induce them to bring in the beldam, though Gray should pick up the first fifty beggars he met with on the highway, and set them down at the same table with them. But notwithstanding this, it was soon found that this sly turn of Gray's had produced its effect; for seeing how the matter lay, he immediately proposed putting it to the vote generally, whether the old lady was to come



in or not, and then to leave the rest to be settled afterwards; and by hook or by crook he contrived to get a majority of nine to agree to it. But Gray knew very well that this would not answer his purpose; and that if he could not give Cabbage and the rest every tittle of what he had promised them, his stewardship would not be worth a month's purchase. So next day, when they began to talk over the particulars, and Gray was speaking of cleaning out some score rooms immediately, one of the upper servants proposed, in a quiet way, that they had better let alone settling how many rooms were to be cleaned out, and the tenants dislodged, till they had first settled how many of Madam Reform's hangers-on required to come in. This one would have thought no great matter, but Gray trembled for another visit in the evening, and stuck to his point. It was in vain that some of them reminded him of his promise not to stand upon trifles, or to haggle about a room or two. He flew into a passion, swore he would not give up a room, nor a chest of drawers, no, nor a chamber-pot, or wash-hand basin, but that he would have the whole of the rooms cleared out at once, the furniture, which he said was rotten, laid down on the lawn; and the vermin taken out of it, even though the old lady's train should never require to occupy the apartments at all; and away he flounced, telling them John would soon bring them to their senses, with the assistance of some fifty stout fellows, with shoulder-knots, from the lower story. "Let him go," said Cropley, who had been the man to make the proposal, "I've a notion he'll find himself in the wrong box. Between ourselves, now he is gone, I've had a good deal of talk lately with a young fellow from Munster, (a relation of John's, for that matter,) and I'm much mistaken if John will stir a step to bring in that pack from below stairs that he calculates on. Depend upon it, he'll rather feel obliged to us for keeping the old woman, if she must get in, on short allowance, and confining her to the range of the kitchen, and perhaps a room or two here on the first floor; as to letting her play at hide-and-seek in every room of the house, popping in upon John him-

self, as Cabbage does upon Gray, whether he be shaving, dining, drinking, dressing, or dosing, he'll rather see her at the devil."

John was at this time at a small country-house a little way off, where he had gone, in fact, that he might have as little of his steward's company as possible. And thither Gray and Buckram followed him to lay out their complaint against their fellow-stewards, and to try to bully him into their terms. John saw them from the windows, and guessed their errand; for, between ourselves, he had a rough guess beforehand how things would turn out. In they came, and Gray, after telling how the servants had refused to clean out the rooms at his bidding, till they knew how many of them would be required, told John that now the time was come, that either John must knock under and let him engage the new servants forthwith, or else that he must throw up the books and leave him to shift for himself.

"And how many, pray," said John, gravely, but with a sly twist of the corner of his mouth, "how many do you propose to hire? Will a dozen do?"

"No! nor fifty, mayhap," said Gray; "in short, I must have leave to hire as many as I like, and to bring them into the house when, where, and how I like, or I don't remain another hour, that's flat."

"Mighty reasonable," said John, "and, pray, don't you think now it might have answered the purpose to clean out the rooms gradually as they were needed, eh? A fine reason, i'faith, it would be for filling my house with a pack of upstart servants, when people are grumbling at there being so many already, to say that my old servants chose to begin at one end of the string instead of the other, when it might have come to the same thing in a week's time. No, no! I see the cloven foot, Master Gray. You would be the leader here, and I am to be the bear it seems, and dance as I best may to your piping! But since it comes to this, the sooner we part the better; and so good-by to you, for a pair of honest, straightforward, clever," (here Gray and Buckram walked out in a pet,)—"damned conceited, disagreeable old codgers. And now, let's see; Cropley, my lad, run over to Ar-

thur's, tell him I'm in a mess of troubles;—he's not the man to remember old scores when John's at his wit's end; and bring him along with you as fast as may be."

"So, Arthur," said John, as he came in, "I dare say Cropley has told you how these fellows have used me; thrown up their situations without a moment's warning; left every thing at sixes and sevens; not a bit of dinner, I believe, or a drop of beer in the house; and all to spite me, forsooth, because I would not let that pragmatistical fellow be my master instead of my being his. But this I would not mind, if I had not in an evil hour given them my word that this old creature (would she were at the bottom of the Red Sea) should be taken into the house and done for handsomely; though I never agreed to take in at the same time all that ragged tribe she carries along with her. And though they have broken their word to me over and over again, I can't think of imitating their example. So, go where I will for a steward, I can take none but one who will agree to help me out of the scrape, by doing what he can to get matters settled in this way. There's no help for it. Do you think you could try?"

"Why, John, on my conscience," said Arthur, "you're deeper in the mire than I could have thought. How could you allow yourself to be so far taken in? To be candid with you, I have no great hope now of being able to get you out of this scrape. But for that unlucky promise all would have been plain sailing. I would have taken the books with all the pleasure in life, and though there would have been abundance of vapouring, and mayhap a crown or two cracked among Cabbage's tribe, I should have had the estate quiet enough in a fortnight. But how I can ever come back for the purpose of assisting in bringing in this old pestilence at all, I don't see; and what's more, I don't believe I could fill the places of these fellows who have left you with any respectable servants on that footing. But, no matter," said he, as he saw John's jaw beginning to drop, "I can't bear to see you look so cast down, so I'll e'en do my best to get the places filled. It will be something even to keep out a

score or two of these hungry adventurers. As for myself, God knows, I have no wish to take the management of these puzzling affairs of yours again—I've had enough of it; but if there's any thing I can do, or make myself useful in, though it were to run an errand for you, I could not hold my head up if I were to refuse it. It's but incurring a little more abuse and backbiting, and to one who has lately had as much of that as he formerly had of the reverse, and, to say the truth, cares not much for either, that's of little consequence so long as his conscience tells him he's acting for the best. Nay, never look so downhearted, my dear master," cried he, putting the best face he could upon it, "we may weather the storm yet." So, taking his hat, away he ran to see what could be done.

But, as he had foreseen, there was no getting the places filled up except with a set of drones or old hacks, who could have been of no use in them. Bobby, the Oxford lad, who had been Arthur's old assistant, and on whom he had more reason to rely than any other, told him in his smooth moral way, the thing was impossible; that he could not afford to sacrifice his character (having parted with a little of it before) to help John out of his difficulties; that as John had brewed so he must bake; that he thought Arthur's conduct very gentlemanly,—very gentlemanly indeed,—that he would always be happy to do him any good turn, and so forth; but as for taking the ruler and red ink in hand again, on such terms, he must be excused. And perhaps, as things stood, he was in the right; for, in the first place, it was not every body that had the manliness to look a bad report in the face as Arthur could; and, secondly, it was far better, if the old pestilence was to come in, that Gray should have to answer for it. You may easily suppose, however, that as the old cock crowed so did the rest; Arthur found them all singing to the same tune; they were all very happy to see him, and praised him for his devotion to John's service, but few or none of them would venture to come forward fairly, and say they would stand by him. What perhaps made them more timorous about the matter, was the row which



had been got up by Madam Reform's more unruly and disreputable followers. When Gray was kicked out, and with him their own hopes of getting in came to an end, they tried every engine they could to annoy or terrify John; they ran to his saving bank and drew out their money, (which, to be sure, was not much,) thinking they would leave him no cash in hand to pay his watchmen or his servants; they held meetings, at which they swore they would pay no rents; every servant who had steadily opposed the old woman's entrance they pommelled, pelted, and plastered with mud; as for John himself, whom they had so lauded before, he was now a base, tyrannical, henpecked old grampus; they paraded in front of his house with scythes and weaver's beams over their shoulders, and flags fearfully emblazoned with deaths' heads and cross bones; and having got hold, among other things, of a stucco cast of the King's head which stood in John's lobby, they chipped the head off, and carried about the empty trunk under his windows. Nay, one fellow took the opportunity of John's going to the races at the county town to throw a stone at him, which, but for the hardness of his head—or hat, might have knocked his brains out.

Whatever might have been the reason of their shyness, however, Arthur saw at once the game was up, and, returning to John, he told him he must now make up his mind to the worst; that he could get none of his old friends to take service along with him; that he might no doubt have filled the places with Gray's hangers-on without difficulty, on his own terms; but that this he never would do;—"so now," added he, "there is nothing for it, but go back to Gray and tell him he may have his own way, and hire as many or as few servants as he likes. For my part, I shall never darken the door again till the thing's over." So with a sore heart did John send back for Gray and told him it was all over now; there was his commission to try and get whom he thought proper. "But," added he, "when they know the thing must be,

perhaps they may change their minds or stay away, and you may never need to use it after all. Don't you think a hint from me might smooth matters a little?" Gray nodded; so John sat down, and, sighing bitterly to think it had come to this pass, he wrote the servants a letter in these terms:—

"Worthy sirs,—As it may be disagreeable for some of you to be in the House next week, you have my permission to go and take a few days' holyday with your friends. Sorry am I to add, your absence will be the best company to

"Your loving master,  
"JOHN BULL."

This letter, and the knowledge that Gray had the commission in his pocket, answered the purpose; for, with the exception of a few thorough-going fellows, who came down to give their hearty curse to the old lady as she entered, most of the servants kept out of sight, as did John himself and Mrs Bull. John clapped to the shutters of his room as the old woman, with her miscellaneous cavalcade, came up the avenue, and refused to meet her or shake hands with her at the house door, as Gray would fain have had him do. As she had three passages to go through, it was some time before she and her suite were fairly housed;—indeed, after all Gray's trouble, nobody could make out very clearly what were to be the boundaries of her accommodation. Only it was observed, that when the tribe who got into the house with her took leave of Cabbage and his crew, who had escorted them to the paling, and John's watchman came down to bolt the new Ten-Bar gate which had been put up at the outer fence, there was much shaking of hands and exchanging of nods between them, as much as to say, they would all be together and merry again soon, notwithstanding all the gates, or broken bottles, or spring-guns that John might put up. So now they are fairly in, and what will be the end of it, heaven only knows.

## THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.\*

THERE is no subject with which we are more completely unacquainted, or which has been more perverted by artful deception on the part of the revolutionary press throughout Europe, than the convulsions, which, since the general peace, have distracted the Spanish Peninsula. Circumstances have been singularly favourable to the universal diffusion of erroneous views on this subject. The revolutionary party had a fair field for the adoption of every kind of extravagance, and the propagation of every species of falsehood, in a country where the ruling class, who opposed the movement, had committed great errors, been guilty of black ingratitude, and were totally incapable of counteracting, by means of the press, those erroneous misrepresentations, with which the indefatigable activity of the revolutionary party overwhelmed the public mind in every part of the world. Their exertions, and the success which they have met with, in this respect, have accordingly been unprecedented; and there is no subject on which historic truth will be found to be so different from journal misrepresentation, as the transactions of the Peninsula during the last fifteen years.

That Ferdinand VII. is a weak man; that, under the government of the priests, he has violated his promises, behaved cruelly towards his deliverers, and been guilty of black ingratitude towards the heroic defenders of his throne during his exile, may be considered as historically certain. How, then, has it happened that the Revolution has retrograded in a country where so much was required to be done in the way of real amelioration, and the wishes of so large a portion of its inhabitants were unanimous in favour of practical improvement? How can we explain the fact, that the French, under the weak and vacillating direction of the Bourbons, traversed the Peninsula from end to end, without even the

shadow of resistance, and established their standard on the walls of Cadiz, after the heroic resistance which the peasantry of the Peninsula made to Gallic aggression under Napoleon, and the universal hatred which their presence had excited in every part of that desolated and blood-stained country? Immense must have been the injustice, enormous the folly, ruinous the sway of the revolutionary party, when it so soon cured a whole nation of a desire for change, which all at first felt to be necessary, which so many were throughout interested in promoting, and which was begun with such unanimous support from all classes.

The revolutionists explain this extraordinary fact, by saying that it was entirely owing to the influence of the priests, who, seeing that their power and possessions were threatened by the proposed innovations, set themselves vigorously and successfully to oppose them. But here again historical facts disprove party misrepresentations. It will be found, upon examination, that the priests at the outset made no resistance whatever to the establishment of the constitution on the most democratic basis; that the experiment of a highly popular form of government was tried with the unanimous approbation of all classes; and that the subsequent general horror at the constitutionalists, and the easy overthrow of their government, was owing to the madness of the popular rulers themselves, to the enormous injustice which they committed, the insane projects of innovation in which they indulged, and the weighty interests in all ranks, on which, in the prosecution of their frantic career, they were compelled to trench. Spain, when the veil is drawn aside which party delusion has so long spread before its transactions, will be found to add another confirmation to the eternal truths, that the career of innovation necessarily and rapidly destroys itself; that the misery it

\* *Essai Historique sur la Revolution d'Espagne, par le Vicomte de Martignac. Paris, Pinard, 1832.*



immediately produces, renders the great body of men wholly deaf to the delusive promises by which its promoters endeavour to bolster up its fortunes, and that there is no such fatal enemy to real freedom as the noisy supporters of democratic ambition.

The work, whose title is prefixed to this article, is well calculated to disabuse the public mind in regard to these important transactions. The author is one of the liberal party in France, and bestows liberal and unqualified abuse upon all the really objectionable parts of Ferdinand's conduct. At the same time, he unfolds, in clear and graphic colours, the ruinous precipitance and fatal innovation of the revolutionists, and distinctly demonstrates that it was not the priests nor the nobles, but their own injustice, and the widespread ruin produced by their own measures, which occasioned the speedy downfall of the absurd constitution which they had established.

We all recollect that the new constitution of Spain was framed in the Isle of Leon, when the greater part of the Peninsula was overrun by the French troops. M. Martignac gives the following account of the original formation of the Cortes in that island, to whom the important task of framing a constitution was devolved:—

"The greater part of the Spanish territory was at this period overrun by the French; Cadiz, Galicia, Murcia, and the Balearic Isles, alone elected their representatives: *No condition was imposed on the electors, but every one who presented himself was allowed to vote.* The deputies from the other provinces were elected by an equally universal suffrage of all their inhabitants who had taken refuge in the Isle of Leon; and thus the Cortes was at length assembled. Such was the origin of the assembly which gave to Spain its democratic constitution.

"We cannot now read without surprise, mingled with pity, the annals of that assembly, and the monuments it has left for the instruction of all nations, a prey to the same passions, and the victims of the same fury. The bloody annals of our Convention can alone give an idea of it; but to the revolutionary fanaticism which they shared with us, we

must add, the influence of a burning sun over their heads, and the force of implacable animosities, nourished by the Moorish blood which flowed in their veins. All the recollections of our disasters were there cited, not as beacons to be avoided, but examples to be followed: all the men whose names are never pronounced amongst us but with an involuntary feeling of horror, were there cited as heroes, and proposed as models: all the measures of proscription and destruction which vengeance, inspired by hatred, could suggest, were there proposed and supported. One declared that in his eyes the hatchet of the executioner was the sole argument which he would deign to propose to the logic of his adversaries; another, and that was a priest, offered to take the axe into his own hands; a third, indignant at the scandal which Spain had so long exhibited, exclaimed, 'We have been assembled for six months, and not one head has as yet fallen.'

"In the midst of these manifestations of a furious delirium, some prudent and sagacious voices were heard, and united among each other to moderate the popular effervescence, which such pains had been taken to excite. Among those who executed with most success this honourable task, the voice of Arguelles was especially distinguished; of that Arguelles, whose mind, chastened by reflection, and enlightened by study, had subdued these extravagant ideas; whose eloquence at once captivated and entranced his auditors; and who, in a time and a place where any thing approaching to moderation was stigmatized as blasphemy, had obtained the extraordinary surname of the Divine.

"Nothing, however, could arrest the torrent of democracy which had now broken through all its bounds. The Cortes had been convoked to overturn the foundations of the Spanish monarchy, and consummate the work of the Revolution, and nothing could prevent the task being accomplished. From the day of their first meeting, they had proclaimed the principle, that sovereignty resides in the nation; and all their acts were the consequences of that principle. The national and rational party, whose conviction and good sense it

outraged, were far from adopting so extravagant a proposition, and in ordinary circumstances they would have rejected it; but all their protestations and remonstrances were overturned, by pointing to their young king, a captive in a foreign land, and incessantly invoking the principle of popular sovereignty, as the sole method of awakening that general enthusiasm, which might ultimately deliver him from his fetters. The peril of foreign subjugation was such, that nothing tending to calm the public effervescence could be admitted; and the firmest royalists were, by an unhappy fatality, compelled to embrace principles subversive of the throne.

"The Cortes, therefore, was compelled to advance in the career on which it had entered, deliberating on the great interests of Spain under the irresistible influence of a *furious and democratic press*, and under the pressure of popular speeches delivered by the visionary and enthusiastic from all the provinces, who soon made Cadiz their common centre.

"It was in the midst of that fiery furnace that the constitution of Spain was forged: in the bosom of that crisis, the centre of that fermentation, in the absence of *all liberty of thought and action, from the vehemence of the popular party*, that the solemn act was adopted which was to regulate the destiny of a great people."—I. 94—97.

A constitution struck out in such a period of foreign danger and domestic deliverance, under the dread of French bayonets and the pressure of revolutionary fury, could hardly be expected to be either rational or stable, or adapted to the character and wants of the people. It was accordingly in the highest degree democratical; not only infinitely more so than Spain could bear, but more so than any state in Europe, not excepting England or France, could adopt with the slightest chance of safety. Its leading articles were as follows:—

"1. The sovereignty resides in the nation.

"2. The Cortes is to be elected by the *universal suffrage* of the whole inhabitants.

"3. It possesses *alone* the legislative power, which comprises the sole

power of proposing laws. It votes the taxes and the levies for the army; lays down all the regulations for the armed force; names the supreme judges; creates and institutes a regent, in case of minority or incapacity, of which last it alone is the judge, and exercises a direct control over the ministers and all other functionaries, whose responsibility it alone regulates. During the intervals of its sessions, it is represented by a *permanent deputation*, charged with the execution of the laws, and the power of convoking it, in case of necessity.

"4. The King is inviolable. He sanctions the laws; but he can only refuse his assent twice, and to different legislatures. On the third bill being presented, *he must give his consent*. He has the right of pardon; but that right is circumscribed within certain limits fixed by law.

"5. The King names the public functionaries, but *from a list presented to him by the council of state*. The whole functionaries are subject to a supreme tribunal, the members of which are all appointed by the Cortes.

"6. The King cannot leave the kingdom without the leave of the Cortes; and if he marries without their consent, he is held by *that act alone to have abdicated the throne*.

"7. There is to be constantly attached to the King's person a council of forty members. Three counsellors are for life, named by the King, but from a list furnished by the Cortes, in which there can only be four of the great nobles, and four ecclesiastics. It is this council which presents the lists for all employments in church and state to the King, for his selection.

"8. No part of the new constitution is to be revised in any of its parts, but by the votes of three successive legislatures, and by a decree of the Cortes, *not subject to the royal sanction*."—I. 97—99.

Such was the Spanish constitution of 1812, to the restoration of which, all the subsequent convulsions of the revolutionary party have been directed. It was evidently in the *highest degree democratical*; so much so, indeed, that the President of the American Congress has fully as much real power. The Cortes was elected by *universal*



*suffrage*; it was alone invested with the right of voting the taxes, *raising the army*, and establishing its regulations; it controls and directs all the public functionaries, and its powers are enjoyed, during the periods of its prorogation, by a *permanent committee*, which may at any time, of its own authority, reassemble the whole body. By means of the Council of State substantially elected by the Cortes, and the lists which it presents to the King for the choice of all public functionaries, it is invested with the power of naming all officers, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and judicial; and, to complete this mass of democratic absurdity, this constitution cannot be altered in any of its parts but by the concurring act of three successive legislatures, and a decree of the Cortes, not subject to the royal sanction. It is needless to say any thing of this constitution; it was much more democratical than the constitution of France in 1790, which was so soon overturned by the revolutionists of that country, and was of such a kind as could not, by possibility, have failed to precipitate the Peninsula into all the horrors of anarchy.

The ultimate fate of such a mass of revolutionary madness, in a country so little accustomed to bear the excitement, and so little aware of the duties of freedom as Spain, might easily have been anticipated. Its early reception in the different classes of the community is thus described by our author:—

“To those who are aware of the true spirit of that grave and constant nation, and who were not blinded by the passions or the excitation of political fanaticism, it was easy to foresee the reception which a constitution would receive, by which all the habits of the nation were violated, and all their affections wounded.

“At Cadiz, Barcelona, and, in general, in all the great commercial towns, the party who had urged forward the Revolution readily prevailed over the adherents of old institutions, and these towns expressed their adhesion with enthusiasm; but in the smaller boroughs in the country, and, above all, in the provinces of the interior, where the new ideas had not yet made any progress, this total prostration of the Royalty—this sub-

stitution of a new power instead of that which had been the object of ancient veneration, was received with a coldness which soon degenerated into discontent and open complaints.

“In vain the innovators sought to persuade the people, whose dissatisfaction could no longer be concealed, that the new constitution was *but a restoration of the ancient principles of the monarchy*, adapted to the new wants and exigencies of society; in vain had they taken care, in destroying things, to preserve names; this deceitful address deceived no one, and abated nothing of the public discontent.

“The clergy, discontented and disquieted at the prospect of a future which it was now easy to foresee—the great proprietors, who were subjected to new burdens, at the same time that they were deprived of their ancient rights—the members of all the provincial councils which were despoiled of their ancient jurisdictions, added to the public discontent. The creation of a direct tax, unknown till that day, appeared to the inhabitants of the country an intolerable burden—a sacrifice without any compensation; and as the burden of the war became more heavy as it continued in duration, these two causes of suffering worked the discontent of the people up to perfect fury.”—100, 101.

The universal discontent at the new constitution broke out into open expressions of detestation, when the King, liberated from the grasp of Napoleon, entered Spain in 1814.

“The King entered Spain in the midst of the transports of public joy at his deliverance, and advanced to Valencia, where he was proclaimed by the army under General Elio.

“From the frontiers to Valencia, Ferdinand heard nothing but one continued anathema and malediction against the constitution. From all sides he received petitions, memorials, addresses, in which he was besought to annul what had been done during his captivity, and to reign over Spain as his fathers had reigned. There was not a village through which he passed which did not express a similar wish, subscribed by men of all ranks, and even by the members of the municipalities created by the constitution. The army held the same lan-

guage; and those who had shed their blood for the defence of the throne, demanded, with loud cries, 'that the throne should be preserved pure, and without spot; and that, as formerly, it should be powerful, firm, and honoured.'

"The minority of the Cortes joined their voice to the many others which met the King's ears, and presented the same wishes and petitions. These members with that view signed a petition, since well known under the name of the Protestation of the Fathers. Sixty-nine deputies, named by the constitution, supplicated the King to destroy the act to which all classes had so recently been bound by a solemn oath."—I. 107—109.

The result of this unanimous feeling, was the famous decree of Valencia, by which the monarch annulled the constitution which he had recently accepted in exile. The Cortes made several efforts to resist the change, but the public indignation overwhelmed them all.

"Resistance to the royal edict was speedily found to be a chimera. The torrent accumulated as it advanced, and no person in the state was able to stand against it. After the publication of the Edict of Valencia, the King marched to Madrid; and he found, wherever he went, the people in a state of insurrection against the constitutional authorities, the pillars of the constitution overturned and broken, and the *absolute king* proclaimed. Every where the soldiers sent by the Cortes to restrain the transports of the people, joined their acclamations to theirs. It was in the midst of that cortege, which was swelled by the population of every village through which he passed, that Ferdinand traversed the space between Valencia and Madrid; and it was surrounded by a population more ardent and impassioned even than that of the 13th May, that he made one of those memorable entries into his capital which seemed to promise a long and tranquil futurity.

"Thus fell this imprudent and ephemeral constitution, cradled amidst troubles and war, prepared without reflection, discussed without freedom, founded on opinions and sentiments which were strangers to the soil, applied to a people for whom it was neither made nor adapted, and

which could not survive the crisis in which it had been conceived."—I. 120, 121.

Thus terminated the first act of this unhappy drama. From the rash and absurd innovations, the democratic invasions and total destruction of the old form of government, by the revolutionary party, the maintenance even of moderate and regulated freedom had become impossible. In two years the usual career of revolution had been run; liberty had perished under the frantic innovations of its own supporters; its excesses were felt to be more formidable than the despotism of absolute power, and for shelter from a host of vulgar tyrants, the people ran to the shadow of the throne.

The cruel and unjustifiable use which the absolute monarch made of this violent reaction in favour of monarchical institutions, the base ingratitude which he evinced to the popular supporters of his throne during his exile, and the enormous iniquities which were practised upon the fallen party of the liberals, are universally known. These excesses gave the revolutionary party too good reason to complain; they pointed out in clear colours the perils of unfettered power; they awakened the sympathies of the young and the generous in every part of the world, in favour of the unhappy victims of regal vengeance, whose blood was shed on the scaffold, or who were languishing in captivity; and therefore, if any events could do so, they left a fair field for the efforts of the constitutional party. Yet, even with such advantages, and the immense addition of power consequent on the defection of the army, the revolutionary party, after being again called to the helm of affairs, again perished under the weight of their own revolutionary passions and absurd innovations.

The events which soon followed; the insurrection of Riego, the revolt of the troops assembled in the Island of Leon for the South American expedition, and the compulsory acceptance of the democratic constitution of 1812 by the absolute King, are familiar to all our readers. The effects of this complete and bloodless triumph of democracy are what chiefly concern the people of this country,



and they are painted in lucid colours by our author.

"As soon as the constitution had been accepted of by the King, its establishment experienced no serious resistance in the kingdom. The great nobles, accustomed to follow the orders of a master, hesitated not to follow his example. In the principal towns, all those engaged in commerce, industry, and the liberal professions, testified their adherence with the most lively satisfaction. The army expressed its devotion to the constitutional standard which it had erected, and evinced its determination to support it by the formidable weapons of force. The needy and idle; all who were bankrupt, in labouring circumstances, or destitute of the industrious habits necessary to secure a subsistence, flew with avidity to the support of a system, which promised them the spoils of the state. The dignified clergy and the monks beheld with grief the triumph of the theories which they condemned; but nevertheless they obeyed in silence. The magistracy followed their example. As to the people properly so called, that is to say, the industrious inhabitants of the towns, the peaceable cultivators of the fields, they regarded the change with disquietude and distrust, took no active share in promoting it, and awaited the course of events to decide their judgment."

—I. 203.

The usual effects of democratic ascendancy were not long in proclaiming themselves:

"The sixty-nine deputies of the old Cortes, who had signed the address to the King recommending the overthrow of the constitution, were every where arrested and thrown into prison. This was the first indication of what the constitutionalists understood by the amnesty which they had proclaimed.

"Whilst at Madrid, the royal government, deprived of all moral force, feebly struggled against the popular power which had arisen by its side; whilst the patriotic societies overturned or displaced the local authorities, insulted the majesty of the throne and the royal authority, preached license and proclaimed disorder; whilst violence was organized, and anarchy systematically constituted, the provinces did not

afford a more cheering example, and in that circle of fire into which Spain was now resolved, the extremities shewed themselves not less inflamed than the centre. There could be discerned, by the prophetic eyes of wisdom, the black speck which was soon to enlarge and overwhelm the kingdom with the horrors of civil war.

"In a great proportion of the provinces, separate juntas were formed, while some disregarded alike the authority of government and that of the supreme assembly. Each of these assemblies deliberated, interpreted, acted according to the disposition of the majority of its members, and no central authority felt itself sufficiently strong to venture to subject to any common yoke the local Parliaments, each of which, in its own little sphere, had more influence than the central alone possessed."—I. 211.

Amidst the general transports of the revolutionary party at this unexpected change, the usual and invariable attendant on revolutionary convulsions, *embarrassments of finance*, were soon experienced. The way in which this undying load precipitated the usual consequences of revolutionary triumph, national bankruptcy, and a confiscation of the property of the church, are thus detailed:—

"No sooner was the new Cortes installed, than numerous and important cares occupied their attention. Of these, the most pressing was the *state of the finances*. Disinterestedness is not in general the distinctive character of the leaders of party, and the countries delivered by revolutions usually are not long of discovering what it has cost them. In vain the ministry, in vain the Cortes, terrified at the *daily increasing deficit in the public treasury*, and the absence of all resources to supply it, sought to reduce, by economical reductions, those charges which the state could evidently no longer support. While reductions were effected in one quarter, additional charges multiplied in another. All those who could make out the shadow of a claim of loss arising from the arbitrary government; all those whose hands had touched, to raise it up, the pillar of the constitution, had restitutions or indemnities to claim, with-

out prejudice to arrears, and new places to demand. Refusal was out of the question; for it would have been considered as a denial of justice, an act of ingratitude, a proof of servility. *Amidst the public transports the revenue was incessantly going down.*"

It became absolutely indispensable, therefore, to provide new resources; but where was a government to find them, destitute of credit, in a country without industry and without commerce? The expedient of a patriotic loan was tried, but that immediately and totally failed. The patriots all expected to receive, not to be called upon to give money to government. Recourse was then, from sheer necessity, had to the most fatal of all measures,—to one of those which at once ruin the present, and destroy all prospects for the future. They made a separation between all arrears, or existing debt, and the current expenses of the year, and appropriated to *this last the whole revenue of the state*,—that is to say, they proclaimed public bankruptcy as to the national debt, and thus inflicted on public and private credit one of those mortal stabs from which they never recover.

"Having thus got quit of the debt, the next object was to bring up the income to the expenditure of the year. For this purpose, they re-established the *direct and burdensome land-tax*, which had been abandoned on the restoration of royalty, in 1814, and created various new taxes, most of which, from their extreme unpopularity, they were soon compelled to abandon.

"They next established on the frontier a line of custom-houses, with a rigour of prohibition which could hardly be conceived in an industrious country, which was unintelligible in Spain, and was speedily followed by the establishment, on the frontier, of a system of smuggling, the most vast and organized that ever existed.

"Finally, *they abolished the tithes and feudal tenths*, but established the half of them *for the service of the state*. This was immediately attended with the worst effects. The ecclesiastical tithe was the burden, of all others, which was most regularly and cheerfully paid in Spain, because

the people were accustomed to it, and they conceived that, in paying it, they discharged at once a legal obligation and a debt of conscience; but when it was converted into a burden merely available to the ordinary wants of the state, it was no longer regarded in that light, but as an odious charge, and its collection was instantly exposed to the increasing embarrassments of the other imposts.

"At the time that they voted these different financial expedients, their total inadequacy was obvious to the most inconsiderate; and it soon became evident that additional resources were unavoidable."—I. 230, 231.

Thus the first effect of the triumph of revolution in Spain, was the imposition of a *heavy income-tax, the destruction of the public debt, and the confiscation of tithes, and a large portion of the land rights of the kingdom*, to the service of the treasury. One simple and irresistible cause produced these effects,—the failure of the revenue,—invariably consequent on the suspension of industry, the failure of credit, and contraction of expenditure, which result from popular triumph.

The rapid progress of innovation in every other department, in consequence of the re-establishment of the democratic constitution, speedily unhinged all the institutions of society. Its effect is thus detailed by our author:—

"Independent of the financial measures of which I have given an account, and which were attended with so little good effect, the Cortes were occupied with innumerable projects of reform in legislation, administration, and police, so numerous, that it is impossible to give any account of them. Devoured with the passion for destruction, and but little solicitous about restoring with prudence, the ardent friends of reform did not allow a single day to pass without denouncing some abuse, declaiming against some remnants of despotism and arbitrary power. Projects of laws succeeded each other without interruption; and as every one of these projects was held to be an *incontestible and urgent necessity*, and to hesitate as to it would have been apparently to call in question the principles of the revolution, and evince a certain mark of aversion for



the supremacy of the people, not one of them was either adjourned or rejected. Innumerable commissions were established to examine the projects of innovation; reports made; laws discussed and voted; and the old legislation of the kingdom daily crumbled into dust, without a single individual in the country having either the time to read, or an opportunity to consider the innumerable institutions which were daily substituted, instead of those which had formerly existed."—I. 235.

All these projects of reform, however, and all this vast confiscation of property, both ecclesiastical and civil, could not supply the continually-increasing deficit of the treasury. Another, and still greater revolutionary confiscation awaited the state, and to this, invincible necessity speedily led.

"From the commencement of the next session of the Cortes, measures had been taken to facilitate the secularization of the religious orders of both sexes; and many of them had already left their retreats, and rejoined their friends in the world.

"At length matters came to a crisis. On the proposition of Colonel Sancho, a law was passed, which *confiscated the whole property of the regular clergy to the service of the state*. This law, adopted by the Cortes, was submitted to the royal sanction. The King evinced the utmost repugnance to a measure so directly subversive of all the religious opinions in which he had been educated. Terrified at this resistance, with which they had not laid their account, the revolutionary party had recourse to one of those methods which nothing can either authorize or justify, and for which success can offer no excuse.

"Convinced that they could obtain only by terror what was refused to solicitation, they took the resolution to excite a popular sedition, organize a revolt, and excite a tumult, to overcome the firmness of the King. For this purpose, they entered into communication with the runners of the revolutionary party, took into their confidence the leading orators of the clubs, and concerted measures, in particular with the banker, *Bertrand du Lys*, who had always at his command a band of adventurers,

ready to go wherever disorder was to be committed.

"The signal was given. The mobs assembled: Bands of vociferating wretches traversed the public streets, uttering frightful cries, and directing their steps to the arsenal. A slight demonstration of resistance was made; but the report was speedily spread that the troops were unable to make head against the continually increasing mass of the insurgents, and that the life of the King was seriously menaced. The ministers presented themselves in that critical moment; they renewed their instances, spoke of the public peace, order, and the life of the King, for which they declared they could not answer, if the public demands were refused; and finally drew from him a reluctant consent to the measure of spoliation.

"This success, so dearly bought, was by no means attended with the good effects which had been anticipated from it. The people would have seen, without dissatisfaction, a share of the public burdens borne by the ecclesiastical body; but a total abolition, an entire extinction of their property, appeared to them a cruel persecution, a work of heresy and impiety, the horror of which reacted on all the measures which had the same origin.

"The revolutionary party might have borne all the unpopularity which that exorbitant measure occasioned, if it had been attended with the immense consequences which had been anticipated in relieving the finances; but in that particular also, all their hopes proved fallacious. The property of the clergy, when exposed to sale, found few purchasers. The known opposition of the Holy See, the exasperation of the people, the dread of a revolution: all these circumstances rendered the measure perfectly abortive, and caused it to add nothing to the resources of the treasury."—I. 247—249.

This is the usual progress of revolutionary movements. Terror! terror! terror! That is the engine which they unceasingly put in force: Insurrections, mobs, tumults, the means of obtaining their demands, which they never fail to adopt. Demonstrations of physical strength,

public meetings, processions, and all the other methods of displaying their numbers, are nothing but the means of shewing the opponents of their measures, the fate which awaits them, if they protract their resistance beyond a certain point. Force is their continual argument; the logic of brickbats and stones; the perspective of scaffolds and guillotines, their never-failing resource. Confiscation of the property of others, the expedients to which they always have recourse to supply the chasms which the disorganization of society, and the dread of spoliation, have occasioned in the public revenue.

The usual leprosy of revolutionary convulsions, Jacobin societies, and democratic clubs, were not long of manifesting themselves in this unhappy country.

"On all sides, secret societies were formed, whose statutes and oaths evinced but too clearly the objects which they had in view. Besides the freemasons, who had long been established, a club was formed which took the title of Confederation of *Common Chevaliers*, and declared themselves the champions of the perfect equality of the human race, and emancipated themselves in the very outset from all the restraints of philanthropy and moderation. To judge, to condemn, and to execute every individual whatsoever, without excepting the King and his successors, if they abused their authority, was one of the engagements, a part of the oath which they took on entering into the society."

"On the side of these secret societies clubs rapidly arose, which soon became powerful and active auxiliaries of anarchy, wherever it appeared. The most tumultuous and dangerous of these was the Coffee-house of the Cross of Malta. There, and for long, the King was daily exposed to insult and derision; *without his ministers ever taking the smallest step to put an end to a scene of scandal*, with which all loyal subjects in the realm were horrorstruck. They hoped by thus abandoning the royal prey to his pursuers, to escape themselves from the fury of party; but their expectations were cruelly deceived. Public indignation speedily assailed them; the bitterest reproaches were daily addressed to

them. All their disgraceful transactions, all the revolts they had prepared to overawe the sovereign, were recounted and exaggerated. The transports of indignation were so violent, that soon they were compelled to close this club, to save themselves from instant destruction."—I. 261, 262.

The Spanish Revolution was fast hastening to that deplorable result, a *Reign of Terror*, the natural consequence of democratic ascendancy, when its course was cut short by the French invasion, under the Duke d'Angouleme. The details on this subject are perfectly new, and in the highest degree instructive to the British public.

"For long the revolutionary party had borne with manifest repugnance the system of moderation which the government had adopted, and the majority of the Cortes had supported, during the last session. That party proceeded on the principle, that terror alone could overawe the enemies of the revolution, and that nothing was to be gained with them by moderation in language or indulgence in action. It saw no chance of safety, but in a *system of terror* powerfully organized. The catastrophe of Naples, the submission of Piedmont, the repression of the insurrection attempted in France, furnished them with a favourable opportunity to renew their efforts; and from the reception which it then met with, it was evident that the taste for blood was beginning to manifest itself among the people.

"While things were taking this direction at Madrid, and the people were awaiting with a sombre disquietude the measures which were in preparation, the Reign of Terror and Violence had already commenced in the provinces, by the effects of the supreme popular will, and the progress of anarchy in every part of the kingdom.

"Individuals of every age and sex were arrested and imprisoned, without the warrant of any of the constituted authorities, by men without a public character, on the mere orders of the chiefs of the revolutionary party, who thus usurped the most important functions of government. They threw the individuals thus collected together into the first vessels which



were at hand, or could be found in any of the ports of the kingdom, and transported them, some to the Balearic, others to the Canary Islands, according to the caprice of the revolutionary rulers.

"This is perhaps the event of all others in the history of modern revolutions, so fertile in crimes, which excites, if not the greatest horror, at least the greatest surprise: nothing can give a better idea of the true spirit of anarchy. Nothing was here done in disorder, or in one of those moments when the exaltation or delirium of the moment has become impossible to repress. It was calmly, with reflection, at leisure, and with the aid of numbers, who were ignorant of the spirit which ruled the movement, that they imprisoned, led forth from prison, thrust on board vessels, and dispatched for a distant destination, a multitude of citizens, proprietors, fathers of families, whom no law had condemned, no trial proved guilty; and all this by the means, and under the orders of a body of men, who had no pretensions to any legal authority.

"These acts were committed in open day, at the same time at Barcelona, at Valencia, at Corunna, and Carthagena. This was anarchy in unbridled sovereignty; and let us see what the legal authorities did to punish a series of acts so fatal to their influence, and of such ruinous example in a country already devoured by revolutionary passions.

"The government was informed of all that passed; the facts were public and incontestable; they were acted in the face of day, in the face of the entire population of cities. No prosecution was directed against the criminals; no punishment was pronounced; no example was given. A few inferior functionaries, who had aided in the atrocious acts, were deprived of their situations, and orders were secretly dispatched for the clandestine recall of the exiles. Such was the sole reparation made for an injury which shook the social edifice to its foundation, and trampled under foot all the rights and liberties of the citizens."—I. 287—290.

The famous massacres in the prisons on September 2, 1792, did not fail to find their imitators among the Spanish revolutionists. The follow-

ing anecdote shews how precisely similar the democratic spirit is in its tendency and effects in all ages and parts of the world.

"A priest, a chaplain of the King, Don Mathias Vinuesa, was accused of having formed the plan of a counter revolution. This absurd design, which he had had the imprudence to publish, was easily discovered, and Vinuesa was arrested and brought to trial. The law punished every attempt of this description which had not yet been put into execution, with the Gallies, and Vinuesa was, in virtue of this statute, condemned to ten years of hard labour in those dreary abodes. This sentence, of a kind to satisfy the most ardent passions, was the highest which the law would authorize; but it was very far indeed from coming up to the wishes of the revolutionary clubs.

"On the 4th May, two days after the condemnation of the prisoner, a crowded meeting took place at the Gate of the Sun, in open day, when a mock trial took place, and the priest was by the club legislators condemned to death. It was agreed that the judges should themselves execute the sentence, and that measure was resolved on amidst loud acclamations. Having resolved on this, they quietly took their siesta, and at the appointed hour proceeded to carry it into execution, without the legal authorities taking the slightest step to prevent the outrage.

"At four o'clock the mob reassembled, and proceeded straight to the prison doors. No one opposed their tumultuous array; they presented themselves at the gate, and announced their mission. Ten soldiers, who formed the ordinary guard of the prison, made, for a few minutes, a shadow of resistance, which gave no sort of trouble to the assailants. The barriers were speedily broken; the conquerors inundated the prison; with hurried steps they sought the cell where the condemned priest was confined, and instantly broke open the door. The priest appeared with a crucifix in his hand; he fell at their feet, and in the name of the God of Mercy, whose image he presented, besought them to spare his life. Vain attempt!—to breasts which acknowledged no religion, felt no pity, what availed the image

of God who died to save us. One of the judges of the Gate of the Sun advanced. He was armed with a large hammer, and struck a severe blow at the head bowed at his feet. The victim fell, and a thousand strokes soon completed the work of death. Blood has flowed, the victim is no more.

"But the head which that hammer had slain, could not suffice for the murderers. Besides the criminal there remained the judge. He also was condemned to die, for having only applied the existing law, and not foreseen the judgment which the tribunal of the Sun was to pass on the criminal. The assassins made straight to his house, amidst cries of 'Death to the traitors, Long live the constitution!' They traversed the town, and arrived at the house of the judge; five men with drawn swords entered the house, after placing sentinels around it, to prevent the possibility of escape. But Heaven did not permit that new murder to be committed. The judge, informed of what was going forward, had fled, in the interval between the first judgment and execution, and the murderers, after covering him with execrations, dispersed themselves through the town to recount their exploits, and dwell with exultation on the commencement of the Reign of Terror.

"In the evening, the clubs resounded with acclamations, and the expressions of the most intoxicating joy; and popular songs were composed and published, celebrating the first triumph of popular justice. No one ventured to hint at punishing the criminals. A few insulated individuals ventured to condemn them; a thousand voices rose to applaud and defend them. The press joined its powerful efforts to celebrate that memorable day; and in fine, to commemorate the public exultation, a sort of monument was erected to perpetuate its recollection. Vinuesa had fallen under the blows of a hammer; his murderers, and their protectors, created a decoration, and instituted a sort of order, called *The Order of the Hammer*. The ensigns of this new honour were speedily fabricated; they consisted in a little hammer of iron, made in imitation of that which had struck the fatal blow. The new chevaliers proudly decora-

ted their bosoms with the insignia. It bore an inscription, which, when divested of revolutionary jargon, amounted to this: 'On the 4th May, 1821, four or five hundred men murdered in prison an old priest, who implored their pity. Behold and honour one of the assassins.'"—I. 297—299.

The gradual decline of the moderate party, under the increasing fervour of the times, and their final extinction in the Cortes, under the incessant attacks, and irresistible majorities of the revolutionists, is thus narrated:—

"In the second session, it was no longer possible to recognise the Cortes of the first. They were the same individuals, but not the same legislators, or the same citizens. Worn out by a continual struggle with men whom nothing could either arrest or discourage; disgusted with discussions, in which they were always interrupted by the hisses or groans of the galleries; irritated by the attempts at civil war which were daily renewed in the provinces; heated by the burning political atmosphere in which they found themselves immovably enclosed; the moderate deputies, who, in the preceding year, had formed the majority of the Cortes to combat the forces of anarchy, *gave up the contest, and yielded without opposition to whatever was demanded of them.*

"The most dangerous enemies of the public peace, beyond all question, were the Patriotic Societies. There it was that all heads were exalted—that all principles were lost amidst the extravagancies of a furious democracy—that all sinister projects were formed, and all criminal designs entertained. A wise law, the work of the first Cortes, had armed government with the power to close these turbulent assemblies, when they threatened the public tranquillity. But this feeble barrier could not long resist the increasing vehemence of the revolutionists. A law was proposed, and speedily passed, which divested government of all control over these popular societies. It placed these agglomerations of fire beyond the reach of the police—forbid the magistrates to be present at their debates—substituted internal regulations for external con-



trol—and, instead of any real check, recognised only the 'elusive responsibility of the presidents.'

"Never, perhaps, did human folly to such a degree favour the spirit of disorder, or so weakly deliver over society to the passions which devoured it. Hardly was the law passed, when numbers who had been carried away by the public outcry, were terrified at the work of their own hands, and looked back with horror on the path on which they had advanced, and the vantage ground which they had for ever abandoned."  
—I. 302, 303.

"The clubs were not slow in taking advantage of the uncontrolled power thus conceded to them. The most violent of their organs, which was at once the most dangerous and the most influential, because he incessantly espoused the cause of spoliation, Romero Alfuentes, published a pamphlet full of the most furious ebullitions of revolutionary zeal, in which he divulged a pretended conspiracy against the constitutional system, whose ramifications, diverging from Madrid, extended into the remotest provinces and foreign states. The plans, the resources, the names of the conspirators, were published with affected accuracy; nothing was omitted which could give to the discovery the air of truth. The electric spark is not more rapid in communicating its shock, than was that infamous libel. Never had the tribune of the Club of the Golden Fountain resounded with such menacing and sanguinary acclamations. They went even so far as to say, that the *political atmosphere could not be purified but by the blood of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants of Madrid.*"  
—I. 351, 352.

"In the midst of these ebullitions of revolutionary fury, the provinces were subjected to the most cruel excesses of anarchy. At Cadiz, Seville, and Murcia, the people broke out into open revolt; the authorities imposed by the Cortes were all overthrown, and the leaders of the insurrection installed in their stead. All the vigour and reputation of Mina could not prevent the same catastrophe at Corunna. He resigned his command, and Latré, the insurrectionary leader, stepped into his place. Every where the authority

of government, and of the Central Cortes was disregarded; the most violent revolutionists got the ascendant, and society was fast descending towards a state of utter dissolution.

"*All these disorders, all these excesses, found in the capital numerous and ardent defenders.* The press, in particular, every where applauded and encouraged the anarchists; it incessantly exalted the demagogues, for whom it proudly accepted the title of *Descamisados*, (shirtless,) and for whose excesses it found ample precedents among our *Sans Culottes*. It condemned to contempt, or marked out for proscription, all the wise men who yet strove to uphold the remnants of the Spanish monarchy. Occupied without intermission in detracting from all the attributes of the monarchical power; in dragging in the gutter the robe of royalty, in order to hold it up to the people covered with mire; it invented for all the monarchs of Europe the most calumnious epithets and ridiculous comparisons, and offered to the factious of every state in Europe, whatever their designs were, the succours of their devouring influence."  
—I. 357, 358.

"Three evils, in an especial manner, spread the seeds of dissolution over this agitated country; and spread their ramifications with the most frightful rapidity. These were the press, with its inexpressible violence, and its complete impunity; the petitions which rendered the tribune of the Cortes the centre of denunciations, the focus of calumny, and the arena where all the furious passions contended with each other; in fine, the licentiousness of the patriotic societies, where the public peace was every day, or rather every night, delivered up to the fury of an unbridled democracy. The Cortes were perfectly aware of these causes of anarchy; they had openly denounced them, and declared their intention of applying a prompt remedy. Still nothing was done, and the Assembly was dissolved without having done any thing to close so many fountains of anarchy."  
—I. 377.

One would imagine that the accumulation of so many evils would have produced a reaction in the public mind; that the universal an-

xiety, distress, and suffering, would have opened the eyes of the people to their real interests, and the pernicious tendency of the course into which they had been precipitated by their demagogues; and that the new elections would have produced a majority in favour of the prudent and restraining measures, from which alone public safety could be expected. The case, however, was just the reverse: the revolutionary party, by violence and intimidation, almost every where gained the ascendancy; and the fatal truth soon became apparent, that democratic ambition is insatiable; that it is blind to all the lessons of experience, and deaf to all the cries of suffering; that, like a maddened horse, it rushes headlong down the precipice, and never halts in its furious career till it has involved itself and public freedom in one common ruin.

"The new Cortes commenced its labours under the most sinister auspices; the circumstances under which the elections had taken place, were sufficient to justify the most serious apprehensions.

"The elections in the south had taken place under the immediate influence and actual presence of open rebellion. At Grenada, the people by force intruded into the electoral college, and openly overwhelmed the election; in all the provinces of the north, the proprietors had absented themselves from the elections, from hatred at the revolution, and a sense of inability to restrain its excesses. At Madrid, even, all the partisans of the old regime had been constrained to abstain from taking any part in the vote, notwithstanding the undoubted right which the amnesty gave them. In many places, actual violence; in all, menaces were employed, with too powerful effect, to keep from the poll all persons suspected of moderation in their principles.

"In the whole new Cortes not one great proprietor nor one bishop was to be found. The whole body of the noblesse was represented only by two or three titled but unknown men; the clergy by a few curates and canons, well known for the lightness with which the restraints of faith sat upon them. Only one grandee of Spain was to be found there, the

Duke del Parque, who had abandoned the palace of the Escorial for the Club of the Fountain of Gold; and had left the halls of his king, to become the flatterer of the people.

"Among the new deputies great numbers were to be found who had signalized themselves by the violence of their opinions, and the spirit of vengeance against all moderate men, by which they were animated. The first measure of the Cortes was to elect Riego for president, a nomination which confirmed the hopes of the anarchist party, and excited every where the most extravagant joy among the partisans of the revolution."—I. 383, 384.

As the other insanities and atrocities of the French Revolution had found their admirers and imitators in Spain, so the overthrow of the constitutional throne of Louis XVI., on the 18th August, was followed by too close a parallel in the Spanish monarchy.

The public distress, and the violence of the revolutionary faction in every part of the kingdom, at length produced a reaction. Civil war commenced in Aragon, Catalonia, and Andalusia, and Spanish blood soon dyed every part of the Peninsula. The crisis which this induced at Madrid, which finally laid the throne prostrate at the feet of the revolutionists, is thus described:—

"The Session was about to finish, the closing was fixed for the 30th June, 1822. Great fermentation reigned at Madrid, and every one, without being able to account for it, was aware that a crisis was approaching.

"The King seated himself in his carriage after closing the Session. Cries of 'Long live the constitutional King,' were heard on all sides, mingled, in feebler notes, with the cry of 'Long live the absolute King.' The guards repulsed with violence those who raised inflammatory or seditious cries, and blood already began to flow. The tumult redoubled at the moment that the King descended from his carriage. The guard wished to disperse it; they experienced resistance, and had recourse to their arms. The exasperation was extreme among the soldiers; one of their officers, named Landaburo, desirous of restraining them, was insulted by his own men,



He drew his sabre, but speedily fell, shot dead by a musket from the ranks.

"Landaburo was the son of a merchant at Cadiz, and well known for his liberal opinions. His death became instantly a party affair, and excited to the last degree the fury of all those who professed the same principles. The militia were soon under arms; the troops of the garrison and the artillery united themselves to their colours; the whole officers and non-commissioned officers, who were at Madrid detached from their regiments, joined their ranks. The artillery put their pieces in position; the municipal body declared its sittings permanent; and every thing announced the speedy approach of hostilities between the court and the people.

"Had they possessed an able chief and a determined will, the guards might have made themselves masters of Madrid. They were more numerous, better armed, more inured to war, than the constitutional bands which composed the garrison. They occupied the barriers and principal posts. Nothing was easier for them than to have made themselves masters of the park of artillery, and the possession of the park would have rendered all resistance impossible. Nothing, however, was attempted—nothing was thought of.

"Of the six battalions of which it was composed, two remained to protect the King; the four others, afraid of being shut up in their barracks, clandestinely left the town during the obscurity of the night; but this movement was executed with such confusion, that the first battalions, when they arrived at the rendezvous, opened a fire upon the others which were approaching.

"On the other side, the constitutionalists of all descriptions united to resist the common enemy. The militia night and day blockaded the palace; the regular soldiers soon obtained a formidable auxiliary; this was a band composed of men without name, without character; adventurers and enthusiasts, who were organized under the name of the *Sacred Band*. Many generals presented themselves, also offering their services and their swords;

among this number were Ballasteros and Riego.

"Negotiations and indecision continued for six days, during which the two parties remained constantly encamped, notwithstanding the tropical sun of the dogdays, venting reproaches at each other sabre in hand, the torches lighted awaiting only the signal of the combat. At intervals single muskets were discharged, which sounded like the distant peals of thunder, which announced the approach of a frightful tempest.

"At length the attack commenced. The divisions of the guard at a distance from Madrid, marched upon the capital, but they were met and defeated at all points by the constitutional forces, and the fugitives in great numbers fled for refuge to the palace. The militia were every where victorious; triumphant and victorious, they surrounded the royal abode, while *Te Deum* was celebrated on the Place of the Constitution, and the walls of the palace resounded with menaces against the King. A capitulation was proposed; but nothing but an unconditional surrender would satisfy the conquerors. Two battalions agreed to it; the others, conceiving that a snare was laid for them, fired a volley upon the militia, abandoned the palace, and rushed out of the city, where they were soon cut to pieces by the popular dragoons and the incessant discharge of grape-shot. This victory was decisive; the violent party now reigned in uncontrolled supremacy, and nothing remained to oppose even the shadow of resistance to their domination."—I. 420-424.

Such was the state of the revolution, and the prostration of the throne, when the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême dissipated the fumes of the revolutionists, and re-established the absolute throne.

Several reflections arise upon the events, of which a sketch has been here given.

In the first place, they shew how precisely similar the march of revolution is in all ages and countries; and how little national character is to be relied on to arrest or prevent its fatal progress. The horrors of the French Revolution, it was said,

were owing to their volatile and unstable character, and the peculiar combination of events which preceded its breaking out. The Spanish Revolution, notwithstanding their grave and thoughtful national character, and a totally different chain of previous events, exhibited, till it was cut short by French bayonets, exactly the same features and progress. Recent experience leaves it but too doubtful, whether, in the sober and calculating realm of England, similar passions are not destined to produce similar effects.

In the next place, the historical facts now brought forward demonstrate how enormous is the delusion which the Revolutionary party, by means of a false and deceitful press, spread over the world in regard to all the transactions in which their projects are concerned. We put it to the candour of every one of our readers, whether the facts now detailed do not put in an entirely different point of view from any in which they had yet considered it, the Spanish Revolution? Certainly these facts were utterly unknown to us, not the least vigilant observers of continental transactions, and the march of revolution in the adjoining states. The truth is, that what Jefferson long ago said of the American, has become true of the European press; events are so utterly distorted, falsehoods are so unblushingly put forth, hostile facts are so sedulously suppressed, that it is utterly impossible from the public journals to gather the least idea of what they really are, if they have the slightest connexion with revolutionary ambition. Till the false light of newspapers has ceased, and the steady light of history begins, no reliance whatever can be placed on the public accounts, even of the most notorious transactions.

Lastly, we now see how inconceivably the British people were deceived in regard to these transactions, and how narrowly we escaped at that juncture being plunged into a war, to uphold what is now proved to have been, not the cause of freedom and independence, but of *anarchy, democracy, and revolution*. We all recollect the vigorous efforts which the Movement party in this country made to engage us in a war with France, in support of the Spanish Revolution; the speech of Mr Brougham, on the opening of the Session of Parliament in February 1823, still resounds in our ears. We were told, and we believed, that the Spanish constitution conferred upon the people of the Peninsula moderated freedom; that the cause of liberty was at stake; and that unless we interfered, it would be trampled down under the bayonets of the Holy Alliance. And what is the fact as *now* proved by historical documents? Why, that it was the cause of *Pure Democracy* which we were thus called on to support; of universal suffrage, Jacobin clubs, and a furious press; of revolutionary confiscation, democratic anarchy, and unbridled injustice; of the most desolating of tyrannies, the most ruinous of despotisms. Such is the darkness, the thick and impenetrable darkness, in which we are kept in regard to passing events by the revolutionary press of Europe; and when historic truth comes to illuminate the transactions of our times, the Revolution of July, the Belgian Insurrection, the Polish Revolt, it will be found that we have been equally deceived; and that by the use of heart-stirring recollections, and heart-rending fabrications, we have been stimulated to engage in war, to support a similar system of revolutionary cupidity and democratic ambition.



## PROSPECTS OF BRITAIN UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

In our last Number we addressed ourselves to the future Electors of Great Britain, and endeavoured to shew, that, unless they were duly impressed with the importance of their situation, the duties that were incumbent on it, and the irreparable consequences of one false measure at this juncture, the powers conferred upon them by the Reform Bill could be productive of nothing but disaster; that their interests were now identified with those of the Conservative party; their fortunes were at stake, if any farther measures of spoliation were passed, and their power threatened with subversion by any farther extension of the electoral body; that the conduct and the language which accords very well with the situation of an opposition, watching the conduct of others in power, becomes to the last degree perilous if continued by those who have obtained that ascendancy for themselves; that all sudden popular changes in the form of government had hitherto led to revolution, precisely because the new depositaries of power received it before the requisite change had been effected in their inclinations, and continued the movement when they should have done their utmost to repress it; and that this danger was imminent in this country, from the vast body of needy men who are interested in urging on the march of revolution. The prodigious power of the daily press in forming public opinion, and the unavoidable tendency towards extreme democratic opinions, which its conductors have in general received from the class in society from which they commonly arise, the persons with whom they associate, and the dispositions of the great body of the readers to whom their publications are addressed, who, being in the middling or lower orders, are naturally inclined to the popular order of things.

This state of things, the necessary result of the vast increase of our manufacturing and urban population, the establishment of the press as a mere trade, and its consequent adaptation to the passions and wishes of the majority of its readers, and the extension of the power of political

information to almost the whole of the middling and lower orders, may not be what the philosophers can approve, it may not be what the patriot would wish; but it is what exists, and with which, therefore, the *statesman* must contend. It is too late now to enquire whether it was wise, in a country such as this, to have made such prodigious efforts to force on the education of the people; whether all the anticipated benefits have flowed from it; whether the spread of moral and religious information, or of infidel sophistry and jacobinical passions, has been promoted by the change; whether crime has diminished with the multiplication of newspapers, or virtue increased with the march of intellect; whether, in a word, New England, with its journals, its reading-rooms, its mechanics' institutions, its Reform processions and public meetings, is better than Old England, with its loyalty, its devotion, its charity, and its unobtrusive industry. These matters form the subjects of consideration to the philosopher and the historian, and a great and interesting field they offer to the Tacitus who is to portray the vices, whether popular, aristocratic, or regal, of the British Empire. But the statesman has a very different task to perform; he must take mankind as they are, and has no instrument to act with but those which human passion, or interest, or reflexion, puts into his hand. In these circumstances, the important and the interesting topic for consideration is—Do the means exist of stemming the torrent of revolution; can the boasted education of the people be made the means of effecting, in spite of their passions, their salvation; and is it possible, with the democratic electors and new constitution of Britain, to give to our children any thing approaching to the freedom and security which existed under the balanced powers and stable institutions of the old?

We still indulge a hope that it is possible to do this, notwithstanding the immense addition to the public danger which the Reform Bill has occasioned. But of this we are well assured, that the peril will not be re-

moved by the securities which the Whigs look to for protection, nor the means to which till very lately the Conservatives have had recourse to avert it—and this much is clear, that of all men in the world, the leading Reformers are those who are most interested in arresting the progress of revolution; for if they cannot do it, and the institutions of society are in consequence destroyed in Britain as they have been in France, they will, considering how clearly they were warned of their danger, and what a political fabric they have overturned, be overwhelmed by posterity with a load of odium to which the infamy of Cataline and Nero will be light in comparison.

The great danger to Britain, as to every other old state which engages in the career of innovation, arises from the state of the *Finances*. It is their embarrassment which always precipitates the march of revolution, because it occasions a difficulty from which there is no means of immediate escape, but by revolutionary confiscation; and that again, by striking an universal panic through the holders of property, speedily occasions a still greater loss to the revenue than the amount of the property so unjustly acquired, and renders still more violent measures of spoliation a matter of unavoidable necessity. This is the constant and never-failing danger; this, and this alone, forced on the calamities of the French Revolution, and converted the brilliant reforms of the Constituent Assembly into the sanguinary excesses of the Convention; this, and this alone, blasted the dawn of liberty in Spain, and drove the liberal party there into excesses, which speedily overturned their constitution; and this progress is already appearing in such vivid colours in this country, that, unless we are as blind as the Reformers tell us we are enlightened, every man capable of reasoning must become sensible of the danger.

The way in which the progress goes on is perfectly obvious. Every old state is more or less burdened with debt contracted from the wars, the follies, or the necessities of past times. The revenue raised is generally equal, and barely equal, to the public expenses; and therefore, when a popular administration are brought to the helm of affairs, and the work

of innovation begins, there is no way of repairing the chasms thereby occasioned in the revenue, but by seizing upon the property of the most obnoxious, or least powerful class in the community. Political agitation, and anticipated changes, invariably make the produce of the taxes deficient, because they check the activity of capital, and occasion a contraction of expenditure among the opulent. The monied man is proverbially the most timid animal in the creation; and however much tradesmen and manufacturers may support political changes, they feel their consequences too clearly not to regulate their *private* conduct by entirely different principles from those which govern their *public* measures. Enter the warehouse or the shop of the most decided Reformer, the most violent political innovator in the kingdom, and propose to him that, in these halcyon days of political improvement, he should embark his capital in some new undertaking, or augment his orders from the anticipated increase of his sales, and he will tell you that times are unfavourable, that every thing is at a stand, that his purchasers are every day declining, and that he must postpone the adventure to some more favourable period. The reason of this is contained in one word, *the dread of revolutionary confiscation*: an unerring instinct tells the holders of property, that they are likely to be the sufferers in the strife; that they will be the victims, not the gainers, by spoliation; and hence the general mistrust, apprehension, and hoarding disposition, which, by checking the purchase of every species of luxury, paralyzes commerce, extinguishes industry, and produces that universal sense of suffering, sickness, and disquietude through the state, which speedily reduces the revenue, and is at once the effect and the cause of extensive political change.

It is this universal and inevitable fall of the revenue, from the terror inspired by political innovation, which converts the unanimous passion for change in the commencement of revolution, into bitter feelings of discord in its progress, and changes the warm aspirations of philanthropy in the youth of Reform, into the angry strife and bloody contention which in general signalizes



its close. That most pressing and inexorable of all wants, *want of money*, does all these things. Till the finances fail, all to appearance goes on well; general joy, save among the holders of property, is expressed, and the people expect a deliverance from all their grievances, from the vast political innovations which are set on foot. But when amidst processions, illuminations, public dinners, laudatory speeches, presenting of snuff-boxes, popular meetings, and all the other ebullitions of Reform transports, *the revenue is found to be steadily going down*, it becomes absolutely indispensable to adopt some measures to preserve the solvency of government. Fresh taxes, in such periods of popular ascendancy and anticipated relief are of course out of the question; the leaders of the people can never so completely give the lie to all their predictions, as to signalize the commencement of their liberating labours by an addition to those burdens which they have so often pronounced their ability to diminish, and they are expressly chosen to remove, and therefore the only resource is *revolutionary confiscation*. This is done either by an issue of paper bearing a forced circulation, the debasing of the coin by authority of Government, or the spoliation of the Church, as the most defenceless and obnoxious body in the state, and to one or other, or all of these measures, all innovating governments that ever existed have sooner or later been driven.

When once confiscation begins in any of these ways, the charm is broken; the unanimity in favour of change is speedily dissolved; the victims of spoliation, many of whom were the most ardent supporters of the early innovations which led to it, make the state resound with their lamentations; the dread of still farther confiscation fills all the holders of property with dread; the revenue incessantly goes down; all the revolutionary additions made to it, prove inadequate to supply the only steady source of income, *tranquil and protected industry*, and the embarrassments of Government at last become so overwhelming, that their power to repress public disorders is taken

away, and the state is delivered over to all the fury of the angry passions, created by the woful contrast between the brilliant prospects the people had formed, and the sad reality they have experienced.

The angry passions which desolated France, and are still, after the lapse of forty years, and the shedding of the blood of millions, so fiery and intractable in that country, all arose from the embarrassment of the finances, consequent on the innovations of the Constituent Assembly. Never was a country so unanimous in favour of the Revolution as the French were in 1789; never was the march of improvement, as they esteemed it, so rapid; never were such brilliant anticipations so generally indulged in regard to the future destiny of the empire from the regeneration of its social condition; and never was there a government which, during the two years of its administration, was actuated by so sincere a desire, in professions at least of beneficence, or evinced by its conduct so superstitious a horror for the shedding of blood. Only one man, during all its rule, was sent to the scaffold;\* and even Robespierre proposed, in those halcyon days of philanthropy, the total abolition of the punishment of death. What then so totally changed the character of the Revolution, caused all the benevolent chimeras of its early leaders to be followed by the relentless despotism of its ultimate rulers, and instead of the philanthropists of 1789, brought to the head of affairs the tigers of the Convention? The answer is obvious. The *embarrassment of finance*, consequent on extensive political change, did all these things. The revenue in the first year of the Revolution fell from L.24,000,000 to L.17,000,000; national bankruptcy stared Government in the face; the capitalists of the Bourse, notwithstanding their ardent support of the Revolution, would advance nothing to the public service, and Government were driven to confiscation, to avoid immediate insolvency. The Church, as being the most defenceless body in the state, was selected as the victim, and, by a solemn act of the National Assembly, its property, produ-

\* The Marquis de Favras.

cing above L.6,000,000 a-year of rent, was devoted to the public service. This instantly roused the animosity of the clergy and the rural parishes, who still, in many provinces, were sincerely attached both to their pastors and the faith of their fathers; the unanimity in favour of the Revolution was speedily dissolved; the flames of war in La Vendée, at Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon, were lighted up; and Government, falling from one embarrassment into another, was soon reduced to the issue of assignats, which, by receiving creditors of every description, and producing a total change of property, filled France with swarms of needy adventurers, whom even the conscription, and the sword of the Allies, could not cut down with sufficient rapidity to preserve the state from the internal horrors of the Reign of Terror.

In the preceding article of this Number, we have shewn how exactly the same progress took place in Spain, upon occasion of its revolution in 1820, and how completely the excesses which rendered the fall of the revolutionary government in that country unavoidable, were occasioned by the rapid fall of the revenue, which attended the first triumph of the constitutionalists. And to those who regard all history, even of contemporary events, as an old almanack, and cease to reflect on any political occurrences, when they are no longer the theme of discussion in the daily newspapers, it is sufficient to observe that the same progress is going on in France at this hour; that the revolution of July has caused the revenue of France to fall from L.44,000,000 a-year to L.39,000,000, while its annual expenditure has been increased to L.60,000,000; that the crown lands have been sold, to the amount of L.8,000,000, and loans to the amount of L.20,000,000 contracted in two years to supply the deficiency; and that the embarrassments of their treasury are still such as to render it extremely doubtful, whether, without a forced issue of paper, as they have no church or nobility to confiscate, public bankruptcy can be avoided.

We have uniformly asserted, since the Reform Bill was brought forward

by Government, that it was embarrassment of finance which would render revolutionary confiscation unavoidable, and of course make any pause in the downward career impossible; and how completely has the progress of events verified our predictions! Lord Althorp's speech on the late budget is all that requires to be referred to on this subject. He admits that the Duke of Wellington left him a *clear surplus* of L.2,900,000 a-year; and this is now reduced to a *deficit*, at the end of the year ending 5th Jan. 1832, of L.700,000 a-year, and at the end of the year ending 5th April 1832, of L.1,200,000! This is not owing to a repeal of taxes, for the taxes remitted by the Whigs were only, on his own statement, L.1,564,000 a-year; whereas the diminution of the revenue is—

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| Surplus of the Duke lost,      | L.2,900,000 |
| Deficit of the Whigs incurred, | 1,200,000   |

---

L.4,100,000

This immense deficiency has arisen in *fifteen months*, from the dread of revolutionary confiscation which has seized the holders of property, and it is going on continually *increasing* with the triumph of Reform; for the deficiency on the year ending 5th January 1832, was only L.700,000; whereas it had swelled to L.1,200,000 at the end of the next quarter, and it must be still greater at the end of the July quarter, because that quarter exhibited a fall of L.284,000, compared with the corresponding quarter last year; whereas, by extraordinary arts, the revenue in the quarter ending 5th April, was made to shew a rise of L.64,000. The facts therefore cannot be concealed; the national revenue is *rapidly and steadily falling*; while the national expenditure is *rapidly and steadily rising*; the expenditure on the army, navy, and miscellaneous service, being L.700,000 a-year greater in Lord Althorp's last budget than it was under the Duke of Wellington's administration.\* The Sinking Fund is annihilated, and it is only by a fresh issue of Exchequer bills, in other words, by borrowing money in time of peace, that the national expenditure for the last year has been provided for.

\* Nor was this increase in the least degree blameable. When we reflect on the threatening aspect of European affairs, the natural effect of the three glorious days,



What has now become of those days, which we all so well recollect, when the repeal of taxes to the amount of several millions a-year was followed by a *rise* of revenue, so great and increasing was the expenditure of the industrious classes in other departments? Have we forgot that so great was this compensation for diminished taxation, by increased luxury and comfort among the middling orders, under the hated rule of the Tories, that they were able to take off taxes every year, almost from 1815 to 1830, amounting in all to the enormous yearly sum of L.35,000,000; that during this long period of incessant reduction, they had paid off L.60,000,000 of the public debt, and at its close left a clear surplus revenue of L.2,900,000 to their successors.\* What has become of those days of practical improvement and experienced prosperity? Why are not Lord Althorp's reductions compensated, and more than compensated, as those of Mr Vansittart and Lord Goderich were, by a vast and simultaneous rise of the revenue in other quarters? Is reduced taxation unable to compensate itself by increased expenditure under the Whigs as under the Tories? Why does not Lord Althorp go on, year after year, reducing taxes by the amount of several millions annually, and still pay off three or four millions a-year of the public debt, and leave a surplus of nearly three millions a-year to his successors? Is industry less productive, or are the laws of nature different now than they were four years ago? Or is it

the dread of revolutionary change, the march of innovation, and the violence of the people, which, with the springs of industry, and the expenditure of the affluent, has dried up the source of the revenue?

To account for this prodigious defalcation in the revenue since the days of innovation began, the reforming journals argue, that it is all owing to the contraction of the currency, and the consequent depression of manufacturing industry, and that the progress of change has nothing to do with the matter. We have always said, that the most fatal innovation of modern times, next to the Reform Bill, was the Currency Bill of 1819; and that the Whigs are more to be blamed for having forced that measure on Government at that time, than for any thing else which they did before their accession to power. But that the present deficit is not *owing to this cause*, and that its parent is the revolutionary spirit which has seized the country, and that spirit alone, is proved by the fact, that for ten years *after* the Currency Bill was passed, the revenue was *constantly increasing*; and that during that time taxes to the amount of ten millions a-year were taken off, while still the Sinking Fund was kept up at from three to five millions a-year. To shew that this is not said at random, we subjoin in a note an enumeration of the taxes taken off since the alteration of the currency in 1819, down to the Duke of Wellington's retirement from office, compiled from the official papers laid before Parliament.† It is evident, therefore, that

the flames of Bristol, the conflagration of Jamaica, and the universal insurrection of Ireland, it must at once be seen, that the addition to the public expenditure was unavoidable. This is the natural progress of revolution; a declining revenue and increasing expenditure are its invariable attendants.

\* See No. CXCI. Art. The British Finances, where the items are given.

† The following is the statement of the taxes which have been repealed since the peace, with the years of their being taken off.

|                                                  |               |
|--------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1816. Property Tax, War Malt, War Customs,       | L. 18,288,000 |
| 1817. English Assessed Taxes,                    | 280,000       |
| 1818. Irish Assessed Taxes,                      | 236,000       |
| 1821. Agricultural Horse,                        | 480,000       |
| 1822. Annual Malt, Hides, Tonnage,               | 3,355,000     |
| 1823. Assessed Taxes (half), Spirits, Customs,   | 3,200,000     |
| 1824. Rum, Coals, Stamps, Wool, Silk,            | 1,727,000     |
| 1825. Salt, Hemp, Coffee, Wine, British Spirits, | 3,146,000     |
| 1829. Beer, &c.                                  | 3,500,000     |
| 1831. Coals, Calicoes, Candles,                  | 1,600,000     |

Total repealed since the peace, . . . L. 35,812,000

Of these were direct taxes, . . . 18,177,000

Repealed of indirect taxes, . . . 17,635,000

it is the progress of innovation, and not the mere change of the currency, which has occasioned the present alarming deficiency in the revenue of the state; and that we are, as the first effect of the fever for change, fast descending into that gulf of insolvency, which, in every other state where a similar spirit has prevailed, has been the effect of precipitate innovation, and the parent of revolutionary confiscation.

We do not bring forward these facts in order to increase the alarm which is now so generally felt as to the stability of our finances, nor from the remotest wish to add to the already overwhelming embarrassments of administration. We refer to them solely in order to demonstrate the necessary tendency of excessive political innovation upon public finance, and the solvency of the state; and to impress upon our readers, that unless a *stop is put to the farther progress of change*, and the fears of the holders of *property are dispelled by perceiving that the Conservatives have regained their ascendancy over the innovating party*, Government will inevitably be driven into revolutionary confiscation, how little soever they may be disposed to adopt such a course. The first steps in the revolutionary progress, like the first advances in crime by the individual, are alone voluntary; the subsequent and terrible excesses are occasioned by an irresistible necessity, which the advocates of such changes call fatality, but which the slightest acquaintance with history shews is the inflexible law of Providence, for the extirpation of passion from an infatuated people.

The Revolutionary party have already avowed their determination to commence the system of confiscation, which is the invariable consequence and certain punishment of the innovating passion. In the circular of pledges of July 12, 1832, to be exacted from candidates for seats in Parliament, sent round by the London Political Union, we find the following pledges recommended,—and of this paper 10,000 copies were printed, and circulated to every part of the empire.

“The pledges then that candidates should be required to give, seem to be—

#### “I. PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

“This includes—

“1. Shortening the duration of Parliaments.

“2. *Voting by Ballot.*

“If the whole nation were divided into electoral districts, and the votes taken by ballot, Parliament *could not be too short, nor the right of voting too extensive.*

“At present, the duration of Parliament should be limited to three years.

#### “II. LAW REFORM.

“This includes a thorough revision of *all laws*—common, statute, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical, local, parliamentary, and municipal; the abolition of all arbitrary jurisdictions; the abridgement, as much as may be possible, of vexation, delay, and expense; the detection of crimes, and the certainty of speedy punishment; abolition of barbarous and cruel punishments, and the adoption of such punishments only as are commensurate with offences.

#### “III. FINANCIAL REFORM.

“This includes reduction of taxes to the greatest possible extent; reduction of all overpaid salaries and pensions, as well as payment of every kind, from the highest office in the state to the lowest; the total abolition of all sinecures, all useless offices, and all unearned pensions.

“It is advisable that *indirect taxes*, and especially those which press heaviest on trade, manufactures, commerce, and the comforts of the people, should be repealed in preference to *direct taxes*. Had there been none but direct taxes, the public never would have submitted to be taxed to one half the amount they are at present taxed.

#### “IV. TRADE REFORM.

“This includes the abolition of all monopolies, and more especially the *Corn Law* monopoly; the free admission of *all sorts of produce* for manufacturers, and indeed of free trade in every respect, that the greater number may no longer be compelled to purchase any thing at an advanced price, that the profits of a very small comparative number may be unduly increased.

#### “V. CHURCH REFORM.

“This includes—

“1. Equalisation to a great extent of the church establishment. Every dignitary of the church preaches poverty, and wallows in wealth. Great wealth being condemned as incompatible with the *true religion*, none of its ministers should therefore be wealthy.

“2. Ceasing to *compel any one* to pay for the maintenance of any particular doctrine he does not approve.

“3. *Abolition of tithes*, in the fairest way, and in the shortest time possible.



#### “ VI. ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

“ This includes the freedom of *every person*, of every colour, and every shade of colour; holding of persons in slavery is unjust, atrocious, and cruel; abolition of slavery without compensation to slaveholders is also unjust, but it is inevitable, and therefore *less unjust than retaining them as slaves*. It becomes then the duty of the legislature to emancipate all slaves, with the least injustice, as well to the slaveholders as to slaves themselves, and in as little time as possible, compatible with the smallest amount of evil.

#### “ VII. TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

“ These are, the stamp duty on *newspapers*, the excise duty on paper, and the duty on advertisements.”

To do the Revolutionists justice, they are no hypocrites, but fairly and openly avow the objects which they have in view. Here is a catalogue of radical objects, pretty extensive to be the first fruits of the great *and final* measure of Reform. They propose to require pledges from their representatives in every part of the empire, to shorten the duration of Parliaments *at present* to three years, introduce the ballot, and advocate the greatest possible extension of the right of voting, and diminution of the duration of Parliaments; to commence a thorough revision of all laws, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical, and municipal; to exterminate tithes, immediately emancipate the whole West India slaves without compensation; to abolish the Corn Laws, and every species of protecting duty on manufacturing industry, and to repeal all the duties on newspapers and paper, in order to spread still farther among the people the salutary influence of the public press. These are the objects of the revolutionists, which are to be *immediately* exacted as pledges from all members whose election they can command, and forthwith carried into effect. Whatever the Conservative party and the holders of property may complain of, they at least cannot assert that they have not been fully warned of their danger, and the designs of their opponents.

Among the numerous changes which the Radicals have promulgated as necessary for the regeneration of the empire, one of the greatest is not here mentioned; but it is the taking of pledges from members of Parliament at all, which is at once the basis and

the most dangerous part of their system. With truth does the liberal historian Salvandy assert, from the experience of France, that this single change at one blow destroys the whole benefit of the representative system, and renders the European governments at once subject to the evils and the ruin of the Grecian democracies.

The representative system, the glory of modern civilisation, the bulwark of European freedom, the distinguishing mark of Christian society, is threatened with immediate and irrevocable ruin. Instead of Parliaments being intrusted with the destinies of the empire, they are, by this system, reduced to a mere set of delegates, assembled in St Stephen's to register the edicts and give a legislative form to the mandates of the Sovereign People. Instead of public questions, unconnected with party, being calmly discussed, investigated in Committee, and deliberately considered, as befits the senate of a mighty empire, they are all to be disposed of according to the preconceived opinions of an immense body of electors, not one in a hundred of whom knows any thing whatever of the subjects on which he thus irrevocably decides. The most weighty and intricate subjects of human thought—those on which the greatest extent of information is required, in which the most conflicting interests are to be reconciled, on the just decision of which the fate of the mother-country and the existence of our colonies depends—are to be disposed of by peremptory pledges, just as summarily as the member gives his support to a turnpike-act, or his opposition to a railway bill. The system of pledges on a few questions of party politics, always existed under the old constitution with those who sat for the nomination boroughs; and it was the constant theme of complaint with the popular orators at that time, that these members were not free agents, and that representation so fettered was a perfect mockery; and now, with the usual inconstancy of democratic bodies, they have adopted the same evils, multiplied them a hundred-fold, and carried them from a few questions of party into all the great and varied concerns of this

immense empire. As well could we expect Poland to be well governed by its Diet of 80,000 horsemen, each armed with his sabre and his *liberum veto*, and discussing the affairs of the state while riding at full gallop on the shores of the Vistula, as the British empire to hold together under a legislative body elected by such passions, and fettered by such restraints.

It is the grossest delusion to suppose, that the opinion of the people, separately formed, is taken on any of these subjects on which pledges are to be exacted. Out of the million electors in Britain, there are not 10,000 who ever thought of them for themselves, nor 1000 who are capable, from such reflection, of arriving at a just or true conclusion. What is called public opinion, is here, as elsewhere, nothing but the impression produced by the newspapers which are generally read; and what is pompously set forth as the result of the opinions of millions of men, is nothing but the result of the views taken by twenty or thirty editors of journals, few of whom have the leisure, whatever their natural talents may be, to acquire the information requisite for a complete mastery of the subjects which they are compelled to handle; for of all the antidotes to extensive information that exist, the incessant demands of the broad sheet is the most effectual.\* Such are the men who, under the system of pledges, are to be invested with an irresistible despotic sway over the national councils, and whose decisions are to rule the fate of one hundred and twenty millions of men in every part of the globe.

Can any rational being, unconnected with party, suppose that, under such a system of innovation as is here proposed, there is the smallest chance of the revenue being maintained, and the interest of the public debt discharged? When the disastrous effect of change already experienced upon the public revenue is considered, even when the depositaries of power alone were in danger, what may be expected when, in

consequence of their demolition, the great pecuniary interests of the middling ranks are assailed; when the abolition of the Corn Laws threatens to cut off a third from the income of all depending on land, and the emancipation of the negroes at once consigns the West Indies to the flames, cuts off seven millions a-year of duty from Government, and as much a-year from the export of our manufactures; when the total repeal of all protecting duties exposes every branch of industry to a ruinous foreign competition, and the confiscation of the Church property gives the fatal example of the momentary relief to be derived from revolutionary spoliation? To suppose that the revenue, that register-barometer of the public prosperity, is to be kept up amidst the scene of confusion, suffering, and consternation, which these innovations must occasion, is not one whit more extravagant than to imagine that grapes are to ripen at Spitzbergen, or an open boat to live amidst a hurricane of the tropics.

It is as plain, therefore, as any proposition in Euclid, from whence the danger is now to come, and what is the *necessity* which is to force the most unwilling government into measures of revolutionary spoliation. Let us next consider what is the safeguard against these dangers, so pressing and imminent, whose approach is already indicated by such unerring symptoms, to which Ministers and the innovating party trust in the perilous times which are evidently approaching.

The *good sense* of the people is the sheet-anchor to which the Whigs always have recourse on the subject. It is said that they will see the danger of carrying on such revolutionary measures; that they must see that they will be the first victims of such changes; that the great body of electors are persons possessed of some property, who have every thing to dread from spoliation, and that it is altogether extravagant to suppose that they will put the dagger to their own throats, or voluntarily engage in measures which will ruin themselves and their families. This is the secu-

---

\* The able and eloquent men who conduct the respectable part of the public press, will, we are sure, be the first to admit the truth of this observation.



rity to which they constantly look; it forms the vindication on which they always rest the Reform Bill; and if it is not well founded, the country, on their own admission, is consigned to perdition.

There can be no doubt that, if the consequence of revolutionary measures was quite apparent—if the effect could be traced to the cause with unerring certainty, and the chain was *visible to the senses* by which the disaster follows the innovation, the holders of property might be relied upon as likely to resist any such changes as threaten their own interests. But the question is, whether this connexion is so apparent as to become obvious to all classes? whether it does not require habits of thought, the power of mental concentration, and an intellect of more than ordinary clearness, to perceive it? and whether, even if the danger is seen by the class immediately threatened, that will induce the other classes to pause in the work of innovation, to which they are urged by their demagogues, their passions, and their rulers of the press?

Causes in physics are followed by effects with unerring certainty, and the operation by which the one influences the other being in general obvious to the senses, the consequences to be anticipated from certain changes may be calculated upon with perfect precision, and will be readily acquiesced in by all mankind. But wherever the process of change is *not seen*, or many concurrent causes are operating, to any one of which the effect may be ascribed, there is an endless diversity of opinions among men as to the measures to be pursued to attain a particular object. Every man knows, that if you put coals on the fire you will make the room warmer, and therefore there is no division of opinion on that subject; but every man does not see how a particular diet or regimen affects the body, and therefore there is an endless difference of opinion in that particular. Hence the extraordinary, and otherwise inexplicable diversity, in the opinions of medical men on almost every subject of their science; the contradictory opinions they give on most points even of the most elementary

nature; and the undoubted fact, that there is nothing which is now known to be the greatest aggravation of a disease, which has not been prescribed within the memory of man as its only cure.

But if this is true of medical science, to which a peculiar and learned profession have devoted their exclusive attention, and to the close investigation of which no other passions are brought into action, but those arising from the rivalry and jealousy of professional men at each other, what may be expected of the science of politics, where experience is hitherto, comparatively speaking, so limited?—where passions so vehement, and interests so contradictory, exist to bias the judgment—where so many concurrent causes are in operation, that even the clearest head can barely follow their operation—where the perpetual change of society renders the precedents of history of such difficult application, and makes it so easy to elude the force of the most cogent examples, by the supposed operation of some unseen cause—where millions, not thousands, are called upon to judge of the topics in debate, and a complete profession, possessing almost unlimited sway over the majority of the people, live by inflaming their passions and misleading their judgments! To those who seriously consider these points, and reflect how incapable large bodies of men are of deliberating calmly on any subject—how liable they are to be carried away by sudden gusts of feeling, and how variable they are in all their opinions, it will probably appear, that the security to be derived from the supposed good sense and interests of the immense bodies who are now called into political activity, is small indeed.

Farther, though it is generally, it is by no means universally true, that mankind are governed by their interests, and the statesman who should act on the supposition that they are, would commit a greater mistake than the navigator who should proceed on the notion, that within the tropics the monsoon invariably blows from one end of the year to the other. When passion is not roused, interest commonly prevails; but how fre-

quently is permanent interest sacrificed to temporary desire, and the welfare of a lifetime lost for the enjoyment of a moment? Nations are just as subject to these fits of passion as individuals, and, during their continuance, the dictates of interest are equally forgotten. According as passion is ill or well directed, is the national fortune disastrous or prosperous; but in both cases, the suggestions of individual interests are equally overwhelmed by the tempest of public emotion. The sacrifices of the patriot, the devotion of the soldier, shew how capable men are in a good cause of subjugating their interests by their duties; the march of revolution proves but too clearly, how predominant, in the progress of intestine commotion, democratic passion becomes to the interest of all the classes by whom it is to be supported. The French Revolution put this beyond a doubt. All classes successively, during its awful progress, supported it, from the force of passion, or the contagion of enthusiasm, in opposition to their interests, and all perished in the attempt. The King supported it, and perished—the nobles supported it, and perished—the clergy supported it, and perished—the capitalists supported it, and perished—the landowners supported it, and perished—the shopkeepers supported it, and perished—the army supported it, and perished—the peasants supported it, and perished—the labourers supported it, and perished! Passion in all ranks, from the throne to the cottage, was predominant over interest, and during the disastrous progress new revolutionary interests and desires arose, which hurried on the car, after the whole classes and individuals who at first urged it forward had been crushed beneath its wheels.

It is to be recollected also, that it is not the *whole interests* of society which are attacked at once, but that individual ones are successively singled out for destruction; and experience proves that it is next to impossible, during the period of their peril, to get the other classes, not yet assailed, to come forward to their relief. The owners of interests which are not yet threatened, hope that the danger will not come their way; that

the tempest will subside, or roll in another direction, and proceed upon the principle that it would be the height of imprudence for them to volunteer into a strife, from which they have every thing to fear, and nothing apparently to gain. Experience proves by lamentable example, that, in this way, all the classes of society may successively be destroyed, without any simultaneous effort being made to resist the common danger; and that this terrible effect may be produced by a desperate and reckless faction, not only immeasurably inferior to the whole taken together, but less powerful than any one taken singly, if its real strength could only be drawn forth. The nobles in France looked on with indifference, when the clergy were assailed, or joined the innovators, from the idea that the spoils of the Church would afford a sensible relief to the public necessities; the clergy, in return, now despoiled of all their property, gave no sort of opposition to the measures of spoliation and confiscation directed against the nobles; the merchants, shopkeepers, and fundholders, warmly supported the Revolution, when it assailed these privileged classes, and, by their destruction, they deprived themselves of all means of resistance when they themselves were the object of attack, and the public creditors and merchants, once of the greatest affluence, were reduced to beg their bread from the fall in the value of the government paper in which they were paid; the shopkeepers long supported it, when it had become the object of horror to all the higher classes of society, and when their fortunes were swallowed up by the assignats and the law of the *maximum*, no other class of society came to their relief; the labourers and peasants supported Robespierre, while he was assailed by the execrations of all the other classes in the state, and when they in their turn were ground to the dust, by the forced requisitions and compulsory sales at fixed prices, they found themselves the last interest in the state, and totally unable to resist the destroying changes which stern necessity now drove forward.

The same lamentable lukewarm-



ness at the progress of revolutionary innovation, and unwillingness to come forward to support the other classes who are the first object of attack, has already been evinced in the most striking manner in this country; and it is the exact resemblance of that apathy and timidity to what prevailed in France at the commencement of their troubles, which makes us despair of the unaided good sense of the people opposing any more effectual barrier to the progress of revolution here than was done in that country. The nobles and higher orders were the object of attack in the Reform Bill; schedule A contained the *projet* of confiscation directed against a large portion of that class, and we know whether they were supported, as might *a priori* have been expected, by their brethren of the same order, and the class of proprietors generally in the country. Is it not notorious, on the contrary, that a large portion of the nobility headed the attack upon their property and their legislative influence; and that though a great majority of the property of the nation were adverse to the measure, they declined to take any decided part in the strife, and suffered themselves to be overpowered by a loud and clamorous, but needy and reckless faction? The House of Peers made the most vigorous resistance when the dagger was at their throat; but did petitions flow in from every city, town, and county of the empire, to protest against the prostration of an independent branch of the Legislature? The West India interest is the next object of attack; the peril of any changes in the condition of the slaves there, has been demonstrated in characters of fire in the Jamaica revolt; four millions worth of property was destroyed, and 50,000 Negroes driven into wretchedness in a few weeks; yet the terrible example is so far from producing the slightest effect upon the Revolutionists, that it only makes them more solicitous to urge on the fatal progress; and the majority of the people are so far from taking any benefit from the instructive spectacle, that they are only the more loud in their applause, when any of their favourite orators touch on the immediate emancipation of the Negroes. The

abolition of the Corn Laws will unquestionably confiscate one-third of all the property which is now vested, either in the hands of the landlords, the clergy, or the farmers, in land, and the misery thence accruing, not only to the classes immediately dependant on its produce, but to all the other classes of the state, will be extreme; but, nevertheless, the mercantile and trading classes seem to be all but unanimous in their support of that measure, and pledges immediately to carry it into effect, are to be generally demanded from the urban representatives. The same will be the case when the Church, the Funds, or any other great interest in society are assailed: the other classes, if they do not, as is highly probable, join in the attack, will look on with supineness or indifference, congratulate themselves that the tempest has not reached their door, and remain totally inaccessible, till it is too late, to the fatal truth, that every victory of the Revolutionary party only makes them more powerful; that every class of society must, from the inevitable law of nature, be their victims, if they are not steadily resisted in the outset; and that each successive body that is swept away, only brings the destroying wave more certainly and rapidly forward upon themselves.

In all these cases, there is some *immediate* benefit which is put forward by the Revolutionists, as a motive to induce the people to support their measures; and this immediate effect being direct and certain, is obvious to all mankind. The ultimate disastrous effects, on the other hand, being remote and consequential, are obvious only to the thinking few, while the bait of the immediate benefit is apparent to the unthinking many: hence the one is obvious to thousands, and the other only to the tens; and while the widely circulated press, addressed to the first class, makes the nation resound with the immense benefit to be derived from the change, the higher but smaller class of literary productions, addressed to the other, is hardly heard of by the immense mass who support the movement. For example, the apparent benefit to be derived from the instant emancipation of the Negroes, in the immediate liberation of 800,000

beings from a state of servitude, is obvious to all who know what labour, and servitude, and the lash are; the ultimate danger to the colonies, the Negroes, and the mother country, from the sudden gift of freedom to men in a state of barbarity, the certainty of their ruin, the unutterable suffering which it brings on the victims of such ill-judged philanthropy, and the long period during which it postpones any chance of their obtaining real freedom, is known only to the readers of history, in other words, to one in an hundred. In like manner, the boon promised to the people by the abolition of the Corn Laws, is the reduction of the price of grain to one-half of its present amount: this advantage is immediate and obvious to every capacity; the ultimate consequences which it must produce, in throwing out of cultivation a large part of our own soil, transferring the golden harvest of wheat from the shores of the Thames or the Forth to those of the Vistula, checking to a great extent the formation of all manufactures for the home market, and ultimately lowering the money wages of labour to the same amount, so as to render the situation of our manufacturers no ways better than before, are remote deductions familiar only to a few men of thought and reflection, and totally unintelligible to the great bulk of mankind. So also every farmer can perceive the relief which he is promised by the extinction of tithes; because he imagines that his rent will be the same as before, and that he will just gain all that he now pays to the clergyman; and therefore the project meets with general approbation. The real nature of such a measure, its tendency to unhinge the security of property, dry up the springs of industry, by the dread of confiscation, and throw the Church for support, not on the land, but the earnings of the industrious classes, is not so obvious, and requires an effort of mind for its comprehension, and therefore it will never influence the mass of mankind.

It is evident, therefore, that the reason why projects of revolutionary innovation always meet with such a ready reception from the people, is, because the immediate benefit with which they are all gilded, is sufficiently attractive to make men

overlook or forget the ultimate and ruinous consequences with which they are attended, and because the *first* effect captivates thousands and hundreds of thousands, to whom the final result never will be an object of consideration. In this respect, the tendency to indulge in such schemes of visionary improvement, is extremely analogous to, and springs from the same principles in our nature, as the disposition to give way to the excesses of pleasure, or indulge in the career of passion. In both cases, it is some present advantage which seduces the multitude; in both, it is this present advantage which causes men to overlook the ultimate consequences of their actions; and in both Providence has prepared, in the effects of the headlong indulgence, the means of certain and ultimate retribution.

Even when the consequences of political innovation have manifested themselves in the most evident manner; when they have essentially injured the pecuniary interests of their own most ardent supporters; when universal sickness, anxiety, and inquietude have seized upon the nation, in consequence of their adoption, their promoters turn a thousand ways before they admit that they have been in the wrong; quietly submit to the loss of a large part of their fortune; see without concern the universal distress which surrounds them, and often relinquish life itself before they will surrender one of the pernicious dogmas on which their ruin has been founded. When political fanaticism has once fairly infected a considerable part of a nation, from the occurrence of an important crisis during their lifetime, it is seldom till they have descended to the tomb, and a new generation has succeeded to the active duties of the state, that any considerable reaction occurs. This may appear extraordinary, but experience, dear-bought experience, proves it to be true. Enter the shop of a Parisian liberal, he will tell you that his business has been ruined since the three glorious days; that his customers are not a third of what they were, nor his sales a-fourth of their former amount; that two-thirds of his neighbours are bankrupts; that carriages are no longer seen in the streets, and opulence no longer



visible in the faubourgs; but if you hint that it is the restless democratic spirit of the people, which could not submit to the mild and weak sway of the Bourbons, which occasioned these things, he will instantly take fire, and shew himself as great a liberal as ever. The British reforming shopkeeper laments the unexampled decay of his business during the last two years; he contracts his orders, draws in his credit, and narrowly watches the declining fortunes of his customers; he ponders gloomily over his ledger, groans over the decay of his income, dismisses his servants, reduces his expenditure, and gets quit of his apprentices, but he never imagines that it is his own senseless clamour for political power which was instrumental in producing all these evils, and only recovers his wonted spirits when he is going to some Reform meeting, where redress for all these evils is promised by some ambitious demagogue, and the system fraught with such calamities is lauded to the skies as the only sure foundation of public welfare. The Girondists ascended the scaffold singing the Marseillaise Hymn; Madame Roland bowed to the statue of Liberty while seated in the car which was conducting her to the guillotine; and Lafayette, on the soil yet reeking with the blood of millions whom it had sent to an untimely grave, again reared the tricolor flag. Such and so unquenchable is political fanaticism.

Is then the cause of order and of the country utterly hopeless? Is a reaction in the popular mind in vain to be looked for, and must the patriot in mournful silence await the occurrence of those evils which are successively to assail every class in society, and sweep away all the present generation in their progress, before he can hope to see the deadly poison of democratic ambition expelled from the state? We will not indulge so gloomy a prospect; we have our fears, and most serious fears they are. But there does appear a possibility of arresting the course of these evils, and the great question which every patriot now asks himself is, What are the means by which this can be effected?

The first and most pressing necessity is to provide against the danger

in the *next election*. This is a matter which will admit of no delay; because the evils to be dreaded will *instantly* be brought on the state, if the progress of the Movement is not there arrested. The Radicals openly boast that they will not, in a reformed Parliament, "leave one rag or shred of the constitution standing;" and if these pledges above quoted are carried into effect, there is too much reason to fear that their boasts will speedily be realized. The only way to meet this danger, which faces every patriot in the threshold, is, for the whole Conservative party, for all who would preserve their country from ruin, slavery, and subjugation, for every man who has a shilling to lose, or an acre to be divided, to exert himself to the utmost in his own sphere to procure the return of Conservative members. Conservative members are now the guardians of the state, of the rights *conferred by the Reform Bill*; and unless its supporters are as benighted as its advocates trusted they are enlightened, they must see that their part *now* is, having gained for themselves political power, to prevent it from being wrested from them by others; having acquired what they deem political improvement, to avoid what all must admit will be political ruin.

It is of the utmost moment, too, that it should be distinctly and generally known how important the return even of single members may become, and by what *small majorities* those fatal measures of spoliation, which precipitate a nation at once into the torrent of revolution, are at first carried. It was by a majority of 30 that the Long Parliament resolved to declare war against Charles I.; and the confiscation of the Church in France, that fatal measure, which generated all the injustice and horrors of the Revolution, was only carried by a majority of 376 to 346. We all recollect the majority of *one* by which the first Reform Bill was carried, and the immense impulse which that victory gave to the power of the reforming party. Let the electors, therefore, in every city, county, and borough, recollect that the fate of the empire may come to hang on the vote of their representative, and that any remissness of their efforts may have

the terrible effect of precipitating this immense empire into the abyss of anarchy.

It is of the last importance, too, that it should be generally understood how great is the peril arising even from a comparatively small body of Radical members in the House of Commons. If 100 members of that character are found in the reformed Parliament, the empire is gone, and no man's fortune in it is worth three years' purchase. The reason is not that 100 will give a majority in the House, but that 100 members, sticking together for radical objects, can overawe and concuss any popular administration into a concession of any measures, however violent. The simple mode of doing this, is to threaten to go over to the Opposition on some trial of strength, if their demands are not acceded to; and the Whigs and Conservatives are so nearly balanced, that it is soon felt that by this means the popular rulers would be driven from the helm. To avoid such a catastrophe, they will always accommodate matters, and if the extreme measures proposed by the Revolutionists are not at once conceded, they will at every successive step gain so much as speedily to become irresistible. This species of tactics has been severely experienced since Catholic Emancipation let O'Connell and his determined band of Irish innovators into the House: it was said that they would only be six or seven, and could in no degree influence the determinations of the Legislature; but by sticking close together, making on every occasion, both in and out of Parliament, a vehement outcry, and threatening repeatedly to vote against Ministers, if their demands were not acceded to, they have gradually swelled to forty, acquired an absolute ascendancy in Irish, and a fatal preponderance in English legislation.

But although by vigorous and united efforts, properly organized and directed, such a proportion of Conservative members may be returned to the next Parliament, as will for the time stem the torrent of Revolution, yet such extraordinary efforts cannot be relied upon, as likely to continue permanently on the Conservative side. That party, it must

be recollected, are composed of men of quiet, unobtrusive habits, engaged in their own concerns, for the most part doing well in the world, the heads of houses, and parents of families, to whom public meetings, processions, and all the bustle of electioneering, are as disagreeable as they are injurious. We cannot expect that in that necessary but painful work they will ultimately rival the Revolutionary party, who are, in general, needy, desperate adventurers, insolvent traders, labouring landowners, ambitious intriguers, vain public speakers, mob orators, and all the numerous class to whom intrigue, and bustle, and popular applause, are the very element and springs of life. We might as well expect that their noisy and declamatory opponents will rival them in the sober industry, the cautious habits, the unblemished lives, the beneficent conduct, and wide-extended charity, which have procured for the Conservatives their long preponderance in the state, and rendered them for half a century the rulers of the greatest and most glorious empire that ever existed upon the earth.

It is by other means; by truth more leisurely and tranquilly instilled; by fireside communications, and candle-light influence; by the force of reason incessantly applied, and the power of eloquence continually felt, that the fury of innovation can alone be permanently arrested. The press has been the instrument by which the fortunes of Britain have been shaken; by which its old constitution has been overturned, and the fate of its people periled on the dark sea of innovation: the press is the instrument by which alone the reconstruction of the fallen fabric can be effected. Public opinion has become so powerful, the class of electors has become so numerous, that by no means less universal than this mighty agent can the powers of evil be successfully combated.

The Tories have often been accused of neglecting the press, but it is only of a particular part of the press that the complaint is well-founded. They neglected, indeed, weakly and blindly neglected, the daily and the weekly press; but in the higher departments of literature



their efforts have been great and meritorious, and in the readers of that class they have met with their full reward. The periodical journals on the Conservative side have long, and by the admission of all parties, been pre-eminent. The Quarterly Review has long been known and admired as the champion of the church and the old institutions of the country; and though it would ill become us to speak of this Miscellany, our readers know, the world knows, whether, since the days of innovation began, we have slumbered at our posts. The effect, the *prodigious effect*, of these exertions upon all the class of readers who are within the reach of their influence, renders it evident what may be done by similar efforts, more generally made, and brought down through the weekly and daily press to the general class of readers. Their neglect of this omnipotent engine has brought the Conservatives and Britain to the brink of ruin: nothing but its powerful lever can raise either one or the other from the dust.

Every body reads the newspapers; one in ten reads the reviews and magazines, one in a hundred works of history, politics, and philosophy. This is the order of nature, essential to the existence and varied duties of society, and which will continue to the end of the world. Now, the electors are a million strong, and every one of that million are more or less influenced by several others, with whom they are daily in communication. How is the immense mass to be influenced, and the peril of innovation brought home to the most ordinary understanding? Clearly by great and organized exertions on the part of all to whom Providence has assigned the power of mutual exertion, or the sway of prevailing eloquence. Each must at once step into the stations for which they are fitted by their mental character and acquirements, and in the discharge of the duties of that station he must neither slumber nor sleep. The master spirits of human thought, those whose province it is to establish by slow degrees a wide and immortal sway over the human mind, must commence the combat: they must grapple with the Hydra in his prime, and bring up to the strug-

gle the stores of learning, the powers of intellect, the magic of eloquence, and the heroism of duty. The centuries of thought, those who preside over the higher class of periodical literature, and deal out the lights of knowledge to the superior body of readers, must be unceasing in their exertions: they must collect arguments and illustrations from all quarters, assemble talent wherever it is to be found, turn into new and fruitful channels the streams furnished from the great fountains of thought, and continually collect the rays of intelligence from every part of the moral heavens into the focus of practical application. The legionary soldiers and pioneers are least of all to be overlooked: they must be established in great numbers in every part of the country, supported by the contributions of the affluent, and encouraged in every way to continue their useful labours, for the diffusion of sound and rational political information among the immense mass in whom political power is now invested. By an organization of this sort, and by great and continued efforts on the part of all the intelligent and able, in historical and political works, quarterly journals, magazines, weekly and daily newspapers, a great impression may ultimately be produced; and by nothing short of efforts of this description, and in *this channel*, we venture to prophesy, will the progress of revolution be arrested.

The duty of the master spirits of human thought is now sufficiently obvious. It is their province—their high and lofty province—to oppose the powers of evil, from whatever quarter they appear; to furnish to the unthinking and volatile multitude those arguments which they never can acquire for themselves, and direct the energy of thought into that direction, where it may correct the vices, dispel the errors, and mitigate the sufferings of the world. They have ever remained in the vanguard of freedom; and to their great and unceasing efforts the establishment of that inestimable blessing in every age has been mainly owing. Liberty is now threatened with the greatest of all dangers—that flowing from its own licentiousness; the worst of tyrannies now threatens

the world—the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants. Now is the time for genius to vindicate its celestial origin—to assume its lofty destiny, and present the same impenetrable front to democratic, which it has so long done to aristocratic and regal oppression. If freedom is to be destroyed, it will now be by its own votaries; by those who run riot in the enjoyment of newly acquired powers, and render the despotism of a single tyrant the object of general desire, to save from the suffering of a multitude of oppressors. For genius and ability to abet such a system, is as disgraceful as it would be for a soldier to fly in the field of battle, and will bring upon its guilty votaries as deserved a load of odium as overwhelms the memory of Louis XV. or Charles II.

The men who engage in this mighty strife, must not be surprised nor discouraged if no reaction at first appears, and the Revolutionists maintain with unconquerable firmness their old opinions. It is the nature of fanaticism, whether religious or political, to do so; and in these days, when the frenzy of Reform has been at least as great and as general as that of the Covenant, we must look for the same invincible tenacity to error among its active supporters. But all this notwithstanding, truth will in the end prevail. Every day some sturdy and obdurate Reformer is gathered to his fathers, and carries with him to the grave a portion of that insane passion for democratic power which was lighted up by the flames of the French Revolution, and all the blood it has shed has been unable to extinguish. The rising generation will be, and already are, wiser on this momentous subject. As we get farther removed from it, historic truth will dispel the fumes of political passion, and throw over that tragic period its own clear and imperishable ray. The language and folly of the democrats of France and England, in the commencement of the nineteenth century, will one day be the subject of as curious historic ridicule, as the fanatics of the Commonwealth were to Butler; and the passions by which they distracted the world, as much the object of horror, as the executions of the Duke of Alva, and the tortures of the Spa-

nish Inquisition. To that period time is fast approaching. All the folly and errors of men are only accelerating the moment of its approach. Every day, every hour, is adding force to the arguments by which it is to be opposed, because it is accumulating the weight of facts, and bringing home to the most obdurate the lessons of acute suffering, and the wisdom of dear-bought experience.

Although, therefore, the old and obstinate democrats never will be reclaimed, and a generation must expire before their doctrines are generally exploded, or their infatuation buried in the grave; yet their influence in society may be daily and hourly weakened, and their power of doing mischief continually diminished. It is to *la jeune France*, that the liberals of the continent look for regeneration. It is to *la jeune Angleterre*, that this country must look for salvation. Already the young of the higher and educated classes have in great multitudes joined the ranks of the Conservatives, to the no small dismay of the sturdy old Revolutionists from whose loins numbers of them are sprung. The sons even of the Whig nobility are, for the most part, all known to be of Conservative principles; and this was one of the great difficulties felt in the creation of peers. Such is the natural tendency of human affairs, and the means by which the errors of one generation are buried with the bones of those who were infected by them; but it will be to no good purpose, that with the rise of a new generation, the passions which have shaken our times are dispelled among the *higher* orders, if the errors which produced them have descended to the *lower*, ever the natural seat of such opinions, and now in this country the region of political power. To spread the opinions now generally entertained by the educated classes among the middling and lower, should henceforth be the great object of all friends both of national freedom and public safety; and our efforts will not have been in vain, if they tend to impress the vital importance of this subject upon the remaining friends of their country, and point out the only means which still exist, of retrieving its ruined fortunes.



## LIVES OF BALBOA AND PIZARRO.\*

THE most magnificent addition ever made to the power, opulence, and dominion of Europe, was the discovery of Columbus. The most brilliant episodes in the history of European conquest were the expeditions of Cortes and Pizarro. The old theory of empire seems to lay it down as a principle that it has passed from east to west; but the truer theory is, that to every great nation of Europe a period has been assigned, in which it received a sudden and vast extension of authority, from circumstances which appear but slightly connected with its own merits. On what grounds this accession may have been suffered or imported, may be among the mysterious portions of that higher Government which regulates all things by its own will. Whether for the purpose of shewing that with Providence all is impartiality, or the not less important purpose of shewing, that the fullest indulgence of human ambition is neither for the happiness of man, nor for his faculties; perhaps it may even be one of the great expedients for conveying, in its images of stateliness and grandeur, some impression and foretaste of a time when the earth shall be relieved from the struggles of contending sovereignties—when one vast and sublime authority will restrain, guide, and exalt all; and when, in the midst of splendours yet unwitnessed by the human eye, in the developement of powers that overwhelm the proudest imagination of man, and with an exuberant and superb felicity that exceeds his utmost passion of happiness, the perfection of government will be administered by rulers untinted with human weakness, and displaying in themselves the embodied virtues and glories of a purified and sacred human nature.

Spain, Germany, and France, even Portugal and Holland, have been thus suddenly raised in successive times to a sudden and singular influence in

the affairs of mankind. Vast accessions of wealth and territory have been given into their hand; the gates of dominion have been opened to them, as if by the work of miracle; and they have stood the objects of fear or wonder to the world. This brilliant supremacy has been enjoyed for a brief period, and then has come their fall by a descent almost as sudden and unaccountable as their rise. It is equally an object of interest to observe, that the history of European empire seems to recognise a process of providential government, but slightly allied with the course of ancient dominion. The old empires of the East and West were evidently constructed and shaken more in conformity with the natural progress of things. A man of ability or courage gathered the scattered tribes of his country, formed a government, made war on some less ably organized state, conquered it, and thus laid the foundation of a power which his successors augmented by the same rude but natural policy. In a few generations a profligate successor, squandering the wealth of the state, relaxing the authority of the government, or insulting the feelings of the people, excited the ambition of some satrap, or roused the wrath of some neighbour nation. His empire was invaded, his person seized, and with the despot died the empire.

The most frequent source of the ruin was to be found in the instability of the rights of succession, and of this in the profligate habits of the Oriental palace. Polygamy at once increased the number of claimants to the paternal diadem, extinguished the paternal care, and sent the sons into the world trained only in the jealousies, the discontents, and the ignorance, and the passions of a voluptuous prison.

The Roman empire, a most stupendous monument of the faculties of man for the construction of power, a mighty building of the mighty

\* *Lives of Vasco Nunez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro, from the Spanish of Don Manuel Josef Quintana. By Mrs Hodson. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1832.*

masters of mankind, whose summit threatened to pierce the heavens, and whose ruins, even to this hour, exhibit the loftiest monument of human presumption, was a second form of the original principle. It rose by the simple process of force. The indefatigable perseverance of the national character, the rigid martial education of the higher ranks, the superior regularity of its government, sent it into the field with irresistible strength against the disunited nations of the West, the scattered and barbarian rudeness of the North, and the dissolute opulence, blind haughtiness, and infirm luxury of the Oriental world. The rise of this boundless dominion was in the course of nature. It was merely the illustration of that general law, by which it is decreed that the strong shall be masters of the feeble, and the brave of the unpurposed. But its fall was strangely precipitate. A new impulse was let loose to break down those stately battlements of human supremacy. Barbarism, for the first time, smote civilisation, and smote it to the dust, and the soil was cleared of the noble relics of the noblest work of human policy and fortune, to be covered over with the hasty fabrics of barbarism.

Without straying into the attractive speculations that tempt us, in a view of later history, it is to be remarked, that since the formation of the system of modern Europe, no empire has been *destroyed*—unless Poland be an exception. All have suffered the contingencies of war in their turn, but there has been no extinction of a great European power; nothing similar to the overthrow of the ancient dynasties of the East. A new principle of dominion has palpably been introduced; and mankind has for a thousand years been secured from those hideous catastrophes, which, like the fall of a mountain into a lake, were felt in a general swell of destruction on the borders far and wide.

But even this principle may be on the eve of giving way to another, well calculated to awake the fears of nations. The providential means by which the solid form and substance of the kingdoms of Europe have been sustained through all their trials, were the fuller establishment of hereditary succession—the fuller rights

of the intelligent, educated, and opulent ranks of society to govern the multitude, and the general recognition of a balance of power. By the first, they escaped the seeds of conspiracy and war, thick sown by a disputed succession, the fatal evil of the Oriental dynasties. By the second, they provided against the perpetual anxieties and final fall of democracies in all ages; and by the third, introducing into national law the rules of private justice, and into the concerns of rival kingdoms, something like the band which connects children of the same blood, they at once repelled the grasping and sheltered the weak, taught the ambitious to feel the policy of peace, and forced the insolent to discover the wisdom of moderation.

Another great experiment is probably about to be made in the constitution of the European system. Two of those barriers have been already broken down by France, the most powerful, active, and influential of the continental monarchies. The hereditary succession has been changed in an instant, and the crown seems virtually elective. The natural superiority of the opulent and educated has been utterly discarded for the superiority of the multitude; physical force decides the government, and with a million and a half of peasantry in arms, all questions of the stability of the throne must depend entirely on the caprice of that million and a half. The sole remaining barrier against general convulsion, is the balance of power, and this is to be sustained only by the vigilant guard exercised by sovereigns on the movements of each other—their instant remonstrances against encroachment—their vigorous combination against aggression of even the slightest kind—and, more than all, their religious adherence to the principles of good faith, justice, and sincerity.

The brilliant age of Spain began with the expulsion of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, and closed with the ruin of the Armada. A single century rounded the supremacy of this most warlike and stately of modern kingdoms. And of this age the most brilliant portion was that which commenced with the first voyage of the great discoverer of the New World, and ended with the



conquest of the capital of the Incas by Pizarro.

Columbus had first seen land in the new world on the 12th of October 1492, when he landed on the island of Guanahani after a voyage of little more than two months, he having sailed from the port of Palos in Spain on the 3d of August. It was six years later, when he surveyed the coast of the continent by Paria and Cumana. With the nobler mind of Columbus territory was the grand object, and colonization the means. With the fierce and narrow spirit of the times, gold was the object, and the sword the means. But the natives of the islands first discovered were found poor; their gold was chiefly confined to the ornaments of their persons. The Spaniards who landed on the continent were equally disappointed. They saw before them a magnificent country, yet nearly in a state of nature, vast forests, mighty rivers, ranges of mountains; all the features of a dominion wide enough for the widest ambition of conquest, or the richest enjoyment of life; but no treasure. Still their avarice was kept in a perpetual fever by the Indian stories of gold in profusion, farther to the west, and beyond a sea which stretched to the extremities of the globe. Yet all the various expeditions which were sent to penetrate into these lands of opulence, were defeated, and the chief part of the adventurers perished by the diseases of the climate, by the inclemency of seasons, alternately the most tremendous storms and the fiercest sunshine, or by the perils of the seas, which to this hour severely try the skill of the seamen. But the "empires of the west" were still the cry of the Indians, and fresh troops of daring adventurers hurried forward year by year, to throw away their lives on the swamps and shoals of the New World. Time, however, produced experience, and the vigour of discovery was gradually turned to the means of reaching those golden regions by sea. The Indians persevered in the report, that the nearest access to this great highway to the treasures of America was across the mountain range of Darien, and at length a Spaniard was found bold enough to attempt once more, and fortunate enough to

achieve, a task which had baffled so many of his intrepid countrymen, and which was destined to give a well deserved immortality to his name. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was born at Xeres de los Caballeros. His family was of the order of Spanish gentry. He commenced his career, at an early age, in that mingled character of trader and soldier which characterised all the first voyages to America. After some experiments in the general pursuit of wealth, which failed, he settled in Hispaniola, where he cultivated a farm. But Balboa was not of the order of spirits who are content with the quiet indulgence of life. A new expedition was announced for the west. He determined to follow it. But he was loaded with debt, and the governor had published an express ordinance that no debtor should be suffered to leave the island. Balboa was rolled on board one of the brigantines in a cask, and made his appearance on deck only when the ship was far out at sea. The commander of the expedition was indignant, and threatened to send him back; but Balboa, handsome and active, intelligent and plausible, was not a man to be repelled, in the day when every Spaniard had his value, and he soon rose into favour. A colony had been already established at the celebrated Isthmus, on its eastern side. Balboa within a short period became its governor, and there he distinguished himself by all the talents of command. His position singularly required them. Columbus had found the Islanders a timid and innocent race, being in a state of primitive simplicity. But the adventurers who had pierced the continent often found themselves encountered by daring tribes, with some knowledge of discipline, and sometimes capable of returning their losses by bloody revenge. The tribes which surrounded the colony of Darien were the most daring, disciplined, and vigorous, which the Spaniards had ever met; and nothing but incessant vigilance, and the display of the most desperate intrepidity in the field, could secure the invaders.

It is curious to trace the similitude of these tribes, in customs and conceptions, to the Islanders of the South Sea, who are probably their

descendants. The Darien Indians fought with the club, the wooden sword, and the arrow. But they neither poisoned their arrows, nor devoured their prisoners; habits which distinguished them, to their honour, from the Indians stretching along their surrounding coasts. They simply extracted a tooth from the captive, who was thenceforth a slave. Severe wounds in battle rendered the sufferer honourable. He became a noble; and was rewarded with a portion of land, a wife, and rank among their warriors. They had chieftains, to whom they paid a higher deference than was customary among Indians. They had physicians; priests, who delivered a kind of oracles, and a deity, Taira, whom they worshipped with offerings of bread, fruits, and flowers. They built houses of curious workmanship. Their chieftains wore mantles of cotton. They lived much on fish; and both sexes were remarkable for their skill in swimming, and their fondness for the exercise.

The darker side of the picture, in which, however, the similitude still holds, was the moral corruption of the people. Abortion, procured by herbs, was common. Drunkenness, by a liquor extracted from maize, was a favourite vice; and parties for dancing and intoxication were the great delight of the people. The dead were preserved from decay by drying the remains, and were placed in a room dedicated to the purpose, with their ornaments and arms. A dance, or perhaps a society for the dance, called *arieto*, was national and licentious; and combined with this mixture of savage good and evil, and throwing some colour of European civilisation over all, was the remarkable courtesy of the people.

Indian rumours of the golden country continued to inflame the Spaniards, and all hearts were at length stimulated to attempt the conquest of a king, Dabaibe, who was said to be living in a city filled with treasure, and who worshipped an idol of solid gold. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms, could not now restrain the adventurers; and Balboa put himself at the head of his countrymen, whose prize was to be the

measureless plunder of this king and his temple. But the surrounding caciques must be first conquered; and their daring and continued resistance cost long hostilities. Still, the Spaniards advanced; and even from their encounters with the natives, they derived new stimulants for their frenzy of gold. An alliance with Comogré, a gallant mountain chieftain, at the head of three thousand warriors, gave them additional confidence. His son met the Spanish troops with a present of sixty slaves, and four thousand pieces of gold. A picturesque incident now occurred. Balboa, after deducting the fifth of the treasure for the King, ordered the rest to be weighed and distributed among the troops. Some dissatisfaction arose, and swords were drawn. The young Indian looked on, first with astonishment, and then with scorn. Advancing to the scales, with a contemptuous smile, he threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Is it for this trifle that Spaniards quarrel? If you care for gold, go seek it where it grows. I can shew you a land where you may gather it by handfuls."

This intelligence brought all the Spaniards round him, and he proceeded to detail his knowledge.

"A Cacique, very rich in gold," said he, "lies to the south, six suns off." He pointed in the direction. "There," said he, "you will find the sea. But there you will find ships as large as your own, with sails and oars."

If this announcement made the Spaniards pause, his next must have kindled them into all their original flame.

"The men of these lands," said he, "are so rich, that their common eating and drinking vessels are of gold."

This was their first knowledge of Peru!

The time was now come, when the second great discovery of the Western World was to be made. Balboa, formally appointed governor of the Darien, determined to ascertain for himself and the world the wonders that lay beyond the mountains. He rapidly collected a hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers, a thousand Indians, and with some bloodhounds, which were deemed a necessary part of an Indian enterprise, and which



sometimes proved a formidable one to the unfortunate natives, he marched into the wilderness.

The Indian tribes were instantly roused; and the Spaniards had scarcely reached the foot of the Sierra, when they found their warriors, headed by their Caciques, drawn up in a little army. The Indians, like the ancient Greeks, first defied the enemy by loud reproaches and expressions of scorn. They then commenced the engagement. Torecha, their king, who, if the Indians had found a bard or historian, might have been a Hector or a Leonidas, stood forth in front of his people, clothed in a regal mantle, and gave the word of attack. The Indians rushed on with shouts; but the Spanish crossbows and muskets were terrible weapons to their naked courage. The Indians were met by a shower of shafts and balls, which threw them into confusion. They saw before them the bearers of what to their conceptions were the thunder and lightning, followed by a more certain and sweeping death than was ever inflicted by those weapons of angry Heaven. Their heroic king, and six hundred of their warriors, were soon left dead on the spot; and over their bodies Balboa marched to the plunder of their city.

Balboa now commenced the ascent of the mountains. The distance from sea to sea is, at its extreme width, but eighteen leagues, and, at its narrowest, but seven. The distance to the Pacific from Careta, the commencement of their march, is but six days' journey; but with them it cost twenty days. The great mountain chain, which forms the spine of the New World from north to south, composes the Isthmus; and the march of the Spaniards was impeded by all the difficulties of a mountainous region, in a burning and unhealthy climate, and in a soil overgrown with the wild and undisturbed vegetation of ages. But the moment that was to repay, and more than repay, all these fatigues was at hand. Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable. The sudden open-

ing of these portals, which have hitherto hopelessly excluded us from the peculiar knowledge that we longed to possess—the vast region of enquiry, feeling, fame, and truth, that often seems to be given for our especial dominion by a single fortunate step—the new and brilliant light that flashes over the whole spirit of man, in the sudden seizure of one of those great principles which are the key to knowledge, altogether make a combination of high and vivid impulses, unrivalled in the history of human enjoyment. Philosophers and kings might envy the feelings of Balboa, when, after toiling through forests that seemed interminable, his Indian guides, the Quarequonos, pointed out to him, among the misty summits of the hills before him, the one from which the object of all his toils, the Pacific, was visible. Balboa proudly reserved the honour of this magnificent discovery for himself. He commanded his troops to halt at the foot of the hill. He ascended alone, with his sword drawn, like a conqueror taking possession of a citadel won after some arduous siege, and, having reached the summit, cast his eyes around. The Pacific spread out before him.

The fierce religion of the Spaniards mingled in all the transactions of the time, and they were superstitious in the midst of massacre. But the view which now opened on the heroic discoverer's eyes—the multitude of visions and aspirations of grandeur, dominion, and honour, called up with that view—the sight of these waves, which led to realms richer than all that the Old World had dreamed of wealth, and teeming with strange and splendid products of every kingdom of nature—the waves, on whose borders lay Mexico and Peru almost at his feet, on whose remoter shores lay China and Hindostan, countries which nature and fable had alike delighted to fill with wonders, the seats of mysteries, of wealth, religion, kingly state, and fantastic, yet high-toned superstition—all justified the influence of a noble feeling, the gratitude of a heart astonished and overwhelmed by his high fortunes. Balboa fell on his knees, and weeping, offered his thanksgiving to Heaven, for the bounty that had suffered him to see this glorious sight. His troops had watch-

ed his ascent of the mountain with the eagerness of men who felt their fates bound up in his success, but when they saw his gestures of delight and wonder, followed by his falling on his knees, and prayer, they became incapable of all restraint; they rushed up the hill, exultingly saw the matchless prospect for themselves, and, sharing the spirit of their leader, offered up their thanksgivings along with him. Balboa's address to the troops was worthy of his vigorous mind; brief, bold, and powerful, it touched upon all the true points of excitement, and was the sounding of the trumpet to those victories which were yet to transfer the wealth of Mexico and Peru into the hands of his country.

"Castilians," exclaimed he, "there lies the object of all your desires, and the reward of all your labours. There roll the waves of that ocean of which you have so long heard, and which enclose the incalculable wealth that has so long been promised to you. You are the first who have reached these shores, and looked upon these waves. Yours alone, then, are the treasures, yours alone the glory of bringing these immense and untravelled dominions under the authority of our king, and to the light of our holy religion. Onward, then, and the world will not see your equals in wealth and in glory!"

This stately ceremonial was not yet at an end. A great tree was cut down upon the spot, stripped of its branches, formed into a cross, and fixed on the summit of the mountain, in sign of the faith of Spain.

But the coast was still to be reached. Balboa fought a battle with the Indian chief who defended the lower passes of the Cordillera, defeated him, and at last stood upon the shore of the ocean. On the rising of the tide, the Spanish leader, in complete armour, with his unsheathed sword in one hand, and a banner in the other, on which was painted the Virgin, with the arms of Castile at her feet, marched into the surges, crying out, "Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castile! In their names I take possession of these seas and regions; and if any other prince, whether Christian or Infidel, pretend any right to them, I am ready and resolved to oppose him, and as-

sert the just claims of my sovereigns."

Balboa had still one brilliant moment of life to come, the reception by his countrymen. On the 19th of January 1514, he reached his colony of Darien; his expedition had occupied four months and a half; his triumph was complete. The whole population poured down to the shore to meet him, to hail him as the honour of the Spanish name, as the author of their fortunes, as less a man than a gift of Heaven, to guide them into the possession of glories and riches incalculable. All the titles of Spanish admiration were lavished on the hero, and a popular homage, never more nobly employed, proclaimed him Conqueror of the Mountains, Pacificator of the Isthmus, and Discoverer of the Austral Ocean; not, like other warriors of the Old World or the New, the vanquisher of men, but the conqueror of nature.

It is but justice to this celebrated man, to acknowledge that he exhibited himself worthy of his splendid popularity. Success only invigorated his high natural qualities; prosperity never made him arrogant, power tyrannical, nor wealth avaricious. He was singularly respected by his people, and beloved by the Indians, during his whole career. Long after its close, it was said of him, that in conciliating the general esteem, "no captain of the Indies had ever done better than Vasco Nunez."

But the jealousy of the Court of Spain, at all times the most incapable of governing by the generous qualities of power, soon marked Balboa for its vengeance. His virtues and talents were his accusers. His authority was now superseded by the arrival of Pedrarias, a man of singular craft and cruelty. Whether his indignation at this insult was his crime, or the determination of the Court to ruin him drove him into treason, is still doubtful. But after a long train of angry remonstrance on his side, and sullen artifice on that of the new governor, in the course of which Pedrarias even gave him his daughter, Balboa, with some of his principal friends, was beheaded "as a traitor, and usurper of the dominions of the Crown." He died at forty-two. His country, with the



usual tardiness of public gratitude, did him honour when it was too late, and Spain has ever since reckoned him among the most memorable of those memorable men who gave her a new world.

Francisco Pizarro was born of an unknown mother, and his birth, the old birth of the founders of kingdoms, was, like that of an ancient hero, adorned with romance. It was said that he had been left exposed at the gate of a church in Truxillo, and in that state was found and suckled by a sow. His first occupation was that of a swineherd; but it is more certain that his education was totally neglected. To his last hour he could not write his own name; he probably could not read. It was said, too, as an extraordinary instance of the chances of life, that his first idea of the Western World arose from his fear of returning to the owner of the swine which he tended, some of them having strayed. He found four travellers on the road, who were going to Seville, then the emporium of all Spanish discovery. He followed them, formed his resolution, embarked for St Domingo, and commenced his sanguinary but splendid career.

But Garcilosa, more jealous for the fame of his distinguished countryman, declares him to have been the son of Captain Pizarro, by a known mother, though a dishonoured one, Francisca Gonzales, a native of Truxillo. It is also affirmed that he began his career in the Italian wars. Like many of the famous men of Europe in his birth, he was unlike them in his long obscurity. Pizarro, though involved in the most enterprising of all services, was unheard of till he was past thirty; when, in the last expedition of Ojedo to Terra Firme, he was appointed to command, as his lieutenant, in the colony of Uraba. He was now at length emerging, for the trust implies known fidelity and courage. Still, for fourteen years, he continued active, acquiring experience, unconsciously fitting his mind for his great achievement, but still subordinate.

The Spaniards, as we have seen, had already crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and, under Balboa, one of the most gallant adventurers of a time of universal adventure, had

looked down from the mountains upon the mighty expanse of the Pacific. The discovery of a new ocean was next in grandeur to the discovery of a new world; but the romantic imagination of the time had filled this ocean with wonders. The Spaniards now looked upon waters which washed the golden shores of Cathay. India, the mother of splendid monsters, lay under the setting sun which they daily saw covering the sky and the deep with an effulgence before unknown to European eyes, and of itself filling the mind with visions of unmeasured opulence and beauty. The land of silk, diamonds, and pearls, lay only awaiting the first bold prow that plunged into the noble expanse beneath their feet, and whose singular serenity was a new wonder, and pledge of those new laws of nature which seemed to govern all this enchanted region. An old tradition of the settlement of the Ten Tribes in the mountains and valleys of Hindostan, the masters in a region which was described as formed in the prodigality of nature, but guarded from the unhallowed feet of the surrounding paganism by something of a Divine protection, increased the mystery with which all ages had delighted to invest India. A tradition, still more interesting to the fierce faith of the Spaniards, placed a mighty empire in the North, governed by an imperial priest, professing Christianity, and combining in his government the pomps of the East with the policy of Europe and the principles of Rome.

But what was to set bounds to the imagination of men once let loose to wander among the dreams of the New World? Far to the west, among a group of islands worthy of the primeval innocence of man, lay a central island, in whose depths, embosomed in groves of indescribable beauty and perpetual fragrance, an Eden in the midst of an unstained creation, glittered a fountain that recalled the lost paradise, a fountain of immortality. The lip that tasted of its waters, instantly felt a more delicious sense of existence from the touch; the frame, in the last stage of decay, suddenly felt a more vivid life rushing through its veins. Unfading youth, beauty superior to time, and existence which defied the grave, were the gifts of this myste-

rious draught; and mankind were at last within reach of a true treasure, worth all gold and gems, which extinguished all that was painful in the casualties of human nature, ennobled and elevated the human form, and transmuted the troubled, disordered, and brief career of life, into exhaustless tranquillity, delight, and duration.

In this tradition, said to have been derived from the Indians themselves, we may recognise the native knowledge of those groups of islands studding the Southern Pacific, which we attribute to modern discovery. The old Platonic visions of the Atlantic Island, added their share to the description of this region of enchantment, if even those visions were not the result of those rumours of another world in the west, which seem to have reached Europe in the earliest ages of navigation. The question of the first discovery of America is still involved in the clouds that have fallen on almost the whole of ancient science; but some new explorer of the records of Phœnicia or Carthage, or the opening of some tomb of the Hannos and Hamilcars, may yet put us in the possession of the truth, and give a rival even to Columbus.

The Pacific Ocean, and the path which led through it to the shores of India, was the grand object of all Spanish aspirations; but gold was the first essential to their immediate existence. The Indians whom Balboa found on the western side of the hills of Darien, pointed to the immense sweep of country visible from their summits as filled with gold; the course of adventure instantly rushed towards this famous and fortunate region. But the barriers which guarded the treasure were formidable. The Spanish sword was irresistible against the rude weapons, and ruder discipline of the natives; but they found sterner enemies in the climate, the soil, and the storms of a region which seems made to display all the beauties and all the terrors of nature. They were withered by intolerable sunshine, congealed by cold, against which no contrivance of man could find a defence; tempests, that seemed to mingle heaven and earth, blasted, deluged, and slew them; diseases of the most hideous kind lurked round them at every

step; and fatigue and famine followed them. A multitude of the boldest explorers of the time thus perished, until even Spanish intrepidity became disheartened, the love of fame died away, and the love of gold, the most insatiable and indefatigable passion of the human heart, and the especial idol of the Spanish heart in America, seems to have slept. Mammon saw his altar almost left without a worshipper. But the flood-gates of gold and gore were to be speedily thrown open, and for ages.

Pizarro, who had retired to Panamá, after years of thankless service, was suddenly roused from his obscurity by the proposal of a "contract" for a voyage of adventure in the south. His partners were an ecclesiastic, Hernando du Lucque, who supplied the money for the expedition, 20,000 *ouzas* of gold, and Diego de Almagro, a soldier of remarkable spirit, sagacity, and daring. A few volunteers were soon procured among the disbanded adventurers who still lingered on the shores of Darien; but their first attempts were baffled by a succession of storms, which reduced them to the extremities of famine. The governor of Panamá, moved by the remonstrances of the sufferers, sent a vessel to the Island of Gallo, to bring back all who were willing to return.

On this occasion Pizarro proved himself by one of those striking acts which characterise the man made for great enterprises. He stood in front of the soldiers, already tumultuous with the hope of escaping the horrors of their situation.

"Go!" he exclaimed, "to Panamá, you who desire the labour, the indigence, and the contempt, that will there be your portion. I grieve that you should thus cast away the fruits of your struggle, at the moment when the land, announced to us by the Indians of Tumbez, awaits your appearance to load you with wealth and glory. Go, then, but never say that your Captain was not the first to confront all your dangers and hardships, and was not always watchful of your safety at the expense of his own."

This gallant appeal failed. The recollections of the island were fearful. Pizarro saw that he was on the point of being abandoned, and he made a last effort, at least to save



himself from being involved in the general shame. Unsheathing his sword, he drew a line with it on the sand from east to west, and pointing southward, exclaimed, "This way leads to Peru and to gold—that to Panamá and beggary. Let all good Castilians make their choice."

With these words he strode across the line. Thirteen only followed. There are few facts more striking in history, than the simple means by which an imperishable fame may sometimes be obtained. The names of these thirteen obscure men are recorded as those of heroes; to this hour they share the homage of their country.

At the close of a year spent in desperate effort, in unparalleled hardship, and continual anxieties from the restless and disaffected spirit of his crews, Pizarro returned to Panamá as poor as at the commencement of his voyage, but with all the merit due to skill and courage, and with the incomparable hope of having at length achieved the discovery of the true land of the precious metals, Peru.

The narratives of those eccentric and stirring days spread rapidly through Europe, and formed a substitute for the decaying glories of the tales of chivalry. The human imagination has seldom been left without a supply of its natural banquet, from the earliest periods of mankind. Even the first settlers in the Assyrian plains had the terrors and changes of the Deluge for their recollection, and mingling with those the rich conceptions of the antediluvian world, they formed a mythology at once the most vivid and appalling, the most magnificent and the most mysterious, ever transmitted to man. The second era of human progress, the discoveries of the Phœnician voyagers, combining with the wild adventures of the first colonists of Greece, half Asiatic and half Egyptian, formed a tissue of traditions pre-eminently subtle, captivating, and susceptible of poetic beauty. When these perished under the influence of a new religion, the Crusades once again reinforced the mind of Europe with the achievements, the voluptuousness, and the barbarian grandeur of Eastern despotism, yet all turned into fantasy and loveliness by the Persian traditions of

fairies and genii. But the age of reality was approaching. The East was exhausted, the new stream of imagery was to flow from the West; and the romancers of Europe, wearied with the languid repetitions of Oriental dreams, found a vigorous and animated refreshment in the stern trials, bold ambition, and boundless discovery, that characterised the career of the Spaniard in the New World.

It may be hopeless now to trace the fictions on which the most illustrious of all bards raised his eternal temple, but on what treasure of fancy did not Shakspeare seize, and transmute it into the material of immortality? Yet, in his *Tempest*, of all the sports of his genius, the fullest of the most delicate and picturesque loveliness, the very caprice of poetic beauty, he probably had in view the Isle of the South Seas, and for its inhabitants some of those unsettled and insubordinate beings, of whom every voyage to the South supplied examples, and of whom every Spanish story of the time is full. Pedro Alcon probably gave the first idea of *Trinculo*.

On Pizarro's return along the coast towards Panamá, he had been received with signal hospitality by the Indians of a tribe bordering on the ocean. Their queen, Capillana, welcomed Pizarro, the chieftain, and his companions, with delight and wonder; and, as it was his policy to avoid offence for the time, he repaid their courtesy with all the resources of European gratitude. But the scene maddened one of his warriors, Pedro Alcon, a man of some personal attractions, which he cultivated with a care that had often excited the ridicule of his fellow-adventurers. On his landing, he instantly fell in love with the Indian queen, by whom he imagined that his passion was returned. To leave a queen to despair was forbidden by all the laws of gallantry, and Pedro Alcon demanded that he should be suffered to take up his residence in her dominions. Pizarro was inflexible, and the brain of the man of gallantry instantly took fire; but his flame was now changed from love to ambition. He declared against all further obedience, flourished round the shore with a broken sword, with which he threatened to conquer his companions, and pro-

nounced them "villainous usurpers of the land which belonged to him and the king his brother." But his sceptre was remorselessly wrung from his hand; his royal person was seized in all its finery of velvet doublet, gold-net head-dress, and medalliard cap; he was fettered and placed under the deck. This judicious treatment, which might have been advantageously tried with many a candidate for empire, cured Alcon of both love and glory. He returned with his companions to Panamá, was "viceroy over the king" no more, and the reign of Trinculo was at an end.

Pizarro was now to re-enter the world on a statelier scale. He sailed for Europe, armed with the rights and fame of a great discoverer, the most resistless claim of the age to the respect of kings and people. His demands were high in proportion. He required the government of the newly-discovered lands for himself, the Captaincy for his companion Almagro, and the Bishopric for his partner, Hernando Lucque.

His first reception in Spain was an ill omen. He was arrested at the suit of an individual, for a debt incurred by the settlers of Darien; but Pizarro had not sailed across the Atlantic to perish in a Spanish prison. He applied to the government, by whom he was released, and when free he journeyed direct to the presence of Charles the Fifth at Toledo. There was no sovereign of his day on whom fortune had so long, so steadily, and so munificently poured her favours. But this period found Charles at the height of his prodigality. France had just fallen before him at the battle of Pavia; Italy was his conquest, the French king his prisoner, the Pope his vassal; and he was on the point of receiving the imperial crown at Bologna. At this moment Pizarro came, to confer on this Master of Europe, and its iron strength, the supremacy of a kingdom, almost its equal in size, and overflowing with the richest produce that earth offers on its surface, or in its bosom. Cortes and Pizarro, the brother-conquerors, had come to deposit at the foot of the throne the keys of Mexico and Peru. Pizarro's handsome figure, bold countenance, and dignified demeanour, won for him the universal admiration of a

court crowded with all that was noble, brave, or lovely in Europe. His address to the Emperor was full of the grave magnificence that habit and nature have taught the Spaniard to feel beyond all other men. Charles suffered his reserve to give way, and the hero was named Pacificator of the new empire, without a superior, and without an equal.

Pizarro, now at the fountain-head of honours, determined to slake his thirst to the full, if the ambition of such a man was ever to be satisfied. To obtain for himself the order of St Jago, and a coat of arms which exhibited in a singular degree his conception of his own high merits, he adopted the imperial device of the Black Eagle grasping the two Pillars of Hercules; and as an emblem of his South American triumphs, the city of Tumbez, walled and towered, with a lion and tiger at its gates, and in the distance the sea on one side, with the rafts of the country, and on the other the flocks and herds. Round the blazon was the inscription—" *Caroli Cæsaris auspicio, et labore, ingenio, ac impensâ Ducis Pizarro, inventa, et pacata.*" This extraordinary stream of fortune, flowing in upon an obscure individual, may entirely excite our wonder. But there was a moment of his triumph which may justly excite our envy. In the interval of preparation for his return to Peru, Pizarro made a visit to the place of his birth. His parents were still living, and their gallant and fortunate son had the rare delight of giving them honour in the sight of mankind. He found his four brothers in Truxillo, offered them all appointments, and subsequently took them all with him to Peru, in chase of wealth and honours like his own.

Still, those honours were for a conquest that existed only in anticipation. And when Pizarro at last sailed from Panamá, he could muster for the conquest of one of the mightiest regions of the globe, but three small ships and 183 men.

The empire which Pizarro now sailed to conquer, was the most extensive, powerful, and civilized of the south; extending from north to south along the Pacific more than 2000 miles. All the nations of Paganism begin their history by a fable, yet the fable has some features of



strong resemblance in them all. A legislator, a soldier, or prophet suddenly appears, from some unknown region, suddenly reconciles the people to civilisation, instructs them in the useful arts, furnishes them with a government and laws, and then as suddenly takes wing, leaving the world to wonder whence he came, or whither he goeth. Manco Capac and Mama Oello were thus the beneficent Genii of Peru. They came from an unknown country. Manco taught the people to till the ground, and Mama taught them to spin flax. They founded the city of Cuzco. The tradition went further, that they built a temple to the Sun, established his worship, and gave a code of laws. They transmitted the kingdom to a line which pronounced themselves to be the pure blood of the Sun, and preserved the purity of their blood by the extraordinary precaution of marrying their own sisters, the offspring of those unnatural unions being alone eligible to the throne.

In the course of four centuries from the days of Manco Capac, the Peruvians counted twelve princes, who continued to conquer the provinces adjoining to Cuzco, until Huayna Capac, the prince contemporary with the arrival of the Spaniards in America, completed the empire by conquering Quito. The empire now extended from Chili to Quito, and the vigorous administration of the Inca promised to civilize the rude tribes which composed the chief population with great rapidity. His reign was said to have been the means of establishing three great features of civilisation—a common language, a chain of posts for the conveyance of the government orders through his kingdom, and high-roads, two great lines of communication which reached from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of more than 1500 miles, passing over mountains, through marshes, across deserts, and furnished at intervals with caravanseras large enough to contain thousands of troops; and so far was this system of accommodation carried, that in some instances these caravanseras were furnished with the means of repairing the equipments and arms of the troops and travellers.

One of the most curious questions of the antiquarian, though one with which the present volume does not

perplex itself, is the origin of those vast nations. That America was peopled from the north of Asia seems now beyond all doubt. The discoveries in the higher latitudes by our own immortal Cook, and by his adventurous and scientific followers, establish the perfect facility with which a navigation, even by canoes, could be carried on between the northern dominions of Russia and the west coast of North America. The intercourse even now is common, as it has probably been from the earliest ages. The Russian colonist settles as freely on the American shore as in Siberia; and the Esquimaux is in every feature, in every habit of life, and perhaps in every traditional remembrance, the twin brother of the Tartar. The common stimulant of early emigration, hunger, might easily drive successive hordes of the Siberian wanderers to seek for food on a coast covered with the beauties of nature, and which they continually reached in their fishing excursions; and the settlement once made, the young fertility of the continent must have drawn them constantly towards the south.

But America seems palpably to have owed its inhabitants to at least two distinct races of progenitors, as it contains two totally distinct classes of mankind; one portion exhibiting the most inveterate rudeness, savage ferocity, and repulsion of all improvement; the other, inventive, luxurious, plastic. The former poor, hating the cultivation of the soil, and living in a state of fierce disunion; the latter opulent, covering the soil with produce, and assembling in great politic communities. Nothing can be a stronger contrast than the whole scale of manners, pursuits, and principles of the Americans of the North, and the Americans of the regions bordering on the line, and to the south of the line; the Red man, athletic, violent, and sanguinary, living in the forest, incapable of living in community, making perpetual war, but making it on the most isolated and individual scale, a wanderer, destitute of a settled place of worship, of a legislature, or of a king; and the sallow son of Mexico and Peru, slight, patient, and peaceable, living in large quiet villages, or regularly ordered cities, seldom making war, but then making it by

armies, and not for revenge, but for conquest; building great temples, with a numerous priesthood, and observances of high public sanctity, with known codes of law, and with hereditary successions of kings, held in the most solemn and Oriental reverence. Their passion for personal ornament, the gaudier parts of painting and sculpture; their religion the worship of the heavenly bodies; their writing hieroglyphic; all are full of the evidences of an Oriental origin; but of an origin derived from nations of the *south* of Asia. Humboldt quotes an old Chinese tradition of a tribe of their nation, which, having revolted, had marched to the north, and had never been heard of after. The South American visage is certainly not Chinese; but in the convulsions of the immense and unknown territories which lie to the east and south of China, and which have shared in the convulsions of that empire, nothing is more probable than the total emigration of one of the nations of Birmah, Pegu, Malacca, or even of the Japanese territories to the north, where no enemy would be likely to pursue them, from the north with its snows and tempests to the new region on the opposite shore of the ocean, and from the north of that new region down successively to Russia, and the regions below the Isthmus. By this conduit the arts, laws, and worship of Asia might have gradually passed through the New World, until they found their establishment in the fertile, and especially the metalliferous regions of the south. The interior of North America still contains evidences of the dwelling, or rather of the passage of great multitudes of men, in a land long almost destitute of inhabitants; the mounds and remnants of intrenchments in the country west of the Mississippi are indications of the sojourn, though probably a brief one, of nations who were making a progress to the south. There are no remnants of the massive and formal architecture of cities. All is the temporary fortification, the rough mound, which was necessary for the defence of the settlement against rival migrations, or, in some instances, was raised as barriers against the inundations of the numerous lakes and rivers. The descendant of the Tartar remained in the

forest, both because he there found the location best suited to his original savagery, an easily formed habitation, and food for the trouble of killing it, and because, at the moment of emerging from the forest, he found himself in the presence of nations, his superiors in civilisation, his masters by discipline, and possessing resources for war to which his rude and dislocated assaults were utterly unequal. The more intelligent Asiatic, on the contrary, continually passed on from region to region establishing kingdoms until he had reached that point beyond which he must again descend into a wilder, poorer, and more repulsive country. Thus, as the Mexican founded his empire in the rich region to the north of the Isthmus, the Peruvian fixed his royal seat on the table land to the south, and there, under a horizon of clouds, which by one of the simplest, yet most singular contrivances of nature, perpetually shields him from the fervour of the vertical sun, and on an elevation which gives him health and freshness, in the midst of a region of pestilential vapours and airs of fire, he has built cities which rival some of the noblest in the Old World.

Among the traditions of the original settlements is one, that the lost tribes of Israel, after the fall of the Babylonian dynasty, had revolted, marched in a body to the north-east of Assyria, plunged into the vast inscrutable deserts and forests of the polar circle, and disappeared only to emerge in North America. A considerable number of observances, in which the Jews and the Indians curiously coincide, have furnished a groundwork for speculations on the subject, which seem, however, destined to rest for ever in conjecture. But here antiquarianism finds what it best loves, an endless field for its labours, a history without facts, to substantiate a theory without foundations, obscurities that defy all research, and probabilities that no investigation can strengthen, and no reasoning overthrow.

The long delay of the Spanish invasion was among the most memorable instances of that fortune which gave the New World into the hands of the old. A few years earlier would have found Peru under the government of a vigorous, sagacious,



and warlike king, by whom the adventurers might have been extinguished at a blow. But they came in at the time of a disputed succession. The mighty empire of Peru was laid open to them by a civil war. An inexperienced sovereign, a doubtful title, and a divided allegiance, broke down the chief barriers against the foreign enemy, and Spanish arms, and Spanish thirst of gold, did the rest.

The history of the succession and the overthrow alike prove that man is the same every where, and that the same causes will produce the same disasters at the Line as at the Pole. Huayna Capac, the conquering monarch, in whose reign the empire had risen to its greatest height, left at his death the sceptre to Huascar, his son, by the Coya or empress; and the province of Quito to Atahualpa, an elder, but illegitimate son by the daughter of the chief Cacique of Quito. Atahualpa raised the standard of rebellion in Quito, was overthrown, and flung into chains. From these he got free, pretending that the Sun, father of his fathers, had changed him into a lizard, and thus enabled him to escape. He now raised an army, marched to Cuzco, and took Huascar prisoner. At this period the usurper received the first intelligence of the approach of the Spaniards, against whom he marched without delay. Pizarro, after two months, occupied in a march which, in later times, has occupied scarcely more than a week, entered the Peruvian city of Caxamalca on the 15th of November 1532. A formidable vision now rose before him on the range of the mountains; the army of the Inca lay encamped to bar his progress to Cuzco, and encamped with a regularity that told him he was at last to encounter an army that might task all his powers.

But Pizarro had probably even now intended to trust to a more effective weapon with a simple and generous people than the sword. Establishing his quarters in the principal square of the city, which, from its being surrounded with a high wall, served as a citadel, into this fortress he formed the design of alluring the Inca; and the steps by which he proceeded are well calculated to exhibit the remorseless craft and dexterous audacity of this cele-

brated man. Sending two of his officers with detachments of cavalry to bear his homage to the Inca, Atahualpa came forth in his pomp to meet those warlike envoys. Seated on a throne of gold and jewels, he sent to demand the purpose of their entering his country. They answered, that their captain, Don Francisco Pizarro, greatly desired to be admitted to his presence, to give him an account of his reasons for coming to Peru, and to entreat him to sup in the city on that night, or dine with him on the following day. The Inca replied, that it was then late, but that he would enter the city on the following day; that he should enter with his army, a measure, however, which ought not to disconcert the Spaniards.

That day was a memorable one in the annals of the Incas. Atahualpa, probably excited by a hazardous curiosity, proceeded to the city at the head of 20,000 of his warriors, attended by a multitude of women, as bearers of the luggage. The person of the sovereign was a blaze of jewels. He was borne on a litter plated with gold, overshadowed with plumes, and carried on the shoulders of his chief nobles. On his forehead was the Borla, the sacred tuft of scarlet, which he wore as the descendant of the Sun. The whole moved to the sound of music, with the solemnity of a religious procession. At this moment there was remaining a chance of averting the fall of the empire. The slowness of the procession had brought it late into the evening, and the Peruvians began to pitch their tents in evident preparation for halting for the night. But Pizarro had made preparations for treachery, which could scarcely fail of being discovered by a multitude suffered to remain so close to the spot. He had placed musketry in ambush, planted his cannon so as to command the gates, divided his cavalry into squadrons, under his principal officers, for the attack; and, forming a body-guard of twenty shield-bearers, prepared to capture, or destroy, his unhappy guest. Some of the Spanish historians, solicitous for the honour of their country, argue, that the Inca was only caught in his own snare, that his object was to destroy the Spaniards, and that his request that

the horses and dogs might be tied up, was a proof that he contemplated violence. But Spanish honour ought to be sustained on firmer grounds. The Inca's request that these animals should be kept out of sight, which most alarmed his people, and of course most easily disposed them to retaliation, was a perfectly natural one. His dismissal of three-fourths of his escort was a sign of peace, when he might have brought his whole army with him. His personal entrance within the walls was an obvious risk, which he must have felt, and might have avoided by awaiting Pizarro in his camp. And the true place for practising any violence against the Spaniards would as obviously have been the open field; for, defective as Peruvian warfare might be, the Inca was a soldier, and must have known how much more important numbers are in the open field, than in narrow streets and among walls. The natural conclusion evidently is, that the unfortunate Indian was stimulated to his ruin by his curiosity; that he put himself in hazard to see a race of men who appeared to the Indian eye the most powerful, strange, splendid, and exalted of mankind; a race who, coming from the rising sun, were the direct inheritors of his fire, his lustre, and his supremacy.

On the Inca's entering within the fatal gates from which he was never to return, this curiosity was his chief emotion. Forgetting the habitual Oriental gravity of the throne, he started up and continued standing as he passed along, gazing with marked eagerness at every surrounding object. Valverde, the Dominican friar, now approached, bearing a cross and a Bible. The friar commenced a harangue which must have been singularly repulsive to the native ear. He declared that the Pope had given the Indies to Spain; that the Inca was bound to obey; that the book which he carried contained the only true mode of worshipping Heaven; and that the new Governor of Peru offered its Inca peace, unless he would see his country the victim of war.

"Where am I to find your religion?" said the Inca.

"In this book," said the priest.

The Inca declared that whatever might be the peaceful intentions of

the Spaniards, "he well knew how they had acted on the road, how they had treated his Caciques, and burned his cottages." He then took the Bible, and turning over some of the leaves, put it eagerly to his ear.

"This," said he, "has no tongue; it tells me nothing."

With these words, he flung it contemptuously on the ground. The friar exclaimed at the impiety, and called on his countrymen for revenge. The Inca soon felt the danger of his situation; and turning, spoke some words to his people, which were answered by murmurs of indignation and vengeance. At this moment Pizarro gave the signal to the troops; a general discharge of cannon, musketry, and crossbows, followed, and smote down the unfortunate Peruvians. The cavalry were next let loose, and they broke through the King's guard at the first shock. The time was now come to consummate this bloody treachery. While the Inca was in the first terror and astonishment, Pizarro rushed forward at the head of his shield-bearers to seize him. He found the unfortunate sovereign surrounded by a circle, singularly displaying the passive fortitude and devoted loyalty that characterise the Indian of the East to this hour. They never moved, except to throw themselves upon the Spanish swords. They saw that their prince was doomed; and they unresistingly gave themselves up to his fate. The circle rapidly thinned, and the Inca must have perished by the happier death of combat. But Pizarro felt the importance of such a prize in his hands, and determined to seize him alive. Calling aloud to his soldiers to lift no hand against the Inca, he forced his way to the litter, and grasping Atahualpa's mantle, suddenly dragged him to the ground. The Peruvians, seeing his fall in the midst of a crowd of Spanish lances, conceived that he was slain; and, by another similarity to Oriental customs, instantly gave up the battle. With the supposed death of the sovereign, all struggle was at an end. The only effort now was for flight. The multitude, in the force of despair, burst through one of the walls, and fled over the open country. Two thousand lay dead within the gates. The surprise had been so complete, that



not a single Spaniard had fallen; and but one was wounded, Pizarro himself, whose hand had been struck by the lance of one of his own soldiers, in the general rush to seize the person of the Inca.

The scene of triumph, plunder, and glittering anticipation that followed, is unrivalled. The dreams of Spanish avarice were now to be dreams no more. They had played a sanguinary and most guilty game; but they were now to enjoy its gains, to a degree never enjoyed by man before. The captive prince, at length learning the true purpose for which the invaders came, began to treat for his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of the chamber, in which the Spaniards had assigned his quarters, with wedges of gold and silver; but on seeing that his jailers received the offer with the laughter of incredulity, which he construed into the laughter of contempt, he started haughtily on his feet, and stretching his arm as high as it could reach, told them that he could give them that chamber full, to the mark which he then touched with his hand. It is still remembered that this chamber was twenty-two feet long, and sixteen wide, and that the point which he touched on the wall was nine feet high. The offer implied a quantity of wealth almost incalculable. Pizarro hesitated no longer, but instantly dispatched three of his soldiers with the Inca's messengers to hasten the arrival of this unparalleled ransom.

The chief treasure of the land had been stored in the temples, and the prince's order had been directed to the priests, to send it without delay to Caxamalca. The Spanish collectors were received, through the long route of six hundred miles to Cuzco, with all but divine honours. And their own astonishment was not less excited by the contrast of the noble and lovely country through which they now travelled, with the rude deserts and inhospitable tribes on the borders of the empire. They were compelled perpetually to admire the breadth and excellence of the roads, the neatness of the cottages, the richness of the cultivation, and the magnitude, regularity, and wealth of the cities. All these impressions must have derived a part of their force from the memory of

the rude parts of Spain, and of the desolate and death-dealing regions through which the early adventurers had toiled their way to the barriers of Mexico and Peru. But nothing can account for the recorded sustenance of the multitudes of Peru, their wealth, their laws, their fabrics of cotton, and even their attempts in science and literature, but the existence of a wise and ancient frame of government, the recollections of a civilized origin, and the intelligence of a sagacious, peaceful, and active public mind.

The profligacy of the Spanish messengers defeated their mission. The Indians had no sooner discovered that their new gods were less than man, than they buried their treasures. The ornaments of the temples were concealed by the priests, and the messengers were eluded, until Pizarro was compelled to send his brother Hernando with twenty horse to secure the performance of the treaty. Even this resolute and keen plunderer was comparatively baffled. But he brought back with him twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds weight of silver. Additional treasure was brought by some of the captive Caciques and generals of the Inca, and Pizarro at length proceeded to make the first division of this magnificent spoil.

After deducting the fifth for the king, the portion to each horse-soldier was 9000 pesos (ounces) of gold, and 800 marcas (eight ounces each) of silver. The share allotted to the commander-in-chief amounted to 57,220 pesos of gold, and 2350 marcas of silver, besides the gold tablet from the litter of the Inca, valued at 25,000 pesos. This was the full triumph of avarice; the next crisis was to be the struggle of ambition; a fierce, fruitless, and gloomy struggle, which, after cheating these daring men with gleams of success, and compelling them to feel the whole misery of precarious power, laid them all in succession in a bloody grave. The government of the empire was next to be seized. Pizarro had hitherto practised the dexterous policy of governing by a fallen king; but ambition blinded him, and he resolved to seize empire in his own name. The Inca was charged with fomenting insurrec-

tion, and by a foul blot upon even the blotted name of Spanish honour, he was put to death. His Caciques and nobles shared his fate, or were scattered through the continent. A boy, the son of the Inca, was substituted a puppet on the throne; and Pizarro, after a series of battles, in which the Peruvians proved at once their despair, their devotedness, and their inferiority to the Spanish discipline and arms, in the November of 1533, took possession of the royal city of Cuzco.

A new scene of riot and plunder ensued on this new triumph. But the spoil of Cuzco was to be divided among 480 claimants. Still, each individual received 4000 pesos; enormous opulence! but the curse of guilty gain was upon it. The value of the treasure, of course, rapidly diminished, with its accumulation. It was soon given into the hands of the multitude who follow in the skirts of an army to plunder the plunderers. The common necessities of life became beyond the power of purchase; and the Spaniard was seen at once tottering under loads of gold, and perishing for want of bread.

Avarice had now been banqueted on the most lavish feast ever offered to the love of gold. Ambition, too, had been banqueted on a mighty empire. Personal honour, the third great stimulant of minds capable of being influenced by the feelings of the world, were now to be lavished on Pizarro and his associates. Never were obscure men so long and magnificently indulged by fortune. Hernando brought back for himself the order of St Jago, the title of Admiral, and a patent for raising a new army; for the Marshal Almagro, the government of a territory of six hundred miles along the coast; and for his brother the title of Marquis, and an extension of sixty leagues to his government, including the city of Cuzco. The friar, Valverde, was appointed Bishop of Cuzco by the Pope.

Pizarro had now ascended the height from which all change must be descent. He quickly felt the calamity of having nothing more to hope, and having every thing to fear. Sudden and desperate dissensions broke out in the empire, which continued to put him in peril, and ha-

zard the extinction of his entire authority, at a period when he longed only for rest. A still more formidable peril arose from the indignation of his associate, Almagro, a man of great sagacity and bravery, but an unequal match for Pizarro in craft and self-command. Civil war commenced, and the Indians saw with delight the rival lances couched, which were to avenge them on their tyrants. In the decisive battle, in which Almagro, incapacitated by illness, gave the command to Orgonez, the troops of Pizarro, commanded by his brother Hernando, totally defeated those of the Marshal. Almagro, unable to sit upon his horse, was the unhappy spectator of the defeat from the side of the mountain, and flying to Cuzco, was taken prisoner, tried for treason, and strangled in prison at the age of sixty-three. But there were other spectators of this memorable engagement—the Indians, who crowded the hills, and as the two armies advanced against each other, expressed their joy by wild gestures and shouts which rent the air. And at the close of the battle, when the field was left silent, and covered with the fallen Spaniards, they poured down, like troops of wild beasts, to make havoc of the corpses, and insult and mutilate the remnants of those whom they knew only as murderers and oppressors. A still deeper vengeance was at hand. Hernando Pizarro had been sent to Europe with a new instalment of treasure for the King. But the reports of the civil war had already reached the royal ear—the ambition of his family probably sharpened the sense of royal justice—and it became politic to coerce the most powerful and daring brother of a man, who might take the first advantage of his situation to place himself on the throne of Peru. Hernando was ordered to stand his trial at the demand of Diego de Alvarado, the friend of the dead Almagro. His sentence was that of imprisonment. He was removed from prison to prison, until at length he was placed in the castle of La Mota de Medina, where he languished forgotten till the year 1560.

Pizarro, now Marquis de las Chazcas, unmoved by the fate of his brother, proceeded in a course of violence and haughtiness, which hourly increased the hostility of his ene-



mies and the disgust of his friends. Diego, the son of Almagro, was growing into reputation, and his sword already longed to avenge the blood of his father. A conspiracy was formed in Lima among the partisans of Almagro, and the discontented soldiers of the governor. Pizarro was in vain warned of designs, which soon became obvious to every eye but his own. The conspirators, at noonday, rushed into his house, found him with but two of his friends and two pages, and killed all who were in the room; after a long struggle, Pizarro, who had been brought to the ground by a thrust in the throat, and found himself dying, asked only for a confessor. His only answer was a pitcher of water violently flung in his face. He fell back and died, closing his famous career at the age of sixty-five—a course of the most memorable fortune, sustained by the most heroic daring, the most dexterous sagacity, and the most persevering determination; but degraded by the most unhesitating fraud, and stained by the most remorseless cruelty. In the age of paganism, Pizarro would have been ranked among the immortals as a hero. In the middle ages, he might have been characterised as possessed by a fiend. In our more sober time, we

can only lament the perversion of noble powers, and still nobler opportunities, the waste of genius and valour in the service of rapacity and crime.

The volume which has led us to these notices of the early exploits of discovery, is the Spanish History of Quintana; for the translation of which, the public are indebted to Mrs Hodson, a lady well known to literature as Miss Holford, author of “Wallace,” and other very spirited and graceful performances. It must be almost superfluous to speak of the translation by such a pen, as being intelligent, animated, and accurate; the Spanish idiom is purified, without being altogether extinguished; the narrative is conducted with the ease of an accomplished English writer; and the translator is entitled to all the gratification of knowing that she has added to our literary treasures a volume which singularly combines the genius of romance with fact; and, while it supplies us with curious details of countries already rising to the rank of European civilisation, and bearing a sudden and important influence in European affairs, gives us examples of energy and intrepidity, vigour of enterprise, and force of character, that elevate the standard of the human mind.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE FINANCES OF THE COUNTRY—  
CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

WHATEVER may have been the defects of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman, and that there were some, the state of the public mind at the time of his retirement from office but too plainly indicated, it must be admitted that he possessed one distinguished merit as a British minister, which, considering the peculiar genius and temper of the nation, ought to have much endeared him to the people. We mean the plain direct open honesty with which he ever stated the plans and views of the government over which he presided, as soon as they were ripe for disclosure, and the intelligible statements which he made of the resources which government possessed for doing that which it had resolved upon doing for the benefit of the country. It is the fashion of the present day to mix up

the ideas of government with the matters and the people to be governed, as if it were possible that the mixed masses of society could ever be desirous of proceeding upon one general and vigorously acting system, or could ever understand one another even if they were. It is plain that the Duke of Wellington kept these ideas in his mind very distinct from one another. He looked upon his government as intrusted with the charge of the national concerns, and he felt himself and his colleagues responsible to the King and the country who had given the charge into his hands, for keeping the government in a state of power to do that which it might be called upon to do, either with regard to internal affairs, or with regard to the interests and power of the British nation, as a lead-

ing member of the great family of nations. He seemed to understand, if we mistake not, that it was his duty to take care of the people on the one hand, and of the government on the other. To preserve, so far as he possibly could, the one in a state of peace and prosperity, the other in a state of prosperity and power. We now affect to go upon a different system, if system it may be called which begins, continues, and ends in perplexity and confusion. Our government affects to go in partnership with the people, and, as might naturally be expected, the people having their own concerns to attend to, and their own ends to answer, and neither understanding the use, nor appreciating the value of a strong government—of a well organized and well provided means for controlling themselves, and resisting the injustice or the aggression of foreign nations—the power of the *state* is dwindling away to nothing—it is grossly neglected, and is in no small danger of falling to pieces from a very vulgar, but a very potent cause, namely, the want of funds.

There may be men here and there among the people, who sincerely believe that it is better the state should be so impoverished, and who rejoice in such circumstances of the government as must soon tumble it to the ground, because they hate the government and wish it were overthrown, and another established in its place; but we think it impossible that even men holding these extreme notions can fail to despise the members of the government, who allow this condition of affairs to come to pass. *They* at least are inexcusable. *They* cannot pretend that they wish the government to fall. *They* are employed and paid for watching over the affairs of government. It is their special duty, so long as they hold their places, to keep the government in a state of power, and yet they come to

the end of a Session, and are content to leave it in a state of insolvency. With every means contributing to the power of government diminished since they came into office, they prorogue the Parliament with the confession that they have spent a million and a quarter more than their current revenue is sufficient to cover, and without the slightest attempt to retrieve the difficulty. The men who do this, whatever else they may be fit for, are manifestly unfit for government.

The Duke of Wellington, in conformity with his principle of maintaining the power of the government at the head of which he stood, a principle which he who loses sight of is unfit for a British statesman, always took good care of the finances; and all his measures of economy, which no one can deny were both numerous and extensive, preceded the relinquishment of the pecuniary means of the government. He first contrived how to do without a certain portion of the money paid by the people, and then he surrendered a tax. Our present government, in its rage for popularity, gave up their means in the first instance—then found they had given up what they could not afford to part with, and to crown the whole, proceeded with a great political measure, which, they now do not scruple to confess, was calculated, during its progress, greatly to diminish the produce of the taxes which they did not abandon nor reduce by act of Parliament. If there were nothing but these facts alone to urge against the present government, they would be sufficient to prove it a dangerous and unfit government for this country. Its financial history, as given by the Duke of Wellington on the last night of the session, with remarkable force and simplicity of detail, is one of the most disgraceful records of Ministerial blundering and unfitness that was ever held up to public view.

We shall here make a brief abstract of the Duke's statement respecting the financial career of the present government. In the first budget of 1831, opened by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in February, the revenue for the year was estimated at

|                                                   |              |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| And the charge, which had not then been voted, at | L.47,150,000 |
|                                                   | 46,850,000   |

Leaving a surplus of

L.300,000



|                                                                                                                                         |            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| In October another budget was stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which the revenue was also estimated as before to amount to | 47,150,000 |
| But the charge was then calculated to be                                                                                                | 46,656,000 |

|                               |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| Leaving a supposed surplus of | L.494,000 |
|-------------------------------|-----------|

But in this the Chancellor of the Exchequer founded his estimate of the expenditure of the whole year, not upon the only legitimate ground, the Parliamentary estimates, but upon calculations from the actual expenditure in the three preceding quarters. The Duke of Wellington saw the fallacy of this, and his speech to the House of Lords on the finances of the country in October 1831, shewed that the government had no right to calculate on a surplus of more than L.11,000, applicable to any

exigency that might arise. But when the end of the year arrived, and the accounts were made up, it turned out there was not a surplus of L.300,000, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer had first estimated, nor of L.494,000, as he had estimated not three months before, nor of even L.11,000, which the Duke supposed might have appeared. There was no surplus at all, but a deficiency of very nearly seven hundred thousand pounds.

|                                                            |              |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| It appeared that the revenue of the year 1831 had produced | L.46,424,000 |
| And the actual charge in the same period was               | 47,123,000   |

|                                                                        |         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Deficiency in round numbers,                                           | 699,000 |
| The deficiency of revenue as compared with the estimate of October was | 825,566 |
| The excess of charge beyond the estimate of October was                | 498,479 |

|                                                                                                                                       |             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| So that the state of affairs in January 1832, was worse than what was anticipated by Ministers in October 1831, by no less a sum than | } 1,319,045 |
| In April 1832, the revenue, from the 5th of April 1831, had produced                                                                  |             |
| And the actual charge in the same period had been                                                                                     | 46,618,015  |
|                                                                                                                                       | 47,858,488  |

|                                                                                                 |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Shewing a deficiency of                                                                         | 1,240,473  |
| In July 1832, the statement of the year's accounts from the July preceding, shewed a revenue of | 46,296,521 |
| And an actual charge of                                                                         | 47,559,708 |

|                         |             |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| Leaving a deficiency of | L.1,263,187 |
|-------------------------|-------------|

In August, Lord Althorp tells us what he calculates upon for the year from April 1832 to April 1833. He estimates the revenue at L.46,470,000, and the expenditure at L.45,696,000, leaving a surplus of L.773,000, upon the supposition that the charge from April 1832 to April 1833 will be less than that in the year from April 1831 to April 1832 by upwards of L.2,162,000.

So much for the detail of particulars furnished by the Duke of Wellington, which we think we are justified in saying presents to view the most monstrous course of blundering in matters of finance that ever disgraced a government. Let us now look what are our prospects for the future, with this debt of L.1,263,000

hanging about the neck of the Exchequer. In the first place, it is clear, from past experience, that we have no more reason to place confidence in the financial anticipations of Ministers, than we should have to confide in the babbling of any old fortune-teller in the country. We must consult data so far as we can get at them, and judge for ourselves. Suppose the anticipations of Ministers were even realized, and that we should save L.773,000 in the year ending the 5th of April next, we should even then be L.467,000 behind hand; but when it is considered, that in order to make the projected saving, we must on the year abridge our expenditure L.2,162,000 and upwards, the expectation appears preposterous.

We have already before us the accounts of the first three months of this wonderful saving year, and what do they shew? Why, that we were in a *worse* condition by L.23,000 than when the wonderful saving year began. In April 1832, the deficiency was L.1,240,473; in July 1832, it was L.1,263,187—so that there are but nine months in which to make the saving; and notwithstanding the well-known prolificness of that period of time in some cases, we doubt very much whether Government will be able to produce within it any thing like the financial change which it calculates upon. It must not only within this time effect all the saving calculated upon within the year, but, in addition to this, recover *lost* ground, in the first three months, to the amount of L.23,000.

It is impossible that the anticipation of the government, founded upon the estimates which they have presented, *can* be realized. They are fallacious, and, in their preparation, they must have either very grossly deceived themselves, or have intended grossly to deceive the public. The greatest reductions are to be made in the navy estimates, a department of the public expenditure which, with true Whig taste, these English ministers are desirous of curtailing with the most unsparing hand. Again, recurring to the statement of the Duke of Wellington, we find that a reduction of L.160,000 is set down on account of the coast blockade, heretofore defrayed out of the supplies voted for the navy; but since it is impossible that, with our system of duties, a force for the prevention of smuggling can be abandoned, we must provide for it out of some fund or other. It is, however, not set down at all, and whatever it costs, will of course come out of the Customs, and make the amount of receipts under that item so much less. This portion of the reduction, therefore, may be set down as no reduction at all: it is a mere transfer from an item of expenditure in the Navy Estimates, to an item in the cost of collecting the Customs. The very same thing is to be said touching the reduction of the L.50,000 from the Miscellaneous Estimates for the Liverpool Custom-house. The house must be built, and the money

must come from some fund or other. The Miscellaneous Estimates will be so much less, but the contingencies in the Custom's service will be so much more. Other items of reduction are such, as though they may possibly be real, as far as regards the current year, they cannot be considered as permanent. Amongst these, the Duke enumerated one hundred and ninety thousand pounds reduction in the expenses of training the militia, and forty-five thousand pounds reduction in the charge for the transport of troops; but by far the most objectionable of this description of reductions, and one which covers the naval administration with disgrace, is that of four hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of timber for the navy. Of all the impolitic and desperate attempts to make up for miscalculation and mismanagement, this seems to be the grossest. To take advantage of the stock acquired by the prudence of former governments, and exhaust the country of its most important public stores, is the most extraordinary thing to be called public *saving*, that ever Whig ingenuity lighted upon. In a financial point of view, it is deceitful and wrong—deceitful, because it leads to a supposition of reduction which not only cannot continue, but must be made up for by increased expenditure next year, unless, indeed, the stores are to be kept permanently in a state of exhaustion. In naval policy, also, it is a great and degrading error. It is scandalous that England should weaken herself in the materials for building ships; and, if it be alleged that the dock-yards have an abundant supply for present use, which is contended by the Whig newspapers, the plain answer is, that it is not sufficient to have what will answer for present use, as timber for ship-building requires a quantity for careful inspection—the examination of its quality, the measuring and sorting which are necessary, cannot be well done, if not done leisurely; and, above all, the timber should have time to be seasoned. Our dock-yards should always be kept full—the whole quantity that they contain is not more than a sufficient store for the navy of England.

Besides this—and it is a subject of



such importance as to deserve more than incidental mention—the supply of navy timber is not easily kept up, and nothing but the certainty and regularity of the demand maintains the supply. Were we for two or three years to trust to our stock in hand, and to purchase no more navy timber; so far from our being able to avail ourselves at a moment's warning of a large supply, and at a cheap rate, in consequence of the previous want of demand, the probability is, that we should find we could not get the timber at all; and as for the Royal Forests, whatever they may afford some sixty years hence, when the planting of the early part of the present century comes to maturity, their immediate supply would be too trifling to be worth mentioning. Of all the economical notions which could come into the head of a Whiggish foppish naval minister, the most perverse and pernicious is that of starving the naval stores.

Such then is the quality of the reductions by the force of which, according to the calculations of Ministers, we may possibly, within a couple of years, get into that flourishing condition of not having to borrow from the receipts of the growing quarter, to make up the deficiency of that which is past. This seems to be the consummation of Whig ambition in finance, and the making of any provision for contingencies, or any unusual efforts that political events might render necessary, is never even dreamt of in their philosophy. Unless it be a falsehood that respect for prudence is a national characteristic of Englishmen, surely such policy as this ought to be sufficient to sweep away the favour with which the people were said to regard the present Ministry.

From the circumstances of the times, we much fear that whatever disappointment the government may experience, or rather the people, from the representations of the government, in the matter of reductions, that disappointment will be much greater regarding the revenue. We know very well, that a great many calculating men in affairs of business, who never troubled themselves to look beyond the surface in political affairs, have been of opinion, that upon the passing of the Reform

Bill, a reaction would take place in agricultural, and manufacturing, and commercial affairs, and a great impetus be given to the transactions of business. But all those who thus calculated, went upon the supposition, that when the Reform Bill was passed, the country was done with Reform, and the agitation, and terror, and want of confidence thereupon attendant. In this, as they may already perceive, they were mistaken. The Reform Bill *has* passed, and the country has not settled into delighted tranquillity. Political Unions have not dissolved. Political discussions are not less fierce than before. There is no additional feeling of security in the public mind. There is no present enjoyment of better times; and what is worse and more extraordinary, there is actually *less hope* of tranquillity and prosperity now, than there was six months ago.

The revenue of Great Britain depends upon the expenditure of the people. A man cannot expend his fortune without purchasing taxed articles; and out of every hundred pounds he gives forth, the government takes its heavy toll. If the circumstances of the times be such as to make it improbable that the gentry will spend money freely, then it is probable that the revenue will seriously fall off. Now, are the times such as to make it improbable that the gentry will spend their money? we think it is manifest that they are. Does a man derive his revenue from the land? it is certain that an attack will be made upon the Corn Laws, and with so many new members from the manufacturing districts, it is probable that the attack will be in part, if not wholly successful. Should that be the case, his income must be greatly reduced, if indeed he escape total ruin. With such a prospect before him, he will take care how he spends his money. Is our purchaser a clergyman? he cannot take up a newspaper without finding addresses from parliamentary candidates, containing pledges for "Church Reform." He knows what *that* means; and if he has any money saved, he will take care how he spends it. Is our wealthy friend an owner of East India Bonds?—he remembers the coming question of the Charter; and if he is not of a very sanguine temperament, prophetic

visions will come athwart his fancy, of a fall of at least thirty per cent,—he remembers that he has a family to settle, and will take care how he spends his money. Is he a holder of Bank stock?—he reads with dismay the speech of the Governor of the Bank upon the conduct of the Select Committee of the House of Commons; he sees in the papers that his stock has fallen ten per cent; he buttons up his breeches pocket, and decides that this is no time to spend his money. Finally, is he a proprietor of Consols, and listens to what he hears, or may hear, said around him, though as yet the Radicals do not print it; namely, that a Reformed Parliament will not be afraid to go to the point at once, and lay a heavy tax upon income derived from funded property? he will most assuredly come to the determination that it is best to be cautious, and not to spend his money.

We take all this to be extremely clear, and though Reform festivals, and a general election, may give some transient spur to retail trade, and help up the revenue a little, to say nothing of an increase in the Post-Office from the absence of franks for three weeks or so, yet we apprehend that there is every reason to look forward to a continued decrease of the revenue; and however unpleasant and “inconvenient” and perplexing it may be to Lord Grey to be troubled upon questions of finance—however troublesome or impossible it may be for his lordship to look out his papers and put them in his pocket, upon two days’ notice that they would be wanted, we think he will find that he must submit to all this inconvenience and trouble, and give an account of his financial government, the shame and humiliation of which will weigh him down to the earth, though ten times the popular glories of the Reform Bill be thrown into the opposite scale.

The idle petulance with which so experienced a statesman, or rather Parliament man, as Lord Grey, received the financial strictures of the Duke of Wellington on the last night of the Session, excited some surprise, and the rather as there was not the slightest asperity or personal allusion in any thing which the Duke had said. It was merely a plain state-

ment of plain facts relating to pounds, shillings, and pence, and the imprudence of the government basing itself without resources. But it *was* a severe rebuke to Lord Grey, who had just come from the reading of the King’s speech, which he probably had composed himself, and in which he makes his Majesty talk with great satisfaction of “the well considered economy in all the departments of the state, which enabled the House of Commons to provide for the service of the year without any addition to the public burdens.” We cannot help feeling rejoiced both on the Duke’s account, and for the sake of the just appreciation of the government of his successor, that, upon the very eve of the prorogation, (though that was a matter of necessity, not of choice on the Duke’s part,) he gave the public so plain, so practical, and so convincing a proof, that whatever shining qualities may appear in Earl Grey’s manner of conducting the government, it is not all gold that glisters.

The Session has ended—the labours of the first destroying Parliament have closed—it is damned to everlasting fame, and the people, like a sleep-walker who has fallen over a precipice, are awaking to fearful observation of the errors they have committed. We fear that much mischief has been done that cannot be repaired—the blow has been struck, every thing is reeling, and to avoid a fall in many things, is now perhaps impossible. But prudence and courage might yet do much, if there were men in the government, or a powerful and united party in the country, possessing these qualities. At all events, some change must soon take place, for men are thoroughly disgusted with this government. On the one hand, its wild recklessness of every prudential consideration in its alliance with the mob, and the friends of mobs at home and abroad—on the other, its poor and paltry practice in the starving of public departments to make up for what its folly has lost, and all the countless blunders and disappointments with which these opposite extremes are surrounded and associated, contribute to make it now the most despised, as it has always been the most pernicious, of governments.



## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

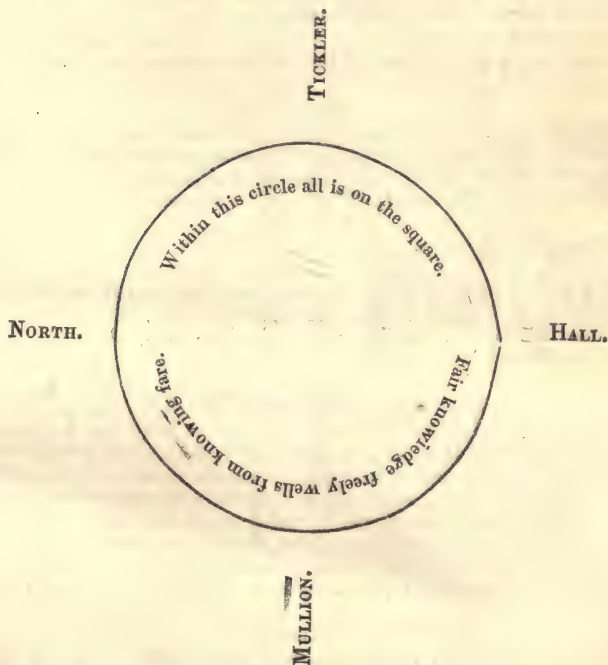
No. LXII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOK. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phokylides,  
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;  
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*  
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*SCENE—*Southside.*—*Time, nine p. m., August 6th.*

TICKLER.

I hope the souchong's to your mind, Captain?—Come, North, another magnum or a bowl—what say you? I've got some fresh limes to-day from our friend of Dunoon.

NORTH.

O, a bowl, then, by all means! What, Skipper, do you mean to cleave all night to that wish-wash? For shame, man, such doings were never heard of in the "Grand House."

HALL.

Never mind me—I'll back Canton against Kingston all the world over—the cup “that cheers but not inebriates” for me!—(*sings*)

“Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,  
I can tell by thy nose, and thine eyes winking.  
Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,  
Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over;  
Hey, Barnaby! Take 't for a warning,  
Be no more drunk at night, dry i' the morning.”

MULLION.

Very well, Captain. I'faith you are a gallant commander, to make head against us with such a woful inferiority of *materiel*. Shall I play maker, Laird?

TICKLER.

Surely. In the absence of the Teeger, who but yourself? Create away. *Esto* punch!

MULLION (*rings*).

I stepped into the Bayonet-room a few minutes before last bottle but one. Punch *est*. Bring in the china, Mrs Marjoribanks.—That's a kind body.

TICKLER.

*Bonum est quod fecisti*. I scarcely desiderate the Arns. O, Captain, Captain!—and you that touch off scenes of jollification with such a true Barnabesque gusto. Why, they're the best things in your book—worth fifty lectures on naval discipline—the Ship-Church—the theory of the trade winds—and passenger St Paul off La Valetta.—But no matter, fill fair anyhow.

NORTH.

I should like to hear Sam Coleridge's commentary on the undoubted, but to me inexplicable fact, that our friend was a hearty toper in the days of his Whiggery, but no sooner turned one of the taughtest of Tories, than he took to the tea-pot. It seems a thing against nature.

TICKLER.

A cyathological curiosity.

HALL.

Quite out. As long as that cold, sour curd lay on my stomach, not all the brandy in Bordeaux could ever make me feel truly comfortable—but now that it's gone, I need no artificial stimulants. A Tory conscience is its own sufficient *vade-mecum*.

NORTH.

Nay, nay—We Tories, from my friend Eldon downwards, don't drink port by the pipe, and punch by the puncheon, to keep our own hearts up—not at all; but merely to enable us to look at the wicked part of the world without an intolerable degree of disgust. Flowing cups are the sunshine of humanity. But for them there would be nothing to break the black shadow of prevailing villainy, and one would be apt to get sick of life. They cast some redeeming halos round even the ugliest objects; and to speak for myself, when, as Moore says of Byron, “under the full influence of Bacchus,” I can contemplate with passable equanimity even a Whig in pride of place, and a King in duress vile.

HALL.

Avast, there! Haven't I for these two years been preaching up faith, hope, and even charity, *totis viribus*, while you and all the rest of your set have been keeping the world ringing with the doleful changes of your eternal toll, toll, toll?

TICKLER.

Tol de rol—(*sings*)

“Toll for the Brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone!  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His race of glory run!”



MULLION.

Well, if you mean Mr North, you will at least allow that

“When Kempenfelt went down,  
His fingers held the pen.”

HALL.

*Down?* Out upon your downs! The cause was never in a more thriving case than it is at this moment; but I maintain it has never been in bad case at all—never. If I were allowed to play what pranks I pleased in politics, I honestly tell you I don’t think I should be inclined to alter one, even the minutest, movement that has taken place, from the 27th of July 1830, down to this blessed 6th of August 1832. Capital! excellent! nothing could have been better! affairs have been conducted abroad and at home, by ourselves and by our enemies of all sorts, precisely as in my steadfast opinion a truly wise, deep, foreseeing Tory, or Patriot, would have desired to see them. Oh! the game has been beautifully played. In fact, my only doubt is whether we have not been too fortunate all through.

TICKLER.

*That’s* your distress, is it? So with your own self, after all,

“Surgit amari *aliquid* medio de fonte leporum.”

NORTH.

Unmixed happiness would have been too much even for a tea-drinking Tory. I condole with you, dear Pangloss—I commiserate your case—not one glass?

HALL.

Neither glasses nor groans for me, old Cock o’ the roost. I’ve long since put the mulligrubs as well as the parrot-palate in Schedule A. But I’ll give you a toast, if you like, and drink it myself in what Dr Johnson called “an effusion as red as blood:”—here’s CHURCH AND KING!!!—They were never more flourishing—long may they flourish!—Hip—hip—

TICKLER.

Hip and thigh, you mean.

HALL.

—Hip-hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!! (*conhipuere omnes.*) That’s the thing! Strong, fixed, immovable, eternally glorious and growing in glory, the Church and the Monarchy have outlived already, and will outlive hereafter, storms a thousand times fiercer than any our times have witnessed—or shall witness,—

“Moor’d in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest’s shock,

Firmer they root them, the ruder it blow.”

Their only danger, if it were possible for them to be really in danger, would consist in the felonious faintheartedness of their, if they would but see and feel it, invincible friends. One chirp of despondency among you, gentlemen, is more damaging than all the brazen-trumpetfuls of foul breath that ever Treason charged or will charge with; but even your chirping won’t help them to their ends. No, no, sirs; it was only the Philistines that succumbed, in the long run, to the jaw of an ass. We are the true believers, and we must succeed——

TICKLER.

If we choose?

HALL.

Whether we choose or no. As my friend Bonaparte used to say, “Quod scriptum, scriptum.” When I was in Holland, during the peace of Amiens, there came a horrible roar of surge and billow and howling Boreas one evening, so horrible that the worthy Dutchers of the place were inclined to give all up, and in fact many of them sent wife and bairns, goods and plenishing a-packing God knows how far into the interior, never doubting, in short, that the dyke must give way, and their whole town be swamped into annihilation. Next morning, however, the sun rose clear and bright, and

when I among others took courage to go down and examine the site of the anticipated breach, we found the concern stronger a million times than all the labour of half-a-dozen plodding centuries had ever been able to make it—By Jupiter!

NORTH.

By Neptune, if you please.

HALL.

Yes, *μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶνα*—The raging ocean, in fact, had hurled before him such a mass of sturdy solid stuff, that every heave it gave only added a new line of bulwark to the deserted barrier of trembling Mynheer, who, in consequence of that fortunate hurricane, has ever since rejoiced in a circumvallation that would defy a deluge. That's the way to look at things. Depend on't, this brutal Bill, whatever the designs of its framers, and the fears of its enemies, will turn out our breakwater after all.

NORTH.

I back your Nic Frog against Mother Partington.

TICKLER.

I have no objection to back Basil Hall against Sydney Smith, as to the article of apt illustration, any day in the prophetic week—which, you know, consists of seventy years. But wit and argument are both out of date *now*; and as to this beastly business—

HALL.

*Nil desperandum de Republicâ!*

NORTH.

Why, *we* never doubted it would come to a Republic.

HALL.

Pooh! and if it does, what's the harm? 'Twon't last five summers, man. Heavens! what a day will be the Restoration!

NORTH.

Why, old Urquhart, super-exquisite Rabelaisian Sir Thomas, the quaint descendant of *Ουρίχαρος* King of Thessaly, lawful representative, in the three hundred and thirteenth generation, of Japhet Emperor of Europe, and *facile princeps* of all translators that ever Europe nurtured, except only Sotheby—that dear old worthy royalist who domesticated Panurge among us, on hearing of rascal Monk's message to Breda, as he was sitting over a black mutton-chop and a thimbleful of Cape Madeira in a dining parlour sunk seven feet odd inches beneath the level of Fleetditch—ordered in a whole bottle of the best Port the beggarly place could afford—tossed it off in an ecstasy of two rummers, and died on the spot of sheer joy;—a touching termination of a queerly mixed life! Perhaps you, dear Basil, may live to treat yourself to a basin of prime gunpowder, after several weary winters of saloop, on being certiorated that some future Buffer Jones, in anticipation

“Of a right honourable name  
To call his vixen by,”

has thought it meet, fit, and becoming to invite Queen Victoria from Herrenhausen—and may have the glory of an equally sublime though more sober exit from this visible diurnal sphere,—as we may well call an age of the world in which journals rule the roast over all things. Well, so be it! What came of the surviving Urquharts then? And what would be the fate ten years hence of those Tory champions, who, having nerves strung after the fashion of Timothy's or mine, were never meant to die either of grief for a revolution, or of joy for a restoration—tough, even-pulsed, whip-cord codgers, born to sit unmoved, whether among the crack of corks or of crowns? My dear fellow, the treatment of the Cavaliers will sit by-and-bye a deuced heavy lump on the spirits of the Tories. If good Sir Thomas had weathered Oporto, he must have gone back to the Cape. “Gratitude,” as Clarendon said, and lived to prove in his own person, “is a flower that seldom blossometh in the breast either of a Bourbon or a Stuart.” The time is like to come for shewing whether the Guelph soil be a more congenial one.

HALL.

I doubt the fact;—but all this is little to the purpose. I hope at least



we shall escape the reproach of having in any stage of the drama acted, or declined to act, from motives or dissuaves of the kidney you point to.

NORTH.

In one sense I admit what I was talking of is little to the purpose. You and I, Timotheus, may crack with commendable composure about what is likely to turn up in the land, after such a period as the Skipper probably looks to—you and I, my hearty, or any one else

“Cui *his* octavum trepidavit Ætas  
Claudere lustrum.”

But what say you to the case of the juvenals?—the rising chicks of the cause?—mine ancient favourite's stanch and able descendant, for example, or his historian, worthy to indite goodly matter of all Scottish Worthies? Would you table this pack at The Stove?—*viz.*

HALL.

I should like to have a good round swinging bet on your both being visible—Nestors as ye are—at the first drawing-room after the proclamation of George and Victoria—for I'm clear against allowing Hanover to part company.

NORTH.

I am more interested to hear your views about Ireland. That cable begins to creak in good earnest, however.

HALL.

Just as it ought to do. If you will read, as I have lately done, for the first time, I blush to say, Spenser's Dialogue, on what he calls at its outset “that rich unhappy island,” and so downwards through Temple, Swift, and the rest of them, to the Moores and Shiels of our own day, you will be thoroughly impressed with one great fact, namely, that Ireland has never yet been properly conquered—and another not less important—to wit, that the sooner she is so conquered the better; and then, I apprehend, you will agree with me that the main question is how to find or fix on the best time and pretence for beginning the real subjugation, and that that question is now likely to be settled in precisely the way most desirable for us Tories, —I mean by some horrid outbreak of the Catholics—consequent on the concession *by*, or *for*, the Protestants, of the last of the demands which they, the scamps, could possibly bring forward, *quâ* Catholics.

NORTH.

Halt, friend; I thought you had tipped us something like a speech in favour of the passing of the Duke's “Relief Bill?”

HALL.

*Peccavi.* There was still one little black drop of dirty Whig blood in my body, and it was then that it got squeezed out of me. I admit that *I* was quite in the wrong as to the view I then took of the working of his Grace's measure; and I have no doubt the glorious old fellow would say as much himself if he were here among us, which I am sure he would much enjoy being—but as to the measure itself, I maintain it was a most fortunate thing that it passed. But for that, we should never have known how the ship was to right again. What you call, and always called a blunder, and which no doubt was a blunder, *quoad* the persons that moved in it, was, nevertheless, in itself, the cleverest thing that could have been hit on for the safe and easy attainment of our ultimate objects. It was, in short, necessary to bring matters to a point. We had got both internally here in Britain, and more so still as to Ireland, and our whole system of Irish connexion, into a false state—but how *revocare gradum*? That was the difficulty—and this has solved it—evidently—quite evidently.

NORTH.

In short, the coachman had got on a wrong track, and when that sort of thing occurs, the best way is always to drive on *slick*, as your friends the Yankees say, till you near the precipice, and not to haul up even then, but go the whole hog, as the same classical vocabulary expresseth it, and make a clean Sam Patch job of it—at it, my tits, 'ware bolting—down you go; when once we're snug at the bottom, we can easily move round to the other extremity, and avoid accidents in future.

TICKLER.

Phaethon never sketched a shrewder programme.

HALL.

Why, I hope, after all, I am not among a conventicle of heathen infidels. Surely, people can't outlive the *sextum decimum lustrum*, or even (my own case, heigho!) the *octavum*, without being pretty well convinced that matters don't go on either for good or for evil in this world of ours, merely according as the human movers-apparent thereof happen to be dull or shrewd in their own personal guesses as to the working of this as yet untried thing, or that. I am not more satisfied of my own existence, than of the continual superintendence and efficacious control of Providence over all the springs and evolutions of the political system; and the creed you seem so well disposed to smile at, amounts, after all, to nothing more than a conscientious application to public affairs of the old maxim, "whatever is, is right"—a maxim for which I beg leave to claim quite as high a descent as the poet does for Γνωθὶ Σίαυτον.

TICKLER.

Hang it, are ye up to Greek too?

HALL.

Aye, aye, and I suppose I need not remind you that old Homer himself has left us the whole essence of Toryism compressed for eternal use, in three sounding hexameters, that might be printed on the rim of a half-penny.

TICKLER.

Repeat your credo.

HALL.

ἢ καὶ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανιῇ· Ἐἰς κοιρανὸς ἔγω·  
Ἐἰς Βασιλεὺς—ὃ ἔδωκε Κρονὸς παῖς ἀγκολυμνῆτι  
Σκηπτρον τ' ἠδὲ Θεικτὰς ἵνα σφίσιν ἐμβασιλευῇ.

MULLION.

A right dulcet triplet for the ear of Mein Metternich.

TICKLER.

Well, and I for one am by no means ashamed to confess, that I feel myself waxing more and more Austrian, every winter of our discontent that rolls over my bald pate.

NORTH.

Come, Captain—I'm a country gentleman—translate.

HALL.

In the absence of Sotheby, here goes:

Whene'er the Whig impostors have their swing,  
They rob the People, and oppress the King;  
But King and People soon detect their jobs,  
And pluck the plunder from their bursting fobs;  
Scorn rises in an universal shout,  
And sees them trundled to the right about.

NORTH.

Very good doctrine—Thanks!

MULLION.

Perhaps the Captain could favour us with a Hebrew edition also.

HALL.

To be sure. Do you think a right-minded officer would ever have the brass to preach a sermon, even in The Ship-Church, without having made himself a bit of a dab in both of the original tongues? Tell that to the Marines!—

לֹא-תסוד מצליח אולתאס-תכתוש את-האויל בסכתש בתוך הדיפות  
בצלי

NORTH.

You must review my friend Wrangham's edition of Walton's Prolegomena for my next Double Number.



HALL.

I wonder you have the face to talk to me of reviewing. Why, you have never yet had a single article on my *Fragments*—and here, I think, is the fifteenth or so on Sotheby's *Homer*.

NORTH.

A great work, sir, a solid addition to English literature. Tickler, I know, calls it merely bad Pope, but he's no more fit to appreciate such a writer, than I am to criticize yours, Captain.

TICKLER.

Smoke the Editor! Come Basileutate Basil, if you want your autobiography to be recorded in *Maga*, you must e'en pocket humbug, and do the job yourself. That, after all, is generally much the most satisfactory plan—and I'm sure if I were so far left to myself as to turn bookmaker, I should never dream of any other. Stick to the old Spanish adage, and never ask another man to do for you that which you can do for yourself.

HALL.

But what if the thing spunks out?

MULLION.

Laugh, of course, and there's an end; but he's a green hand who ever does let any thing of the kind spunk out. Here's Mr Tickler now, I warrant you he has not allowed a single line of his autograph to appear in any printing-office since the beginning of this century; and indeed, if I were worth anybody's detecting or suspecting, I believe I should follow his example. See what an ugly scrape Brougham has just got into, in consequence of the MS. of his infamous critique on the *Hours of Idleness* casting up in some d—d corner of one of old Willison's drawers, after the lapse of four-and-twenty years!

HALL.

Why, I doubt if the Chancellor would have given three coppers to avoid the grand discovery. What, after all, does it signify? Who was to detect a future Nelson of Song in these Middy mumblings about Pollys and Lucys, and Cambridge Choristers, and Sympathetic Oaklings?—Stuff. The review does Brougham credit. It was the making of Byron.

NORTH.

Upon the same principle that the Reform Bill is to be the making of the Tories.

HALL.

Exactly. Neither the poet nor the party wanted any thing in this world but to be put upon their mettle. You'll see what you'll see by-and-bye. No more "*Hours of Idleness*," I promise you; no more weak imitations of false models; but sturdy self-reliance—real substantial spleen and venom—indefatigable thoroughgoing industry—an universal uproar of applause—and Brougham himself only too happy to lift his trumpet in the van of our triumph.

TICKLER.

In the meantime, we certainly seem to have set out on a pretty considerable pilgrimage from the regions of Downing Street. We sha'n't shew our noses there again for some while, I opine.

HALL.

I hope in God not. We had been much too long in office, and have picked up, I must own, not a few scurvy tricks and propensities, which must be got rid of effectually, before we have any chance of re-appearing to real advantage in that part of the world.

NORTH.

Come, I'm glad to hear these little admissions, however. I can remember the day when honest *Maga* was in rather baddish odour up stairs, for being the only one of all the Wise Virgins that ventured to whisper any thing of this sort. *We* were all along against the whiggification of the Tory System; whereas—but what were you saying only this blessed minute? I thought your theory was, that we had never done any thing but what was exactly right and proper in the circumstances.

HALL.

Not at all. I admit a thousand sins, and, what's worse, blunders—which

must be repented of and atoned for, no doubt about that. What I asserted was, that we had done just what we ought to have done throughout that particular stage of the affair that refers to this Reform Question—ever, in short, since we were turned out in the end of 1830, by that brutal combination between your Ultra-Tories,—God forgive ye!—and the Whigs. O, ye old sinners, do you think I've forgot your trumpeting of Grey and Brougham just before that epoch—your constant sneering at Peel, and your savage abuse of the immortal Duke himself?

NORTH.

Not being a prophet, which I freely confess your Quarterly article on Charles X. and Polignac has proved you to be, Captain Hall, how could I judge of people except from what they said or did about that time? Had we not good reason for it, if in sorrow and sadness we did say of the Duke and Peel what the fellows that were greediest to lick their spittle *then*, are saying loud enough and bitterly enough *now*? and, on the other hand, hadn't we heard this dirty griping body Grey bellowing in the House of Lords, in apparently the most genuine tone of Toryism, on the subjects of the Currency and Free Trade, and I know not how many more of the Whig Conundrums? and hadn't we seen Brougham himself, as Cobbett elegantly expressed it, sticking his knees in Canning's back, lending all his gigantic energies to the support of a government, the very first acts of which were to throw the Papist Question overboard, denounce all plans of Parliamentary Reform whatever as pernicious humbug, and form a strict alliance with a whole legion of the cidevant most obstreperous Whigs, on the express condition of their putting all their Whiggery into one breeches pocket, and a decent *quantulum* of place and pension into the other? How could a mere mortal observer pretend to doubt that these folks were likely to be at least as sound and constitutional ministers of the crown, as those soi-disant *Tories*, who had for a series of sessions done little but outrage in every way then thought possible, every feeling and principle dear to the great Tory heart of Old England?

HALL.

Well, I'm sorry I touched that string. At all events, the people you blame have seen the errors of their former ways now, and the Tory party in Parliament and in the country have once more rallied in hearty union round the only efficient chiefs the times afford us.

TICKLER.

That's exactly the thing, I doubt. During a certain recent, not unimportant handful of days, when *Who's to be in?* *Who out?* was once more the question on every lip, I fancied I could perceive ugly symptoms of the old sores being very very likely to break out again, in case a certain bold throwster had swept the pool. Indeed, the more I reflect on all that happened then, the more am I satisfied that there is at this moment no real, hearty, sincere union among the Dons of the different parliamentary Cliques of Toryism. How do you account for the non-appearance of Peel, or any of his coterie, at the Pitt dinner?

HALL.

Peel had not been to any Pitt dinner since 1829, and did not, I suppose, choose to run the risk of being supposed to have staid away on grounds of mere temporary convenience.

TICKLER.

Temporary fiddlestick! If he had gone there, and made one stout Protestant speech, confessing past mistakes, and promising stanchness in all time coming, 'tis my belief, the real fellows would almost have cracked the roof over him with their cheers. 'Twas an opportunity lost, and the like mayn't turn up in a hurry again for Peel.

HALL.

It was a glorious scene. I wish you, North, had been there, it would have warmed your heart for six months. Though I stuck all the evening to toast-and-water, I confess I felt as if I had swallowed a vat of champagne.

TICKLER.

Shall I tell you exactly what I suspect to have been the *dessous des*



*curtes*? You fine folks about St James's parish may think and whisper what you please, but the simple, and to me the consolatory truth is, that the gentry you smile at as the Ultras, have more sterling solid power with the mass of Tory population throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies, Dominions, and Dependencies thereunto pertaining—aye about a thousand times more power than the big wigs you speak of as the only efficient chiefs the times afford us. I may be mistaken, but it is my firm belief, that if Sir Robert Peel were to plant himself in one corner of any given county to-morrow, and Sir Richard Vyvyan or Sir Robert Inglis in another, and each cry, *hoop, halloo!* for one pretty man that would rally round the Ex-secretary, five hundred with broader shoulders, though not perhaps so well-polished boots, would swell *πυρ ἀμφι* THE Protestant. In other words, the Parliamentary Chieftainship has unfortunately been dissevered from the popular. There was but one principle, broad and deep, to which Tories could appeal as a counterpoise—and more than that—to all the mob-flattering nonsenses habitually in these latter days promulgated from the Cathedra of Whiggism. Down to 1829, the real Parliamentary Captains of our array leant surely and firmly upon this gallant spear, and none could shake their steps—they then, in evil hour, snapped and spurned it, and took to a reed which presently pierced their sides. A considerable section of the host followed their error and their fortunes; but the allegiance, the true, hearty, soul-felt faith of the party at large, was at once transferred to other hitherto less distinguished persons. By-and-bye, the party itself was reduced to such a situation, that every one saw nothing could give it even a chance of salvation, except a general recognition, once again, of some compact knot of leaders; and I, for one, entertained considerable hopes, that at the earliest opportunity steps would be taken to present the country with such a band, composed, in just and equal proportion, of men belonging to the two unfortunately dissevered sets—the Ex-ministerial "*Waverers*" of 1829, and the unflinching champions of Protestantism of the same epoch. But what was the upshot? At the very first crisis that occurred in which it might have been possible to hold forth this saving banner of concord, at the first moment when the Ex-ministers seemed to have it in their power once more to arrange a Cabinet, among fifty various whisperings about who was and who was not to have a place in the said Cabinet, it so happened, that nobody ever appeared even to dream that a fair share was to be tendered to the Tories Proper.

## NORTH.

Why, I doubt if even one of all their gallant array, with the exception of a lawyer, whose professional position made his a distinct case, was ever seriously talked of for cabinet-office on that occasion.

## TICKLER.

No, sir, no,—not even within the walls of the Carlton Club-house, an institution then about three weeks old, and which had claimed, at starting, the support and adhesion of the *Party*, on the express footing that thenceforth there was to be an end of all *Clique*-rendezvouses whatsoever.

## HALL.

I believe you were in London at the time. I was not, and therefore can't speak with certainty as to some of these matters. But surely, surely, you never fancied it possible that an efficient government could be formed mainly of the Ultras? I know, esteem, and even admire some of them—but I can't suppose any one of themselves ever to have entertained an idea so extravagant.

## TICKLER.

I know several of them pretty well, and esteem them deeply, and admire the talents of some almost as highly as I do the principles that hold them together; but it never, most assuredly, entered my noddle to conceive that they could make the real working pith of an administration. They could as soon fly. But no more could the others do without them than—they by themselves; and my complaint is, that one heard of no sort of attempt towards some decent amalgamation of the two, singly powerless, but, if united, invincible elements.

NORTH.

In short, you think out of a dozen cabinet places, the half, or nearly so, ought, in order to give us any chance, to have been tendered, *in limine*, to our friends of the Oxford Blues?

TICKLER.

That's it. No doing without it.

MULLION.

*Rem acu tetigisti.* But what signifies dwelling on this one little feature of the case? It has been, from beginning to end, a series of miserable blunders. The Captain himself gives up the real points when he limits his defence to the affairs of the last two years.

TICKLER.

'Tis the last drop that makes the cup run over; and few are accustomed to look further. The truth is, that from the hour of Lord Londonderry's death the doom of our party was sealed for our time. The division between the Wellingtons and the Cannings began from the moment when my brilliant friend took his place in the Cabinet of 1822. That division it was which rendered the Duke's government weak, *ab initio*; and if there ever had been a chance of its being got over, the absurd, idle, ridiculous quarrel with Huskisson riveted *that* mischief. The Duke's sense of weakness, separated as he was from the Canningites, ought to have made him throw himself with the most open cordiality on the Protestants; on the contrary, he followed poor Canning's own fatal example, and strove to invigorate himself by tampering with Whig measures first, and afterwards with Whig men. He thus contrived to lose his hold of the only party whom he ever in prudence ought to have trusted; while another small, but then influential, detachment regarded him every day with growing personal fierceness of dislike; and, meantime, the gross mass of enemies in principle laughed at the notion of their being disarmed either by his borrowing half-leaves (all *Errata*) from their book, or bribing over a few subalterns from their ranks. The Whigs lay by for a promising opportunity of an assault-general, and at the moment when that opened on them, they found also the means to mask it by a side attack, in which those who, though not the Duke's friends, ought to have been their most resolute enemies, were so infatuated as to lend them a hand. Down went the Duke, and up came Whiggery in all its glory.

NORTH.

The consequences ought to have reconsolidated every shaken link on the other side; and I was in hopes such had been the case—now at least. But Timothy, it appears, has his reasons for considering the old rent as even at this hour only slurred over with filigree. If it be so, more's the pity.

TICKLER.

If it be so? Why, you have not yet said a syllable of one wee bit chink, that, unless I be sorely mistaken, has as much to answer for as to the last of our tribulations as any that yawns in all men's view.

HALL.

What may this be? Do you allude to Lady —?

TICKLER.

Not I; petticoats be hang'd. I allude to a not-uncommon suspicion, in which I am sorry to tell you I have for some time partaken, that there is a crack within a crack, and that while the Ex-ministers are far enough from having really reconciled themselves to the Ultras, they are not even completely at one *inter se*. In short, I fear there is but too much ground for questioning the solidity of the tie that seems to unite his Grace of Wellington and the Right Honourable of Tamworth.

HALL.

What a chimera! (begging your pardon.) How could any jealousy spring up between too such persons so situated with regard to each other, their party, their country, the world? *Credat Judæus!*

TICKLER.

I have hardly the honour of being personally acquainted either with the



Duke or Sir Robert Peel—perhaps they are the only two very eminent men of my own times with whom I have never happened to find myself at the same round dinner-table—but that, among other consequences of provincial life, must be put up withal. My notions of them can, therefore, have been formed from little better than the usual sources of information patent to all the lieges—and they will, of course, pass for what notions so formed may be worth. It is, however, an opinion I have long ago taken up, that when a really able, and active, and self-relying peer happens to be Prime Minister of this country, it is next to impossible that he should not presently begin to regard with no very friendly eye that Cabinet-colleague who has the lead of the House of Commons. Among the many heavy blows that, partly with, and partly without design, Mr Pitt inflicted, during his long career, on the aristocracy, not the least important was that which resulted, perhaps unavoidably, from the mere circumstance of the length of his sway supreme,—I mean the fact that, during his day, a generation had sprung up to whom the very idea of any but a Commoner being Premier, seemed a something which *abolevit ætas*. The chief business of the State had occasionally, before his reign, been transacted in the Lower House during limited periods, but his almost lifelong tenure of office accustomed the public generally to think of that as the natural, the fit, in fact, the only fit place for it to be dealt with *pro virili*. The unfortunate notion has never since been seriously shaken, and every member of the House of Lords who has, in the intervening period, tried the thing, has found himself sorely hampered accordingly. In all such cases the Premier has found himself somewhat in a false position. But the embarrassments that must have surrounded the Duke of Wellington, probably far surpassed those that any of his noble predecessors within the last century had had to encounter.

HALL.

Very well ; and you'll allow him nerves proportionate, I calculate ?

TICKLER.

Sans doute—nobody questions the glorious Duke's nerves—*triplex illi circum corda robur* ! But observe the absolute novelty of his case. He was the first English Prime Minister, perhaps, since the Duke of Newcastle, that could not speak.

HALL.

Not speak ! Why, I once heard Lord Brougham himself characterise one of his Grace's speeches in the House of Lords as *sublime*.

TICKLER.

I am glad to hear that, or any thing else, to Lord Brougham's credit ; but I certainly never heard of it before. Let me guess—could it have been a personal explanation ?

HALL.

Hum—yes—I believe you have guessed right enough there.

NORTH.

Nobody doubts that every great man must occasionally be eloquent.

TICKLER

No—no—nobody. Strong feelings of assaulted honour, or outraged pride, can, I doubt not, stir a Wellington for a few seconds into a Demosthenes ; and I can easily believe that he may have flung out, on some great occasion, in which his heart, more than his head, was concerned, a score or so of sentences worthy of being written in gold. But what signifies all this, if a man be under ordinary circumstances a dry, cold, hesitating, manc, abrupt, confused mouthpiece of his own government ? When I talked of *speaking*, I did not allude to any thing so lofty as bursts of passion, which in a man like Wellington, high fed with thirty years of universal applause and veneration, a personal explanation is most likely to consist of. For the jargon rhetorical round-round-roundabout of a popular assembly, depend upon it, he was never born ; and I am apt to conceive, (for I say nothing positively,) that the conscious want of a qualification which he probably in his heart despised, and despises, and ever will despise, may have had no trivial share—not only in the quarrel which we now know to have sprung

up almost at the outset between the Duke and Canning as co-members of Lord Liverpool's cabinet—but eke, if it does exist, which our friend in the cloth shoes seems to persist in doubting, in that quieter grudge which I have fancied I could smell out between him and the *ore-rotundo-est* of the moderns.

HALL.

Well, I wonder to hear you ascribe sentiments of so petty a cast to minds of such calibre.

TICKLER.

My dear Basil, this is an age of vigorous intellects, but not of great minds.

HALL.

I have come in contact with some such, however. I have breakfasted with Bolivar—I have lunched with Napoleon—I have dined with Wellington—and now, blessed be the stars above, here am I drinking tea with North and Tickler.

NORTH.

*By* them, with your leave.

HALL.

Oho! This is bringing us back to the old controversy again.

NORTH.

Under favour, I am entirely in order. The concern we have been chattering over during our last bowl, and your six last basins, resolves itself into a mere *umbra* of the much more interesting one we started with.

HALL.

I don't take you, for once.

TICKLER.

What Kit means is, that both the Duke and Peel are of your own d——d heretical sect of the Hydorites. From all I have ever heard, it is, I am sorry to say, extremely doubtful to me, whether any Prime Minister of this country, as Prime Minister, has been on any one occasion gloriously drunk, since the exit of William Pitt.

MULLION.

Tell it not in Gath. Did you not observe what the Standard said the other day against the sin of traducing one's party?

TICKLER.

And when did I ever do any thing else but extol them to the seventh heaven, in black and white? But is a man never to spirt out a single mouthful of the raw *truth*, even *viva voce* under the impenetrable sanctity of one's own roof-tree? Mr Secretary Mullion, the chain is on the door, and not a bonnie lassie in the village has the slightest suspicion but that I am at this moment

“Wasting what poets call the midnight taper,”  
over Hume or Du Bos.

NORTH.

All right that. But, Captain Hall, though our friend is fond of putting things in a broad, and therefore sometimes peradventure in a coarse light, I suspect you must allow there is some homely truth at the bottom of what called out my worthy secretary's admonitory reclamation. Is it, or is it not, a fact, that the days of what is vulgarly called good fellowship, were, after all, more favourable to the maintenance of lively, lovely brotherhood of feeling among politicians, than this new dandyfied era of milksoppism? Come now, speak honestly, could any of the worst misfortunes of late years have befallen our party, had our chiefs been real hearty bowsing lads of the old three-bottle school?

TICKLER (*sings.*)

Vixi regulis majorum,  
Dicens jocum, miscens jorum.  
In pistrinis, in popinis,  
In coquinis, in culinis,



Huc et illuc, istic, ibi,  
Empsi potus plus quam cibi.  
Huc et illuc, &c.

Puer, senex, mundum totum  
Tanti esse quanti potum  
Semper duxi: malletm mori  
Quam vitare vitam Tori;  
Sobrius est jungendus agno,  
Ebrius Alexandro Magno.

Sobrius est, &c.

Mores *hic* mutantur nondum,  
Hodie idem sum qui quondam;  
Haurio mixtum, haurio merum,  
Neque Whiggior sum quam eram—  
Plenus mixto, plenus mero,  
Qualis nunc sepultus ero!  
Plenus mixto, &c.

MULLION.

The archdeacon never jingled more charmingly!

HALL.

I yield—I yield—give me a bumper! The Immortal Memory of William Pitt!!! (*Three times three.*)

NORTH.

That's a good lad at last.

MULLION.

O that we could make similar converts in the high places!

TICKLER.

Utinam! Oh, sirs, if—when Wellington and Peel really made up their minds to pass the Catholic Bill, which we now know they had done months and months before any body but themselves suspected it—they had, in place of locking up the secret, and allowing all their best friends to go down into the country in utter ignorance of what was intended, there to commit themselves to their allies and constituents by a thousand new speeches and pledges—if, instead of this, they had, the moment the resolution was taken, called together some twelve or twenty good fellows I could name, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Charles Wetherell, and Lord Winchilsea among the rest, and, after a capital dinner, say at the Ship at Greenwich, or the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill, and a few rounds of the blackstrap, one or other of the two had risen, and in a short, plain, unvarnished oration, told the company that the thing *must* be done, and *why*—or—or else they must give up the government; that to attempt to carry such a measure without the conscientious, however sorrowful concurrence, and the sincere and hearty united countenance and support of *them*, and such as *them*, would be alike irreconcilable to their personal feelings as fatal to the party; and, in short, that it rested entirely with the worthy computators either to assist the cabinet *totis viribus*, or to speak the word, and see it break up on the instant. If this had been done, who can well doubt, after what has since occurred, that the Duke and Sir Robert would have received the support they asked, and, strong in that support, been able to pass their measure in some much less offensive form than it ultimately assumed? I do not, for one.

NORTH.

Why, if such a dinner had been to take place, I myself should no doubt have been invited to be present, and I think I can safely say that my voice would have been theirs, *absque morâ*.

TICKLER.

To be sure, it would—But, granting the aid requested had been refused, and the Government had on that account gone out, what would then have been the result? Who doubts that, with the great Tory party heartily united on the Opposition benches, the Whigs, coming in under such circum-

stances, would have been well content to yield conditions such as might have rendered *their* bill comparatively a safe one; or that, *their* said bill once carried, and the confidence of the Tory union remaining undisturbed, they must, very speedily after doing the deed, have retired once more, and been replaced by a Tory cabinet, capable of holding its ground for perhaps an indefinite period?

HALL.

The thing might have had a great effect—I admit all that.

MULLION.

Effect! I'd lay Charlotte Square to the Cowgate that every thing would have gone smooth, *Falerni exigui jactu!*

TICKLER.

And now, again, on this late almost as melancholy occasion, suppose, in place of three or four days of stealthy messages, and timid roundabout whisperings, and catlike pokings and purrings in the dark, the Duke, immediately on receiving His Majesty's commands from Lord Lyndhurst, had convened the chief men of all the different Tory sections over a friendly board,—say, in that grand dining-room of his own, that has Canova's statue of Napoleon over the sideboard—and put it to them, *inter pocula*, to consider the actual circumstances of the King's case and the country's, and decide, *they*, the Tory party at large, not *he*, nor his own particular section of adherents, what ought to be done—had such a frank course been adopted even then, can any body question that, while no evil could possibly have come of it, a very great deal of substantial good might?

HALL.

Why, the King was so committed that I don't see, really, how any good could have come of any course of procedure that might have been substituted for that which the Duke adopted.

NORTH.

Begging your pardon—had the Duke of Wellington been in a situation to announce to the King, not his own views, but those of the assembled representatives of one of the great parties in the state, I can, after all, though without going Tickler's lengths, easily fancy that even the King's position might have been essentially altered and improved.

MULLION.

Yes—certainly; you are quite right, Mr North—

TICKLER.

As it appears to me, the course, under such circumstances, would have been a short and a plain one. Having ascertained to what extent the Sovereign had really pledged himself, the Tories must have seen that there remained only two lines to choose between. They might have spoken to his Majesty in a tone such as no individual, however exalted, nor even any mere clique or section of individuals, however distinguished, could have been expected to assume, or perhaps justifiable in assuming. They might with perfect propriety have said to the King—"Your Majesty is in a sad scrape; we are most deeply afflicted to find that it is so; but there can be no doubt that, acting from the best of motives, but through a real misapprehension of what your constitutional duty demanded, you have permitted these mad or malignant Ministers of yours to use your name and authority in a manner most injurious to the interests not only of your royal person, but of the house of which you are the head, and the country of which you are the anointed chief and sworn guardian. We find this abuse of your name has been apparently so sanctioned and enforced by some of your own words, and even actions, that to convince the nation, by any ordinary means, that it has been *an abuse* at all, is now hopeless. What, then, is to be done? Is your Majesty prepared to adopt the only course by which it is, in our solemn opinion, possible *yet* to arrest the tide of popular delusion, and put a bar to the progress of what, calling itself Reform, is, or at least must inevitably and speedily lead to, Revolution? Is the Monarch prepared to sacrifice himself, in order that he may yet save the Monarchy? Your Majesty well remembers that when a measure less dangerous than the present was urged on the high-spirited Prince, whose



blood flows in your veins, he answered in these words, *I will go to Hanover first!*"

HALL.

I suspect there would have been something cousin-german to misprision of treason in such a suggestion.

NORTH.

Perhaps there would—but what if substantial high-treason, not only against the individual *King*, but the hereditary *Crown*, were conscientiously felt to be involved in advising his Majesty to adopt the only alternative at this time within his power?

MULLION.

You have him there, Mr North!

TICKLER.

And, after all, is it not clear—est ce qu'il ne saute aux yeux—that his Majesty would have run very little risk of any sort, by taking his stand on old George's dictum? Why, 'tis my opinion that a confession of error so gallantly, so heroically put forth—tabled in a form so unimpeachably and admirably sincere, noble, unselfish, and patriotic, would have had the effect of rallying the whole nation round William IV., personally, in a style never equalled in the history of the last three centuries.

NORTH.

Not a doubt of it. If he had gone to Hanover he would have been called back by acclamation within a fortnight.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes—but even granting that had not happened, where was the wonderful sacrifice to be encountered? I know Hanover well, and a right pleasant place it is. Ample are the halls of Herrenhausen, and grand are the ancestral woods of the Hartzgebirgen! As Wordsworth singeth,

“Fair scenes for childhood's careless days—  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
For age to wear away in.”

Come, fill the glasses, Mordecai.

MULLION.

Obey the tinkle of the Devil-dreadless long shaft—(*Sings.*)

“O send Lewie Gordon hame,  
And the lad I darena name;  
Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.  
*Hey hone! my honest man,  
My firm, heroic, honest man,  
Weel wad I my true King ken  
Amang ten thousand modern men!*

“O to see his face again,  
Back restored to lawful reign—  
A freeman worthy of the free—  
That's the lad we'd a' gang wi'.  
*Hey hone, &c.*

“O to see this princely one,  
Safe re-seated on his throne!—  
Then a' our Whigs wad disappear,  
And Tories hail the jubilee year!  
*Hey hone,” &c.*

HALL.

Very well sung—but our host's notion never occurred, I venture to say, to any human mortal but himself. However, my good fellow, what if your

assembled Tories had *not* felt themselves entitled or inclined to offer any such precious advice as you have been suggesting?

TICKLER.

Why, if they had not done so, sir, it must have been—I conceive we may take that for granted—only because of their feeling that even compliance with advice of that antique cut could no longer arrest the flood of mischief—in short, that even if the King went out, the Bill must go down.

HALL.

Well, what then?

TICKLER.

What then?—Why, the Tory party in both Houses of Parliament should have openly declared their feeling that such was the case—allowed the Government, without further ado, to carry the Bill *in statu quo*—and, in short, seceding for a time *in a body*, left the unmixed responsibility on the Ministers, and avoided needless delay, vexatious to a large proportion of their fellow-subjects—to say nothing of a bundle of Londonderryisms and Ellenboroughisms, offensive to all the world.

HALL.

I don't see that what has been done leaves the case much different. The secession, such as it was, has been sufficient to let the whole Bill pass, nay, to pass with some rather democratical additions, and the creation of Peers has been avoided—quite as well as it could have been by your tactics.

NORTH.

I set much store by that feature of the case! The creation has been avoided.

TICKLER.

The idea of such a thing has been thoroughly familiarized to us all; and no man can doubt that it will be reduced to practice, *sans phrase*, if the existing peers should ever again pluck up courage enough to place themselves in the way of the Tyrant-Demagogues—which I don't believe they ever will do—not I.

HALL.

A fig for such wire-drawing! They will rally again—and that right early—on some occasion when more support from without may be looked for. At all events, here they are as yet intact, and we ought to *hope*. “As I said in my synod sermon,” *Cheerfulness is a duty*.

TICKLER.

Intact! I had much rather have seen their dignity openly violated *brevi manu*, than giving way to a mixture of threat and bribe.—I say *bribe*—for the importance they have at least *seemed* to attach to the mere preservation (*pro tempore*, too) of the outward gauds of their order, when they felt and knew that its authority was set at nought, but too well, I fear, entitles me to use a mean word on a melancholy occasion. Much better for them would it have been, that a hundred blackguards should have been forced among them, than that they should have, by conceding all that was really wanted, made themselves parties to the perpetration of the crime. As some Roman says, *RAPTU INFELICIUS STUPRUM!*

NORTH.

The intruders would have received forthwith some sticking soubriquet. They would have been felt by themselves, as well as by the rest of the community, to form a class apart.

TICKLER.

To be sure—they would, in case of the public mind coming right by-and-bye, have been found drawn up by themselves in their own dirty corner, ready-made victims for a new Schedule A—and there an end of *them!*

MULLION (*sings*.)

Schedule A!—Schedule A!—

Spite of Althorp and Grey,

We shall hear of thee, darling, this many a day!

Neither Boroughs nor Peers

Will take edge from thy shears—

Which must clip yet some selvages richer than they.



If the fact be so clear,  
That 'tis insolence sheer,  
When the Peers with Elections at all interfere—  
Is't not plain as a pike,  
Riper Reason must strike  
At the Midwife-Election—whose product's a Peer?

*Then*, what prop shall we bring  
For so monstrous a thing  
As a peerless, and, maybe, unpopular, King?  
Schedule A!—Schedule A!—  
'Tis not once and away;  
I feel certain, *dear* Schedule, you'll sweep all the ring.

When you've done with the Blacks—  
And the Tithes—and the tax  
That vile corn-growers piled on poor corn-eaters' backs—  
Where, I ask, are the *rents*  
Of the Pittish per cents?  
Shall Cornhill be more safe than Mark-Lane or Almack's?

Borough, Peerage, and Crown,  
Each, we see, must go down,  
As they chance to encounter the Scheduler frown;  
And, for certain, sweet Jews,  
You may shake in your shoes,  
Since the Adjective is but the beard of the Noun.

HALL.

Capital! Why, we must have you up to town in the Spring. You come nearer to Theodore than anybody I have met with in the line.

NORTH.

Don't seduce Mordecai.—He's an useful lad; you would only spoil him, Timothy, the bowl's as dry as Macculloch.

TICKLER.

'Tis now high time for a flask of champagne. Mullion, you'll find him up to his chin in ice behind that large paper copy of the last volume of *Lodge*. Untwist the wire, like a hero, and set about another *creation*.

MULLION.

To hear is to obey! (*fit.*) Well, there's no denying that a caulker of Aix makes a prettyish parenthesis, here and there, in a Clarendonian three-page-sentence-paragraph of the Broth. Now, taste that.

HALL.

Excellent!—well, almost thou persuadest me!—I begin to think it very possible that a more liberal infusion of the old-fashioned principle of jollity might really have had a considerable effect in soothing and sweetening the inevitable asperities of conflicting and rival interests and ambitions in the upper sphere of life. John Bull, after all, is none the worse for his grog any more than his prodigal son, poor Jack.

MULLION.

I thought in your last series you had spun a yarn to the praise and glory of the Cocoa-system.

HALL.

Wait till Easter, and you shall have a hearty palinode.

NORTH.

That's right—and pray don't forget to give us a chapter on Sea-songs—I mean the real homespun staves—none of your Dibdinisms about "sweet little cherubs that sit up aloft," and such Cockney flams—but the true, original outgushings of the warm heart that beats beneath the pea.

HALL.

I shall take a note of your suggestion. Depend on't, the whole of my next *livraison* shall be redolent of the spirit.

TICKLER.

Do you recollect, North, a conversation on subjects something akin to what we have been handling, that occurred one of the evenings that you and I dined with George the Fourth (God rest him!) at Dalkeith?—heigho! much about ten years ago, I think!

NORTH.

I never heard his Majesty more entertaining—you allude, of course, to his dissertation on the decline of British loyalty, which he was inclined to attribute in the main to the long series of non-convivial reigns between Charles the Second's time and his own. Faith, it was a rare scene of royal high-jinks, to be sure. Honest David Stewart of Garth was present, if you remember.—Gads! how he snorted with glee—and then the Laird o' Cockpen, and the closing threesome reel of those hairy madmen in the fillibegs!

TICKLER.

Glengarry was great—Lord Huntly sublime—indeed, almost every body shone in some way or other; but the King himself certainly played the first fiddle. He was charming that night—I never remember to have seen him more so—and came out, *inter alia*, as the very Horace Walpole of the secret antiquities and private history of royal wine-bibbery.

NORTH.

Ay, and a sound, shrewd theory of his own, too, which he expounded, and, to dear Garth's mind, established.

HALL.

Let 's have it.

NORTH.

Speak, Tickler—I've just lighted my cigar.

TICKLER.

Why, he said the Revolution of 1688 was chiefly owing to the abstemious habits of James the Second, which gradually drew him out of the sympathies of the High Church party; and shewed, I think, very clearly, that the monarchical principle was never at all re-invigorated among us, until the ultra-jovial propensities of Sir Robert Walpole came to the support of it, wavering and waning as it had been through the unsocial period of William III., who only snoozed over a nipperkin of Schiedam with a few Dutch favourites, and the still weaker one of Anne, who, though well disposed to the bottle, could only, being a queen, indulge alone, and being a woman, of course, in cherry-bounce. George I., as his descendant admitted, was a heavy boor, who had no idea of the refined and humanizing luxuries of a festive board, but merely swilled occasionally a quart of black mum, with the brute eagerness of a thirsty horse over a pail of ditch water. His son was not only as dry a bear as himself, but a petulant prig to boot, and must have upset every thing, had not his Prime Minister been the man he was. Then passing on to the beginning of his own father's reign, his Majesty explained how clearly the American affair must have been quite fatal, but for the intensely convivial predilections and potatory prowess of bland Lord North; and again, how the Constitution was preserved amidst all the hurricane fury of the first French Revolution, simply through the never-sufficiently to be extolled Bacchanalianism of Billy Pitt and Harry Dundas, and their principal assistants in the good work. Lord Sidmouth's love of port carried us over the dismal epoch of Pitt's retirement at the peace of Amiens, and then the great man came back to Downing Street, like a giant refreshed, to push the decanter with a triumphant hand down to the last moment of his invaluable career. His Majesty freely admitted that he himself was not at all sensible to these great truths, until his eyes were opened by the results, in Parliament, of the thin potations patronised by that smart little body, Perceval, and after him by good solemn Lord Liverpool—a state of things which, as he observed, must have been absolutely ruinous, had its influence not been counteracted by the contemporary carousings of Carlton-house. Thus, providentially, as it were, he said, whenever we had had a water-drinking King, we had been provided with a bowsy Premier; and *vice versâ*, when the Premier was a milksop, the Prince had rarely failed to be a jolly companion.



NORTH.

It was a luculent diatribe; and if a Bozzy had been present, would have much gratified posterity.

TICKLER.

He summed up, if you recollect, with some rather gloomy anticipations. My brother Frederick, he said, is a true fellow, but woe to England if a time shall ever come, when the tinkle of the crystal shall be a rare sound both in Windsor Castle and the right-hand corner of Downing Street! I can never forget the tone in which his Majesty spoke these words.

NORTH.

Peel was present, and, though he said nothing on the subject, I hoped at the time he would have laid them to heart.

MULLION.

From Mr Tickler's account of things up yonder, I suspect the lesson was nearly thrown away.

TICKLER.

Entirely. When at College, I have heard, he gave considerable promise, but from his first entrance on public life he began to fall off, and has not, it is currently said, been known to take his dose decently during several Parliaments past. And hence, I presume, the want of a hearty following among the younger hands. Indeed, they have, on many recent occasions, shewn strong symptoms of revolt, and there has been even open enough talk of electing some statesman more imbued with the ancient time-hallowed veneration for the worship of

“The barrel-strider, ivy-garlanded.”

NORTH.

What a pity! As for the Duke, he has been a two-glass-of-sherry man, I believe, ever since the battle of Assaye.

TICKLER.

Eheu! I fear it is but owre true a tale. And this sort of nonsense to be persisted in, in front of such a prince of merry after-dinner darlings as Brougham! *Quos Jupiter vult perdere!*—and then our present King, God bless him, seems to be by no means aware of the doctrine so ably enforced by his august predecessor! These grand “banquets” of half a hundred Christians at a time—mere mobs of Jockey Clubs, or Nulli Secundus Clubs, or Toy Clubs, or mixed messes of outlandish mountebanks, harnessed with cordons—these, sirs, are no substitutes for the snug little circles of five to eight, in which our late lamented Sovereign felt it his duty to delight. 'Tis a horrid business; and what darkens our prospects still more is the likelihood of a lady reign to succeed. Heavens! if a new race of Statesmen don't spring up, what have we before us!

NORTH.

I was much cheered by the amusement of this Carlton Club, the very name seemed to have been chosen with an eye to the drooping condition of post-prandial business; and I pleased myself with anticipating a long series of industrious, persevering, unflinching hilarities,—all the repentant chieftains of our host striving who should most zealously and successfully enforce the immortal resolution—

“If any pain or care remain,  
Let's drown it in the bowl.”

TICKLER.

Alas! even there we have had a disappointment. The thing's next door, I fear, to a failure. Once or twice I had the satisfaction to overhear, as I thumbed the Standard, or Albion, in the long corridor, the agreeable tenor of Wetherell warbling, “Ale, good ale! thou art my darling!” or Sadler's magnificent rich bass, rolling out “Sally in our Alley,” but with a few such exceptions, all ascribable to the innate, unconquerable rightmindedness of the Ultra Section, there was little to cheer my heart in that quarter.

NORTH.

I thought you seemed to insinuate that the younger hands generally were inclined to be orthodox.

TICKLER.

Yes, I believe they are; but they are sorely tied down, those of them that don't adhere out and out to the Episcopal purple, by the example of their seniors. There is, however, much to be hoped for; and I rejoice indeed to say so, among the juveniles. I am persuaded that such fellows as Ashley, Mahon, Porchester, Pusey, Walsh, Wrangham, Praed, and many others worthy to be classed even with them, want nothing but a little encouragement to turn out genuine jollifiers; and it is pleasing to know that the hopes of the Irish and Scotch youth, with whom they commingle, appear every way disposed to set them a right example. Our own trusty friends, Robert Adam Dundas, Charles Cumming Bruce, his brother Sir William, Sir John Hay, Whytbank, your cousin Lord Selkirk, Captain, young Hope, Lord Stormont, and, above all, the Duke of Buccleuch, are sound shoots of the tough old Caledonian tree, and likely, *Deo volente*, to work a world of good in this line as well as in others.

NORTH.

Aye, and I believe we may count against next session on a staunch and stalwart addition to your muster-roll in the person of the princely Buccleuch's brother. Lord John, by all accounts, has taken the field in Teviotdale, backed by Willie Ogilvie of Chesters, and other true lads, in a style that would have rejoiced the heartstrings of glorious old Earl Walter, or dear lamented Duke Charles, to behold. This is as it should be. Thank God, the Queen of the Border is safe.

HALL.

Glad to hear that, however. Come, you're all veering round to my own point of the compass, after all. Hope for ever, say I.

TICKLER.

There's another good symptom up *yonder*. For many years past the chief rendezvouses of what they call fashion, had certainly been so many hot-beds of Whiggery; but the tables are turning in that walk also—indeed, old Grey himself has been heard to grunt something about the women being against him.

HALL.

To be sure they are—but don't blame our Tory dames of high degree, that it is only now, on a really immediately pressing emergency, they have begun to bestir themselves in the line you point to. It's in fact a deuced difficult thing for a woman to be what's called a leader of fashion, unless she brings with her at least a demi-equivocal reputation; and in that sort of article our market has, it must be admitted, been always, comparatively speaking, very much understocked. In times like these we can get on without that species of stimulant, and you will now, I am persuaded, see the swing of dandyism run faster and faster to our side.

MULLION.

A fig for Almack's! Let's look nearer home—what's to be the upshot here in our own good town and county? Who stands for Lanarkshire? How does Sir George Murray get on in Perth?—Colonel Lyndsay in Fife? Are you really sure that Elliot is to be defeated in Roxburghshire? How do the subscriptions progress? Is there to be plenty of the ginger?

NORTH.

Perth seems all but safe—Fife and Roxburgh are quite so—I am extremely happy to hear, that though the young Marquis of Douglas may, if he choose, walk the course in the west country, he can do so only because he distinctly forswears that line of politics of which the Duke his father is at heart sick—as how could the first blood in Britain be otherwise?—In Mid-Lothian, Sir George Clerk is as snug as possible—and last of all, I believe, Mr Blair may now be considered as landed, in Auld Reekie. I much regretted that Sir John Forbes would not stand; I have loved that house through three generations, and feel almost a paternal pride in the rich promise of this young gentleman's talents and virtues, which all his modesty won't prevent the world's doing justice to *belyve*. But since he would not come out on this occasion, a more honourable substitute certainly could not have been found than Blair; and the party owe him a deep debt of



gratitude for the frank hearty zeal he met their call with. He, as I said, is now safe. Even in Leith, Aitcheson appears to be driving the Clerk of the Pipe before him like a bundle of chaff. Come, Mordecai, you have had some hand in these domestic triumphs. Tip the Captain one of your broadsides. He'll smoke enough of the allusions to enjoy the *Musa Trivialis*.

MULLION.

Captain Hall, you've heard, no doubt, of the Right Honourable James Abercrombie—and Sir John Dalrymple, baronet—and John Archibald Murray, Esq.—and Francis Jeffrey, Lord Advocate for Scotland—and *eesome* Aytoun, President of the Cowgate Union—and so forth?

HALL.

Every body knows Sir John, and the Advocate, and the worthy and amiable, though Whiggish, John Murray; but who the mischief is Squire Aytoun?

MULLION.

A younger brother of some Fifeish Lairdie, and a hitherto neither famous nor followed perambulator of the Outer-house boards, who, having stepped into that bewildered roundhead Geordie Brodie's shoes, as tribune of the rascality in these regions, has of late shot up into a quasi-personage, and really bids fair, if only one Tory stands, to share with him the representation of the capital of old mother Scotia, to the sore and bitter humiliation of the Lord Chief Baron that is or was, commonly called Grieve Abercrombie, Sir James Gibson Craig of Riccarton, Bart., (whom you may remember as long Jamie Gibson the W.S.)—this eminent cavalier's clever underlings, Jeffrey and Murray, Adam Black, bookseller there, Peter Brown, Jamie Spittal, Sandy Craig, and *tutti quanti*.

HALL.

A pure radical, in short, giving gallant battle to the mealy-mouthed.

MULLION.

Just so—although Aytoun, to do him justice, was not always a radical, but, on the contrary, did yeoman's service the last time that spirit was up in these quarters, having, in fact, lost several inches of hide at the trot of Airdrie, the Canter of Kilmarnock, and various others of those illustrious scenes which stamped deathless renown on our own *Sour Milks* of Attica, in the year of grace 1821, and have been duly commemorated in the Tyrræan strains of John Lockhart and Peter Tytler, co-laureates in those days to the well-booted Myrmidons of Elcho, Hay, and Donald Horne the reaver.

HALL.

Pooh! pooh! What signifies looking so far back as the twenty-one? Let's have your stave, however, Mr Secretary.

MULLION.

On the Conservative principle of upholding rank and station, I suppose I must begin with the gentlefolks. Well, here goes—

#### A NEW SONG

FOR THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF MID-LOTHIAN.

TUNE—"The Young Lochinvar."

"Oh! The gallant Sir John is a Knight of renown,  
And from London post-haste he has lately come down,  
Having fairly got out of that innocent scrape  
Of the Banners, and Mottoes, and bits of Black Crape;  
So that trumpery story may pass and begone,  
Nor stain the fair fame of the gallant Sir John!

"To be sure there are some, who, in *their* simple way,  
Still give an account of "that glorious day,"  
Which, were it believed, it were awkward to tell  
When a Knight has *Explain'd* his own story so well;  
But of these foolish people there surely is none  
Whom you'd weigh in the scale with the gallant Sir John!

" Though half of our town's folk the TREASON might see,  
Or *think* that they saw it—'tis nothing to me—  
They were only *spectators*—and can you suppose,  
That they either could see, or describe it, like those  
Who were part of the mob, or perhaps led it on—  
Or harangued on the hustings like gallant Sir John !

" Nay, though AYTOUN himself, the *Disclaimer* disclaim,  
That would rob *him* of half of his merited Fame—  
If 'twere hard to condemn him, 'twere surely more hard  
To question the faith of THE SCOTTISH BAYARD—  
For a bard must recur to the days that are gone  
To find a compeer for our *tache-less* Sir John !"

HALL.

Very fair, Mr Mullion. Well, all this sort of thing is quite new here away. Streets placarded—ballads a-bellowing—pothouses opened—hustings, harangues—banners and processions, and " a' the lave o't." I must say, I wish you joy.

TICKLER.

Why, the ballads swarm out every morning by the skep-full. Mullion's are the best, but there are twenty besides him at it late and early. Come, Mordecai, fill the glasses, and clear your pipes for another touch of the treble.

MULLION.

Most of these productions are, I must own, disfigured with horrid coarsenesses. I hardly know how to choose a decently cleanly stave among the bunch. There's one begins well—A Parody on Byron's *Senacherib* ; but it runs off into fearful filth. I can give you but the opening verse.

NORTH (*aside.*)

Lord ! how delicate my secretary's becoming ! he'll be fit for Campbell or Bulwer by-and-bye !

MULLION (*Sings.*)

" Abercrombie came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his pockets were furnish'd with Devonshire gold ;  
And his pale senseless face was as fearful to see,  
As the dark troubled wave on the deep Galilee.

" Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,  
The Whigs in the morn with their banners were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.

" For the breath of the Union came strong on the blast,  
And bung'd up the Chief Baron's eye as it pass'd ;  
And the hopes of the Whiglings are gloomy and drear,  
When they think of the ' Pipe ' and ' Two Thousand a-year.' "

That's all that's producible. But these things, even the worst of them, seem to go down, and may therefore teach the Whigs a lesson.

TICKLER.

I grudge Abercrombie nothing. His appointment was perhaps the most flagrant outrage on Tory feeling that the Duke of Wellington was wild enough to perpetrate during the worst era of his staggering statesmanship. The man was offensive—the motive could not have been other than small—a poor, silly dream of neutralizing a solitary great Whig interest in England, at the expense of trampling, in open visible contempt, upon the whole of the most influential class of men in Scotland. But let byeganes be byeganes. I think I'll venture on a ditty mine ain sell noo. What for no ? And what for should it no be on Johnny Murray, braw worthy fallow though he be ? Them that comes to the fish-market maun mak up their minds for creeshy creels. Captain Hall must understand that this Whig lawyer comes of a



Tory household, and received, when yet in his cradle, a valuable sinecure in the Scotch Exchequer, from his good old father's friend and coeval, the late Lord Melville. He has been, in short, all his life what they call "Clerk of the Pipe." What the *name* means I can't say; but the *thing* runs, I have heard, to the tune of something like L.600 a-year, which, considering that John must now have held the office for at least half a century, would seem to point to not a bad tottles of the whole.

MULLION.

Exactly thirty thousand pounds of public money received, for doing nothing, by a stanch and consistent friend of the people—that's all.

TICKLER.

Well, well—he's a capital, good, gentlemanlike fellow, for all that;—but here's the strain which now delighteth, at his expense, the worthy burghers of Leith's unromantic town.—(*Sings.*)

"The Clerk of the Pipe is a man of some weight,  
And nothing will serve him but serving the State;  
And the State being rebuilt on a broad-bottom'd plan,  
He has fairly set up for a Parliament-man.

Sing down down, down derry down.

"He's a gallant Reformer, and ever has been,  
And abhors Sinecurists and all things unclean;  
Being bravely resolved, as he often has shewn,  
To make war on all Sinecures—saving his own.

Sing down down, down derry down.

"He's an Orator too,—though a copy, they say,  
Of leather-lung'd Jacky, the member for Bray;  
And he'd fain be a wit,—though by some odd mischance,  
It reminds one of Jacky just learning to dance.

Sing down down, down derry down.

"But though dull to the eye, and more dull to the ear,  
Though heavy in front, and most heavy in rear,  
The path of ambition he still must pursue,  
And exhibit his parts, Oh! my country, to you!

Sing down down, down derry down.

"So with two or three speeches got up with due care,  
And two or three jokes somewhat worse for the wear;  
And two or three friends, such as one might suppose,  
In the good town of Leith he his nakedness shews,

Singing down down, down derry down.

"In Leith, then, behold him, discoursing at large,  
Of all that has never been laid to his charge,  
His contempt for the rich—his regard for the poor—  
But as to the fact of his own sinecure,

Singing down down, down derry down.

"'Then,' quoth he, 'I not only must make my appeal,  
In behoof of myself, but of all that's genteel,  
For a mercantile town you will never degrade,  
By choosing a member that's risen by trade.'

Sing down down, down derry down.

"Says a Voter,—'All this may be good in its way,  
But will you, my good sir, have the kindness to say,  
How among the Reformers you thus should appear,  
With your sinecure place of six hundred a-year?'

Singing down down, down derry down.

" His Clerkship to this answer'd never a word,  
But look'd round in a way that was very absurd;  
And I merely will add, since his own mouth is shut,  
If he went as The Pipe, he came back as The Butt.  
Sing down down, down derry down."

## MULLION.

I think I can cap that, howsomdever; though, how to make the Captain comprehend any thing about the *soubriquet* he is to hear so often repeated, I can't guess. As to the rest, you must know that Murray is proud, though a friend of the people, of his gentle descent—which is all right enough in itself, for he comes of the Tullibardine blood—and indulged himself in some sneers at the mercantile pedigree of his antagonist, Mr Aitchison, which were very unworthy of his own good taste in the first place, and wofully ill calculated to conciliate the loons he was haranguing in the second.

## NORTH.

The truth is, Aitchison's a well-connected man, and in appearance and manners, as well as character, quite a gentleman; much more so, than one can lay a finger on in every corner of the Parliament House—but all that signifies nothing—so to your chant.

MULLION (*sings*).AIR—" *The Lammie*."

" Whar ha'e ye been a' day,  
My puir Bottom?  
Whar hae ye been a' day,  
My witless, weary Bottom?  
I've been the voters for to woo,  
In Leith and Musselburgh too;  
The carles they leuch, and crook'd their mou',  
And cried—Awa wi' Bottom!

" But did ye fleech and speak them fair?  
In troth did I, quo' Bottom!  
Say, did ye fleech and speak them fair?  
Adeed did I, quo' Bottom:  
I spoke them fair, as fair might be,  
And roosed their wit and honesty,—  
Then we're the mair unlike to thee,  
My voters said—Od rot'em!

" I took my *pipe* and play'd a spring,  
Quo' feckless, silly Bottom,  
A dull, newfangled Whiggish thing,  
Quo' heavy, hopeless Bottom:  
I swoor that pensions were a shame,  
And sinecures were sair to blame,—  
This put the people a' in flame—  
Sic clash frae PENSION'D Bottom!

" They said, Ye maun your *Pipe* resign—  
I'll no resign, quo' Bottom:  
They said, Ye maun your *Pipe* resign—  
I canna do't, quo' Bottom:  
It's been my meat, it's been my claes,  
It's been my comfort a' my days:  
The voters said, Then gang your ways,  
Ye fause and greedy Bottom!

" O Aitchison's o' low degree,  
Quo' mighty Bully Bottom;



There's no a *Peer* upo' his Tree,  
 Quo' vain and senseless Bottom.  
 But frank and hearty, kind and leal,  
 He kens our wants and wishes weel;—  
 We'll send all Lawyers to the deil—  
 Sae down wi' windy Bottom !”

NORTH.

Very well ; but I think we've had almost enough of these local Fescennines. Can't you start something a little more general ? You'll weary the Skipper, I fear.

HALL.

Quite the reverse. Come, Mullion, give us something on the Aytoun fellow you mentioned.

MULLION.

With pleasure—and I'll take a tune that you can all join in at the chorus --to wit, *Carle an the King come.*—(*Sings.*)

“ Here's a health to Aytoun,  
 Health and wealth to Aytoun ;  
 He's the man we understan'—  
 Here's success to Aytoun !

“ The Tories they have had their day,  
 The lang-tongued Whigs have said their say ;  
 But Freedom now comes into play,  
 And cries ‘ Huzzah for Aytoun !’  
 Here's a health to Aytoun, &c.

“ Nae doubt the Whigs were for the Bill,  
 But yet to us they've nae gude-will,  
 But are the same Whig tyrants still,  
 And hate baith us and Aytoun !

“ Nor was it them that gain'd our cause,  
 But us ourselves, who, clause for clause,  
 Aye keepit at them wi' the tawse,  
 Laid on by men like Aytoun !

“ And noo already may be seen  
 The unco difference between  
 What they've profess'd and what they mean,  
 Which isna lost on Aytoun !

“ The path, they say, to all is clear—  
 How do they mak the fact appear ?  
 They ask—three hundred pounds a-year,  
 From members sich as Aytoun !!!

“ And though that clause withdrawn may be,  
 Wi' mony a base and Whig-like lee,  
 A moudewart itsell nicht see  
 'Twas aim'd at us and Aytoun !

“ Then how they shew their shameless face,  
 Dealing themselves in jobs so base,  
 And yet abusing power and place,  
 To humbug us and Aytoun !

“ There's Abercrombie, who would rob  
 The country by a vile Whig-Job,  
 And ca's the people ‘ Aytoun's Mob’—  
 Yet he'd contend wi' Aytoun !

" But mob or no, we're no to toil  
To mak a placeman's kettle boil,  
And he maun e'en gie up the spoil,  
If he wad stan' wi' Aytoun.

" There's Murray too, who's known to clear  
A guid sax hundred pund a-year,  
For doing—what doth not appear—  
Must be shewn up by Aytoun !

" At Leith he's had the face to say,  
' If I've the Pipe, yet I've to play'—  
And that, in short, he *earns* his pay,  
Like us or honest Aytoun !

" But this he'd best have let alone,  
For in due time it shall be shown,  
His PIPE, like others, has its DRONE,  
A joke I got from Aytoun !

" Jeffrey himsell, o' Whigs the wale,  
Is feckless, fushionless, and frail,  
And through the reek he'll hae his kail,  
Gin he appear 'gainst Aytoun.

" Weel do we ken, in time o' need,  
Up yonder he cam little speed,  
And this last clause has dune the deed,  
As he shall hear frae Aytoun.

" Then, brave Reformers, stainch an' true,  
The path o' honour still pursue,  
The sacred cause depends on you,  
Of freedom and of Aytoun.

" And you, Auld Reekie's dochters fair,  
See that the RIBBON GREEN you wear,  
For look around and tell me where  
You'll find anither Aytoun.

" CHORUS.—Then here's a health to Aytoun,  
Health and wealth to Aytoun ;  
I'll blythely gie my last bawbee,  
To drink success to Aytoun."

HALL.

*Eh bien !* No great symptoms of the doleful dumps in these effusions of the Tory spirit in your hyperborean climes, however. That's the plan—sing on, laugh on ;—the mob is, after all, good-humoured at bottom ; and, hang me, if I expect, when all is done, that we shall see half as many raffs in the next house as in the present.

TICKLER.

Let's be thankful for mercies. We are already plenteously provided, to be sure. 'Tis certainly a comfort to observe, that though Scotland will probably return more Whigs than heretofore, her pride is still too much awake to permit a radical scamp to have any chance, except in a few stinking corners, where nothing sweeter could ever have been looked for. But I fear this is far from being the case so generally in England ; and 'tis but too plain that exactly the reverse is to be the rule across the water.

HALL.

Why, what would you have ? Here's my boy Hobbio, confessing, that in place of 18,000 electors for Westminster, there won't be above 4000 regis-



tered for the next turn-up. Here's De Lacy Evans howling about the same sort of phenomenon appearing in a dozen dirty corners he chooses to be informed about. By the great Plutus! God of Battles, I don't mind offering two to one that we shall have a Tory majority. I betted, when Lord John Russell tabled the original Bill, that *not one borough* would be practically disfranchised—and what would you say now, if I ultimately repocketed my ten shiners? What, if the very first scene of the new Parliament should be ten thousand petitions from THE PEOPLE to undo this humbug, and replace every thing precisely on its old footing? Depend on it, there is nothing, *in rerum naturâ*, more impossible than to really revolutionize this country. We may be disturbed, but 'tis only to rouse our mettle. The moment there's a lull, all comes right again *somehow*. We shall either have it in our power to cancel the Whig schedules *in toto*—or be convinced, of what we ought never perhaps to have doubted, that, schedulize to the end of the chapter, the national heart is Tory, and that, under whatever scheme the M.P.'s may be elected, the majority will never be long enough on the enemy's side to permit of any solid substantial mischief being inflicted on the Constitution.

“They sin who tell us *that* can die,  
For *that* is indestructible.”

NORTH.

I had forsworn London town; but I shall certainly make a push to be present at the opening of the Reformed Parliament. It will afford me consolation, in the midst of all our sorrows, to be ocular witness of the outturning of this Grey gang—for *that* at least, I augur, is pretty sure to be the Neophyte's first performance.

TICKLER.

You may give the long odds on that. I defy them to stand a week. As sure as a gun, we shall have Joseph Hume Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons; Joseph's late avowal of voting against his conscience, with the reason why, was, of course, meant to shew the world that he *could* play the part of a lavish Minister just as ably, need occurring, as he filled, before Lord Melville (I think it was) refused him something, that of a Ministerial Mute, or, as he has since done, that of a radical cheese-parer. A man, though “most noble,” not unworthy to be named in the same breath with the most ignoble, I mean Lord Clanricarde, that yelping numskull, who disgraces the chivalrous name of De Burghe, and in whom I am sorry to see the son-in-law of Canning—he will be Lieutenant of Ireland—and O'Connell, (Heaven bless his fat sides!) will be Secretary over the Spoon; and, in short, with one grand exception, we shall see a complete change of the *dramatis personæ*.

HALL.

And what's your exception?

TICKLER.

Brougham will of course be Premier. Every Chancery lawyer says that the style of his behaviour in Court, of late, can leave no doubt that he has made up his mind for one or other of the two following alternatives,—either to have the judicial part of the Chancellor's office separated from the political, and, retaining the latter, yield the former to somebody that understands something of the business, and can maintain a decentish appearance on the bench, without being obviously, at every turn, at the tender mercies of Sugden—or to cut the woollack altogether, and take the post for which, by all men's confession—and women's, and children's too—poor doting, drivelling Grey is as deplorably unfitted in respect of temper and manners, as of mind and language—

The mumping phantom of incarnate spite;  
Loath'd, but not fear'd, for rage that cannot bite;

the object, at best, of pity to the Christian Bishops, whom alone he has the pluck to bully.

MULLION.

You forget the Chancellor's late attack on Sir Edward.

TICKLER.

No—nor do I forget he has crept out of the scrape. All's right.

NORTH.

Why should Brougham not play Wolsey over again, and be at once Lord-Treasurer, and Lord High-Chancellor?

TICKLER.

I know of no serious objection, except Sugden, and that one of the devices I alluded to, might get over at a leap. Lord Dundonald would, of course, be a fair Lord High-Admiral under him; and, for want of a better, perhaps Mullion's Bayard, Sir John Dalrymple, might be accepted for the Horse-Guards. Then, I think, he would admit things altogether to be in comfortable train.

MULLION.

Come, Mr North, the bowl's nearly out again, and Captain Hall has heard us all sing, except yourself. Is that the fair thing, reverend senior?

NORTH.

Me sing! I'm as hoarse as a raven, and as gloomy to boot; but come, if you won't let me off without something, I can at least sport you a small specimen of heroics. Give me a subject, Skipper.

HALL.

A subject? What, Christopher among the improvvisatori? Well, then, take H. B.'s sketch of the Vision of the Head.

NORTH.

With all my heart—*incipi nunc, musa!*

The unequal conference and the vex'd debate  
Of England's duty, and of Poland's fate,  
Thank God! are o'er: with faint and feverish lips  
His opiate draught the pensive Premier sips—  
Revolves what Eldon look'd, what Mansfield said,  
And creeps in languor to no rosy bed.

Deep sleep at length has smooth'd the *lofty* brow,  
Nor protocols nor pledges knit it now;  
Far from the care-beat bounds of Downing Street,  
The "erring spirit" swims in visions sweet,  
Amidst ancestral Deira's upland roves,  
And high-built Howick's sea-o'erhanging groves,  
Where blest Content, but yesterday it seems,  
Was not the glow-worm spark of dear-bought dreams,  
But the fixed sunshine of a sober'd breast,  
Whose sins had been repented, and confest,—  
And pitied and forgiven. For man is kind  
To the wept past, and to the future blind.

How long the flattering demon of the night  
'Mid these soft scenes indulged his fancy's flight,  
Ask not the muse. The July moon shone clear,  
When whispers low and stern disturb'd his ear.  
Upsprung the chief, in agony of awe,  
And, steadfast in the lambent splendour, saw  
(While darkness veils the garment of the dead,)  
With melancholy eyes great Canning's head.  
Still as the icy ray upon his cheek,  
The godlike shadow stood, in act to speak;  
Still—save what spirits pure may taste of pain—  
Scorn without anger, calm serene disdain.

"And thus," he cries, "thy penitentials end!  
Thine Order's champion thou!—thy Prince's friend!  
Alas! must England's law and England's crown,  
By Dulness' dastard spleen, be both struck down?"



Greece's first spirit gave the wound of Greece ;  
 The star of Athens paled to Pericles—  
 To her own firmest arm and brightest mind,  
 Rome, weeping blood, her ark of pride resign'd ;  
 Even France, when she her air-born hopes must yield,  
 Received the judgment on Marengo's field.  
 But we !—What fond illusion waits for us,  
 If, blest beyond them all, we perish thus—  
 More wise our liberty, more rich our sway,  
 Our ruin unredeem'd—our fate a Grey !"

He spoke, and vanish'd in the fading beam,  
 The impostor woke—and lo ! it was a dream.

HALL.

Admirable old buck ! Well, Conscript Fathers, now that I have once penetrated the *sanctum sanctorum*, may I hope to be considered as a regular member ?

NORTH.

Come back next month, young gentleman, and we'll let you hear the result of the ballot. One black ball, you know, excludes—and certain Princes of Israel, which be not now with us in the flesh, must be present. Order a call of the house, Mordecai, for the 20th of September. Good-night.

MULLION.

Must we part so soon ? But, Mr North, you have forgot one thing. The Captain has not been told that he must send in a probationary article.

NORTH.

Very true. Thank ye for minding that. You must let us have a first-rate paper, friend, and that within this fortnight at latest.

HALL.

What sort of paper ?—Political ?—Nautical ?—Scientifical ?—Literary ?—I'm a jack of all trades, you know.

NORTH.

Aye, and a master of most. Sink politics—leave them to Tickler and other rabidly carnivorous animals—you're too smooth for us in *that* line. Keep your nauticals for your book ; and as for science, rot it. Can't you wait for the next convention of The Watchmakers, as poor Davy used to call them, whether at York, or Cambridge, or Banff, or Belfast ?—for I trust old Oxford is not to be pestered with another visitation of the beasts in our time.

TICKLER.

An abominable humbug ! And the more shame to Sedgewick and Sam, that two men of genius could be found so far forgetful of their own place as to countenance the weary, dismal bleatings of such a pack of one-idea'd rincompoops. And the fun ! and the wit ! and the ladies ! and the lectures ! and the dinners ! and the breakfasts ! and the horsemanship of the Mammothites ! O ye gods ! No, no, Hall ; sport us an elegant touch of the belles lettres. Your last series contains some of the neatest, tersest, and most unpretendingly original criticism, I have lately met with. Don't you agree, Christopher ?

NORTH.

Cordially. The fact is, Captain Hall, that you have a very delicate discrimination, a very pretty tact indeed, for this department. I saw it long ago, too ; but how, or when, or where, I don't at this moment think fit to tell you.

HALL.

One syllable of your approbation is, I need not say, more valuable than all the elaborate compliments I have received of late years. Well, I'll at all events do my best, Mr Mullion ; for who would not rather be dubbed a knight of the Noctes, than receive all the grand crosses between Cadiz and Kamschatka ?

NORTH.

You were well acquainted with Lord Byron, poor fellow—and have you

travelled over most of the ground of his masterpiece. Why not take up this new edition of "The Childe?" It is certainly the most interesting volume that has come out of late; and a good vigorous paper, with copious extracts from the notes and so forth, if produced in time, could not fail to answer. I wish Murray had asked me to give him a lift in the way of *notulæ*, for I think I could have supplied him with something not unworthy of a place among the rest, and I own I should rather have liked to see myself figuring here and there, as well as Jeffrey and John Wilson, and others who are mere boys to me. Come, captain, will this do?

HALL.

Peut-être.

TICKLER.

Capitally, Hall. But don't forget to ask what's come of some magnificent stanzas on Vatteck Beckford, which I once heard repeated, with infinite gusto, by an Irish bishop (who shall be nameless), and which must of course have been meant for canto first of Childe Harold. They were superb—quite in Byron's highest flight, and would have been prime *kitchen* unto our kail.

NORTH.

The new verses on the Dilettanti—I mean their humbugging *London Dilettanti*—should be quoted—and don't omit that charming ditty on the Girl of Cadiz, which Byron originally designed to fill the place now occupied by a dismal concern. The lines on Sir William Gell, too, must come in—they are very clever, though quite unjust—for Gell is one of the most learned of the virtuosi, the prince of the sect, indeed, to my mind—and a capital good fellow into the bargain, and many the merry day he and I have had together in this weary world, I can tell ye.

TICKLER.

I wonder, by-the-bye, that the editor of the English Bards, in his new series, has omitted to mention one of the best specimens of Byron's lightness to a puffing or pasquinading people—his alterations of the epithet on Gell in that lampoon. In the first edition, he said,

"I leave topography to coxcomb Gell,"

In the second, this was turned to "*delving* Gell;" and in the third, unless I be dreaming, the Satirist, having in the interim made Sir William's acquaintance, wrote "classic Gell." The last epithet, I presume, is the only right one—though I don't know why a man should not be both *classical* and *coxcombical*, if he has a mind—I mean a young man—which Gell was in those days, and a very handsome one to boot, as you would wish to see on a summer's day, or any lady in Naples on a winter's night. Heigho!

NORTH.

Take in the volume before Harold, by all means. I never read the half of the little poems there given until this came out, and I must say they much surprised me. Some of them I can't believe to have been written, as we see them, at the dates affixed to them. He must have polished them up in after years—If not, 'tis a wonderful case, for they are worthy of his best period, and quite unlike the real "Hours of Idleness." The notes to that volume, too, especially to the English Bards, are terse and piquant, and will look well in an article.

MULLION.

The sight of Byron thus handled makes a reader of my standing begin almost to wish the time were come, when a body might expect to have others of the great cycle of our age dealt with in the same fashion. I don't wish Wordsworth dead, God knows, nor Coleridge neither, but what curious things would be editions of their early lyrics, illustrated with notes *à la Byron*!

NORTH.

Aye, very true, and you may live to be gratified with them. I hope I sha'n't, for they're both much my juniors. Crabbe, however, dear old fellow, is gone—and I do hope we may see his *opera omnia* rendered thoroughly intelligible ere many more months go over our heads. I know of no body of poetry so likely to rise in popularity, from this kind of clearing up of



allusions—and if I may judge from the few letters he favoured me with, his own correspondence would go far to furnish the wherewithal.

TICKLER.

There's a brow time coming for all of them. Meantime, I have inter-leaved Don Juan, and mean to tender the Emperor my own illuminations of the only work of Lord Byron that I ever could bring myself to care very much about.

NORTH.

Ah! hang your *care*! Well, odd things will turn up. It is now, I believe, certain that they have laid their hands somewhere on Byron's oft-talked of Letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and that we are to have that by-and-bye, as an appendix to the production it is chiefly connected with.

HALL.

Yes, I heard of that in London, and was heartily amused to understand that Byron never doubted the writer who used to lash him in *Maga*, in her wild frolicsome days, under the name, style, and title, of *Presbyter Anglicanus*, was ——— But guess.

NORTH.

*Presbyter Anglicanus*? I quite forget all about him.

HALL.

Well, then, Lord Byron had quite made up his mind that *Presbyter Anglicanus* meant—the Rev. Dr Chalmers!—ha!—ha!—ha!

TICKLER.

Capital. Well, I think I must e'en mount a shovel-hat upon this.

NORTH.

I'm glad the Letter's cast up, however; and hope we shall have it unmulatiled,

“With all its horrors bristling on its brow,”

even though my own noble self should chance to come in for a skelp, or so. How could such a man be taken in, as he was, about such things? Only to think of his confounding the style of a Tickler with that of a Chalmers!

HALL.

Probably he was not so well versed in the Doctor's works, as he seems to have been in our landlord's.

NORTH.

The more's the pity. Few works of any time, and none of ours, would have had so fair a chance of turning his thoughts in the right direction. But really it will be rare fun to hear Byron blackguarding Chalmers for having called Don Juan a blackguard, for that, I think, was about the substance of the *Pseudo-Presbyter's* sermon.

TICKLER.

Perhaps, now that I rank with Dr Chalmers, a volume of *Practical Discourses* for a certain quarter might toddle off pretty briskly.

NORTH.

No doubt, especially if opened with a life of the venerable author, and garnished with foot-notes, explaining the various moods of his mind when he penned the grave effusions, the individuals whose cases he felt it right to be glancing at, &c. &c. &c. 'Twill be a valuable tome. Give us your head too, bands and all.

TICKLER.

Nay, nay—no bands—at best I'm but a stibbler.—Well, then, Basil, you will yoke on Byron in the meantime.

MULLION.

By-the-bye, I believe I can repeat an Epigram of Byron's that has never yet been in print. It's only a versification of a *fact*, but you may like to stick it into your article.

HALL.

Let's hear it—But Murray's sure to have laid his paw on it for his next volume, for he's been beating the bush in all directions.

MULLION.

Very likely—'tis no great matter. Here it is, however, in the meantime.

LEATHER-BREECHES *versus* LANTHORN-JAWS.

Sir Thomas Lethbridge, fresh from Somerset,  
Hot stalking down Whitehall Macculloch met.  
"Where now, Professor?"—"I'm to Horton bent,—  
I've just discover'd the true sense of RENT,"  
"Aye!" chuckles cheerily the Lord of Land,  
On lateral doe-skin slaps a brawny hand,  
And, his purse jingling in the Scarecrow's ear,  
Cries "RENT!!! More RENT than e'er you finger'd's *here!*"

TICKLER.

Not bad—but why the skit at Wilmot Horton?

HALL.

O! Horton sided with the lady, I believe.

NORTH.

Make a copy, Mordecai, and send it up in case of accidents to Joannes de Moravia—and ask him to let's have the sheets of the next volume of his Byron *quam primum*. By the advertisement of the contents it will be even a richer one than the last—and, by-the-bye, write to Finden too, and tell him I'm much obliged to him for his Illustrations. He has got upon the right track at last; real localities and real portraits are worth all the imaginary fiddledees we used to be humbugged with, under the name of *Illustrations*—and nothing can be more exquisite than his execution—and I hope the sale will be upsides with the annotated poetry itself.

MULLION.

I don't know if you have seen the last brochure. It has a charming head of Lady Byron, who has, it seems, sat on purpose; and that's very agreeable to hear of, for it shews that her ladyship has got over any little soreness that Moore's life occasioned; and is now willing to contribute any thing in her power to the real monument of Byron's genius—I mean a really intelligible edition of his *opera omnia*.

NORTH.

I'm delighted to hear of this—'tis really very noble in the unfortunate Lady. I never saw her—is the face a striking one?

MULLION.

Eminently so—a most calm, pensive, melancholy style of native beauty—and a most touching contrast to the Maids of Athens, and Annesley, and all the rest of them. I'm sure you'll have the proof Finden has sent you framed for the Boudoir at the Lodge.

NORTH.

By all means—I mean to do that for all the Byron Beauties—But come, lads, do you mean to sit all night?

TICKLER.

Eheu! must you really go then? Never sorrier to part wi' you all—

HALL.

*Au revoir* then, gents. But pray let *mum* be the word; for if Tom Hill should hear of it, I'm sure to see myself in the Chronicle.

NORTH.

So much the better, Captain. It would act as a puff for "SERIES THE THIRD"—but as you please. Mullion, do you canter on, and see that the old woman has the devil ready, by the time the Captain and I reach the lodge. And by-the-bye, it will be sharpish work driving three miles in this moonlight—so, Mordecai, my boy, you may as well brew a Bishop.

(VOICES *without*.)

Mr North's carriage stops the way.

EXEUNT OMNES.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIX.

OCTOBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## The Pursuits of Politics.

### A Poem.

BY TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ., F.R.D.S.E.

CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

#### ALPHA.<sup>1</sup>

“PRIVY conspiracy,” the Rubrick says :  
And such petitions served for simpler days ;  
But if on prayer not yet we turn our back,  
(Like history *ruled* <sup>2</sup> an outworn almanack,)

---

<sup>1</sup> Alpha, of course, is to be considered merely as the general opening of the Alphabet. You command from the vestibule a peep into the interior of the building, and prepare yourself to perambulate leisurely the various apartments, some of which are now disclosed to you afar off, and dimly.—MORDECAI MULLION.

I may add—you soon perceive that the Guides who have kindly undertaken to show you the Lions, are both of them Political Antiquaries, *i. e.* Tories, but the one much more hopelessly encrusted with the secretions of prejudice than the other, who perhaps in the course of cantos may be dismissed as convalescent. Meantime they both welcome you to the scene of your curiosity with an air of rueful enough gravity ; and you comprehend that, though the one may be more likely than the other to solicit your attention to the dark side of *every* picture, your chance of doing justice to yourself in the inspection will be considerably improved by having a cool third hand to pluck you now and then by the skirts, without, however, interrupting audibly the dialogue of the two venerable sympatetics ; in other words, that you will do well to cast your eye from time to time on the annotatiunculæ of your obedient humble servant, MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

<sup>2</sup> The poet alludes, I believe, to the only *rule* of the Right Honourable Nick Conyngham Plunkett, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, that has as

Let litanies, reform'd to suit our lot,  
Cry, Lord deliver us from *public plot* !

To the deep echoes of some dastard den,  
Her whispers Treason scarce entrusted then ;  
But now, to harbinger her noontide pace,  
Rags elbow ermine, bludgeon jostles mace :<sup>3</sup>  
Speak, swelling harlot, which may please thee more,  
Thy Grey's true blue,<sup>4</sup> or Althorp's tricolor ?  
Priest, Atheist, Pimp, and Prelate share the toil,  
Smith strives with Taylor, Maltby with Carlyle,<sup>5</sup>

yet been considered as settling the law on any one question whatever. He is, however, a judge from whose future exertions infinite good may be anticipated. No man of that order and profession appears to have more entirely emancipated himself from the obsolete modes of thinking so generally connected with the study of precedents. He is, indeed, in every sense of the word, (except perhaps one,) a liberal man. Regarding his past history, and his present conduct, I indulge myself in the anticipation that we may live to see him the CAMBACERES—(save only as to the dinner department—for that's expensive)—of his and my native Island. From the description of a supper-party given by one of his lordship's honourable and reverend sons, the Vicar of Bray (County Wicklow), by my intelligent friend Prince Puckler Muskaw, I do not conceive it to be probable that the transference of the Church property of Ireland to the Roman Catholics will form any serious obstacle to the arrangements now alluded to. It is indeed well understood that his Holiness is quite prepared to grant dispensations as to the matter of celibacy to such of the Anglican Incumbents as may be inclined to take the tonsure, rather than to part with their benefices—a class which charity bids us hope will turn out to be far from inconsiderable in a numerical point of view. Old Beresford, Jebb, Brinkley, and the like, will, of course, “die and not live,” or in some way be got rid of—and among other openings for rational divines of respectable family, and useful connexions, Red Hats already bestride Archiepiscopal Mitres “in the spirit of my dream.”—M. O'D.

<sup>3</sup> I suspect here an allusion to Gray's description of Lord Chancellor Hatton “leading the brawl”—

“The Seals and Maces dance before him.”—M. O'D.

<sup>4</sup> Whether Lord Grey's ribbon extraordinary of the Garter is called *True Blue*, merely to mark that it has a real existence, in opposition to Lord Althorp's Tricolor flags at St James's, which had not, but were only wished for, and, under a mistaken impression that they did exist, lauded by his lordship; or whether the Poet designs a sneer at the *pale blue* of the new and hitherto not much sought after order of the Guelph Chivalry,—is a point on which I hesitate to decide. If the latter be the just interpretation, surely our author is rash in his reprehension. How could such personages as the Lords Frederick and Adolphus Fitzclarence, &c. attend the Coronation without stars and ribbons of some sort? Would he have approved of Extraordinary Garters for them also? One thing I must add, and this is, that Earl Grey's decoration sets off his bodily presence to much advantage, and that a toothless inditer of billets-doux may be the better, on occasion, for this sort of pride, pomp, and circumstance. And, by the way, though Lord Palmerston has not yet lost his teeth, (physically speaking,) he also may be excused for fancying that the *Grand Cross of the Bath* might be of service to an Aphrodisiack veteran.—M. O'D.

<sup>5</sup> The Reverend Sidney Smith, author of *Peter Plymley's Letters*, &c. &c. &c., Canon Residentiary of St Paul's, Prebendary of Bristol, &c. &c. &c., and most probably the next on the list for a place on the Episcopal Bench in Eng-



And Barnes' dear Blomfield,<sup>6</sup> prescient of his call,  
Unconsecrates and beautifies Whitehall.<sup>7</sup>

Yet why, stern monument of high-soul'd crime !  
Why scrape thy wrinkles for a pantomime ?  
Why furbish *now* the shadows Time had strewn  
On each memorial vault of conscious stone ?  
If that black tragedy's colossal show  
Deserved a vestibule of Inigo,  
Claims not our poor melodramatic trash,  
Of equal right, some plaster-piece from Nash ?  
Insult not Jones's marble—nor invade  
With cockpit parodies a Martyr's shade.<sup>8</sup>

land—the Rev. R. Taylor, “chaplain to his Satanic Majesty,” &c. &c. &c.—the Very Rev. Dr Maltby, Lord Bishop of Chichester, &c. &c. &c.—and Richard Carlyle of Fleet-street and Horsemonger-lane, Esq., &c. &c. &c.—are all too well-known and appreciated to require specific comment.—M. O'D.

<sup>6</sup> It is well known that the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London, Editor of some Greek plays, &c. &c. &c., had the advantage of being stimulated in his academical exertions at Cambridge by the constant competition of Thomas Barnes, Esq., A.M., whose leading articles in the Times Newspaper, (as Mr Moore justly observes in a Life of Lord Byron, justly commended in terms of great warmth by that Leading Journal of Europe,) fairly entitle him to a place in the first rank of English literature. The rivalry of men of such eminence could not have terminated otherwise than in the establishment of a generous and cordial friendship—of which accordingly the history of their respective lives presents innumerable and highly interesting traits. Considering how many of the inferior contributors to the Times have of late been “sworn of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and taken their places at the table accordingly,” I, for one, consider it as indecorous that a similar distinction has not been conferred before now on the Editor, whose not lightest labour is probably what Hobhouse imputed to old Gifford of the Quarterly Review—“pointing the periods of the Under-Secretaries.” (See the Right Honourable Sir J. C. Hobhouse's preface to the 2d edit. of his History of the Hundred Days, a work which ought to be in the hands of every lover of liberal principles in Church and State.)—M. O'D.

<sup>7</sup> The abolition of the Whitehall chaplainships is, as yet, one of the most creditable features in Dr Blomfield's history as a Diocesan. The bigotry and intolerance of the old Universities required more admonitions than one—and I believe this was sharply enough felt in the proper quarters. The *beautifying* of the ci-devant banqueting-room, middle window and all, is still in progress, but whether under the Right Reverend Prelate's superintendence, or that of Lord King, I know not with certainty. Much less can I venture to guess whether the *furbishing* alluded to, has been undertaken with any view beyond the obvious and highly commendable one of fixing public attention, more vividly and permanently than might otherwise have been, on the degraded character of the present age of English architecture, as exhibited over the way in that horrible Babylon of Lumber recently erected between the Horse-Guards and Downing-Street.—M. O'D.

<sup>8</sup> I consider the whole of this paragraph as unguarded, and, in fact, savage—that is to say, if I am right in interpreting its purport to be neither more nor less than an insinuation, that Nash holds as mean a place as an architect when compared with Inigo Jones, as Lord Grey does as a politician when compared with Old Noll. This is barbarous upon Nash, who has already realized more cash (the best criterion of merit in all depart-

Why call up Cromwell's ghost to dwindle Grey?  
 In each behold the impress of his day;  
 Nor, pondering well what was and is in vogue,  
 Much marvel that for villain we have rogue;  
 For cautious virtue dared by blazon'd vice,  
 Weak candour gull'd by fawning artifice;  
 Sly flattering falsehood for a hero's will  
 In arms avow'd—for Naseby's blast, a bill.<sup>9</sup>

ments) than ever gladdened the fingers of Inigo, Wren, or any humbug old Italian among them all: But perhaps I have somewhat mistaken the *jet* of the Iambics.—M. O'D.

<sup>9</sup> I quite agree with the speaker here, in thinking it a waste of time to draw parallels after the manner of Plutarch, between his Serene Highness Oliver, Lord Protector, and the Right Honourable Charles Earl Grey, Prime Minister of England. As yet, at least, such speculations appear decidedly premature. What character they might claim at a later date, let Prophet Irving inform us, and he will hardly do wrong, in beginning after the established style of prophetic denunciations, with something about "the burden" of England.—M. M.

Nevertheless, looking over Dryden's "Heroic Stanzas, consecrated to the Memory of his Highness Oliver," &c. &c. &c., I have marked a line here and there that one might almost already venture to apply to the existing worthy—*Exempli gratiâ*.

" Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,  
 But to her ancient servants coy and hard—  
 Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,  
 When she her best-loved Pompey did discard."

(How curiously predictive of this Cæsar's triumph over his coeval Magnus!)

" And yet dominion was not his design;  
 We owe that blessing not to him, but Heaven,  
 Which to *fair acts unsought* rewards did join—  
 Rewards that less to him, than us, were given."

In fact, the L.120,000 per annum, divided among his lordship and his lordship's sons and sons-in-law, and brothers and brothers-in-law, even unto the fourth and fifth generation of such as loved him, ought to be considered as benefits conferred not on these eminent individuals, but on the body of reformers, *i. e.* the nation. They are our *representatives* in these matters; nay, the humblest member of the Birmingham Union, or even the Edinburgh one, has a right to consider Earl Grey as holding the blue ribbon in part as *his* (the patriotic cobbler's) proxy. What follows is remarkable: The transference, in general, of borough influence from places under Tory influence, to others connected with the liberal aristocracy, is exactly indeed prefigured in these lines:—

" He fought secure of *Fortune*, as of *Fame*,  
 Till by *new maps* the Island might be shewn  
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,  
 Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown."

What language could point more clearly to the L.120,000 than the first of the above lines?—to the New Boundaries Bill than that of line second?—or to the milk and honey of the crammed constellations of new constituencies (about Durham, in particular) than the ultimate and penultimate of this quatrain?

Another peculiarly applicable verse is the 17th:

" To him her safety rescued Ireland owes," &c.



Look not in these low lustres for the peers,  
 Whether of roundheads or of cavaliers—  
 If they've no Hampden, Elliott, Vane, or Pym,<sup>10</sup>  
 Our Tory lights keep rate, and twinkle dim.

Nor can less be said for the 19th :

" 'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe,  
 And *naturally* all souls to his did bow,  
 As wands of divination DOWNWARD draw,  
 And point to BEDS WHERE SOVEREIGN GOLD DOTH GROW."

*Wands of divination*, meaning, of course, certain official emblems—*Downward*, as evidently, *Downing-Street backward*—and *beds*, in the last line, the rosy and golden delights of the sinecure places, so justly lavished on souls that "*naturally* did bow,"—i. e. were on the day of division found mustered among the natural kindred of the Premier. There is a line in verse 21st, which I don't yet venture to adopt in its most obvious sense.—

" To suppliant Holland he vouchsafed a peace."

But verse 29th is perfect—

" He made us freemen of the Continent,  
 Whom Nature did like captives treat before ;"

—[that is, he first despised the old peculiar, insular, as it were, character of our institutions, and inoculated us with that finer species of freedom, of which Paris and Brussels had afforded us such splendid and instructive examples]—

" To nobler preys the English lion sent,  
 And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar."

This couplet is reserved for a separate comment by Viscount Palmerston, G.C.B. I shall, for the present, conclude with verse 32d :

" Such was our lord ; yet own'd a soul above  
 The highest acts it could produce to show ;  
 THUS POOR MECHANIC ARTS IN PUBLIC MOVE,  
 WHILST THE DEEP SECRETS BEYOND PRACTICE GO."

A quatrain which I recommend to the consideration of Henry Hunt, Esq. M.P., before he again ventures to ascribe to Lord Grey and his illustrious colleagues any disposition to make use of mob-delusion for the attainment of private purposes. This is a long note—so I shall not enter on the copious subject of "*deep secrets*." I should, however, have noticed one curious coincidence in the cases of Oliver and Charles Earl Grey,—to wit, that they had both of them sons of extraordinary imbecility, with this difference, indeed, that poor Richard Cromwell knew himself to be an ass, whereas the amiable Viscount Howick has not yet made that discovery.—M. O'D.

<sup>10</sup> " *If they've no Hampden*," &c.—All this is illiberal. If the Reformers of our day have no Hampden, they have his exhumator and biographer, Lord Nugent, distinguished no less than the other in the annals of the Buck-buck-buckinghamshire Dragoons, and now in possession of a better thing than ever Hampden got hold of ; I mean the Governor-generalship of the Ionian Isles. As to *Elliotts*, we boast dozens of them ; e. g. the Earl of Minto, Ambassador Extraordinary to Berlin—his brother, the Honourable George Elliott, Secretary to the Admiralty (*vice* J. W. Croker *resigned*), and others, too numerous to mention, all in the receipt of well-merited and handsome incomes from the public purse—which may they long continue to enjoy. The Cornish Elliotts, nowadays, are Tories—more's the pity for *them*—but surely the Scotch clan ought to be considered as sufficient *Lieu-tenants*. I sha'n't go into minutiae about VANE or PYM ; but will any body deny that the northern counties of England have produced in the present time their fair pro-

Where find we Hoptons or Trevanions now,  
Hyde's steadfast eye, or Wentworth's awful brow?<sup>11</sup>  
Manners emasculate, corrupted taste,  
Passions and principles alike debased,  
And frozen hearts, and narrow intellects,  
Are in our time what either sphere reflects.  
The manes of departed Englishmen  
Must wink, to bring our wriggings in their ken.

N. True—and yet grant we're pigmies in the main,  
Your censure surely takes too broad a strain.  
Two orbs, at least, from out this general gloom  
Still blaze gigantic—Wellington and Brougham.

T. Bright planets!—more disastrous never hung  
In stormier heaven, nor fiercer influence flung.  
Had Wellesley's destiny been despot height,  
A Trajan's empire might have bless'd the light:  
A brain sagacious, and a head sincere,  
Are his—deep shrewdness, honesty austere:  
But not in tumults of the tented plain  
Are captains rear'd for the perplex'd campaign  
Of clashing senates in a trembling reign.<sup>12</sup>  
In scenes like these, an useful guide to shine,  
Asks genius nursed in gentler discipline;  
A spirit saturate with the ripe lore  
Of Greece, and Rome, and England's great of yore;<sup>13</sup>

---

portion of patriotic place-holding baronets, or that we owe to the Inns of Court some of the most deserving and fortunate enemies of the hierarchy these days can boast of?—M. O'D.

<sup>11</sup> "*Hyde's steadfast eye*," &c.—Both parties can't boast the same partisans at the same time. The Tories had the Hydcs of these days, as long as they had places worthy of their acceptance. As for the Wentworth-Fitzwilliams, it was the Duke of Wellington's own fault if he would not give them a Marquisate. They were quite as deserving of one, in my opinion, as the house of Darlington—now Cleveland. As to *Hoptons*—will all the generation of the Hopetouns, or very nearly so, not do in their room?—There is the Earl of Hopetoun, whom all Tories that I have conversed with highly extol; there's Sir Alexander, and his son, John Thomas (of Manchester), a very rising youth, considering the side he has taken, and seems likely to stick to; the President of the Court of Session, an out-and-outer of the old school; his son, John Hope, the late Solicitor-General for Scotland, one of the stanchest, as well as ablest *on dit* of his kindred; another son, James, W.S., much of the same kidney; and, above all, Dr Hope, celebrated as a chemical philosopher, &c. &c. Even the member for Dumfries-shire, though he voted right on the Reform Bill, is not considered as having entirely cut the Tories. What would some people have?

<sup>12</sup> The very opposite of this doctrine is laid down by the Reverend Lieutenant Gleig, H. P., in his late *Lives of the Commanders*, an excellent work, dedicated to the Duke of Wellington, while Prime Minister.—M. O'D.

<sup>13</sup> Is not this very like a side wind of flattery for the Duke's elder brother, the Marquis? Reformer as that nobleman now is, I cannot away with this. He never had the five hundredth part of his Grace's talents for any kind of business, and I never knew any good that came of his "ripe lore,"



Soft language for a soaring people's ear,  
 And grace to win, as well as wit to steer.  
 As well might Walsingham or Pitt presume  
 To walk the deck in Drake's or Nelson's room,  
 As this cold chief's uncompromising soul  
 'Mid faction's surge the civic bark control.  
 Love girt him never with her power benign ;—<sup>14</sup>  
 Ne'er pour'd those wiry lips the gush divine  
 Of sweet persuasion, nor the electric cry  
 Of generous passion—Nature's mastery.  
 Close, sharp, abrupt, a nod's enough from him,  
 "Right—left—be virtuous!—virtue's Cæsar's whim."  
 Respected, honour'd, but without a friend,<sup>15</sup>  
 That proud career expects a pitied end.

except a pretty fair translation into Latin verse of the excellent Irish hunting song—

"About five in the morning by most of the clocks,  
 We set out from Kilruddery in quest of a fox,"

which he executed as a trial of skill against Canning, then visiting him at the Phoenix Park. Pretty occupation for an English Cabinet Minister, and an Irish Lord-Lieutenant, A.D. 1824!!! The Duke's fault was not want of "ripe lore," (humbug!) but want of discrimination to observe that the Reform concern might easily have been carried through in such a way as at once to gull the populace, and at the same time greatly strengthen the Tory party. I believe it will in working turn out to be mere fudge as regards *the real Reformers*, and that its only practical results will be the indefinite prolongation of Whig supremacy in Parliament, and a most valuable increase of loaves and fishes for the benefit of the Whigs personally, more especially of the Whig lawyers. *Nous verrons*. Such, meantime, is my faith and hope.—M. O'D.

<sup>14</sup> "Love girt him never," &c. If we are to interpret this in the most obvious method, no insinuation could be more grossly unfounded. The Duke has shone in the fields of Venus to hardly less distinction, if all tales be true, than in those of Mars; and even now, like his great contemporary and rival in the *true blue*, he may still be numbered among the favourites of the fair. Wait till I write his life.—M. O'D.

<sup>15</sup> "Without a friend!" Quite a mistake. I refer to William Holmes, Esq., M.P.—the pension list *regnante divo Arcturo*,—&c. &c. The author, however, being a Scotchman, may use the word *friend* in its primary Caledonic sense, viz. that of *blood relation*; as, for instance, in the popular ditty of "Bauby's Wedding"—

"The claes are ta'en aff at Dumbarton,  
 And the freends we have bidden them a'—  
 Baith auld Auntie Kate o' Kilpatrick,  
 And the Bailie o' Greenock, John Shaw;  
 And his brither, sourfaced Uncle Rab,  
 His daughter, the gudeson, and oye,—  
 Cousin Tam, the town-clerk o' Port-Glasgow,  
 And his nephew, the Lairdie o' Croy," &c.

in the first line of which, *ut obiter dicam*, no allusion of an indelicate nature is to be apprehended: the expression *taken off* merely signifying that the bridal garments had been *bought on credit* in the snug burgh of Dumbarton, anciently denominated Dun-britton (*teste* Matt. Bramble, *Armig.*) Now; if this be the sense of *friend* in our text, the matter is certainly altered con-

Hard solitary greatness, soon or late,  
Provokes from clearest skies the bolt of Fate.

N. Had his been skill facete and flowing verve  
Like Brougham's—or Brougham's his honour and his nerve;  
Or each, like Israel's orator and guide,  
Lent free to each the gift that God denied—  
Nor stammering prophet against Nature striven,  
Nor bowed to Brutes a High-priest worthy heaven—  
How smooth the march of our triumphant ark  
By day—how safe her halting in the dark !<sup>16</sup>

T. Old Aaron for an hour his duty spurn'd,  
And, Moses absent, impious incense burn'd;  
But sad, when soon returning wisdom spoke,  
Renounced the devil, and his censer broke.  
The foulest lapse of one repented day  
Imprints not cureless brand on feeble clay.  
But our Apostate yields no tempted hand  
To rear an idol at the host's command;  
He—he himself their hideous lusts inspired,  
On deep-set altars gather'd fuel fired,  
Deluded shallow weakness to rebel,  
And urged of yore the holocaust of hell.  
The flame his own deliberate spleen had vow'd,  
Well pleased he watches now—and spurs the crowd

siderably; for although the Duke of Wellington had of course plenty of blood relations, few or none of them appear to have had much reason to applaud his recollection, when in office, of a good old saying, not less approved in Northumberland than in the Land o' Cakes, *to wit*, "Bluid's thicker than water." So much the worse for *the friends*. As to a notion suggested by my *friend* (not relation), the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart., that *friend* may signify, *hoc loco*, "a Member of the Society of Friends," (*ling. vulg.* a Quaker), that (*salva reverentia?*) is out of the question. The poet would not have been so superfluous as to dwell on the Duke's want of adherents among that party. They are well known to have no political favourite at present, except an eminent person of the Anglican persuasion, who, chiefly through their influence, carried his election for the county of York, shortly after the abolishment of the Sabbath in France, and certain other events of the year of grace, 1830.—M. M.

<sup>16</sup> I approve of the suggestion in this paragraph. Had the Duke and Brougham understood each other at the time of Canning's death, they might have made a very pretty arrangement, to the mutual advantage of both, and perhaps of the country. Perhaps it is not too late yet. I think the men not unlikely to perceive, that *together* they might even now do what they pleased. Brougham, every body knows, hates Grey, and despises all those of his colleagues whom he does not hate; and now *the Bill* is passed, would there be much difficulty about settling that the Duke should have it all his own way as to measures at home and abroad, while Brougham should content himself with the departments of *palavering* and *pocheting*? Not, if Brougham is the man I have always taken him for.—M. M.



To feed the fatal glow with all their brass,  
And make their children through the fierceness pass.<sup>17</sup>

N. Worse might you add—and yet your tale were true :  
His own red torch the traitor Levite threw.  
His crime transacted in the face of day,  
He stood its prize to claim or price to pay.  
Accursed be wickedness, however brave !  
But treble scorn on Mammon's tampering slave  
Who digs the mine, yet dares not fire the train,  
But safely prompts a fool—then grasps the gain.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>17</sup> I disagree with Mr Mullion as to this passage. Its tone appears to me more violent than the occasion demanded. I doubt, in the first place, the propriety of likening the Duke of Wellington to Moses—who, although as indifferent a speaker as his Grace, was a Foundling, a Murderer, and a Prophet, to none of which characters the Duke ever made much pretension that I have heard of. Certain quasi-prophecies of 1829, are, to be sure, on record ; but the less that's said of them the better—at least by persons holding the opinions of our Poet. Secondly, I think the comparison of the Chancellor to Aaron rather irreverent, though I admit that a person of our author's kidney could scarcely take any view more favourable than the text exhibits of the Lord Brougham and Vaux's conduct as to the Reform Bill. I only wish, without entering into rabbinical or any other polemics, that the said noble lord would imitate *now* the example of his Ticklerian Prototype, in suddenly reducing his idol, i. e. the Bill, into *dust*, i. e. cash, and leaving those that contributed to its erection to the tender mercies of the New Moses, who, I am confident, would be much more lenient than the old one appears to have been. One point of *possible* coincidence, I need not do more than hint at on this occasion. While Moses, by his own account, decimated the minor partisans of the Calf, the eloquent Aaron's concern in that affair seems to have been attended with no personal inconvenience to him, but on the contrary to have, *quâ* a specimen of his popular influence and authority, induced "the stammering prophet" of those days to reinvest him with the high office he had so audaciously prostituted, on terms of much greater security than he (the High Priest) could otherwise have hoped for. *Verb. Sap.* With these exceptions, I am bound to say, I see nothing to condemn in the Poet's view of Brougham's share in the *working* of the Reform Bill, or Bull, or Calf. No doubt, he was the person who really prepared our Israel for its erection. Grey and others had been trying for forty years to bring about something of the kind—but their efforts had met with signal discomfiture all along. The ablest, indeed, of all those that opposed their plans in that direction had been Brougham himself, who, in those days, was (sometimes the Aaron as well, but) always the Moses, of the Edinburgh Review ; but who, early in August 1830, adopted a different view of the Calf-question, and no sooner did so, than its success was secure. His speeches in the Castle Yard of York, and elsewhere of the like date, are they not written in the columns of the Chronicle ? But let neither Mr Barnes nor the Duke of Wellington mistake me ! The more I consider the real causes of the Calf-Triumph, the more I feel compelled to ejaculate strenuously, "OH TEMPORA ! OH MOSES !!!"

M. O'D.

<sup>18</sup> "Then grasps the gain," &c. I regret to find this passage prefaced with the venerable initial "N." It would have been more in character, I think, with the not less venerable "T." To prompt fools, and then grasp the gain, is, as far as my experience goes, the only rule of conduct that finds a practical commentary in the conduct of all the wise men of this world—Editors not excepted, any more than booksellers. I say this, however, with

When public guilt hath too luxuriant grown  
 To 'scape the Eternal's scourge—gross, rank, and blown—  
 Few swifter omens usher vengeance in,  
 Than general worship of some gallant sin:  
 Then what redemption waits our sordid scene,  
 Where tricks are popular—and men mouth the mean?

*T. Our Scene !—*Your green-room jargon suits an age  
 When in sad earnest "all the world's a stage."  
 Where each, we see, *performs* his character,  
 The cleverest mummer we of course prefer.  
 Yes, private faith in public virtue flown,  
 Men praise what's brilliant, shun what's dull alone:  
 Who flutters gaudiest in the glare of gas,  
 For which we've banished day, commands the mass;  
 Nay, Aves vehement his parts extol,  
 Who wields Saltero's hoop, Grimaldi's pole,—  
 Scarce less than Yates'<sup>19</sup> or Liston's rich grimace,  
 Kean's Titan power,<sup>20</sup> or godlike Kemble's grace.

---

the most perfect scorn and contempt of Dr or Sir Charles Babbage, (I don't know whether he is or is not one of Brougham's Guelph knights as yet,) whose sneers at the booksellers, as a body of men, in his late dirty duodecimo, will convey to no intelligent mind any notion whatever, except the just and true one, that though the *ci-devant* Tory Government were such confounded asses as to give him, Booby Babbage, the sum of L.7000 for the absolutely and most ludicrously absurd toy, which he calls his "calculating machine," *the Trade*, our Fathers of the Row, &c., were much too far North even to have given him seven thousand pence for any of his books of and concerning the merits of the said Toy—or indeed for any book or books that ever did or will issue from such a *φροντιστήριον* as what he calls his head. A calculating Machine!!! L.7000!!! I ask for no better calculating machine myself, than Sir or Dr Babbage,—fit Compeer, whether Co-chevalier or not, of Sir John Leslie of Coates, Knight,—Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Academus of Athenæ, and dearly beloved of olden time of—M. O'D.

<sup>19</sup> "*Liston's rich grimace, &c.*" It must be admitted that the effect of Lord Brougham's acting, in receiving a bill at the bar of the House of Lords, and carrying the same to the woolsack—the robes kilted *à la* Leezie Lyndesay—the purse rampant proper—the half-trot half-jig of his Lordship's locomotion, &c. &c. &c., is worthy altogether of Liston himself. To some it may appear that the poet pays Yates an extravagant compliment in classing his buffoonery with that of a Brougham or a Liston; but Fred is much improved. He has decidedly mended in many respects since his marriage, and bids fair, if he will keep to sober habits, to maintain for thirty years to come the honour and glory of the Adelphi. His wife is an inimitable performer. M. O'D.

<sup>20</sup> "*Kean's Titan power.*"—Locus obscurus. After much consideration, I incline to think that the author hints a comparison between Brougham's tremendous energy, when haranguing lately on the necessity of making the Chancellorship a life-tenure, and Kean's method with a certain favourite *bit* in (his far most naturally given character altogether) Sir Giles Overreach.—M. M.

☞ In my humble opinion, the poet rather glances at a point of resemblance of quite another description. Any one who has observed Kean's doings between acts in the green-room, and was present at Brougham's *chef-d'œuvre* on the Reform Bill, when his lordship refreshed himself in the course of



What then, if, potent o'er a thousand chords,  
A new-born Garrick bounds upon the boards—  
If Otway's pathos, Congreve's wit, and fun  
Coarse as coarse Colman's,<sup>21</sup> all are glassed in one ?

Illustrious Mime ! whose philosophic soul  
And flexile features top whatever *role*,  
Alike in Bobadil or Bottom shine,  
Cato last night, to-morrow Catiline—  
Though Windsor pass like Brandenburgh away,<sup>22</sup>  
Live, Light of Useful Knowledge,<sup>23</sup> live—and play !  
Still, when the fever ebbs, with some sly dose  
Refresh the rage that for thy rising rose ;—  
It skills not what the stimulus—bold rub—  
New Catch, New Code—up College or up Club !<sup>24</sup>

his oration, with no less than seven huge tumblers of what looked wonderfully like undiluted port, will understand what I allude to. The last time I saw Kean, he finished with sinking on the stage, very nearly in the attitude in which Brougham terminated that famous effusion. *Facundi calices quem non*, &c.—M. O'D.

<sup>21</sup> "Coarse as coarse Colman's."—The reduplication of the epithet *arri-det mihi*. That this loathsome libidinous, and deplorably dull doggereller, should be employed as the public *Custos Morum* for Theatricals, has always formed, in my opinion, one of the most disgraceful features of the age we live in. "Oh, horrible ! horrible ! most horrible !"—M. M.

<sup>22</sup> "Brandenburgh."—It is a melancholy fact, that Brandenburgh House, the residence of her late most excellent Majesty, Queen Caroline, during the time of her (mis-called) trial, where she had so many tragically interesting interviews with her heroic champions, Brougham, Wood, Denman, Grey, Grey Bennett, &c., has since been entirely levelled to the ground,—and its site is now covered with a distillery, which Jekyll said was a *πρωτότυπον ὁστέρων*—M. O'D.

<sup>23</sup> "Useful Knowledge."—This sneer at the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Lord B. and V. is chairman, cannot be regarded as, in any point of view, creditable to the poet's candour. Their great work, the History of the Three Glorious Days of Paris, would alone be sufficient to sustain the Society's reputation as a body of men, *qui bene meruerunt* REIPUBLICÆ. Their prints illustrating the different methods of erecting barricades, butchering soldiers, &c. &c., bring home the scene to one's imagination, far more effectually than the ablest written description could have done, and indeed may be serviceable to whole classes of citizens, who, though they cannot read English, are just as well entitled—and, as Lord Brougham himself lately declared from the wool-rack, just as well qualified—to decide on political questions, as any of the alumni of our boasted universities. This work alone, I say, which, if not written by Brougham himself, was undoubtedly suggested, corrected, and edited by him, ought to have checked the splenetic *animus* perceptible in the text.—M. O'D.

<sup>24</sup> "New Catch, New Code," &c.—His lordship is a distinguished member of the Beefsteak Club, an institution of the most laudable tendency, where wine and music combine their influences for the confirmation and diffusion of the true principles of liberty. Catches and glees are their favourites, and Lord B. has composed, and set to music, many of the most spirit-stirring of those pieces. In that department, indeed, he almost rivals Moore, who, I rejoice to see, is to be in the next Parliament, and who also will make a capital Cabinet Minister by-and-bye. By *new code*, the author,

Now laud God's book, and now his church attack,  
And notes on Paley<sup>25</sup> mix with notes to Black;  
Fetch laws from Birmingham, from Grub-street Knights,<sup>26</sup>  
And damn the Negroes—so you dupe the Whites.<sup>27</sup>

N. Though orbits thus asunder they pursue,  
In these "bright stars" consenting types I view  
Of one wide havoc that, suspended long,  
Now near us looms, in hoarded terror strong.

I presume, means the recent alteration about bankruptcy business, by which Lord B. obtained in one week more patronage, and that of the best kind, than could otherwise have fallen to his share during ten years' occupancy of the woolsack; one, in fact, of the most masterly touches of the last twelve months. The college alluded to, is, no doubt, the highly flourishing *Université Philosophique* of London, which, though situated in a locality unknown to Croker, will preserve the memory of Lord Brougham, rather longer than Ch. Ch. Oxon. will do that of Cardinal Wolsey. Whether *club*, in this line, signifies a Political Union, or a Patriotic Bludgeon, not knowing, can't say.—M. O'D.

<sup>25</sup> "Notes on Paley," &c.—The Lord Chancellor is at present editing, in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell, Paley's Theology; the book is announced for publication by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and will, I doubt not, be a *standard* one. But why should this be considered as inconsistent with his Lordship's conduct in illuminating from time to time the mind of worthy John Black, editor of the Morning Chronicle, by a few notes *pour servir* towards the manufacture of an Anti-Episcopal leader? May a man not be a good Christian, and yet hate the Church of England? Both Bell and Brougham are Scotchmen, and were bred at the feet of Gamaliels—

"Orthodox, orthodox—wha believed in John Knox."—M. O'D.

<sup>26</sup> "Fetch laws from Birmingham."—Lord Brougham's recent declaration in the House of Peers, that he considered the Birmingham Union as a body admirably constituted for purposes of political discussion, and whose resolutions deserved greater attention than certain bigoted petitions from Cam and Isis—has already been alluded to —. "From Grub Street Knights." This is worse and worse. Nothing but the extremest Cimmerianism of party rancour could have made our poet insinuate that Lord Brougham did not do honour to himself, by recommending for the honour of knighthood, the two or three dozens of distinguished *litterati* and *savans*, who have lately received the *Little go* of the Guelph. The elevation of Sir Nicolas Harris Nicolas, editor of several Black-letter household books (*i. e.* housekeepers' books)—of Sir John Leslie, the well-known author of an Essay on the Hebrew Alphabet,—&c. &c. &c., must have been agreeable to every lover of the *belles lettres*, and felt as a compliment even by the trunk-makers.—M. O'D.

Brougham asked Southey to accept one of these watch-ribbons for his button-hole. The laureate's answer was not amiss. "Many thanks to your lordship; but if you be Guelph, I must beg leave to be Gibbeline. Yours, truly, R. S."—M. M.

<sup>27</sup> "Damn the Negroes"—"Dupe the Whites."—Very well, and why not?—M. O'D.

If people won't read Brougham's book on Colonial Policy, written at leisure, when his talents were at their highest vigour, and when he could have had no personal bias either one way or another, but prefer listening to the hot muddy mischief with which a worn-out hack of party soothes the ear of fraudulent East India sugarmen, or of ferocious fanatics blind drunk with two or three perverted texts of the Apocalypse, why, no doubt, the fault is their own.—M. M.



Old bonds of social sympathy cast loose,  
 Such monstrous forms the same dire throes produce ;  
 Cold Insolence and cunning Envy stand  
 Twin felons o'er their victim Motherland.  
 Which fiend intestine shall she most deplore—  
 The eye that chills, or tongue that stirs the poor ?  
 The deaf, blind bride, that, making creatures shrink  
 From fellow dust, drags greatness to the brink—  
 Or the base craft that, bent to strut in lieu,  
 Gives crouching apathy its bloody cue ?

The chain, in close-rove rings descending down,  
 That bound the heart-whole peasant to the crown,  
 Betrays the tooth of Time in many a chink,  
 And ominous vibrates, link distrusting link.  
 When Magnates swell apart in lazy state,  
 When 'Squire in turn frowns yeoman from his gate—  
 And he, fond Mimic ! tramples too the boor—  
 What Order's safe, or what Possession sure ?<sup>28</sup>  
 How small a strain may snap the creaking rust,  
 And dash the crazy fragments in the dust ?

Despite sage Plunkett, thus, since Time begun,  
 Empires have still by Manners<sup>29</sup> been undone.  
 In the fresh lustihood of many a land  
 Ere ours, had Love knit Honour's holy band ;  
 And oft ere now this creeping worm of scorn  
 Eat inch by inch, till all its pith was worn :  
 Then swung as now an unsubstantial shell,  
 And a breeze muster'd, and a phantom fell !<sup>30</sup>

---

<sup>28</sup> "What Order's safe," &c.—*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*. Well, having little to lose except a life of which nobody would think it worth while to deprive me, and a baronetage, which, considering how our ORDER has of late been hackneyed, nobody can despise more heartily than myself, I should regard all these coming horrors, even if I were able to believe in them, which as yet I hardly do, with philosophy. I confess, certainly, that if I were a Duke of Newcastle, or Northumberland, I should have begun, ere now, to shake a little in my shoes ; nor do I wish to insinuate that it would have been otherwise had I happened to be the Duke of Devonshire, or the Marquis of Westminster, or even Coke of Norfolk, or Sir Francis Burdett—ay, or even a considerable holder of three per cents, like Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P.—all of whom, however, will I hope die in their shoes.—M. O'D.

<sup>29</sup> "Empires have still by Manners," &c., i. e. *ni fallor*, by finery—the exclusive humbug, and so forth. But there are worse, and even more dangerous things in this world than fine manners, and I wonder they should have suggested themselves to the poet's imagination, in any sort of connexion with the name of Plunkett, who is a low fellow in the cut of his gib, brogue, &c. &c. &c., just as decidedly as in his *majora moralia*.—M. O'D.

<sup>30</sup> "A phantom fell," &c.—As our *phantom* never patronised me while it stood, I hope it will do me justice to admit that I am guilty of no unpolicy in limiting myself, on this occasion, to a sincere wish, that its final tumble may be performed with greater dignity than has marked some of its recent staggerings.—M. O'D.

T. Swine, says the adage, see the coming wind ;  
 But Epicurus' herd at least are blind.  
 The golden trough is sweet—the purple sty  
 Is easy wallowing yet—and there they'll die.<sup>31</sup>  
 Dominions, principalities, and powers  
 Shake—drop :—in vain ! The nearing tempest lowers  
 Dark as the cloud that burst in sanguine rain  
 And leaping fire on Sodom :—all in vain.  
 Though the world labours, and from zone to zone  
 With raging hope half-fettered furies groan—  
 No doubt disturbs the slumbers of the great,  
 No thorn dares pierce the Sybarite couch of state.  
 —Oh ! yes !—come read the vision of mine Earl,<sup>32</sup>  
 And see the long-wished leaf relieve the pearl :

<sup>31</sup> “ *There they'll die.*”—I doubt the fact ; but, after all, would not that be more agreeable than to protract existence during a long series of years, in the shape of bumbrushers, and so forth, after the fashion of the exalted *émigrés* of 1792 ? Ay, and it is also to be kept in mind, that the French had resources at their command, much more various and valuable than would console the downfall of most of our aristocracy in these days. Almost every Frenchman is a ready-made cook, or valet, or dancing-master, or all three at once ; but though Sefton might mount either the white apron or the hammer-cloth with success, Harrington find a fair place as a body-servant, and a few such chaps as Nugent get on with the kit and pumps—I can't say I believe the majority of THE ORDER would be enabled to support a wife and small family by exertions of any similar description. Then, even the elderly dame and demoiselle of La Belle France made what was considered a useful animal, in the shape of a governess ; whereas, I really don't know what our lady-kind could turn their hands to, always excepting the young and pretty ones—many of whom, no doubt, would find friends among the Radicals. In all respects, indeed, the case of France was better than ours could be. Their fine folks, generally speaking, could make themselves worth their salt, when pulled down ; and their rascality could, when elevated, conduct themselves with a degree of *bienveillance* not to be looked for from the corresponding classes here, under similar circumstances. O'Connell, for instance, will be a pretty sort of a Duke. What think ye of the Most Noble Joseph, Marquis of Marylebone ? How beautiful will be the going forth of Sir Daniel Whittle Harvey, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour ? I don't mean that we could not match even such monsters as these out of our existing *decorés*, but confess it will be rare fun to see the like of them not the exception, but the rule.—M. O'D.

<sup>32</sup> “ *Vision of mine Earl.*”—I often wonder at the ambition of Peers of this rank to mount the next step, which the poet here indicates in fashion technical, the coronet of the Marquis being distinguished from that of the Earl, by having strawberry leaves intermixed with the pearls that surround it, as the Duke's again is distinguished from the Marquis's, by having strawberry leaves alone, and no pearls—points of deep importance—studied with suitable zeal by the present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and all other *Varnishers*—as well as by the truly-enlightened generation of the Tabard-folks, and, it is needless to add, by those who are, or hope to be, themselves numbered among our “ most high and puissant princes” and princesses. If, however, the promises of ducal and marchesa head-pieces, so copiously and judiciously employed by the present Ministry, in order to soften the reluctance of certain Leviathan Boroughmongers on a recent occasion—if, I say, the promises of this sort, that worked so potently on the minds of these eminent patriots, be ultimately fulfilled to any considerable extent, it will, I apprehend, be necessary to break up certain rules



With what a bounding pulse yon Marquis lies,  
 And plucks the pearl that broke his strawberries !  
 This sweating Duke's *to be or not to be*  
 Gropes—(how he snores !)—a ribbon or a key !<sup>33</sup>  
 Thy breast, great Taylor,<sup>34</sup> dreams yet heavier toss,—  
 Of seams unfringed and buttons to emboss :  
 Should Lancer's helmets be of tin or felt ?  
 Should sheep or calf-skin mark the Captain's belt ?

which I had in my eye, when I said I wondered at what the poet calls "The Vision of mine Earl." If, in short, many more of the second-rate Peers be made Marquisses, there will be, by-and-bye, such a cloud of Lord John's, and Lord Charles's, that the absurd etiquette which prevents personages of that class from following any profession save the Army, the Navy, Black-apronry, and Black-leggery, must be abandoned; and one will be, erelong, no more surprised that Lord Henry is come to pull a tooth, than he is at present that Sir Henry should condescend to feel a pulse. Above all, the histrionic abilities of the younger offspring of "the high and puissant," now cribbed up within the narrow circles of Pansanger, the Loo, Miladi Dudley Stuart's," &c. &c. &c., will then have ample room and verge enough. As Juvenal says, we shall enjoy (at the Cobourg, Astley's, and perhaps the Theatre de Madame) the "Planipedes Fabios," and the "Triscurria Patriciorum;" or, as old Gifford interprets—

"The heedless rabble, with calm front, shall see  
 The hired patrician's low buffoonery ;  
 Laugh at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear  
 The cuffs resound from the Mamerci's ear."

By-the-bye, I had forgotten this resource, when penning Note 31, *ante*. Aliquando bonus dormitat. M. O'D.

<sup>33</sup> "A ribbon or a key," &c.—A gold or gilt key, dangling under the skirts of the coat, is, I believe, the distinguishing mark of a Lord Chamberlain; in which capacity, if I recollect aright, Charles, Earl Grey, used to sport such a concern at the drawing-rooms and court galas of Brandenburg House. 'Tis an ugly, awkward appendary looking at best; but I think quite differently of a ribbon, meaning a real Grand Cordon of the Garter, the Thistle, the St Patrick, or even the Bath—yes, or even, I may say, of the Guelph, with the Star, and all the rest of it. A star and ribbon give an air, there is no denying it, even to a very ordinary looking man. I hope Nugent has secured them before setting off for "the Isles of Greece—the Isles of Greece." As to the Garter Proper, when one has a good leg, I admire the effect thereof; as, for example, in the case of the Duke of Cumberland, who is undoubtedly the best built man, take him all over, now in England; or the Duke of Wellington; or Earl Bathurst, jolly old lad; or the Marquis of Hertford, though he does wrong to clap *Honi soit* over a pantaloons, which is an obvious incongruity; or a barrel of beef, such as Marquis Camden chooses to display in open loneliness; or such as his Grace of Buckingham and Chandos commonly wraps modestly in a trowser, I can't say the Garter sits at all gracefully.

<sup>34</sup> "Thy breast, great Taylor," &c.—These allusions to the weighty duties of his Majesty's Private Secretary, Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B. G.C.H., &c., &c., &c., appear to me somewhat disrespectful, and to be reprehended accordingly. I must say, however, that I should have been as well pleased had he allowed the Coldstream Guards to remain as they were, and that, in my humble opinion, if they were to be *Cellified* at all, which, as Coldstream, the pretty village from

Say shall the Buffs be bearded or the Blues?  
 Must Coldstream cockneys stride in kilts or trews?  
 Tricks Clarencieux<sup>35</sup> in *argent* or in *or*,  
 The spur that clangs behind a Commodore?

N. Enough—on folly waste no more of rhyme—  
 Mere foam—and dancing on a sea of crime.

T. Alas, my friend!<sup>36</sup> this vapid scum of shew  
 Floats unadulterate from the gulfs below;  
 These cast it up, and these shall suck it in,  
 Just though light index of the sweep of sin.  
 Labour the final doom of all our kind,  
 To every rank its duty is assign'd;  
 And he whom Fortune chariots in the van,  
 Conspicuous to the toiling host of man,  
 If the bland genius thew and sinew spare,  
 Owes earth the burden of unselfish care.  
 Grave thoughts and meek his far-seen brow should know,  
 And Love in hand with Awe behind him go.  
 But if the appointed means of good he bends  
 To puissant instruments of paltry ends,  
 And breaks the trust of too propitious Heaven—  
 For folly's plea shall falsehood be forgiven?  
 No.—Born with stars thus brighter than the rest,

which they take their name, is within 250 miles of the Highlands, was perhaps necessary, they should have been *Celtified* out and out,

" Brogues and brochen an' a',  
 Knees and elbows an' a';  
 Here's to Donald Macdonald,  
 Stanes and bullets an' a'."

I am also bound to admit, that I had a certain partiality for the old naval uniform. It was the dress in which I remembered to have seen Nelson; but this is, of course, mere weakness. The red cuffs, &c. will get familiarized to us in time; so will the boots; and really a boot does not please my eye without a spur. As for the changing of the light horsemen's jackets from red to blue, or from blue to red, I forget which, what amusement of a more harmless sort could a gentleman in Sir Herbert's situation indulge in?—M. M.

The abolition of mustaches is a delicate subject, and ought to have been considered, perhaps, by a Jury of Matrons. Being on half-pay, meantime, I shall continue to sport my own until further orders.—M. O'D.

<sup>35</sup> "*Tricks Clarencieux*," &c. *Tricks* is a technical term for heraldic painting; and *Clarencieux*, no doubt, means old Lodge, who, the present Garter King-at-Arms being no herald, but only a cousin, or *friend*, of the Earl Marshall, is, of course, the acting head of the College, and has to set forth the *achievements* of new made knights and lords on the margin of their parchments, *secundum artem*.—M. O'D.

"Thus commentators each dark passage shun," &c., &c.—M. M.

<sup>36</sup> *Alas! my friend*, &c.—Alas, my reader, the rest of this section is too grave matter for me. I must leave it, *simplex munditiis*, "without note or comment." It would have suited Dr Ireland better than, M. O'D.



Your fate is fix'd—a pattern or a pest :  
Beyond a shout revered, or loathed beneath a jest.

N. Yet—though omitted charities we blame,  
Rank outrage, sure, the foremost whip should claim.  
No need for Gyges' ring, Asmodeus' wand,  
To pierce the blacker scandals of the land—  
Nor should guilt's froth and bubble stay us long,  
When vext abysses howl for a Lucilian song.<sup>37</sup>

T. Blushless and blazing is the stalk of vice—  
But we're *refined*—the general ear is nice :  
A Satire, like a Sermon, 's out of date ;  
'Tis the time's toy to flatter whom we hate ;  
And even this festering mob that yearns for gore,  
Would scout me if I call'd a . . . . . whore,  
A . . . . . scoundrel. Yet from blots like these  
Spread this rife cancer—three fair realms' disease ;  
And the kind gentry of my native vale,<sup>38</sup>  
Who ne'er snuff'd poison in St James's gale,  
Nor to this day<sup>39</sup> had, but for Colburn's hacks,  
Heard the dear names of Crockford's or Almack's—  
Tremble among hereditary trees,  
For wide-wing'd ruin roused by blots like these.

Alas for England ! could the shower of doom  
Distinguish, what a light would pierce her gloom !  
How many a virtuous heart might calmly beat,  
That throbs in anguish now that hour to meet,—  
While he whose front flagitiously impure  
Plucks wrath from heaven, sins on in sloth secure.  
But when the Angel bids the trumpet sound,  
And the big vial is at length unbound,  
In one broad sheet comes headlong horror's flow,  
And they that shunn'd the guilt must share the woe.

The sobbing wanton not alone was led  
From bloody Salem to the Assyrian's bed :

<sup>37</sup> "A Lucilian Song."

"Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens  
Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est  
Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ."—Juv.

This promises well for the *materiel* of the succeeding sections.—M. O'D.

<sup>38</sup> "My native vale," i. e. Letterick Vale, County Dumbarton. The reader of *Maga* cannot have forgotten our poet's beautiful song of "Letterick Green."—M. M.

<sup>39</sup> "Nor to this day," &c.—I am tempted by the three proper names in this couplet, *Colburn*, *Crockford's*, *Almack's*. A catalogue *raisonnée* of the *hacks* of the first, the *Greeks* and *Pigeons* of the second, and the *Monstrosities* of the third, would, however, occupy too much space just at present. No doubt, other opportunities will occur in the course of this poem.—M. O'D.

Not a doubt of that.—M. M.

Forth in one yoke the hot Avenger drove  
 Her, and the drooping virgin flower of love.  
 The Saint groan'd fetter'd to the Sadducee;  
 The child went wailing at the murderer's knee;  
 And David's offspring, blind, and bow'd in shame,  
 Heard God's own Temple crack with penal flame.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>40</sup> "Penal flame." It is my opinion, that if the Liberty of the Press continues in this country so long as to allow the venerable Poet of Southside to suit his *Omega* to his *Alpha*, we shall all witness an exemplary AUTO-DAFE.—M. M.

☞ Agreed. 'Tis a clever enough thing, the best in this way since Croker's "Familiar Epistles," abhorred of Gods and Men; and I willingly undertake to continue my running commentary thereupon.—M. O'D.

☞ See what comes of my being off my post! 'Tis too late to cancel the sheet.—C. N.

#### TO A ROSE.

##### THE THOUGHT FROM THE ITALIAN.

QUEEN of Flora's emerald bowers,  
 Imperial Rose, thou flower of flowers,  
 Wave thy moss-enwreathen stem,  
 Wave thy dewy diadem;  
 Thy crimson luxury unfold,  
 And drink the sunny blaze of gold.

O'er the Zephyr, sportive minion,  
 Spreads the blue, aurelian pinion.  
 Now in love's low whispers winging,  
 Now in giddy fondness clinging,  
 With all a lover's warmth he woos thee,  
 With all a lover's wiles pursues thee.

And thou wilt yield, and thou wilt give  
 The sigh that none can breathe and live.  
 Like lovelier things, deluded flower,  
 Thy date is short; the very hour  
 That sees thee flourish, sees thee fade;  
 Thy blush, thy being, all a shade.  
 Yet, flower, I'll lay thee on a shrine,  
 That makes thy very death divine.

Couch'd on a bed of living snows,  
 Then breathe thy last, too happy rose!  
 Sweet Queen, thou'lt die upon a throne,  
 Where even thy sweetness is outdone;  
 Young weeper, thou shalt close thine eyes  
 Beside the gates of Paradise.  
 On my Idalia's bosom, thou,  
 Beneath the lustres of her brow,  
 Like pilgrims, all their sorrows past,  
 On Heaven their dying glances cast,  
 Thy crimson beauty shalt recline.  
 Oh, that thy rapturous fate were mine!

ANTAR.



## THE REPUBLICAN EXILES.

WHETHER Republicanism be intended for a scourge or for a warning, for the punishment of the fools and knaves who embrace it, or for the wisdom of those who have not plunged into the embrace, there can be no doubt that it is a stirring period of public existence. All the old formalities of life are exchanged for the brilliant expedition which knows nothing of difficulties. All society is buoyant, and class rolls over or under class like so many reeds thrown upon the waters. The king and the cobbler change places, to the infinite surprise of both, and probably to the equal discomfort. The citizen becomes a soldier, the soldier alternates into the citizen. The noble depends for his life upon his footman; his footman takes his uneasy seat within the carriage from which his lord was ejected, loses all the faculties of a footman, and never gains any other. The Court language stoops to the mob, Billingsgate takes its stand in the palace. The legislature bows to the rabble, the rabble trample the legislature. The leaders of the state never speak of thieves or cut-throats without respect; the thieves and cut-throats entitle them true patriots and their best friends. All parties alike panegyryze law, order, patriotism, public virtue, liberty, and the love of their country. All cheat, intrigue, plunder, lie, banish, and murder alike. But change is the grand charm, the supreme saving principle of Republicanism. Monarchy is stiff, dull, and dowager-like. The same king may sit in the same spot for fifty years together, the same palace may house him, the same barons or beef-eaters may surround him, the same laws may guide him, the same church may pray for him, the same colonels may guard him, the same chancellor may wear his gold-laced cloak before him, the same state-coach may carry him to the same house of parliament, the same creed may save him; the same forms of governing his kingdom, his household, his wife, or his footman, may go on from half century to half century.

It is equally monotonous with all classes of the community. His sub-

jects may be born and die without the cheering notion of their being born for statesmen, or dying as traitors; multitudes may actually pass through existence without ever having dabbled in law-making, or flourished in popular harangue; but all having ignominiously slipped on, making coats and wearing them, making shoes, children, and money, living under the roof that sheltered their fathers, quietly enough perhaps, but without glory! eating, drinking, and sleeping at the regular intervals, but without the excitement of being much heard of beyond their own streets or villages; and, finally, going the way of all flesh, with no loftier announcement than perhaps a line in a newspaper, stating that on such a day A. B. departed this life in the hope of a better.

Now, that any being capable of the honours of rebellion, with faculties fit for the brilliant distinctions of calling peers and peeresses to account for their being possessed of titles and estates descended to them through five hundred years; of pulling the mitres off bishops, and sending clergymen, who, of course, can be nothing but boobies, bookworms, and cumberers of the earth, to beg their bread, man the navy, or die in the streets; of cashiering monarchs, and proving by patriotic demonstration that a cobbler having by nature as many arms and legs as a king, is not merely as good as a king, but in virtue of his cobblerism is actually much better than a king,—would, or could submit to this dull, unnoticed, and everyday round of labour and rest, industry and gain, hunger and feeding, until the threescore years and ten close up the avenues of renown on him for ever, would have been altogether inconceivable except for the astounding fact, that it has been the habit, the unhappy and degraded habit, of Europe for a thousand years.

But, blockhead as man has been, for so long enduring this scandalous privation of the noblest right of his nature, the right of being talked of, even the age of blockheadism must give way; the age of intellect suc-

ceed ; and when that sublime period shall arrive, which enables every man to be a politician for himself, to read a Sunday newspaper, or to write one ; to tear the robes off judges, and the coronets off lords ; to leave the awl for the truncheon, and the hammer for the treasury ; to have a new administration every week, a new constitution once a month, insurrection the only standing law of the land, and *no* religion the only established creed ; then man may congratulate himself on having cast off some portion of his hereditary shame, and made some advance to the original elevation of his being. Then shall Republicanism wave that standard under which all the talents spread the wing, all the virtues congregate like doves to the nest, all the rights look up for their illustrious protection, all the wrongs look up for their utter punishment, and the cobbler be, what the cobbler was intended to be, a statesman.

It must be allowed that even Republicanism must be paid for with a price, but what must not ? There may be some trouble in persuading kings and nobles, gentlemen and farmers, to part with what they have been suffered to call their own. The sufferance may have been foolish, unjust, against all the rights, feelings, and interests of the infinite majority, who are undoubtedly the cobblers, yet it has been long ; and it is not always easy to persuade men out of a prejudice, even though the persuader be the pike. But true Republicanism can allow none of those aristocratic absurdities to rise up in her high presence, they must be trodden down ; and if kings and peers, gentlemen and farmers, fight, they must be fought down ; if they fly they must be banished, and if they are caught they must be hanged. The awful majesty of a people's rights is not to be insulted by the insolent and obsolete demand of rights on any part of the people ; Republicanism is never so great, so illustrious, so truly looks what Republicanism ought to look, as when she is baptised in blood.

Then arrives the glorious consummation, the sublime reward of all these fights, sacrifices, harangues, and massacres. THE COBBLER IS

FREE ! He may now fling aside his awl, and no man question him why. He may roar for the first man who tells him that all men above the cobbler are cheats and robbers, and that he is the only man on earth fit to represent the high interests of the cobbler in the national councils. He may read placards, or carry them ; he may shout to see one grand national delinquent expiating his offences by the rope, and shout to see another taking the place from which he has pushed his rival, not an atom more knave or honest than himself ; he may hear the virtues, purities, and perfections of cobblers lauded and magnified in harangues six hours long, and, after having been thus feasted with the matchless luxuries of Republicanism, he may go home with the consciousness of a day of freedom, and of having gained not one customary sixpence.

'Tis true that Republicanism is not yet exhausted. She has finances while any man has a farthing to be frightened out of him by the dungeon, starved out of him by free-quarters, or torn out of him by the scaffold. The son of freedom may feed while he has his neighbour's house to rob, and warm his hands while he has that neighbour's house to set on fire. But still there is a shady side to the picture. It must be owned that these resources come to an end at last. And then the patriot, with a famished wife and children ; with neither a master to give him work, nor a purchaser for his work if it were given ; with abundance of freedom, but no food ; fetterless as the ambient air, but without a house to cover him ; welcome to live or die as he likes, but with neither friend nor fosterer, neither the rich man to buy, nor the poor man to help ; orator, politician, statesman, supreme in the march of intellect, sublime in the glories of Republicanism, even the most patriotic of cobblers may feel some degrading inclination to contrast the dishonoured times in which he was clothed, fed, and lodged without a massacre, rose without trouble beyond his daily toil, and lay down without a care, with the brilliant era in which every morning threatens him with being shot, and every night sends him to bed with the nearest prospect



of being starved. The civil war in which he is crushed, as the foreign war to which he is dragged by the conscription, are unquestionably remedies for the contingency of dying of hunger. But still they are not of the order in which man naturally takes delight; and still some misgivings may be allowed to human weakness of the value of a freedom which leaves only the alternative of dying like a rat in a hole, like a felon by the rope, or like a rebel by the sword.

But Republicanism has other splendours. The mighty mother of all things great and good, she alone summons all the talents to put forth their plumage, and soar towards her and the sun. The old obstructions of Time the formalist, of Custom the juggler, of Wealth the extortioner, and of Power the tyrant, are all swept away by her rod. The field is cleared for the race of genius; and there, for the first time since the deluge, the race is always to the swift, and the battle to the strong. Yet even this showy side of the medal does not quite complete the coin. Where all the talents contend, some must fall behind; and where all the competitors are to estimate their merits by their own scale, there may be varieties of discontent. The distanced will occasionally make up in craft what they want in courage; the bold will find themselves supplanted by the cruel; and when once blood, unsparring blood, is discovered to be the true secret of power, neither the bold nor the crafty, the dull nor the brilliant, the industrious nor the laggard, will allow so simple a contrivance to be forgotten. The strong-headed rival, who cannot be harangued down, will be impeached down; the cunning rival, who knows all the windings of life and office, will be pondered down; the fierce faction, which stormed the heights of power, and kept them by terror, will be intrigued down; the virtues will be kept in good order by the vices, if Republicanism can have vices; and a free and enlightened people will be kept in gay commotion by the weekly march of their masters to the prison-ship or to the axe. Room will thus be made for the rapid succession of all genius; the whole latent energy, the whole opaque fire of the national

soul, will become available with an exuberance unknown to the rigid stupidities of courts; and the human species, all afloat on the lively surges of Revolution, will swim—Heaven knows where! France, always the leader of fashions to this world, has indulged mankind with every shape of this grand vivification of things. Monarchy, with its two buttresses of church and aristocracy, was torn down by the popular pick-axe. The altar of liberty ran up on its site with the celerity of a booth at a fair, was danced round for its day, then refreshed with blood, and then thrown aside with the ruins of monarchy. Then came the race of genius, the glorious time when every man transacted every thing for himself, regulated his shop and the state together, and was at once his own politician, his own priest, and his own king. Then came the day of reckoning, the day of want and woe, until the pike and the poniard settled the distinctions between rich and poor, king and poissarde; the guillotine quickened the circulation of power. Girondist, Conventionalist, Terrorist, Atheist,—the whole mountebank troop of the quackery of Revolution moved, cart after cart, to play their last pranks on the boards of the *Place de la Revolution*, and gave their rags and their blood to their country. *Ainsi soit il.* Then came the Jailer that chained them all, the Man of iron, Napoleon, to throw the axe into the shade by the compendious sweep of the sabre—to trample out the last embers of liberty with his heel—to drag the generations of the country to massacres, which he called battles, and the country into beggary, which he called conquest—to wreak on France a vengeance which he called triumph, and which cost her ten thousand times more blood than even the devouring maw of faction—and, finally, to bring the avenging force of Europe twice into her bosom, and give her over to her enemies, twice a captive.

The narrative which we now give is one of the fate of some of those leaders who figured in the middle stage of the Revolution, soon after the period when Robespierre had been buried in the blood into which that Nero of France had flung so many of his rival lovers of liberty. For

these men or their misfortunes we can have no sorrow. They earned their sufferings, and ten times their sufferings; they were rebels to their king, and traitors to human nature. Whether they perished by the scaffold or the pestilence, pined in French dungeons, or festered in the fiery marshes of the western world, must be altogether indifferent to any man of common honour. But their story has its value. Let it warn wiser and honester enthusiasts of wiser and honester lands.

The French Directory, in the year 1797, had fully exhibited the folly of government by men suddenly raised to power by popular clamour. Pretended philosophers, they committed every blunder of bad politicians; and pompous rulers of Republicans, they exhibited all the negligence, profligacy, and peculation that calumny had ever attributed to kings. France grew weary of the Directory, but it was less because she saw their absurdities, than because she was weary of hearing their names. A government which had lasted above a year was not the government for the *grande nation*. She longed for a change, if it were to a cabinet of dancing-dogs, and the Five Directors began to tremble for their dignities.

The government consisted of a mockery of the British legislature; a Council of Elders meagerly corresponded to our House of Lords, and a Council of Five Hundred to our House of Commons. Their Five Directors it would be an insult to royalty to compare to the honoured authority of a British king. The divisions of faction in those bodies of triflers and profligates, rendered all deliberation a burlesque; but they menaced the power of the Directors, and, to secure that power, their *Five Majesties* of the Luxembourg, as the Parisians had learned to call them in scorn, determined to make a "*New Constitution*." To this the preliminary was the illegal and tyrannical seizure of every man who might be formidable to them in the two Houses. To strengthen their hands in this act of the most furious despotism, they brought troops into Paris, headed by Napoleon's lieutenant, Augereau; they held a correspondence with Napoleon, who, like an independent

sovereign, or a new Caesar, promised to cross the *Rubicon* to their assistance; and they commenced, with congenial activity, the corruption of the two guards of the Councils. For, in this day of virtue and freedom, nothing was done without the soldier, and all deliberation was carried on under the protection of the bayonet.

At three in the morning of the day appointed for the New Revolution, a signal cannon was fired. Augereau instantly marched his troops to the doors of the two Houses. Cannon were pointed at the entrance of the Council of Elders, to blow to the moon any politician foolish enough to talk of laws or liberty. Troops were posted in all the avenues, and the Council was placed in the midst of a force of twelve thousand regenerators, with muskets on their shoulders. The guard at the doors of the Council of Five Hundred still kept the gates shut; and the members, who had already assembled to know whether they were to be hanged, sabred, or shot—such are the alternatives of a government of the free—were suffered to remain in their happy pre-eminence for exactly an hour and a half from the time of the extinction of their brother branch of legislation. But, at the end of this time, the blow fell duly. An officer made his appearance in the hall, informing them, that he was going to lock the doors, and carry the keys to the Directory. Murmurings arose, the last expiring indignation of men who had brought their unhappy and innocent king to the block. The officer was a personage of few words. He recommended it to them, to look to *their own safety*, in the event of delay; and, finding that they still murmured, he locked the doors, and carried the tale to his masters.

The next process was to nullify the guards of the two Houses. Augereau walked at the head of a gang of the ruffianism of the Revolution, Santerre, Trenc, the widow Rousin, dressed a *l'Amazone*—for the ladies are every thing in France at all times—and others, who had notoriously been galley slaves! called out, *Vive la Republique!* commenced a general system of embracing, walked away with the whole corps in his train, and sent the few obnoxious officers to prison. The treatment of Ramel, the com-



mandant of the guard, a general officer, who had flourished in many a revolutionary page, was characteristic of the time. Augereau ordered him under arrest, with a tolerably distinct menace that he should be shot. The captain-general murmured; Augereau gave him a rapid lesson on the value of submission—the rabble, both soldiers and mob, were instantly suffered to take him into their hands. He was knocked down, his sword broken, his clothes were torn, he was dragged along the streets, and on the point of being murdered; a sergeant whom he had put in arrest for some offence a few days before, took this opportunity to discharge his arrears of justice. He drew his sabre, made a rush at the unlucky general, and would have plunged the weapon in his body. But Augereau, who probably thought that this mode of managing military officers might be turned into a precedent, or who may have wished for a more public exhibition of blood, with his own hand dragged the assassin back, comforting the crowd, however, with the promise, that they should have their indulgence at no distant date. “Let him alone,” exclaimed the little general; “I promise you he shall be shot to-morrow!”

The luckless officer was sent without delay to the Temple, and there, bruised, bleeding, and half naked, was thrown into one of the rooms which had held the late king. “Ha, ha,” laughed the jailer, “here is another of them. Shew the gentleman into the ‘Chamber of *Opinions*.’”—The general was not left long alone. In a couple of hours, the victorious drums were heard outside, the gates were thrown open, and a group of the arrested members of the Council, with Pichegru, its president, at their head, entered. Another group followed in the course of the day, headed by Ladebat, president of the Council of Elders, and all were alike flung into the apartments which had witnessed the last melancholy hours of their unfortunate sovereigns. Never was there a history which the finger of retributive justice wrote in deeper characters of fire and blood, than the history of this furious, guilty, woful Revolution.

The latter group, when they had recovered from the first shock of

arrest, and found that they were still unconsigned to the guillotine, had demanded to be brought before the Minister of Police. Before the Minister they were brought accordingly; and there they heard the true republican law laid down with republican plainness. On their demanding to see the order for their seizure, in violation of all the oaths and promises of half-a-dozen constitutions, “Gentleman,” said the Minister of Police, Sotin, with a smile, “it can be of no consequence whatever to you to see the order. The fact is, that when we come to these extremities, it is the same thing whether we commit ourselves a little more or a little less!”

The Councils were not abolished, for they would work more usefully as tools of the Directory under their old name, but they were *purified*. Every man who dared to raise his voice was picked out, thrown into prison, or frightened into flight. The prisoners next came under the directorial consideration. The republican regime was, that they should be shot; the popular cry was, that they should afford the city of Paris a holy-day, by having their heads cut off on the scaffold. But the taste of “the free” was thwarted on this occasion. Even in France experience had not thrown away all her lessons. The Directory had been too close to downfall, to lose the sense of what they might be within the next month, or the next minute. The guillotine was a hazardous instrument to be once more set in play for political mistakes; and the imprisoned deputies, to save the necks of the Directory, were sentenced *only* to be transported, to die out of sight in one of the most pestilential spots of the Western World, the French colony of Cayenne.

At this time the command of the Temple was in hands worthy of the government, and of the time—a galley-slave, who had returned from the galleys a month before, where he had been sentenced for robbery, assassination, and setting fire to houses in one of the departments. He had thus the merit of a thorough republican education, and was a patriot of the first water. From day to day additions were made to the party, and they were at length honoured

by the presence of one of the Directors themselves, Barthelemy, a talking old man, who in either the bitterness of a tardy remorse, in corruption, or the mere folly of second childishness, had begun to dream of the Bourbons. As this was a prisoner of some importance, Augereau and Sotin accompanied him to the foot of his dungeon. The Minister of Police cheered him *à la Française*. "Such are revolutions," said he gaily; "*we* get the better to-day, perhaps to-morrow *your* turn will come." After this specimen of the security of life and property among a people "gloriously resuming the right of every man to be equal," Barthelemy was consigned to the jailer, who was to consign him to death in the marshes of the Tropics. Probably with some latent hope that the world would weep for him, Barthelemy asked whether the catastrophe of himself and his friends had not produced "some commotion." If the question were asked in vanity, it was speedily mortified. "Not the least commotion," said Sotin, with nonchalance. "The dose was a good one. The people swallowed the pill, and the effect is excellent. And now, gentlemen, *bon voyage*." The facetious Minister of Police turned on his heel with these words, and was seen no more. But the news that the prisoners were *not* to be shot or guillotined, but to be banished for life, was received with no slight popular dissatisfaction outside. The soldiers on guard were loud in their execrations; and the general cry, as they saw the deputies marching into their prison waggons, was, "This is not what was promised to us. Why do they let them go away; or why are they suffered to take any of their things with them?"

At two in the morning of the 8th of September, those men, to the number of sixteen, who were to be speedily followed by 163 more, were put into four cages, secured with iron bars on their four sides, and the cages fixed on the frames of waggons, the whole rough equipage somewhat resembling an artillery tumbril. A guard sat in, each cage, carrying the key of the padlock that fastened the iron grating by which it was entered. The galley-slave commandant of the Temple was put

at the head of their guard, which consisted of 600 men, cavalry and infantry, with two guns. The transit was miserable. The winter had set in with unusual inclemency. As if to add studied mortification to the natural evils of the conveyance and the exile, the escort took a round through the principal streets of Paris; first carried their wretched prisoners within sight of the Luxembourg palace, the seat of their masters, which they saw full of lights and apparent festivity, and then by the Theatre of the Aodon, which had been converted into a hall for the Council of Five Hundred, and where the *purified* Council were sitting even at that hour, several of whose members ran out to insult and triumph over them; stopped the escort, gave money and drink to the soldiers, made contemptuous offers of mercy, drank to their good voyage, and sneered at them to the last.

The scene was not unfitted for the closing act of that melodrama, a Frenchman's political life. The night was stormy, rain fell, and wind howled; the outside of the Theatre, lighted by the usual French range of firepots, which tossed and flared at every blast, had a wild look, which suited the desperation of their fortunes; but a still wilder scene was in the multitude on whom that light fell, the refuse of even the Parisian rabble, the cut-throats and cut-purses of the low quarters of the capital; fellows neck-deep in all the horrors of the Revolution, and who looked upon the escape of a victim as a fraud upon their rights of massacre; all first-rate patriots, to a man *terrorists*, a name which singly implies every crime of hand and heart, under every pretence that the Revolution made common to every culprit in France. To this hideous multitude the opening of the cages, and the delivery of the prisoners to their knives, would have been the highest joy of *civisme*. But the order of the Directory had not reached to this consummation. The escort moved on; Paris and its populace, its midnight festivals, and its deliberations of blood, were left behind; and the cages rolled along the Rue d'Enfer, into which they should originally have turned at once, except for the purpose of making their inmates a wretched spectacle.



They had now to undergo a second course of torment along the road to Rochefort, the intended place of embarkation, from the intolerable bruising and jolting of their rough carriages along the paved roads of France, which was peculiarly felt by those men, some of whom were in advanced life, all mature, and all accustomed, of late years at least, to something of luxury. The stages, too, were mercilessly long; generally from morning till night. The prisoners, on their arrival, were thrust into the vilest dungeon of the place, and the best in France is a horror to every sense. At the end of the first day's journey, they were driven to the door of the prison of Arpajon, a miserable little town, where, however, patriotism flourished even in the jail. The Director Barthelemy, almost bruised to death, and afraid of being poisoned by the mephitic air that rushed up from the dungeon, stood *en attitude*, lifting his hands to Heaven, the insulted Heaven in which not one in a hundred of fools like himself believed. Barbè Marbois, one of the prisoners, formerly an officer of the King, and Royal Intendant at St Domingo, but now a wretched democrat, in like terror of being poisoned, made a speech to the galley-slave commandant, requesting "that he might be shot, rather than thus compelled to die by inches." The galley-slave did not condescend to give any other answer than a smile. But the jailer's wife was more affable. Indignant at the insult to her domicile, probably equally indignant at hearing a republican complain of any cruelty, she seized Barbè Marbois by the arm, and crying out, with an oath, "You pretend to be very nice, forsooth, but, let me tell you, many a man as good as you has been there, who made no work about it," she flung the ex-intendant from the top of the stairs to the bottom, shut the door upon the party, and left them to find out each other in the dark. The fall fractured the unhappy man's jaw, and left him covered with bruises and blood. His companions cried out for a surgeon to dress his wounds, or for water to wash them. They were as little listened to, as ever they had listened. This was the lesson to a deserter.

The next was to a popular representative.

The town of Etampes had distinguished itself by its love of liberty, and had, of course, flourished in oratory and assassination. M. Troncon du Coudray, an orator after their own heart, had canvassed them on the merit of congenial feelings; and they had returned him by that criterion, of all things excellent in a republic, the voice of the multitude. He was now one of the prisoners, and the commandant of the escort took good care that his arrival should be thoroughly known to his constituents. He halted the cages in the square of the little town, and the populace, in consequence, had full leisure to declare those opinions which their representative had so often declared to be the perfection of human wisdom. They hooted at him and his companions, cursed him and them alike, surrounded the cages, insulted their living contents with every kind of offence conceivable by an angry Frenchman—and few nations have more inventive faculties on such topics than his own—and pelted them with mire. Du Coudray was astonished above measure at this shift of the popular wind, merely from the difference between a prosperous republican and a fettered and felon one. He ought to have known the nature of liberty and equality better. Every face now flaming with patriotic wrath, had, but a short time before, been gazing on him with all the benevolence of a flattered rabble, huzzaing in the train of a popular haranguer. Du Coudray, still confident of his powers of persuasion, started up and made a speech through the bars of the cage in which he figured through the land, in the style of another Bajazet.

The speech was incomparably characteristic, a compound of egotism, nationalism, civisme, and utter fright.

"'Tis I—'tis I myself," it began. "'Tis your representative! though perhaps you do not know me in this cage. I am dragged to punishment without a trial, or even an accusation. My crime is that of defending your liberties and properties," &c. &c. He then finished his commonplaces by charging them with the

ingratitude of delivering him over "to his executioners." But the ex-deputy's eloquence had no other effect than that of inflaming the wrath of his patriotic voters. They scoffed at him in all directions, pelted him with mud, renewed their furious cries, and execrated the orator, his friends, and his party.

The little town having long before been handsomely *indoctrinated* with philosophy, rights, privileges, and the solemn and sworn belief that every Frenchman, from the felon in the jail, was perfectly competent to judge of politics and public qualifications of all kinds, men and measures, members and ministries, now returned some of their popular member's wisdom on his own head; and as he had told them a hundred times over in the days of his unfettered victory, that they were the wisest, best, most intelligent and virtuous of mankind, and that the world would never go on tolerably, until the populace took the state into their own hands, they now gave him a running commentary on his eloquence, by a course of cursing, scoffing, and pelting, during the whole period of the halt, which, for the evident purpose of giving the party this enjoyment in the fullest degree, was prolonged to thirteen hours in the market-place. Citizen Du Courdray had probably never been so long in the presence of his constituents before. The whole exhibition deserved to be immortal, for the benefit of *popular* members, and the worshippers of popularity.

At Blois, a reception equally hostile, but on different principles, awaited the prisoners. The multitude in some of those provincial towns had been too far from the civic feasts and fêtes of Paris to know much more of the Revolution than that they were in beggary and despair, that their industry was broken up, their little trade extinguished, and their little property torn away by the republican extortioners. At Blois, the multitude ran together to kill the prisoners; for, in those days, the knife was the grand decider of all causes. But their cries must have wrung the spirits of the miserable men, whom justice ought to have seized long before.

"There they are," was the roar of

the populace—"there they are, *the miscreants who killed the King!* There are the *King's murderers!* What have they done for us? They have loaded us with taxes; they have eaten up our bread; they have brought war upon us!"

The uproar continued, until the prisoners, apparently to save them from being torn in pieces, for the guard had been already attacked, were put into a small damp chapel, where all their bed was a little straw on the floor, and to sleep was impossible.

Here the wife of Barbè Marbois came to take leave of him. She had travelled from her *estate* at Metz, for this apostate was a man of fortune, to bid him farewell. She saw him at last, but with great difficulty; the officer of the guard giving her but a quarter of an hour, during which he was present, holding his watch in his hand. Their departure from Blois was so unusually protracted, that it seemed to the prisoners to have been a contrivance, usual enough in the days of equality, to give them up to the mob. The firmness of the municipal officer who had charge of them, and who openly declared that the people were at the moment tampered with by the officers of the escort for the purpose, at length compelled the commandant to move. The procession was followed out of the town by the same retributive exclamations against them, as traitors stained with the blood of their King.

Their journey continued; a course of hunger, weariness, and insult. At Tours, they got each a loaf and half a bottle of wine, their first meal after a fast of thirty hours. The confinement of their cages cramped their limbs, and put them to the most miserable inconveniences; for, from the time when the iron grating was locked upon them in the morning, it was seldom opened again till night. The weather was stormy, wet, and cold, and the cages gave them the full benefit of the exposure. They were generally put into the town dungeon for the night; and in several instances, the poisoned air of those deplorable places made them swoon immediately on their entering. At Niort they passed the night in peculiar wretchedness, in a dark, damp



hole, under the castle, twenty-five feet under ground, which affected their limbs so much, that when they were ordered to the cages next morning, they were scarcely able to move. Their last day's journey commenced at three in the morning, and brought them to Rochefort, at the end of nine leagues of the most wretched roads.

At Rochefort they expected to find a few days' rest; but they were alarmed by finding that they were led round the fortifications, with a rabble in their train fiercely crying out, "To the water—to the water!" which appears to have been the provincial substitute for "To the lamp-post" of the Parisian legislators, the usual mode of republican justice in the sea-ports being by drowning. The cry was reinforced by the workmen of the dockyards, the soldiers, and the crews of the ships, who flocked round the cages as they slowly passed along, shouting out, "Down with the tyrants; make them drink out of the *large cup*!" (the ocean.) The French are picturesque, even in murder.

In Rochefort there was thus no "rest for the sole of unblest feet." They were immediately carried on board a little privateer moored in the river, and given into the hands of a guard of scoffing soldiers, who pushed them down under the decks, where they were nearly stifled by the smoke, the smells, and the want of fresh air.

They were now almost dying of hunger, for they had not eaten a regular meal for the last thirty-six hours. At length a couple of loaves and a pail of water were let down among them. They were, however, scarcely able to touch either from the disgust that rose from every thing round them. A horrible feeling, too, took possession of them as the night fell. One of the customary instruments of republican justice was a prison-ship, with a trap-door in the hold, through which the victims were quietly dropped at midnight into the bottom of the river. The *noyades* at Nantz were the first displays of this compendious invention, which had the merit of saving all trouble, avoiding all public clamour, if such could have arisen on the side of humanity; cost

neither powder nor ball, and cost not even the trouble of putting a new edge on the knife of the guillotine. The bed of the Charente was as deep as the Loire, and the little privateer was as likely to be the instrument as any other in the hands of the Republic. The situation was undoubtedly an embarrassing one. For some hours, the prisoners expected every moment to be their last; they had wrought themselves into the conviction that they were to be drowned. Every step of the sailors above their heads, every word uttered, every rope handled, was actually taken as a direct preparation for their deaths. At length, after an unusual bustle above, the vessel weighed, and began to move. Terror converts every thing to its own substance, and the prisoners were now only the more certain that their hour was come.

But the morning dawned, and they perceived that the privateer was rapidly sailing down the river. This was fresh food for anxiety. The new conjecture was, that, to avoid the *eclat* of an execution close to the city, they were to be conveyed to some remote corner of the river, and there drowned. At midnight, the vessel suddenly came to an anchor. The hour seemed now inevitable. They were leagues from the city. At this moment, an order was heard for six of the prisoners by name to come upon deck. This was looked on as clearly the commencement of the execution. The six took leave of their compatriots, as going to death. Six more were soon after called up. They looked round the deck for those who had preceded them; but they were not to be seen. The natural conclusion was drawn, "they were murdered!" The successive groups were ordered over the ship's side into boats, and the boats rowed towards the river's mouth. This was, of course, but another mode of the drowning system. The ocean was to be the depository of the secret. Suspense had exerted her last torture on them; when at length they reached a ship of war lying off the river. Here they found their fellow prisoners; and the manners of the captain, which had more of the sailor, and less of the patriot, than they

had lately seen, gave them some hope that they were not to be so speedily sent to consummate the republican theory. Their journey had lasted from the 8th of September until the 22d, a continual progress of pain, famine, contumely, and terror.

But the severities of even their journey received but little relaxation on board. A French corvette is small; and the French, let their ships be large or small, have no habits of accommodation. The prisoners were divided, probably by the necessity of the case, twelve of them between decks, with the hatchways shut, and without room for motion—the other four in a hole, the boatswain's storeroom; a place of utter darkness, where they could neither move nor stand, and rendered pestilential by all the morbid effluvia of neglect, the refuse of the store, and the neighbourhood of the hold. The corvette set sail at four in the morning; and their breakfast was a biscuit a-piece, so impenetrable by the teeth of the old men, and so repulsive to the senses of the younger, that it produced a general remonstrance.

"The air," said Barbè de Marbois, "is infectious; if you do not suffer us to breathe the fresh air, we shall all be dead in a few days. And we shall not be the only sufferers; you will thus have the plague on board of your ship, and will lose your crew."

The last argument found its way, and the captain promised to let them breathe, *when* they were out of sight of France.

Their dinner this day was another biscuit, with a bucket of boiled beans, just as they were taken out of the ship's kettle, and this completed their bill of fare for the whole voyage. They had the usual visitation of sea-sickness to contend with in more than usual severity; for they put to sea in a storm, which blew them back into Rochelle. There their captain was changed; and their new captain, Laporte, began his career with a harangue to his crew in this style.

"Soldiers, I order you to watch these great culprits closely. And you, sailors, I forbid you, on pain of death, to communicate in any man-

ner whatever with these miscreants." His next address was to the prisoners. "Messieurs, *you* are very fortunate in being treated with so much clemency."

Their guard should not be forgotten. These were marines sent home from the Isles of France and Bourbon, where the Revolution had done its work in throwing the colonies into a state of havoc and misery. These fellows took delight in recounting their exploits in Europe and Asia. One boasted of having killed his captain by a stab in the back on a march, on suspicion of aristocracy. Another calculated the number of priests whom he had drowned in the Loire. Another mimicked the grimaces of the unfortunate people destroyed in the *Noyades*. Others boasted of their having knocked the drowning on the head as they attempted to swim from the trap-door. The Loire was a never-failing subject; and the only regret was, that they had not the opportunity of placing the Isle of France *à la hauteur de la Revolution!* The pauses in those narratives were filled up with quarrels, abominable songs, and blasphemy.

The remainder of the voyage was only a repetition of wretchedness. As the sea-sickness subsided, hunger took its place. They were almost starved upon the narrow regimen of their jailer. Marbois, maddening with famine, and with his eye sparkling with fury, at last assailed the captain. "I am hungry—I am hungry," he howled out like a wolf; "I am hungry—give me some food, or throw me into the sea." This wild application produced its effect. Some food was given to him. Even the length of the voyage was an additional feature of their sufferings. It lasted fifty days. It was not till the 10th of October, 1797, that they came in sight of the town of Cayenne.

The governor of the colony was Jeannet, a nephew of the regicide Danton; he received the prisoners civilly. But within a few hours he changed his style altogether, and ordered them under strict *surveillance*. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud de Varrennes, both notorious actors in the hideous Reign of Terror, two villains who ought to have long before



"glutted the region kites with their offal," had come some years earlier to Cayenne for the express purpose of raising the colony *à la hauteur de la Revolution*. This they commenced by the usual harangues to the negroes, declaring them free—harangues which were followed by the usual consequences, massacre and rebellion. But the insurrection being extinguished, after a frightful carnage of the unfortunate barbarians who had been thus stimulated to slaughter their masters, the two leaders were seized and thrown into prison at Sinamary, a dependency on Cayenne. There Collot d'Herbois died; but his colleague was still alive, and his partisans in the colony now demanded that the newly imported prisoners should be put on the same footing with the old. The governor, probably glad of an excuse to escape the trouble of watching them, availed himself of the clamour, and complimented the Jacobinism of Cayenne with the new transportation. An order was issued for their movement to Sinamary, ninety miles by sea from the town of Cayenne, where they arrived on the 23d of November.

They were met on the shore of this fearful wilderness by one of the few settlers, a Mr Rosmason, who greeted them with the ominous salutation, "Oh, gentlemen, you are come into a tomb."—"We know it," answered old General de Murinais; "and the sooner the better." The sixteen were quartered in six miserable rooms of the miserable fort, with a hammock each for their sole furniture, and a portion of biscuit, a pound of salt meat, and a glass of rum to correct the noxious qualities of the water. These were the luxuries of men, some of whom had lived in peace and honour under their good King, others had risen to high rank in the armies, and all had been accustomed to the better order of Parisian life. They might now have been glad to exchange situations with the most houseless pauper of Europe.

In the fort they were prisoners still. They were compelled to attend a muster twice a-day; and, with one or two exceptions, none of them passed without the gates but to the grave. All the minor miseries that

belong to a tropical climate tormented them hourly. Their rooms were alive with venomous insects; they were devoured by musquittoes, gnats, bugs, scorpions, and a whole host of others, equally disgusting. Serpents were frequent. Pichegru killed one thicker than his arm, which had made its way into the folds of his cloak, on which he lay as a pillow. All within view of the fort was forest—a howling wilderness, which constantly echoed with the screaming of monkeys, the groaning of millions of toads, and the melancholy shriek and roar of tigers. To fill up this concert, and prevent sleep to the sick or the well, the alarm was beaten every morning before the door, and no remonstrance was able to put a stop to this petty and peevish cruelty.

The prisoners began now to accomplish the purpose for which they were sent across the seas. They began to sink under the climate. Old De Murinais died first. He had been a general, had possessed a large fortune, and was the father of a numerous family. His crime in embracing the Revolution met its punishment—exile and death by the tyranny of the Revolution. Barthelemy was next seized; but his disorder was more tardy, and there was time to make a representation to the governor, who ordered him to be conveyed to the hospital at Cayenne. But the miseries of confinement were not the only ones which these wretched men were to suffer. They added to them the miseries of politics. They were involved in perpetual disputes on public affairs; and having no fixed principles on those or any other subjects, their quarrels were equally vague, fruitless, and bitter.

They sometimes tried to vary those dubious amusements by having recourse to such little occupations as they could find. Marbois turned carpenter, made some attempts to furnish his hovel, and, Frenchman-like, finally made a violin, with which, Frenchman-like, he set the negroes dancing. Du Coudray, who had been one of the haranguers of the Council of Elders, occupied himself in writing endless memorials, which, of course, were never to see the light; in making orations to the winds; and in composing a funeral oration for old De Murinais. His audience, when

he recited this effusion, were the soldiers and the negroes. The orator took for his theme—"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, and wept when we remembered Zion;"—in all likelihood, the only use that he ever made of his Bible. The soldiers were powerfully affected by the appropriateness of the text; the poor negroes wept, we must suppose for the same reason. But fame, even at Sinamary, was not without its perils. The governor of Cayenne, not approving of these "powerful" emotions in his prison, sent down a notice, that any orator who in future made either soldiers or negroes shed tears over the dust of the prisoners, should be shot without mercy. Demosthenes himself would have shrunk from the laurel at this price. Du Coudray was silenced for ever.

Lafond, formerly a man of commercial wealth, which was publicly thrown into a state of ruin by his arrest, employed himself talking to his wife's picture. Pichegru, the only individual of the party in whom it is possible to feel the slightest interest, employed his time like a man who disdained the despair of one portion of his fellow exiles, and the childish pursuits of the other. He gave up his days to learning English, doubtless with a bold view to better times, and with the object of making future valuable use of a language, which his silly countrymen affect to despise, and can scarcely ever acquire, but which has spread to every corner of the world, and will, before another century is past, be the language of three-fourths of the world. His relaxation was singing, and his songs were by choice on bold and martial subjects. Throughout the whole period, he retained peculiarly the bearing and habits of the great soldier. The ex-Director Barthelemy, was just as congenially employed until his illness; he made war upon the insects, put the scorpions to the rout, and was voted the general bug-destroyer by acclamation.

In January, Willot and Bourdon, two of the exiles, died of violent fevers; application had been made to remove them to the Hospital at Cayenne, but refused. Barthelemy was sent back to the fort. He brought the intelligence, received by an American vessel just arrived from Europe,

that the Directory had accomplished a complete triumph over all other factions, and that military tribunals were to be formed to try all politicians of the opposite side. The exiles now probably congratulated themselves on their dungeon, but it promised to be for life.

In April, their leisure was cheered by the sight of a popular election. About fifteen hundred negroes, and forty or fifty whites, were summoned to vote for a representative to the Council in Paris. But the negroes were saved from all trouble of thinking on the subject. The Directory ordered them to elect Citizen Mongé. He was then a commissary employed in collecting the plunder of the Italian works of art. The Citizen was chosen; and Mongé was announced to mankind as representative of the freemen of Cayenne! The exhibition must have been gratifying to those lovers of universal suffrage and the equality of mankind.

In May, two more of the exiles, Laffond and Du Coudray, were suddenly taken ill at dinner. They were soon in great torture, and they seem to have been poisoned. Du Coudray, though swelled and dying, wrote to the governor for permission to go to the hospital at Cayenne. The answer returned by the commandant of the fort, an insolent Jacobin, who had been a lackey, was, "I know not why those gentlemen are continually importuning me. They ought to know, that they have not been sent to Sinamary to live there to all eternity."

The advance of the year, the wretchedness of a confinement which would probably lay them all in the grave before another autumn, and probably offers of help from some of the settlers at Cayenne, who were of a different side in politics from the governor, at last suggested the idea of escape. Eight entered into the scheme. Of these Du Coudray was one. But it was soon evident that he would never leave the prison. Still he was anxious to share the attempt. He would say, "I do not flatter myself with the hope of living, but if you go, take me with you. I would breathe my last outside this horrid place. Take me with you, if possible."

But the increase of his disorder put



the possibility out of the question. Towards the end of May, both he and Laffond died, after a horrible and protracted illness of nearly thirty days. Du Coudray, on the night before his death, desired to see Pichegru, and the others who had agreed to make their escape, when he gave them some of the wisdom that agony and the death-bed force upon men. "Fly," said he, "fly from Sinamary. May Heaven favour your flight! I shall soon be no more. But should you ever see my friends, tell them my last sigh was for them and my country, and forget not my children. Should fortune ever smile on you again, oh, do not disturb the peace of our country, but rather brave all the sufferings of human misery!" After this declaration of the repentant Jacobin, he pointed to the apartment of a profligate citizen-abbé, one of their number, for whose *civisme* they all seem to have had a peculiar aversion. "He talks," said the dying man, "of civil war. It is his wish. Ah, my friends, promise me you will prevent it, if it be in your power!" He died soon after, and this was the fate of a man of character and talent, who, if he had followed the natural career of ability and honour, and shrank from the abominations of rabble popularity and regicide politics, would probably have passed through a long life of enjoyment and honour, instead of finishing a course of the trembling wretchedness of ambition in France by the agonies of a premature and desolate death in an American wilderness.

Laffond died within two days, silent, but retaining his senses, and painfully to the last fixing his eyes on his wife's portrait. The fear of death now seized upon them all. The tossings of the revolutionary wave, on which they had calculated for flinging them back to France, had now subsided; the tide had even set the contrary way. The Directory was in full power. Death had already tripped their ranks. The mere victims of one of those unprincipled and fierce changes which constitute the lottery of Republicanism, and in which prosperity is as little the conscious triumph of virtue, as adversity brings the consoling sense of martyrdom in the righteous cause; these men could have felt themselves mere-

ly as unlucky gamesters. In misery of mind and body, they now saw no alternative but the grave, and a desperate attempt at escape through the wilderness. But the colony was in a region of which no man knew the limits. The whole horizon was a forest, utterly impassable from the swamps, the wild beasts, and the arrows of the Indian tribes. This idea was therefore abandoned. But the horrors of the rainy season were now at hand. If the hurricanes came, they would be a stronger guard than chains of iron. Their prison would be closed on them for six months, and their death was all but inevitable. The governor was evidently of the same opinion; for he confined his cares to merely keeping them fixed on the spot, and refusing the sick the chances of his hospital. Their deaths seem to have been even determined on; for on the occasional appearance of a ship in the river, which they might conceive to be an English one, and therefore likely to befriend them, their lackey commandant's usual speech was, "Ah, you reckon upon those English. You may think what you please, but they shall never take you away *alive*!"

At length a new idea suggested itself. Pichegru's name was well-known among the Dutch settlers in Guiana, and some of them, in compassion to the sufferings of a man, who, in the conquest of their paternal country had exhibited fewer of the atrocities of the time than any of her conquering generals, and who had probably laid up some memories of personal kindness, for his nature was generous and noble, had sent him a present of beer and fresh provisions by a French coaster. The ruffian to whom it was entrusted, and who had evidently been an élève of the new school of rights and wrongs, disdained to carry such comfort to an *Aristocrat*; he therefore, with his crew, revelled on the beer and provisions, and then, that the vexation of the affair might not be lost to the unfortunate prisoners, came to the fort for the purpose of boasting how he had plundered them.

The provisions were gone, but this drunken knave's boast threw a sudden light on their operations. It was clear that they had friends at Surinam, and the only question now was

how they were to reach them. Still the difficulties were enormous. None of the exiles knew any thing of navigation. None of them knew any thing of the vast extent of coast which lay between them and the Dutch settlements. The few schooners which approached the fort always anchored a league down the river. They had no boat to reach one of these vessels; no arms to take it, and no provisions to put on board. In this dilemma, there was but one resource, a small canoe, which took the guard daily down the river to a redoubt at its mouth. But the canoe lay constantly under the eye of a sentinel; and a confidential person in the fort told them, that though Surinam was the only place to which they could possibly go, it was altogether out of the question that they should go in the canoe; that it could not hold them, nor, if it could, could stand the sea; that the distance to the nearest point, Fort Orange, was at least a hundred leagues; and finally, that the Dutch governor had prohibited, under the severest penalties, all landings from Cayenne, in consequence of the notorious intentions of the Cayennese Frenchmen to revolutionize the Dutch settlements in the most revolutionary mode.

This last difficulty was in some degree met by the assistance of a friend in Cayenne, who procured eight passports in feigned names, Gallois, Picard, &c., signed by Jean-net, such as he was in the habit of giving to the occasional traders from Surinam to the French colonies. But the grand point was where to find a pilot. This essential instrument was soon and curiously supplied.

The Directory, in the plenitude of their power, setting aside all law, and eager only for plunder, now issued an order for the seizure of neutral ships. In other words, an act of general piracy. The opportunity was not lost by the Cayennese governor, nor by his subjects, for every row-boat in their possession was instantly sent to sea, with full privilege to rob every thing. An American ship, with a cargo of flour, provisions, and wine, was steering for Cayenne, for which port her freight was actually intended. One of the privateers met her on the way, and, notwithstanding her

destination, seized the ship and cargo at once, and brought the prize to the road of Sinamary, through the double fear of being caught by the English frigates on the way to Cayenne, and of being compelled to give the lion's share to her rapacious governor.

This capture was a prodigious event in the dreary calendar of Sinamary. The commandant found that there were no less than 40,000 bottles of the French and Spanish vintages on board, and revelled in a long prospect of drunkenness. The soldiers and negroes found themselves more pleasantly employed in dragging the cargo on shore than in working in the fort or the fields. All was brawling and drinking, activity and bustle. In the midst of this tumult, the American captain, Tilly, paid a visit to the prisoners. The first glance of their hideous condition naturally struck him with astonishment; the exiles say, made him burst into tears; but the French weep on all occasions, and Jonathan is not yet so far fallen from the manliness of his English ancestry as to play the sentimentalist with such facility. The captain did what was worth all the theatrical sorrows of all weepers of the land of melodrama. He determined to assist them to the best of his power, reduced as it was.

To their surprise, he told them privately, "that to assist them had been the *express object* of his voyage, and that he had packets from their friends and families on board, hid in one of his barrels, which were now however beyond his reach, though undiscovered by their captors." He had no idea of being the object of any of the French privateers, and had suffered his ship to fall to leeward of Cayenne, in order to have an excuse for anchoring in the road of Sinamary, from which he might communicate with them, and enable them to escape. The captain further told them the European news;—of the treaty of Campo Formio, and of the unprovoked invasion of Switzerland. This last piece of intelligence, perfectly *à la République* as it was, roused all their virtuous indignation; and Barthelemy, in particular, who had participated in the whole Republican game as long as he was allowed, was thrown into a paroxysm of attitude



and oratory at the infamous novelty of robbing and slaughtering helpless nations.

They took the captain out upon the rampart, and showed him the canoe; the sailor shook his head at this diminutive object, and told them that "it would not do; that they must certainly go to the bottom, if they attempted their exploit in that bark; that it could not hold them all, nor carry them to Surinam." They declared in turn, that something or other they must do, and that speedily; and that, if they must go to the bottom, they would prefer it to the torturing and lingering death of Du Coudray and Laffond. The conference ended by the captain's promising to give them the assistance of his pilot, a zealous and intelligent man of the name of Berwick.

But they were still to meet with difficulties. An order suddenly arrived from the governor to send the American captain and his people, without delay, to Cayenne. They were thus on the verge of seeing their whole design overthrown. The captain, however, gave them courage on this occasion. He offered to take their pilotage on himself, and for this purpose to escape and hide in the forest, and there be ready to join them by signal in seizing the canoe on the 3d of June, the day appointed for the attempt. But to this act of generosity, the rational objection occurred, that the captain was too important a person not to be missed, when his crew were called over, and that the suspicion would be immediately visited upon the prisoners. Finally, Berwick was again appointed to the honour.

The third of June was fixed on, from its being the day for which the commandant was invited to dine on board of the American prize. The day commenced prosperously. The commandant was entertained on board with a handsome dinner, and as much wine as he liked. The friends of the prisoners—for even there, whether by hope, fear, or friendship, they had some allies—were active in the crisis. The privateer captain had given some common wine to the soldiers; in the course of the evening, these bottles unaccountably swelled into a distribution large enough to make every

one of the garrison either drunk, sleepy, or blind. A female who had arrived a few days before from Cayenne, was the chief distributor, and she scattered her smiles and her bottles indiscriminately among the soldiers in their barracks, the negroes in their hovels, the workmen in their rooms, and the sentinels on guard. Even the prisoners had their share in this general shower of Bordeaux. The Hebe from Cayenne took good care that the wine should be swallowed on the spot, for she filled out the bumpers with her own fair hands, and plied the progress of the general intoxication with French and female zeal. All was freedom, gaiety, and Medoc.

In their festivity, the prisoners had a part to play; and they professed to quarrel. The wine circulated; and the politicians commenced a furious dispute. Aubry and Larue undertook the task of out-arguing Barthelemy; Dossouville and Pichegru threatened single combat; Milot and Ramel performed the part of pacificators, and, of course, more embroiled the fray. The dispute rapidly grew more ferocious, until glasses and plates flew about, and persons ran in to quell the uproar. The experiment was for the purpose of preventing any suspicion of agreement in any design, whatever it might be, and it was perfectly adapted to succeed.

Night, long looked for, fell at last, and the prisoners had sufficient evidence that the American's claret had done its duty; they saw the commandant brought on shore dead drunk, like a corpse. The negroes and soldiers were lying every where on the ground, in the same condition. Complete stillness followed the riot, outrage, and atrocious songs of the day. All were silent, for all were drunk. The clock struck nine. The hour agreed on was come. Dossouville, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, gave them the glad intelligence that the whole garrison was thoroughly disqualified for military proceedings for that night.

They now attempted once more to persuade De Marbois to take his chance along with them. He was a disputer of the true species. They had frequently debated the point with him before. But this foolish

old man answered them then, and now, with a French harangue on the glory of sacrifices for our country, and a flourish on the certainty of being hereafter avenged. He was evidently much more certain of being drowned. French as they were, they felt the absurdity of this verbiage, and left the old orator to find what justice he could from his fellow regicides. Pichegru, Aubry, and Ramel now mounted the bastion, went towards the sentinel, and asked him "What it was o'clock?" The sentinel, as drunk as his commandant, had no words, but fixed his eyes upon the stars. He was instantly seized by the throat, Pichegru disarmed him, and the rest dragged him along, grasping his throat to prevent his giving the alarm. In this way they pulled him up the parapet, and then he fell into the river, where it is to be presumed that this drunkard was drowned. At least they heard no more of him. He had been the drummer who beat the alarm at their doors in the morning, and who had provoked them by his constant insolence. They had retaliated handsomely.

After this performance, they came down from the rampart—joined the other prisoners, and went noiselessly to see what was the state of the guard-house. The wine had operated perfectly. There was not a soul in the guard-house. Thus they had nothing to do but to take the muskets and cartridges at their leisure. They now went to the canoe. The drawbridge had not been raised, and the exit was easy. With the canoe, they found the pilot. Barthelmy, who was old and weak in every sense of the word, fell into the river, but it was near the edge, and the pilot pulled him into the boat. They then cut the rope, and let themselves go down the stream.

No man knows the intenseness, variety, or agony of emotion of which the human heart is capable, who has not been in situations resembling this. Every step treading upon death,—a moment, the turning of a hair, a breath, making the difference between the bitterest suffering, and escape into light, and air, and freedom, and the prospect of long enjoyment. In leaving their dungeon, they might actually look upon themselves as

rescued from their grave. Yet the bark of a dog, the alarm of a sentinel, a single heavy step, the most trivial of all accidents, might have broken up their whole plan, and fixed them there for ever. Their sensations, as they found themselves gliding down the river of Sinamary, without a sound from the fort, without a symptom of pursuit, without a single ground for believing that they might not yet effect their entire object, and reach Europe and their friends and families, may have been among the keenest that man can bear on this side of insanity.

But another source of anxiety arose. The redoubt at the river's mouth. It had a garrison of eight soldiers, and a gun from its bastion would sink them in an instant. Luckily the Medoc had made its way there too. The garrison were all drunk, the canoe was not hailed, and no gun was fired.

They reached the river's mouth, the ocean spread before them; the moon rose, and her light, which seems to have been intended from the beginning to quiet or to elevate the heart of man, never looked so glorious to them. They felt the light, in this spot of rocks and shallows, as in some degree an interposition of Heaven; and, if they had not been Revolutionists, might at that time have been betrayed into gratitude, and even into prayer.

They had still an alarm. Two guns were heard from Sinamary, which were answered by one from the redoubt. But by this time they had gained two hours on the pursuit, and they had nothing to dread but from another little fort, Traconbo, and the ocean. At four in the morning, while they were struggling fearfully along, in utter darkness, they were made aware of their passing close under Traconbo, by the discharge of two guns a-head, followed by another close to them. But they were not struck by the shot, they saw nothing from the extreme darkness, and when daylight at last came, Traconbo, with all its terrors, was lying "far o' the lee."

The weather was fortunately serene, otherwise they must have been lost instantly, for the canoe was so small that every wave rolled into it. No voyagers could have put to



sea in a more primitive condition. They had neither compass, nor quadrant, nor bread, nor meat, nor water. Their whole stock amounted to two bottles of rum! For three days they thus sailed along, until they were almost starved; on the third day they were totally becalmed. The air was fire, the very ocean scorched them, like a mirror reflecting the burning beams of the sun. They gave themselves up for lost. They had no expectation but that of festering in the spot where they were thus chained by the elements. It was at this time that they employed their leisure in making solemn vows never to avenge themselves on their country, and never to retaliate their injuries on individuals. All swore in the presence of Heaven never to take arms against France. This was perhaps one of the most characteristic displays of their whole captivity. The vow may have been all that was wise and becoming; but it was made only *after* they had attained the full conviction that they were come to their last hour. An oath against public vengeance, made by a boatful of fugitives, in the last extremities of famine on the ocean, and utterly in despair of life, was surely melodramatic and French. But, live or die, a Frenchman is always on the stage.

But a breeze came next day, and swept them on, though much bewildered by the currents, and kept in continual terror by a whole host of sharks, which already marked them for their prey, and continued all day splashing and bounding round their canoe. On the fifth day, they reached Fort Orange; but here they were put in a new peril, which might have extinguished them at once.

The vigilance of the Dutch artillerymen received their little vessel with a fire of heavy guns loaded with ball, any one of which would have sent ship and freight to the bottom in a moment. This display of hostility was scarcely necessary to a solitary canoe with a few half-naked and more than half-dying men. It drove off the invasion, however. The canoe put out, and sailed, in the hope that at Mont Krick, a settlement higher up the coast, the artillerymen would be less vigilant, or less frightened. But Mont Krick

they were not destined to reach so easily; the clouds suddenly lowered, the wind rose, the waves swelled, a storm came on, which, if it had found them in any other part of their voyage, must have closed their history in this world. Berwick, their pilot, now turned his prow to the shore; it was repulsive; an interminable forest; but at sea they must perish. A huge billow rolled them in, upset their canoe, threw out their arms and themselves, and left them in the mire. It was only by main force that they held their vessel from going back again upon the billow. They were now on shore; but without arms or ammunition to protect them from the Indians, the tigers, or the Dutchmen. They were in rags, covered with mud, tortured by reptiles and insects innumerable, and without a morsel. The storm came on heavier still. The night was a dreadful conflict of the elements, with every intermission of the storm filled up by the roaring of the sea, and the screams of tigers. The rain fell in a deluge, the wind tore through the forest with the force of cannonballs; and during the whole storm, they were compelled to remain knee-deep, or neck-deep, in the waves, holding fast their canoe, on which alone they depended for reaching any habitable spot, and which was continually on the point of being carried off by the surges. In addition, half-naked as they were, they found the cold piercing. Such was a night under the equator.

Morning dawned, and it never dawned more welcome. The storm subsided; and Pichegru, who had preserved his meerscham and tinder-box, lighted a fire, which cheered their frozen bodies, and dried their clothes. Their only resource against the bites of the insects was to lie down on their faces in the sand.

After a second night of misery, storm, and perpetual terror of the tigers, which now bore down from the forest, and were to be prevented from eating the whole party only by incessant watching, and keeping up a large fire, morning came again, and Ramel crept out to examine the state of the weather. His mission was productive. He saw, some hundred yards off, the welcome sight of two men, and, running back to tell the

glad tidings, Berwick, the pilot, advanced alone, bidding the others hide themselves, that they might not alarm the strangers. On coming near them, they probably took him for a wild beast, for his appearance, from rags, hunger, and the frightful havoc that the insects had made of his features, was scarcely human. The two men immediately presented muskets at him; but his gestures and supplications soon satisfied them that he was no very formidable assailant. The fugitives all now came forward, and Pichegru, entering into conversation with them in German, learned that they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Mont Krick, and that the fort was but three leagues distant. They were now going on duty to Fort Orange, and Barthelemy and Larue were sent along with them, to exhibit their passports, and without acknowledging who they were, obtain what assistance they could from the humanity of the Dutch. They reached the fort. The governor was civil, but cautious. He sent them some workmen to repair their boat, and then ordered them to make their way to sea as fast as possible.

They next tried Mont Krick, where the governor had either less caution or more benevolence. They found a clear and spacious room opened for them at the water side, and some fowls, bread, and rice, their first civilized meal for many a month, and were all delighted. They now appeared before the officer commanding the fort. It was sufficiently clear that he did not believe their story of their being ruined merchants. He even told them that he had a description of the persons of the French fugitives from Sinamary behind the mirror in his room, which Jeannet had actively spread through all the stations, and showed it to them; but without exhibiting any undue suspicion that they were the individuals. He made a vague enquiry for Pichegru, Barthelemy, and the "rest of those unfortunate persons," and was contented with the vague answer, that "they had been in great misery, but now hoped for a change of fortune." The Dutchman bore his office meekly.

This good-natured and sensible man, in the conversation which followed, assigned the cause of the se-

vere vigilance which the government was forced to exert. "The French colonies had all been turned into scenes of massacre or bankruptcy, by the republican folly of telling the negroes that they were as good as their masters. The planters were butchered or ruined, and the negroes were left to murder each other or starve, or be slaughtered in the attempt to put them down again. From all this sanguinary absurdity, the Dutch colonies had kept clear by shutting out the doctrine of negro equality. The slaves here," said the officer, "are better treated, more industrious, and more happy, than if they had received the fatal gift of liberty. But the French governor in Cayenne, through displeasure at our refusing some unreasonable demands for money or provisions, has declared that 'he will revenge himself on those aristocrats, and revolutionize Surinam;' and hence, the commandants along the coast had orders to watch narrowly all the French who landed in the colony." They were still entertained by these hospitable people, when a Dutch officer of rank arrived from Paramaribo to lead them to the governor of the colony. The officer was shocked at their condition; for they were dreadfully disfigured by the insects, and were still almost without clothes or shoes. "In their own style, he embraced them all, and further cheered them by the intelligence that the governor was well disposed towards them; that he was even anxious for their arrival, and that the whole colony sympathized in their misfortunes." On this all the Frenchmen burst into the national tribute of tears.

They now set out on their journey to the seat of government, having first enjoyed a regular dinner, and the still higher luxury of shirts, shoes, and sound clothes. At this indulgence, which, undoubtedly, might have excited gratitude in any one, the Frenchmen were flung into absolute raptures. The raptures were increased, if possible, by their treatment on the road. They spent their first night at the plantation of a hospitable friend of the governor, who, though he was prevented by some business from being at home, gave them the freedom of his handsome house. They were enchanted. His



"gardens, his large rooms, his verandas, his table, his elegant furniture, and still more his comfortable beds," were topics for ever. All was magical. They exclaimed, "It was Elysium after Tartarus!" This day of festivity closed with a carousal of the negroes of the estate, who, oppressed as they were, danced merrily after the general supper.

All henceforth was a triumphal entry. They reembarked in their two handsome gondolas, and dropped down the river towards Surinam, all astonishment at the "richness of the plantations on its banks, the neatness of the canals, the beauty of the gardens, and the stateliness of the buildings;" unvisited as they had been by the voice of universal liberty, and unstained by the blood of a king.

On their way still further down, they were met by a party of the principal planters, who gave them another feast; and, on resuming their voyage again, they met, just as the sun was plunging his golden visage deep down into the endless forests of the west, a splendid gondola conveying the governor, who had come out to give them the more honourable reception. The Dutchman's speech was polite in the extreme. "Welcome, gentlemen, welcome all of you; forget, if possible, your misfortunes. I shall do every thing in my power to efface them from your memories. We are all happy to see you; the whole colony, and myself in particular, are at your command." The speech was worthy of Amadis de Gaul himself. But wherever the honest Dutchman learned the tone, it had the better distinction of being followed up by active good-nature.

The colonists went hand in hand with their honest governor in hospitality, the town was illuminated, the garrison and the colonial militia were under arms, and the fugitives landed under the universal discharge of musketry and cannon from the town and the ships. All was huzzaing, embracing, and feasting. They were lodged in the governor's house, and from that time invited in all directions; carried from estate to estate, and fêted, fed, embraced, and congratulated every where. The governor made no troublesome enquiries. His guests were still ruined merchants, and he was merely exercising

the common civilities due to every body. But in the midst of this invidious life of pleasantness, news came from Cayenné. A vessel arrived with a letter from the governor, in the following terms. After stating the escape of the exiles: "If those gentlemen have not been taken by the English privateers, or if they have not perished, as I *fear they have*, they must have taken refuge in your colony. In that case, it is my duty to *claim them*, in the name of the Directory, as prisoners of state. Should you be able to discover them, I request, and even require, you to put them under arrest. But I entreat you to use no violence towards them, and to grant them all the kindness due to their misfortunes."

The governor of Surinam had already obeyed the better part of the recommendation, and was not disposed to follow the Frenchman's flourish, by sending them back to him to die. He coolly answered, that "he knew nothing of any state prisoners, but that eight shipwrecked merchants and a sailor, with passports signed by the governor of Cayenne, had arrived some days before; that when he should be acquainted with the arrival of the fugitives alluded to, he should be prepared to deal with them as was proper; and that he had the honour to enclose the passports for the inspection of the governor of Cayenne!" The captain of this vessel brought also the intelligence, that republican freedom was going on from triumph to triumph in France; and in unanswerable proof, stated that a consignment of obnoxious politicians, to the amount of 193, found guilty of difference of opinion, had reached Cayenne in the frigate *La Decade*, three days after their escape.

But Jeannet was determined to have his prey, and a second letter arrived within ten days, stating, that though the passports, by some means or other, bore his own signature, yet that *no* merchants of the names of Gallois, Picard, &c. &c., had ever been in Cayenne; that he had certain knowledge that the fugitives were at that moment in Paramaribo; and that he insisted on their arrest, or would represent the whole affair to the government.

This was a formidable menace, and

the exiles, in order to prevent embarrassment to their friend, offered to hide themselves until they could find a vessel going to St Thomas's. The Dutchman, however, manfully objected to this precaution, "which," he said, "he should consider as a weakness." Still, it was evidently the wiser plan to prevent national quarrels, if it could be done by leaving Surinam; and within a few days they embarked on board a commodious vessel, prodigally supplied with all good things by the honest colonists. Here they took leave of the pilot, who had served them to so much purpose, and who was loaded with donatives by the governor and the people. He returned immediately to Philadelphia. The next scene was the parting from their Dutch friends, who followed them down to the vessel's side. The singular kindness with which they had been treated, justified every expression of thanks, but the French disfigured the sincerity of the scene, as usual, by "bursting into tears." Their last sight of Surinam was on the 30th of June.

Their voyage was not without its alarms, for the seas swarmed with Victor Hugues's privateers; and, in his hands, they would have fallen into the hands of one of the most infamous tyrants that was ever shaped by the education of a negro overseer, still more envenomed by unbounded Republicanism. One of these privateers drove them, fortunately for themselves, under the guns of Berbice, then in possession of our troops. Here they were prisoners on parole, but received with much attention; conveyed by Colonel Hislop, since Sir Thomas, to Berbice, and there put on board of one of our frigates for Europe. The voyage gave them a new experimental knowledge of the life of a sailor. They were attacked by the yellow fever, were tossed through a dozen degrees of latitude by the equinoctial storms, in which some ships of the convoy were lost, and the passage lasted sixty-four days. But on the 20th of September, they were in the Channel, and saw the French coast. Of course, they were all overflowing with sentiment; some gave themselves over to "melancholy;" there was an abundance of speeches, "serious reflex-

ions," and astonishment "that the land by which they were sailing could no longer be called their country."

On the passage they had been transferred to the Aimable frigate, Captain Granville Lobb, who with his officers treated them with the characteristic good-nature of British sailors. They were now ordered to London, where they had some interviews with Mr Wickham, secretary in the Duke of Portland's office, relative to French affairs. On one of these occasions, a man who had been sitting in a dark corner of the apartment, recognised and spoke to them. "You are saved," said he; "then all my misfortunes are forgotten." He was so much reduced by ill health, that they could scarcely recollect their friend the American captain. "I am Tilly," said he, "and you, too, are so much altered, that I could not have known you, but from hearing your names." The alteration, it may be presumed, under the regimen of Dutch hospitality, reinforced by the English table, was of the more favourable kind.

Tilly's narrative still had some interest for them. Within three days after their escape, the frigate *La Decade* had brought her living freight of disappointed statesmanship to shore, a cargo of 193 popular members, liberal authors, citizen priests, and journalists, each of them worthy to have founded a republic. So prodigious an influx of politics at once, frightened Jeannet for the stability of his place; and, probably with the actual intention of providing for the future, he called the captain into his councils, and began a conversation with him on the purchase of his vessel for a flight to Philadelphia. The escape of the exiles happened to be mentioned; and the captain, in his hour of confidence, unwarily acknowledged at full length his share in the transaction, and even that he had the correspondence from France still barrelled up in his hold. A new light seems to have flashed upon the governor; he may have thought that the seizure of this correspondence, which was connected with *Royalisme* in France, would establish him with the Directory for ever. He instantly started up, threw down the table between them, called to the guard,



and ordered the unlucky confidant to be put in irons, preparatory to being shot next day. But cooler deliberation told him that the captain's death would not bring him so much advantage, as his shooting an American citizen must bring him trouble; a remonstrance to the Directory, which might vacate his government, and a frigate from the United States, which might carry himself off to be hanged by the populace at Philadelphia, would be consequences which it became the Frenchman's prudence to avoid. But he could still tyrannize, and the American was thrown into a dungeon, ironed hands and feet, and kept there on bread and water through the months of June and July, under the equator. Yet the tenuity of this regimen may have saved his life in this horrible confinement. He was at length sent on board the *Decade* on her return to France, to be dealt with according to the pleasure of the Directory, — a pleasure which would probably have sent him to perish in the ditch of some provincial fortress. But a better fate awaited him. The *Decade* was met on her way by an English frigate, which attacked and took her. Captain Pierepoint, the commander of the English ship, immediately liberated the American, and sent him to London, where he was at this time receiving assistance from the government, which enabled him shortly after to reach his own country.

The whole adventure was now at an end. The exiles were received with great civility in London, and with peculiar attention by the government who had rather hastily

adopted the idea, that they were the martyrs of their zeal to restore royalty in France. Some of them soon after returned to the continent. Some, among whom was Pichegru, the noblest and most sincere of them all, remained in London, fruitlessly involving themselves in the tortuous plots of the counter-revolutionists, and the equally zealous and often betrayed politics of the Bourbon Princes. Pichegru's fate is painfully known. A severe consciousness of the infinite crimes concealed under the name of Republic, gradually compelled him to become loyal. The very sound of freedom was heard no more in France; the Revolution had run its natural course, and, after plunging the land into bankruptcy and blood unexampled in the history of ages, and insulting alike the human heart and understanding, by the hideous blasphemies of Atheism by Law, had delivered the wretched and guilty nation into the grasp of a man of craft and blood. No land within earthly record was ever so thoroughly enslaved. To break the chain became the manly ambition of Pichegru. But he was betrayed, seized, and assassinated. No enemy of Napoleon, whose appearance might produce popular sympathy, was ever indulged with a trial. All were assassinated; Villeneuve, Wright, Tous-saint, Pichegru, all perished by poison or the dagger, in prison. The time was to come when their murderer was to feel the miseries of a prison, and to perish by a more painful death, embittered by the consciousness that by his own guilt he was undone!

## LINES ON STAFFA.

DARKLY the wreathèd mists their curtain spread,  
 Child of the Ocean ! round thy rocky bed,  
 While yet the northern sun with frigid smile,  
 Streams in red twilight o'er each distant isle ;  
 But darker still beneath,—the waveless deep,  
 Lull'd in fierce calmness, like a Titan's sleep,  
 Lies motionless, as when the Almighty breath  
 First roused its waters from their trance of death,  
 And floating on like strains of joy and rest,  
 The new-born Zephyr kiss'd its dimpled breast.

" Shorn of his beams," the sun, with mellow'd ray,  
 O'er distant Ulva struggles into day ;  
 Fresh from another world he springs, and now  
 Sits like a crown upon the mountain's brow—  
 'Tis but a moment—dim before him rise  
 The curling steams of Ocean's sacrifice,  
 As if in homage ; see, the vapours fly,  
 Borne on the breeze beneath the redd'ning sky,  
 Till you may trace amid their varying shade,  
 The baseless arch, or airy colonnade,  
 Like that where oft Morgana's fairy pride  
 Builds her brief pageant o'er the busy tide.

Slowly emerging from the vapour's night,  
 The shrouded islet steals upon the sight ;  
 More lovely thus than when the midday beam  
 Shall mar the gazer's imitative dream,  
 And give to open view each charm reveal'd,  
 Which fancy paints more beauteous when conceal'd.  
 For such are human joys, that doubt can throw  
 A deeper zest round ev'ry bliss below ;  
 And fond hope, pointing onward to the last,  
 Still makes the future brighter than the past.

More slowly yet the thin veil rolls away,  
 Bright glows the wave beneath the dancing ray,  
 And Staffa's thousand columns seem to leap  
 From Ocean's breast—a temple of the deep,  
 As if e'en now some wizard's demon hand  
 Had bade each pillar rise, each arch expand—  
 Raised by his spell, behold, yon wondrous cave,  
 Has bridged with hollow span the pathless wave,  
 And bidding proud defiance to the sea,  
 The wall has heaved its untaught masonry !

Stern in thy beauty ! Nature's warmer smile,  
 Beams not for thee, thou rude and lonely Isle !  
 No twining lichen wreathes thy sullen crest,  
 No wild-flower blossoms from thy rocky breast,  
 No waving foliage woos the summer gale,  
 No streamlet lends its freshness to the vale ;  
 But o'er each whiten'd cliff, the wintry blast  
 Has howl'd for aye, in fury as it pass'd,  
 Hurling the wave on high, till e'en the rock  
 Trembled beneath its elemental shock.

Yet art thou beauteous ! o'er the earth and sea,  
 Where is that spot which shall compare with thee ?



Thy mystic hall, which stands as erst it stood,  
 When through its arches swept the awaken'd flood,  
 And firm as when beneath their friendly shade  
 Its secret den the huge Behemoth made;  
 Thy columns' clustering form, whose every part  
 Seems built in Nature's mockery of Art,  
 Whose ev'ry shape the hidden artist's skill  
 Doth seem to mould obedient to his will;  
 The broken light, which tremulously falls  
 With partial gleam along thy cavern'd walls,  
 Like some old cloister where the twilight gray  
 O'er lessening arches sheds its feeble ray,  
 Till the long vista blends each melting hue,  
 And veils in night the gazer's raptured view—  
 Oh! may not Fancy prompt the pleasing dream,  
 That Genius stole from thee his earliest theme?  
 To thee we owe each once monastic pile,  
 To thee the dim cathedral's Gothic aisle;  
 From thy primeval architecture rose  
 Each labour'd charm that science still bestows.

But what art thou? We see thee in thy pride  
 Stemming, unmoved thyself, the baffled tide;  
 We see thee rear on high thy giant form  
 Safe 'mid the whirlwind, reckless of the storm.  
 But still we know thee not, no mortal tongue  
 Hath told, shall tell, from whence thy fabric sprung.  
 Perchance thou wast of Chaos, when the earth  
 Awoke in beauty to its second birth;  
 When sun and stars, beneath the Eternal's eye,  
 Fraught with glad music, floated o'er the sky;  
 Or wert thou call'd, as later legends tell,  
 From Ocean's depths, by that tremendous spell,  
 Which demon lips to godlike Fingal gave,  
 Hailing his proud dominion o'er the wave?

Nature! we see 'tis thine—No mortal arm  
 Poised the firm rock, or cull'd the unholy charm,  
 No Demon toil'd to rear the fretted cell,  
 Bound by tradition's visionary spell.  
 Thou wert the architect—but who may trace  
 Thy secret workings in the viewless space?  
 Say, did the red volcano's fiery sweep  
 Roar in wild conflict through the troubled deep?  
 Or did the earthquake, herald of its birth,  
 Ope the dark portal of the teeming earth?  
 In vain we ask—no perishable eye  
 May pierce the veil that shrouds thy mystery.  
 But still we view thee—in each varied name,  
 For ever changed, or changing, still the same;  
 Throned on the glacier, smiling in the vale,  
 Borne on the whirlwind, breathing in the gale;  
 Bright in the rising sun's unwearied beam,  
 Wild in the forked lightning's angry gleam;  
 Nurse of the flower that decks the mountain's brow,  
 Lord of the prison'd flame that howls below.  
 Where shall we find the rude neglected spot  
 Which thou hast shunn'd, in which thou dwellest not?

The victor Sea-king, while his homeward sail  
 Woo'd to its swelling breast the northern gale,  
 Yet stay'd his falcon flight to gaze awhile  
 On those fair cliffs, and that mysterious isle,

Where dwelt for aye, enchain'd within his cave,  
The spellbound Demon of the tortured wave,  
Whose frantic moanings oft were heard to swell  
The storm, within whose breast he loved to dwell.

Such was the tale, whose legendary sway  
Could charm that warlike pilgrim from his way,—  
That lurking spell, which, name it as ye will,  
O'ermasters power, and mocks at wisdom still.  
And oft in later times Tradition told  
Of shepherd boy who watch'd his lonely fold,  
What time the sea-bird hush'd her wailing cry,  
And the last sunbeam blended sea and sky,  
Who saw on yonder rock, whose rugged side  
Heeds not the ripple of the laughing tide,  
A female form, who wrung with eager care  
The jetty tendrils of her loosen'd hair;  
But soon she turn'd, and quick, with noiseless leap,  
Plunged like a meteor to her home, the deep.

Oh! think the Poet err'd not when he gave  
Their bright inhabitants to earth and wave;  
E'en now the Dryad haunts her grove, and still  
The classic Naiad loves her gushing rill;  
Still the green circle marks at early dawn  
Where elfin feet have gemm'd the dewy lawn;  
Nor have the sea-maids left their silent reign,  
Within the glassy chambers of the main.  
For oft at sunset's glow, or twilight hour,  
The faëry world resumes its little power,  
And finds not o'er the earth a fitter shrine,  
A fairer home, thou desert Isle! than thine.

Approach and enter; where thou treadest now  
The Celt has trode before thee, and his brow  
Was raised, as thine is, with enquiring gaze,  
Towards the silent pile of other days.  
To him the spot was holy, for it told  
Of those who lived—the mighty ones of old,  
The wise in council, and in battle strong,  
Whose deeds of blood are chronicled in song.  
To him it was no solitude—his eye  
Call'd into life each shape of fantasy;  
He saw great Fingal, with unechoed pace,  
Stalk wildly o'er his spirit's dwelling-place,  
And car-borne Oscar, as in youth he died,  
Stanch the warm blood that welter'd from his side;  
He saw the Warrior Bard, whose kindling lay  
Hymn'd the dark rapture of the godlike fray;  
Or, prouder still, upon the battle-plain  
Peal'd the triumphant death-note of the slain.  
These were the gods of that unearthly shrine,  
This was his vision—Christian, what is thine?—

To thee it tells of One, whose hallow'd name  
Dwelt on thy lip when first its language came,  
Whose ear disdain'd not thine unconscious prayer,  
Whose eye watch'd o'er thee with a father's care;  
The same who erst to rescued Israel gave  
A path of safety through the riven wave,  
And, girt by Nature's agonizing groan,  
Scorch'd upon Sinai's brow the shrinking stone,



Whose feet thick darkness cover'd where he trode,  
The Framers of the World, the great, the living God!

Oh! what a temple for the heart to rise  
Elate on glad communion with the skies,  
And all unchain'd by chilling time or space,  
To meet its own Creator face to face!  
No worldly thought to fling its withering stain,  
And call the spirit back to earth again—  
No vulgar eye to check th' enthusiast's zeal,  
And mock those yearnings that it may not feel—  
No altar built with hands, no dome supplied,  
The costly gift of penitence or pride—  
No labour'd strain to prompt the lingering soul,  
And urge it onward to its heavenly goal—  
But the wild music of the measured wave,  
That speeds its greeting to the thirsty cave,  
And each unchisell'd stone, whose front sublime  
Has frown'd in triumph o'er the stroke of time.

Who has not felt, amid the storm of life,  
When the heart sickens of its hopeless strife,  
That holiness of solitude, which throws  
O'er passion's self the aspect of repose—  
Which falls like dew upon the soul, and brings  
A transient gush from life's exhausted springs?  
Then memory calls us back to those glad days,  
When life seemed beauteous to our erring gaze,  
Ere yet our sinless childhood learnt to weep,  
O'er infant conscience whisper'd from her sleep;  
Each virtuous thought of youth, each holier thrill,  
O'er which the world had flung its deadening chill,  
Then wakes again—till through the silent air,  
The chasten'd heart pours forth its voiceless prayer.

Adieu! fair Child of Ocean! now no more  
The pilgrim's foot may trace thy lonely shore;  
No more, alas! his raptur'd eye may dwell  
On tow'ring cliff, or fairy-haunted cell.  
Like that undying one condemned to roam  
Through every land, in none to find a home,  
He journeys on, where'er the welcome gale  
O'er Ocean's breast may speed his swelling sail—  
More free to breathe in solitude than when  
He treads with humbled steps the haunts of men—  
But oft, perchance, in some more favour'd isle,  
Where ceaseless summer sheds her gentler smile,  
Shall Memory turn to thee her wakeful eye,  
Fraught with that simple love that ne'er can die.

Again, farewell! for, sinking in the west,  
Each glancing sunbeam tints the ocean's breast,  
And the lone sea-bird wings her homeward way,  
Warn'd to her nest by each departing ray;  
Scarce seen afar, the fisher's scanty sail  
Reluctant spreads before the fickle gale;  
And lulling each unholy thought to sleep,  
Eve's dewy mantle hovers o'er the deep;  
O'er thee she hastes to pour her balmy spell—  
Again, thou lonely Child of Ocean, fare-thee-well!

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SCENES IN JAMAICA.

THE malady, from whose fangs I had just escaped, was at this time making fearful ravages amongst the troops and white inhabitants of Jamaica generally; nor was the squadron exempted from the afflicting visitation, although it suffered in a smaller degree.

I had occasion at this time to visit Uppark camp, a military post about a mile and a half from Kingston, where two regiments of infantry, and a detachment of artillery, were stationed.

In the forenoon, I walked out in company with an officer, a relation of my own, whom I had gone to visit; enjoying the fresh sea-breeze that whistled past us in half a gale of wind, although the sun was vertical, and shining into the bottom of a pint-pot, as the sailors have it.

The barracks were built on what appeared to me a very dry situation, (although I have since heard it alleged that there was a swamp to windward of it, over which the sea-breeze blew, but this I did not see,) considerably elevated above the hot sandy plain on which Kingston stands, and sloping gently towards the sea. They were splendid, large, airy, two story buildings, well raised off the ground on brick pillars, so that there was a perfectly free ventilation of air between the surface of the earth and the floor of the first story, as well as through the whole of the upper rooms. A large balcony, or piazza, ran along the whole of the south front, both above and below, which shaded the brick shell of the house from the sun, and afforded a cool and convenient lounge for the men. The outhouses of all kinds were well thrown back into the rear, so that in front there was nothing to intercept the sea-breeze. The officers' quarters stood in advance of the men's barracks, and were, as might be expected, still more comfortable; and in front of all were the field-officers' houses, all of substantial brick and mortar. The whole of this

superb establishment stood in an extensive lawn, not surpassed in beauty by any nobleman's park that I had ever seen. It was immediately after the rains when I visited it; the grass was luxuriant and newly cut, and the trees, which grew in detached clumps, were most magnificent. We clambered up into one of them, a large umbrageous wild cotton-tree, which cast a shadow on the ground—the sun being, as already mentioned, right overhead—of thirty paces in diameter; but still it was but a dwarfish plant of its kind, for I have measured others whose gigantic shadows, at the same hour, were upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and their trunks, one in particular that overhangs the Spanish Town road, twenty feet through of *solid* timber; that is, not including the enormous spurs that shoot out like buttresses, and end in strong twisted roots, that strike deep into the earth, and form stays, as it were, to the tree in all directions.

Our object, however—publish it not in Askalon—was, not so much to admire the charms of nature, as to enjoy the luxury of a real Havannah cigar, in solitary comfort; and a glorious perch we had selected. The shade was grateful beyond measure. The fresh breeze was rushing, almost roaring, through the leaves and groaning branches, and every thing around was green, and fragrant, and cool, and delicious; by comparison that is, for the thermometer would, I dare say, have still vouched for eighty degrees. The branches overhead were alive with a variety of beautiful lizards, and birds of the gayest plumage; amongst others, a score of small chattering green paroquets were hopping close to us, and playing at bopeep from the lower surfaces of the leaves of the wild pine, (a sort of Brobdignag parasite, that grows, like the mistletoe, in the clefts of the larger trees,) to which they clung, as green and shining as the leaves themselves, and ever and anon



popping over their little heads and shoulders to peer at us; while the red-breasted woodpecker kept drumming on every hollow part of the bark, for all the world like old Kelson, the carpenter of the Torch, tapping along the topsides for the dry rot. All around us the men were lounging about in the shade, and sprawling on the grass in their foraging caps and light jackets, with an officer here and there lying reading, or sauntering about, bearding Phœbus himself, to watch for a shot at a swallow, as it skimmed past; while goats and horses, sheep and cattle, were browsing the fresh grass, or sheltering themselves from the heat beneath the trees. All nature seemed alive and happy—a little drowsy from the heat or so, but that did not much signify—when two carts, each drawn by a mule, and driven by a negro, approached the tree where we were perched. A solitary sergeant accompanied them, and they appeared, when a bow-shot distant, to be loaded with white deal boxes.

I paid little attention to them until they drove under the tree. "I say, Snowdrop," said the non-commissioned officer, "where be them black rascals, them pioneers—where is the *fâteague* party, my Lily-white, who ought to have had the trench dug by this time?"

"Dere now," grumbled the negro, "dere now—easy ting to deal wid white gentleman, but devil cannot satisfy dem worsted sash." Then aloud—"Me no know, sir—me can't tell—no for me business to dig hole—I only carry what you fill him up wid;" and the vampire, looking over his shoulder, cast his eye towards his load, and grinned until his white teeth glanced from ear to ear.

"Now," said the Irish sergeant, "I could *brain* you, but it is not worth while!"—I question if he could, however, knowing as I did the thickness of their skulls.—"Ah, here they come!"—and a dozen half-drunken, more than half-naked, bloated, villainous-looking blackamoors, with shovels and pick-axes on their shoulders, came along the road, laughing and singing most lustily. They passed beneath where we sat, and, when about a stonecast beyond, they all jumped into a trench or pit, which I had not noticed before, about twen-

ty feet long, by eight wide. It was already nearly six feet deep, but it seemed they had instructions to sink it further; for they first plied their pick-axes, and then began to shovel out the earth. When they had completed their labour, the sergeant, who had been superintending their operations, returned to where the carts were still standing beneath the tree. One of them had *six coffins in it*, with the name of the tenant of each, and number of his company, marked in red chalk on the smallest end!

"I say, Snowdrop," said the sergeant, "how do you come to have only five bodies, when Cucumbershin there has six?"

"To be sure I hab no more as five, and weight enough too. You no see Corporal Bumblechops dere? You knows how big he was."

"Well, but where is Sergeant Heavystern? why did you not fetch him away with the others?"

The negro answered doggedly, "Massa Sergeant, you should remember dem no die of consumption—cough you call him—nor fever and ague, nor any ting dat waste dem—for tree day gone—no more—all were mount guard, tout and fat; so as for Sergeant Heavystern, him left in de dead-house at de hospital."

"I guessed as much, you dingy tief,"—said the Sergeant,—"but I will break your bones, if you don't give me a sufficing *raison*, *why* you left him"—And he approached Snowdrop, with his cane raised in act to strike.

"Stop, Massa," shouted the negro; "me will tell you—Dr Plaget desire dat Heavystern should be leave."

"Confound Dr Plaget!"—and he smote the pioneer across the pate, whereby he broke his stick, although, as I anticipated, without much hurting his man—but the sergeant instantly saw his error, and with the piece of the baton he gave Snowdrop a tap on the shin-bone, that set him pirouetting on one leg, with the other in his hand, like a teetotum.

"Why, sir, did you not bring as many as Cucumbershin, sir?"

"Becaase"—screamed Snowdrop, in great wrath, now all alive and kicking from the smart—"Becaase Cucumbershin is loaded wid light in-

fantry, sir, and all of mine are grenadier, Massa Sergeant—dat dem good reason surely!"

"No, it is not, sir; go back and fetch Heavystern immediately, or by the powers but I will!"

"Massa Sergeant, you must be mad—Dr Plaget—you won't yeerie—but him say, five grenadier—especially wid Corporal Bumblechop for one—is good load—ay, verry tif load—equal to seven tallion company (battalion, I presume), and more better load, great deal, den six light infantry—beside him say, tell Sergeant Pivot to send you back at five in de afternoon wid four more coffin, by which time he would have anoder load, and in trute de load was ready prepare in de dead-house before I come away, only *dem were not well codd just yet.*"

I was mightily shocked at all this—but my chum took it very coolly.—He slightly raised one side of his mouth, and, giving a knowing wink with his eye, lighted a fresh cigar, and continued to puff away with all the composure in the world.

At length the forenoon wore away, and the bugles sounded for dinner, when we adjourned to the mess-room. It was a very large and handsome saloon, standing alone in the lawn, and quite detached from all the other buildings, but the curtailed dimensions of the table in the middle of it, and the ominous crowding together of the regimental plate, like a show-table in Rundle and Bridge's back-shop, gave startling proofs of the ravages of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day;" for although the whole regiment was in barracks, there were only *nine* covers laid, one of which was for me. The lieutenant-colonel, the major, and I believe fifteen other officers, had already been gathered to their fathers, within four months from the day on which the regiment landed from the transports. Their warfare was o'er, and they slept well. At the first, when the insidious disease began to creep on apace, and to evince its deadly virulence, all was dismay and anxiety—down-right, slavish, unmanly fear, even amongst case-hardened veterans, who had weathered the whole peninsular war, and finished off with

Waterloo.—The next week passed over—the mortality increasing, but the dismay decreasing—and so it wore on, until it reached its horrible climax, at the time I speak of, by which period there was absolutely no dread at all. A reckless gaiety had succeeded—not the screwing up of one's courage for the nonce, to mount a breach, or to lay an enemy's frigate aboard, where the substratum of fear is present, but cased over by an energetic exertion of the will; but an unnatural light-heartedness, for which account, ye philosophers, for I cannot—and this, too, amongst men who were as steel in the field, yet whenever a common cold overtook them in quarters, or a small twinge of rheumatic pain, would, under other circumstances, have caudled and befannelled themselves, and bored you for your sympathy, at *no allowance*, as they say. The major elect, that is, the senior captain, was in the chair; as for the Lieutenant-Colonel's vacancy, that was too high an aspiration for any man in the regiment. A stranger of rank, and interest, and money, would of course get that step, for the two deaths in the regimental staff made but one captain a major, as my neighbour on the left hand feelingly remarked. All was fun and jovialty; we had a capital dinner, and no allusion whatever, direct or indirect, was made to the prevailing mortal epidemic, until the surgeon came in, about eight o'clock in the evening.

"Sit down, doctor," said the president—"take some wine; can recommend the Madeira,—Claret but so, so—your health." The doctor bowed, and soon became as happy and merry as the rest; so we carried on, until about ten o'clock, when the lights began to waltz a little, and propagate also, and I found I had got enough, or, peradventure, a little more than enough, when the senior captain rose, and walked very composedly out of the room—but I noticed him pinch the doctor's shoulder as he passed.

The *Medico* thereupon stole quietly after him; but we did not seem to miss either—a young sub had usurped the deserted throne, and there we were all once more in full career, singing and bousing, and cracking bad jokes to our hearts'



content. By-and-bye, in comes the doctor once more.

"Doctor," quoth young sub, "take some wine; can't recommend the Madeira this time," mimicking his predecessor very successfully; "the Claret, you know, has been condemned, but a little hot brandy and water, eh?"

The doctor once more bowed his pate, made his hot stuff, and volunteered a song.—After he had finished, and we had all hammered on the table to his honour and glory, until every thing danced again, as if it had been a matter of very trivial concern, he said, "Sorry I was away so long; but old Spatterdash has got a damned thick skin, I can tell you—could scarcely get the lancet into him—I thought I should have had to send for a spring phleem—to tip him the veterinary, you know—and he won't take physic: so I fear he will have but a poor chance."

Spatterdash was no other than mine host who had just vacated!

"What, do you really think he is in for it?" said the second oldest captain, who sat next me; and as he spoke he drew his leg from beneath the table, and, turning out his dexter heel, he seemed to contemplate the site of the prospective fixed spur.

"I do, indeed," quoth Dr Plaget. *He died within three days!*

But as I do not intend to write an essay on yellow fever, I will make an end, and get on shipboard as fast as I can, after stating one strong fact, authenticated to me by many unimpeachable witnesses. It is this; that this dreadful epidemic, or contagious fever—call it which you will—has never appeared, or been propagated at or beyond an altitude of 3000 feet above the level of the sea, although people seized with it on the hot sultry plains, and removed thither, have unquestionably died. In a country like Jamaica, with a range of lofty mountains far exceeding this height, intersecting the island through nearly its whole length, might not government, after satisfying themselves of the truth of the fact, improve on the hint? Might not a main guard suffice in Kingston, for instance, while the regiments were in quarters half-way up the Liguanea Mountains, within twelve miles actual distance from the town, and

within view of it, so that during the day, by a semaphore on the mountain, and another at the barrack of the outpost, a constant and instantaneous communication could be kept up, and, if need were, by lights in the night?

The admiral, for instance, had a semaphore in the stationary flag-ship at Port-Royal, which communicated with another at his *Pen*, or residence, near Kingston; and this again rattled off the information to the mountain retreat, where he occasionally retired to careen; and it is fitting to state also, that in all the mountain districts of Jamaica which I visited, there is abundance of excellent water and plenty of fuel. These matters are worth consideration, one would think; however, *allons*—it is no business of Tom Cringle's.

Speaking of telegraphing, I will relate an anecdote here, if you will wait until I mend my pen. I had landed at Greenwich wharf on duty—this was the nearest point of communication between Port-Royal and the admiral's pen—where, finding the flag-lieutenant, he drove me up in his ketureen to lunch. While we were regaling ourselves, the old signal man came into the piazza, and with several most remarkable obeisances, gave us to know that there were flags hoisted on the signal mast, at the mountain settlement, of which he could make nothing—the uppermost was neither the interrogative, the affirmative, nor the negative, nor in fact any thing that with the book he could make sense of. "Odd enough," said the lieutenant; "hand me the glass," and he peered away for half a minute. "Confound me if I can make heads or tails of it either; there, Cringle, what do you think? How do you construe it?" I took the telescope. Uppermost there was hoisted on the signal-mast a large table-cloth, not altogether immaculate, and under it a towel, as I guessed, for it was too opake for bunting, and too white, although I could not affirm that it was fresh out of the fold either.

"I am puzzled," said I, as I spied away again. Meanwhile there was no acknowledgment made at our semaphore—"There, down they go," I continued—"Why, it must be a mistake—Stop, here's a new batch

going up above the green trees—There goes the table-cloth once more, and the towel, and—deuce take me, if I can compare the lowermost to any thing but a dishclout—why, it must be a dishclout.”

The flags, or substitutes for them, streamed another minute in the breeze, but as there was still no answer made from our end of the string, they were once more hauled down—We waited another minute—“Why, here goes the same signal up again, table-cloth, towel, dishclout, and all—What the *diable* have we got here? A red ball, two pennants under—What can that mean?—Ball—it is the *bonnet-rouge*, or I am a Dutchman, with two short streamers”—Another look—“A red night-cap and a pair of stockings, by all that is portentous!” exclaimed I.

“Ah, I see, I see!” said the lieutenant, laughing—“signal-man, acknowledge it.”

It was done, and down came all the flags in a trice. It appeared, on enquiry, that the washing cart, which ought to have been sent up that morning, had been forgotten; and the Admiral and his secretary having ridden out, there was no one who could make the proper signal for it. So the old housekeeper took this singular method of having the cart dispatched, and it was sent off accordingly.

For the first week after I entered on my new office, I was busily engaged on board; during which time my mind was quite made up, that the most rising man in his Majesty's service, beyond all compare, was Lieutenant Thomas Cringle, third of the Firebrand. During this eventful period I never addressed a note to any friend on shore, or to a brother officer, without writing in the left-hand lower corner of the envelope, “Lieutenant Cringle,” and clapping three dashing, &c. &c. &c.'s below the party's name for whom it was intended.

“Must let 'em know that an officer of my rank in the service knows somewhat of the courtesies of life, eh?”

In about ten days, however, we had gotten the ship into high order and ready for sea, and now the glory and honour of command, like my *only* epaulet, that had been soaked while on duty in one or two showers,

and afterwards regularly bronzed in the sun, began to tarnish, and lose the new gloss, like every thing else in this weary world. It was about this time, while sitting at breakfast in the gun-room one fine morning, with the other officers of our mess, gossiping about I hardly remember what, that we heard the Captain's voice on deck.

“Call the first Lieutenant.”

“He is at breakfast, sir,” said the man, whoever he might have been, to whom the order was addressed.

“Never mind then—Here, boatswain's mate—Pipe away the men who were captured in the boats; tell them to clean themselves, and send Mr \*\*\* to me”—(This was the officer who had been taken prisoner along with them in the first attack)—“they are wanted in Kingston at the trial to-day.—Stop—tell Mr Cringle also to get ready to go in the gig.”

The pirates, to the amount of forty-five, had been transferred to Kingston jail some days previously, preparatory to their trial, which, as above mentioned, was fixed for this day.

We pulled cheerily up to Kingston, and, landing at the Wherry wharf, marched along the hot dusty streets, under a broiling sun, Captain N—, the other Lieutenant, and myself, in full puff, leading the van, followed by about fourteen seamen, in white straw hats, with broad black ribbons, and clean white frocks and trowsers, headed by a boatswain's mate, with his silver whistle hung round his neck. As respectable a tail as any Christian could desire to swinge behind him, and, man for man, I would willingly have perilled my promotion upon their walloping, with no offensive weapons but their stretchers, the *Following*, claymores and all, of any proud, disagreeable, would-be-mighty mountaineer, that ever turned up his supercilious, whisky-blossomed snout at Bailie Jarvie. On they came, square-shouldered, narrow-flanked, tall, strapping fellows, tumbling and rolling about the piazzas in knots of three and four, until, at the corner of King Street, they came bolt up upon a well-known large, fat, brown lady, famous for her manufacture of spruce beer.

“Avast, avast a bit!”—sung out



one of the topmen—"let the nobbs heave a-head, will ye, and let's have a pull."

"Here, old mother Slush," sung out another of the cutter's crew—"Hand us up a dozen bottles of spruce, do you hear?"

"Dozen battle of pruce!" groaned the old woman—"who shall pay me?"

"Why, do you think the Fire-brands are thieves, you old canary, you?"

"How much, eh?" said the boat-swain's mate.

"Twelve seepennies," quoth the matron.

"Oh, ah!" said one of the men—"Twelve times five is half a crown; there's a dollar for you, old mother Popandchokem—now give me back five shillings."

"Eigh, oh!" whined out the spruce merchant; "you dem rascal, who tell you dat your dollar more wort den any one else money—eh? How can give you back five shilling and keep back twelve seepenny—eh?"

The culprit who had stood the Cocker of the company, had by this time gained his end, which was to draw the fat damsel a step or two from the large tub half full of water, where the bottles were packed, and to engage her attention by stirring up her bile, or *corruption*, as they call it in Scotland, while his mess-mates instantly seized the opportunity, and a bottle a-piece also, and, as I turned round to look for them, there they all were in a circle taking the meridian altitude of the sun, or as if they had been taking aim at the pigeons on the eaves of the houses above them with Indian mouth-tubes.

They then replaced the bottles in the tub, paid the woman more than she asked; but, by way of taking out the change, they chucked her stern foremost into the water amongst her merchandise, and then shouldered the vessel, old woman and all, and away they staggered with her, the empty bottles clattering together in the water, and the old lady swearing and bouncing and squattering amongst them, while Jack shouted to her to hold her tongue, or they would let her go by the run bodily. Thus they stumped in the wake of their captain, until he arrived at the

door of the Court-house, to the great entertainment of the bystanders, cutting the strings that confined the corks of the stone bottles as they bowled along, popping the spruce into each other's faces, and the faces of the negroes, as they ran out of the stores to look at Jack in his frolic, and now and then taking a shot at the old woman's cockernony itself, as she was held kicking and spurring high above their heads.

At length the captain, who was no great way a-head, saw what was going on, which was the signal for dousing the whole affair, spruce-woman, tub, and bottles, and the party gathering themselves up, mustered close aboard of us, as grave as members of the General Assembly.

The regular Court-house of the city being under repair, the Admiralty Sessions were held in a large room occupied temporarily for the purpose. At one end, raised two steps above the level of the floor, was the bench, on which were seated the judge of the Admiralty Court, supported by two post-captains in full uniform, who are ex-officio judges of this court in the colonies, one on each side. On the right, the jury, composed of merchants of the place, and respectable planters of the neighbourhood, were enclosed in a sort of box, with a common white pine railing separating it from the rest of the court. There was a long table in front of the bench, at which a lot of black-robed devils, limbs of lawyers, were ranged—but both amongst them, and on the bench, the want of the cauliflower wigs was sorely felt by me, as well as by the seamen, who considered it little less than murder, that men in crops—black shock-pated fellows—should sit in judgment on their fellow-creatures, where life and death were in the scales.

On the left hand of the bench, the motley public—white, black, and of every intermediate shade—were grouped; as also in front of the dock, which was large. It might have been made with a view to the possibility of fifteen unfortunates or so being arraigned at one time; but now there were no fewer than forty-three jammed and pegged together into it, like sheep in a Smithfield pen the evening before market-day. These were

the *forty thieves*—the pirates. They were all, without exception, clean, well shaven, and decently rigged in white trowsers, linen or check shirts, and held their broad Panama sombreros in their hands.

Most of them wore the red silk sash round the waist. They had generally large bushy whiskers, and not a few had ear-rings of massive gold, (why call wearing ear-rings puppyism? Shakspeare wore ear-rings, or the Chandos portrait lies,) and chains of the same metal round their necks, supporting, as I concluded, a crucifix, hid in the bosom of the shirt.—A Spaniard can't murder a man comfortably, if he has not his crucifix about him.

They were, collectively, the most daring, intrepid, *Salvator Rosa*-looking men I had ever seen. Most of them were above the middle size, and the spread of their shoulders, the grace with which their arms were hung, and finely developed muscles of the chest and neck, the latter exposed completely by the folding back of their shirt-collars, cut large and square, after the Spanish fashion, beat the finest boat's crew we could muster all to nothing. Some of them were of mixed blood, that is, the cross between the European Spaniard and the aboriginal Indian of Cuba, a race long since sacrificed on the altar of Mammon, the white man's god.

Their hair, generally speaking, was long, and curled over the forehead black and glossy, or hung down to their shoulders in ringlets, that a dandy of the second Charles' time would have given his little finger for. The forehead in most was high and broad, and of a clear olive, the nose straight, springing boldly from the brow, the cheeks oval, and the mouth—every Spaniard has a beautiful mouth, until he spoils it with the beastly cigar, as far as his well-formed firm lips can be spoiled; but his teeth he generally does destroy early in life. Take the whole, however, and deduct for the teeth, I had never seen so handsome a set of men; and I am sure no woman, had she been there, would have gainsayed me. They stood up, and looked forth upon their judges and the jury like brave men, desperadoes though they were. They were, without excep-

tion, calm and collected, as if aware that they had small chance of escape, but still determined not to give that chance away. One young man especially attracted my attention, from the bold, cool self-possession of his bearing. He was in the very front of the dock, and dressed in no way different from the rest, so far as his under garments were concerned, unless it were that they were of a finer quality. He wore a short green velvet jacket, profusely studded with knobs and chains, like small chain-shot, of solid gold, similar to the shifting button lately introduced by our dandies in their waistcoats. It was not put on, but hung on one shoulder, being fastened across his breast by the two empty sleeves tied together in a knot. He also wore the red silk sash, through which a broad gold cord ran twining like the strand of a rope. He had no ear-rings, but his hair was the most beautiful I had ever seen in a male—long and black, jet-black and glossy. It was turned up and fastened in a club on the crown of his head with a large pin, I should rather say skewer, of silver; but the outlandishness of the fashion was not offensive, when I came to take into the account the beauty of the plaiting, and of the long raven love-locks that hung down behind each of his small transparent ears, and the short Hyperion-like curls that clustered thick and richly on his high, pale, broad forehead. His eyes were large, black, and swimming, like a woman's; his nose straight and thin; and such a mouth, such an under-lip, full and melting; and teeth regular and white, and utterly free from the pollution of tobacco; and a beautifully moulded small chin, rounding off, and merging in his round, massive, muscular neck.

I had never seen so fine a face, such perfection of features, and such a clear, dark, smooth skin. It was a finer face than Lord Byron's, whom I had seen more than once, and wanted that hellish curl of the lip; and, as to figure, he could, to look at him, at any time have eaten up his lordship stoop and roop to his breakfast. It was the countenance, in a word, of a most beautiful youth, melancholy, indeed, and anxious—evidently anxious; for the large pearls that coursed each other down his fore-



head and cheek, and the slight quivering of the under-lip, every now and then evinced the powerful struggle that was going on within. His figure was, if possible, superior to his face. It was not quite filled up, *set*, as we call it, but the arch of his chest was magnificent, his shoulders square, arms well put on; but his neck—"Have you seen the Apollo, neighbour?"—"No, but the cast of it at Somerset-House."—"Well, that will do—so you know the sort of neck he had." His waist was fine, hips beautifully moulded; and although his under limbs were shrouded in his wide trowsers, they were evidently of a piece with what was seen and developed; and this was vouched for by the turn of his ankle and well-shaped foot, on which he wore a small Spanish grass slipper, fitted with great nicety. He was at least six feet two in height, and such as I have described him. There he stood, with his two hands grasping the rail before him, and looking intently at a wigless lawyer who was opening the accusation, while he had one ear turned a little towards the sworn interpreter of the court, whose province it was, at every pause, to explain to the prisoners what the learned gentleman was stating. From time to time he said a word or two to a square-built, dark, ferocious-looking man standing next him, apparently about forty years of age, who, as well as his fellow-prisoners, appeared to pay him great respect; and I could notice the expression of their countenances change as his rose or fell.

The indictment had been read before I came in, and, as already mentioned, the lawyer was proceeding with his accusatory speech, and, as it appeared to me, the young Spaniard had some difficulty in understanding the interpreter's explanation. Whenever he saw me, he exclaimed, "Ah-aquí viene el Señor Teniente—ahora sabremos—ahora, ahora;" and he beckoned to me to draw near. I did so.

"I beg pardon, Mr Cringle," he said in Spanish, with the ease and grace of a nobleman—"but I believe the interpreter to be incapable, and I am certain that what I say is not fittingly explained to the judges; nei-

ther do I believe he can give me a sound notion of what the advocate is alleging against us. May I entreat you to solicit the bench for permission to take his place? I know you will expect no apology for the trouble from a man in my situation."

This unexpected address in open court took me fairly aback, and I stopped short while in the act of passing the open space in front of the dock, which was kept clear by six marines in white jackets, whose muskets, fixed bayonets, and uniform caps, seemed out of place to my mind in a criminal court. The lawyer suddenly suspended his harangue, while the judges fixed their eyes on me, and so did the audience, confound them! To be the focus of so many eyes was trying to my modesty; for, although I had mixed a little in the world, and was not altogether unacquainted with bettermost society, still, below any little manner that I had acquired, there was, and always will be, an under stratum of bashfulness, or sheepishness, or *mauvaise honte*, call it which you will; and the torture, the breaking on the wheel, with which a man of that temperament perceives the eyes of a whole court-house, for instance, attracted to him, none but a bashful man can understand. At length I summoned courage to speak.

"May it please your honours, this poor fellow, on his own behalf, and on the part of his fellow-prisoners, complains of the incapacity of the sworn interpreter, and requests that I may be made the channel of communication in his stead."

This was a tremendous effort, and once more the whole blood of my body rushed to my cheeks and forehead, and I "sweat extremely." The judges, he of the black robe and those of the epaulet, communed together.

"Have you any objection to be sworn, Mr Cringle?"

"None in the least, provided the court considers me competent, and the accused are willing to trust to me."

"Si, si!" exclaimed the young Spaniard, as if comprehending what was going on—"Somos contentos—todos, todos!" and he looked round, like a prince, on his fellow culprits.

A low murmuring, "Si, si—contento, contento!" passed amongst the group.

"The accused, please your honours, are willing to trust to my correctness."

"Pray, Mr Cringle, don't make yourself the advocate of these men, mind that," said the lawyer *sans* wig.

"I don't intend it, sir," I said, slightly stung; "but if *you* had suffered what I have done at their hands, *peradventure* such a caution to *you* would have been unnecessary."

The sarcasm told, I was glad to see; but remembering where I was, I hauled out of action with the man of words, simply giving the last shot, "I am sure no English *gentleman*," a *leetle* emphasis on the word, "will throw any difficulty in the way of the poor fellows being made aware of what is given in evidence against them, bad as they may be."

He was about rejoining, for a lawyer would as soon let you have the last word as a sweep or a baker the wall, when the officer of court approached and swore me in, and the trial proceeded.

The whole party were proved by fifty witnesses to have been taken in arms on board of the schooners in the Cove; and farther, it was proved that no commission or authority to cruise whatsoever was found on board any of them, a strong proof that they were pirates.

"Que dice, que dice?" enquired the young Spaniard already mentioned.

I said that the court seemed to infer, and were pressing it on the jury, that the absence of any commission or letter of marque from a superior officer, or from any of the Spanish authorities, was strong evidence that they were marauders—in fact pirates.

"Ah!" he exclaimed; "gracias, gracias!" Then with an agitated hand he drew from his bosom a parchment, folded like the manifest of a merchant ship, and at the same moment the gruff fierce-looking elderly man did the same, with another similar instrument from his own breast.

"Here, here are the commissions—here are authorities from the Captain-General of Cuba. Read them,"

I looked over them; they were regular to all appearance, at least as there were no autographs in court of the Spanish Viceroy, or any of his officers, whose signatures, either *real* or *forged*, were affixed to the instruments, with which to compare them. There was a great chance, I conjectured, so far as I saw, that they would be acquitted; and in this case, *we*, his majesty's officers, would have been converted into the transgressing party; for if it were established that the vessels taken, were *bona fide* *Guarda Costa's*, we should be placed in an awkward predicament, in having captured them by force of arms, not to take into account the having violated the sanctity of a friendly port.

But I could see that this unexpected production of regular papers by their officers had surprised the pirates themselves, as much as it had done me,—whether it was a heinous offence of mine or not to conceal this impression from the court, (there is some dispute about the matter to this hour between me and my conscience,) I can't tell; but I was determined to stick scrupulously to the temporary duties of my office, without stating what I suspected, or even translating some sudden expressions overheard by me, that would have shaken the credibility of the documents.

"Comisiones, comisiones!" for instance, was murmured by a weatherbeaten Spaniard, with a fine bald head, from which two small tufts of grey hair stood out above his ears, and with a superb Moorish face—"Comisiones—Si hay comisiones, el Diablo mismo, les ha hecho!"

The court was apparently non-plussed—not so the wigless man of law. His pea-green visage assumed a more fiendish hue, and the expression of his eyes became damnable and blasting. He looked altogether like a cat sure of her mouse, but willing to let it play in fancied joy of escaping, as he said softly to the Jew crier, who was perched in a high chair above the heads of the people, like an ugly *corbie* in its dirty nest—"Crier, call Job Rumbletithump, mate of the Porpoise."

"Job Rumbletithump, come into court!"



"Here," quoth Job, as a stout bluff honest-looking sailor rolled into the witness's box.

"Now, clerk of the crown, please to swear in the mate of the Porpoise." It was done. "Now, my man, you were taken going through the Caicos Passage in the Porpoise by pirates, in August last—were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Turn your face to the jury, and speak up, sir. Do you see any of the *honest* men who made free with you in that dock, sir? Look at them, sir."

The mate walked up to the dock, stopped, and fixed his eyes intently on the young Spaniard. I stared breathlessly at him also. He grows pale as death—his lip quivers—the large drops of sweat once more burst from his brow. I grew sick, sick.

"Yes, your honour," said the mate.

"Yes—ah!" said the devil's limb, chuckling—"we are getting on the trail at last. Can you swear to more than one?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Yes!" again responded the *sans wig*. "How many?"

The man counted them off. "Fifteen, sir. That young fellow there is the man who cut Captain Spurtel's throat, after violating his wife before his eyes."

"God forgive me, is it possible?" gasped Thomas Cringle.

"There's a monster in human form for you, gentlemen," continued devil's limb. "Go on, Mr Rumbletithump."

"That other man next him hung me up by the heels, and seared me on the bare"—Here honest Job had just time to divert the current of his speech into a loud "whew."

"Seared you on the whew!" quoth the facetious lawyer, determined to have his jest, even in the face of forty-three of his fellow-creatures trembling on the brink of eternity. "Explain, sir—tell the court where you were seared, and how you were seared, and all about your being seared."

Job twisted, and lolloped about, as if he was looking out for some opening to bolt through; but all egress was shut up.

"Why, please your honour," the eloquent blood mantling in his honest sunburnt cheeks; while from my heart I pitied the poor fellow, for he was absolutely broiling in his bashfulness—"He seared me on—on—why, please your honour, he seared me on—with a red-hot iron!"

"Why, I guessed as much, if he seared you at all; but *where* did he sear you? Come now," coaxingly, "tell the court where and how he applied the actual cautery."

Job being thus driven to his wit's end, turned and stood at bay. "Now I will tell you, your honour, if you will but sit down for a moment, and answer me one question."

"To be sure; why, Job, you brighten on us. There, I am down—now for your question."

"Now, sir," quoth Rumbletithump, imitating his tormentor's manner much more cleverly than I expected, "what part of your honour's body touches your chair?"

"How, sir!" said the man of words—"how dare you, sir, take such a liberty, sir?" while a murmuring laugh hummed through the court.

"Now, sir, since you won't answer me, sir," said Job, elevated by his victory, while his hoarse voice roughened into a loud growl, "I will answer myself. I was seared, sir, where you ought to be"—

"Silence!" quoth the crier, at this instant drowning the mate's voice, so that I could not catch the word he used.

"And there you have it, sir. Put me in jail, if you like, sir."

The murmur was bursting out into a guffaw, when the judge interfered. But there was no longer any attempt at ill-timed jesting on the part of the bar, which was but bad taste at the best on so solemn an occasion.

Job continued, "I was burnt into the very muscle, until I told where the gold was stowed away."

"Aha!" screamed the lawyer, forgetting his recent discomfiture in the gladness of success; "And all the rest were abetting, eh?"

"The rest of the fifteen were, sir"—

But the prosecutor, a glutton in his way, had thought he had bagged the whole forty-three. And so he ultimately did before the evening

closed in, as most of the others were identified by other witnesses; and when they could not actually be sworn to, the piracies were brought home to them by circumstantial evidence; such, for instance, as having been captured on board of the craft we had taken, which again were identified as the very vessels which had plundered the merchantmen and murdered several of their crews, so that by six o'clock the jury had returned a verdict of Guilty—and I believe there never was a juster—against the whole of them. The finding and sentence of death following thereupon, seemed not to create any strong effect upon the prisoners. They had all seen how the trial was going; and, long before this, the bitterness of death seemed to be past.

I could hear one of our boat's-crew, who was standing behind me, say to his neighbour, "Why, Tom, surely he is in joke. Why, he don't mean to condemn them to be hanged *seriously*, without his wig, eh?"

Immediately after the judgment was pronounced, which, both as to import, and literally, I had translated to them, Captain N—, who was sitting on the bench beside his brother officers, nodded to me, "I say Mr Cringle, tell the coxswain to call Pearl, if you please."

I passed the word to one of the Firebrand's marines, who was on duty, who again repeated the order to a seaman who was standing at the door.

"I say, Moses, call the clergyman."

Now this Pearl was no other than the seaman who pulled the stroke-oar in the gig; a very handsome negro, and the man who afterwards forked Whiffle out of the water—tall, powerful, and muscular, and altogether one of the best men in the ship. The rest of the boat's-crew, from his complexion, had fastened the *sobriquet* of the clergyman on him.

"Call the clergyman."

The superseded interpreter, who was standing near, seeing I took no notice, immediately *traduced* this literally to the unhappy men. A murmur arose amongst them.

"Que—el padre ya? Somos en Capillo entonces—poco tiempo, poco tiempo!"

They had thought that the clergy-

man having been sent for, the sentence was immediately to be executed, but I undeceived them; and, in ten minutes after they were condemned, they were marched off under a heavy escort of foot to the jail. I must make a long story short. Two days afterwards, I was ordered with the launch to Kingston, early in the morning, to receive twenty-five of the pirates who had been ordered for execution that morning at Gallows Point. It was little past four in the morning when we arrived at the Wherry wharf, where they were already clustered, with their hands pinioned behind their backs, silent and sad, but all of them calm, and evincing no unmanly fear of death.

I don't know if other people have noticed it, but this was one of several instances where I have seen foreigners—Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, for instance, meet death, *inevitable death*, with greater firmness than British soldiers or sailors. Let me explain. In the field, or grappling in mortal combat, on the blood-slippery quarterdeck of an enemy's vessel, a British soldier or sailor is the bravest of the brave. No soldier or sailor of any other country, saving and excepting those damned Yankees, can stand against him—they would be utterly overpowered—their hearts would fail them—they would either be cut down—thrust through, or they would turn and flee. Yet those same men who have turned and fled, will meet death, but it must be, as I said, *inevitable, unavoidable death*, not only more firmly than their conquerors would do in their circumstances, but with an intrepidity—oh, do not call it indifference!—altogether astonishing. Be it their religion, or their physical conformation, or what it may, all I have to do with, is the fact which I record as undeniable. Out of five-and-twenty individuals, in the present instance, not a sigh was heard, nor a moan, nor a querulous word. They stepped lightly into the boats, and seated themselves in silence. When told by the seamen to make room, or to shift so as not to be in the way of the oars, they did so with alacrity, and almost with an air of civility, although they knew that within half an hour their earthly career must close for ever.

The young Spaniard who had



stood forward so conspicuously on the trial, was in my boat; in stepping in, he accidentally trode on my foot in passing forward; he turned and apologized, with much natural politeness—"He hoped he had not hurt me?"

I answered kindly, I presume—who could have done so harshly? This emboldened him apparently, for he stopped, and asked leave to sit by me. I consented, while an incomprehensible feeling crept over me; and when once I had time to recollect myself, I shrunk from him, as a blood-stained brute, with whom even in his extremity it was unfitting for me to hold any intercourse. When he noticed my repugnance to remain near him, he addressed me hastily, as if afraid that I would destroy the opportunity he seemed to desire.

"God did not always leave me the slave of my passions," he said, in a low, deep, most musical voice. "The day has been when I would have shrunk as you do,—but time presses. *You have a mother?*" said he—I assented—"and an only sister?" As it happened, he was right here too. "And—and"—here he hesitated, and his voice shook and trembled with the most intense and heart-crushing emotion—"yuna mas cara que ambos?"—Mary, you can tell whether in this he did not also speak truth. I acknowledged there was another being more dear to me than either. "Then," said he, "take this chain from my neck, and the crucifix, and a small miniature from my bosom; but *not yet*—not till I leave the boat. You will find an address affixed to the string of the latter. Your course of service may lead you to St Jago—if not, a brother officer may"—His voice became inaudible; his hot scalding tears dropped fast on my hand, and the ravisher, the murderer, the pirate, wept as an innocent and helpless infant. "You will deliver it. Promise a dying man—promise a great sinner." But it was momentary—he quelled the passion with a fierce and savage energy, as he said sternly, "*Promise! promise!*" I did so, and I fulfilled it. The day broke. I took the jewels and miniature from his neck, as he led the way with the firm step of a hero in ascending the long gibbet. The halters were adjusted, when he stepped towards the

side I was on, as far as the rope would let him, "*Dexa me verla—dexa me verla, una ves mas!*" I held up the miniature. He looked—he *glared* intensely at it. "*Adios, Maria, seas feliz mi querida—feliz—feliz—Maria—adios—adios—Maria—Mar*"—

The rope severed thy name from his heart, sweet girl; but not until it also severed his soul from his body, and sent him to his tremendous account—young in years, but old in wickedness—to answer at that tribunal, where we must all appear, to the God who made him, and whose gifts he had so fearfully abused, for thy broken heart and early death, amongst the other scarlet atrocities of his short but ill spent life.

The signal had been given—the lumbering flap of the long drop was heard, and five-and-twenty human beings were wavering in the sea-breeze in the agonies of death! The other eighteen suffered on the same spot the week following; and for long after this fearful and bloody example struck terror into the Cuba fishermen.

---

"Strange now, that the majority—ahem—of my beauties and favourites through life have been called *Mary*. There is my own Mary—*en peu passez*, certainly—but *deil* mean her, for half a dozen lit—Now, Tom Cringle, don't bother with your sentimentality, but get along, do—Well, I will get along—but have patience, you Hottentot Venus—you Lord Nugent, you. So once more we make sail."

Next morning, soon after gun-fire, I landed at the Wherry wharf in Port-Royal. It was barely daylight, but, to my surprise, I found my friend Peregrine Whiffle seated on a Spanish chair, close to the edge of the wharf, smoking a cigar. This piece of furniture is an arm-chair, strongly framed with hard-wood, over which, back and bottom, a tanned hide is stretched, which, in a hot climate, forms a most luxurious seat, the back tumbling out to an angle of 45 degrees, while the skin yields to every movement, and does not harbour a nest of biting ants, or a litter of scorpions, or any other of the customary occupants of a

cushion that has been in Jamaica for a year.

He did not know me as I passed; but his small glimmering red face instantly identified the worthy little old man to me.

"Good morning, Mr Whiffle—the top of the morning to you, sir."

"Hillo," responded Peregrine—"Tom, is it you?—how d'ye do, man—how d'ye do?" and he started to his feet, and almost embraced me.

Now, I had never met the said Peregrine Whiffle but twice in my life; once at Mr Fyall's, and once during the few days I remained in Kingston, before I set out on my travels; but he was a warm-hearted kindly old fellow, and, from knowing all my friends there very intimately, he, as a matter of course, became equally familiar with me.

"Why the *diable* came you not to see me, man? Have been here for change of air, to recruit, you know, after that demon, the gout, had been so perplexing me, ever since you came to anchor—the Firebrand, I mean—as for you, you have been mad one while, and philandering with those inconvenient white ladies the other. You'll cure of that, my boy—you'll come to the original comforts of the country soon, no fear!"

"Perhaps I may, perhaps not."

"Oh, your cousin Mary, I forgot—fine girl, Tom—may do for you at home yonder," (all Creoles speak of England as home, although they may never have seen it;) "but she can't make pepper-pot, nor give a dish of land-crabs as land-crabs should be given, nor see to the serving up of a ringtail pigeon, nor rub a beefsteak to the rotting turn with a bruised papaw, nor compose a medicated bath, nor, nor—oh, confound it, Tom, she will be, when you marry her, a cold, comfortless, motionless Creole icicle!"

I let him have his swing. "Never mind her then, never mind her, my dear sir; but time presses and I must be off, I must indeed, so good-morning; I wish you a good-morning, sir."

He started to his feet, and caught hold of me. "Sha'n't go, Tom impossible—come along with me to my

lodgings, and breakfast with me. Here, Pilfer, Pilfer," to his black valet, "give me my stick, and massu\* the chair, and run home and order breakfast—cold calipiver—our Jamaica salmon, you know, Tom—tea and coffee—pickled mackerel, eggs, and cold tongue—any thing that Mother Dingy-chops can give us; so bolt, Pilfer, bolt!"

I told him that before I came ashore I had heard the gig's crew piped away, and that I therefore *expected*, as Jonathan says, that the captain would be after me immediately; so that I wished at all events to get away from where we were, as I had no desire to be caught gossiping about when my superior might be expected to pass.

"True, boy, true"—as he shackled himself to me, and we began to crawl along towards the wharf-gate leading into the town. Captain N—by this time had landed, and came up with us.

"Ah, N—," said Whiffle, "glad to see you. I say, why won't you allow Mr Cringle here to go over to Spanish Town with me for a couple of days, eh?"

"Why, I don't remember that Mr Cringle has ever asked leave."

"Indeed, sir, I neither did ask leave, nor have I thought of doing so," said I.

"But I do for you," chimed in my friend Whiffle. "Come, Captain, give him leave, just for two days, that's a prime chap. Why, Tom, you see you have got it, so off with you and come to me with your kit as soon as possible, I will hobble on and make the coffee and chocolate; and, Captain N—, come along and breakfast with me too. No refusal, I require society. Nearly drowned yesterday, do you know that? Off this same cursed wharf too—just here. I was looking down at the small fish playing about the piles, precisely in this position; one of them was as bright in the scales as a gold fish in my old grandmother's glass globe, and I had to crane over the ledge in this fashion," suiting the action to the word, "when away I went"—

And, to our unutterable surprise, splash went Peregrine Whiffle, Es-

\* Massu—Lift.



quire, for the second time, and there he was shouting, and puffing, and splashing in the water. We were both so convulsed with laughter that I believe he would have been drowned for us; but the boat-keeper of the gig, the strong athletic negro before mentioned, promptly jumped on the wharf with his boat-hook, and caught the dapper little old beau by the waistband of his breeches, swaying him up, frightened enough, with his little coat skirts fluttering in the breeze, and no wonder, but not much the worse for it all.

"*Diable porte l'amour,*" whispered Captain N—.

"Swallowed a Scotch pint of salt water to a certainty—run, Pilfer, bring me some brandy—gout will be into my stomach, sure as fate—feel him now—run, Pilfer, run, or gout will beat you—a *dead heat* that will be!" And he *heckled* at his small joke very complacently.

We had him carried by our people to his lodgings, where, after shifting and brandying to some tune, he took his place at the breakfast table, and did the honours with his usual amenity and warmheartedness.

After breakfast Peregrine remembered, what the sly rogue had never forgotten I suspect, that he was engaged to dine with his friend Mr Pepperpot Wagtail, in Kingston. "But it don't signify, Wagtail will be delighted to see you, Tom—hospitable fellow Wagtail—and, now I recollect myself, Fyall and Aaron Bang are to be there; dang it, were it not for the gout, we should have a night on't!" After breakfast we started in a canoe for Kingston, touching at the Firebrand for my kit.

Moses Yerk, the unpoetical first lieutenant, was standing well forward on the quarterdeck as I passed over the side to get into the canoe, with the gunroom steward following me, carrying my kit under his arm.

"I say, Tom, good for you, one lark after another."

"Don't like that fellow," quoth Whiffle; "he is quarrelsome in his drink for a thousand; I know it by the cut of his jib."

He had better have held his tongue, honest man; for as he looked up broad in Yerk's face, who was leaning over the hammocks, the scupper immediately over head, through

whose instrumentality I never knew, was suddenly cleared, and a rush of dirty water, that had been lodged there since the decks had been washed down at day-dawn, splashed slapdash over his head and shoulders and into his mouth, so as to set the dear little man a-coughing so violently that I thought he would have been throttled. Before he had recovered sufficiently to find his tongue, we had pulled fifty yards from the ship, and a little farther on we overtook the captain, who had preceded us in the cutter, into which we transhipped ourselves. But Whiffle never could acquit Yerk of having been, directly or indirectly, the cause of his suffering from the impure shower.

This day was the first of the Negro Carnival or Christmas Holidays, and at the distance of two miles from Kingston the sound of the negro drums and horns, the barbarous music and yelling of the different African tribes, and the more mellow singing of the Set Girls, came off upon the breeze loud and strong.

When we got nearer, the wharfs and different streets, as we successively opened them, were crowded with the blackamoors, men, women, and children, dancing and singing and shouting, and all rigged out in their best. When we landed on the agents' wharf we were immediately surrounded by a group of these merry-makers, which happened to be the Butchers' John Canoe party, and a curious exhibition it unquestionably was. The prominent character was, as usual, the John Canoe or Jack Pudding. He was a light, active, clean made, young Creole negro, without shoes or stockings; he wore a pair of light jean small-clothes, all too wide, but confined at the knees, below and above, by bands of red tape, after the manner that Malvolio would have called cross-gartering. He wore a splendid blue velvet waistcoat, with old-fashioned flaps coming down over his hips, and covered with tarnished embroidery. His shirt was absent on leave I suppose, but at the wrists of his coat he had tin or white iron frills, with loose pieces attached, which tinkled as he moved, and set off the dingy paws that were stuck through these strange manacles, like black wax tapers in silver candlesticks. His coat was an old blue artillery

uniform one, with a small bell hung to the extreme points of the swallow-tailed skirts, and three tarnished epaulets; one on each shoulder, and, O ye immortal gods! O Mars armipotent! the biggest of the three stuck at his rump, the *point d'appui* for a sheep's tail. He had an enormous cocked hat, to which was appended in front a white falseface or mask, of a most methodistical expression, while, Janus-like, there was another face behind, of the most quizzical description, a sort of living Antithesis, both being garnished and overtopped with one coarse wig, made of the hair of bullocks' tails, on which the *chapeau* was strapped down with a broad band of gold lace. He skipped up to us with a white wand in one hand and a dirty handkerchief in the other, and with sundry moppings and mowings, first wiping my shoes with his *mouchoir*, then my face, (murder, what a flavour of salt fish and onions it had!) he made a smart enough pirouette, and then sprung on the back of a non-descript animal, that now advanced capering and jumping about after the most grotesque fashion that can be imagined. This was the signal for the music to begin. The performers were two gigantic men, dressed in calf-skins entire, head, four legs, and tail. The skin of the head was made to fit like a hood, the two fore-feet hung dangling down in front, one over each shoulder, while the other two legs, or hind-feet, and the tail, trailed behind on the ground; deuce another article had they on in the shape of clothing except a handkerchief, of some flaming pattern, tied round the waist. There were also two flute-players in sheep-skins, looking still more outlandish from the horns on the animals' heads being preserved; and three stout fellows, who were dressed in the common white frock and trowsers, who kept sounding on bullocks' horns. These formed the band as it were, and might be considered John's immediate tail or following; but he was also accompanied by about fifty of the butcher negroes, all neatly dressed—blue jackets, white shirts, and Osnaburgh trowsers, with their steels and knife cases by their sides, as bright as Turkish yataghans, and they all wore clean blue and white striped aprons. I could see and tell what *they* were; but the *Thing* John

Canoe had perched himself upon I could make nothing of. At length I began to comprehend the device.

The *Magnus Apollo* of the party, the poet and chief musician, the non-descript already mentioned, was no less than the boatswain of the butcher gang, answering to the driver in an agricultural one. He was clothed in an entire bullock's hide, horns, tail, and the other particulars, the whole of the skull being retained, and the effect of the voice growling through the jaws of the beast was most startling. His legs were enveloped in the skin of the hind-legs, while the arms were cased in that of the fore, the hands protruding a little above the hoofs, and, as he walked reared up on his hind-legs, he used, in order to support the load of the John Canoe who had perched on his shoulders, like a monkey on a dancing bear, a strong stick, or sprit, with a crutch top to it, which he leant his breast on every now and then.

After the creature, which I will call the *Device* for shortness, had capered with its extra load, as if it had been a feather, for a minute or two, it came to a stand-still, and, sticking the end of the sprit into the ground, and tucking the crutch of it under its chin, it motioned to one of the attendants, who thereupon handed, of all things in the world, a *fiddle to the ox*. He then shook off the John Canoe, who began to caper about as before, while the *Device* set up a deuced good pipe, and sung and played, barbarously enough, I will admit, to the tune of Guinea Corn, the following ditty:—

“ Massa Buccra lob for see  
Bullock caper like monkee—  
Dance, and shump, and poke him toe,  
Like one humane person—just so.”—

And hereupon the tail of the beast, some fifty strong, music men, John Canoe and all, began to rampage about, as if they had been possessed by a devil whose name was Legion:

“ But Massa Buccra have white love,  
Soft and silken like one dove.  
To brown girl—him barely shivel—  
To black girl—oh, Lord, de Devil!”

Then a tremendous galloping, in the which old Tailtackle was nearly capsized over the wharf. He looked quietly over the edge of it. “Boat-keeper, hand me up that switch of a



stretcher." (Friend, if thou be'st not nautical, thou knowest what a *rack-pin*, something of the stoutest, is.) The boy did so, and Tail-tackle, after moistening well his dexter claw with tobacco juice, seized the stick with his left by the middle, and balancing it for a second or two, he began to fasten the end of it into his right fist, as if he had been screwing a bolt into a socket. Having satisfied himself that his grip was secure, he let go the hold with his left hand, and crossed his arms on his breast, with the weapon projecting over his left shoulder, like the drone of a bagpipe. The *Device* continued his chant, giving the seaman a wide berth, however:—

"But when him once two tree year here,  
Him tink white lady wery great boder;  
De coloured peoples, never fear,  
Ah, him lob him de morest nor any oder."

Then another tumblification of the whole party.

"But top—one time bad fever catch him,  
Colour'd peoples kindly watch him—  
In sick room, nurse voice like music—  
From him hand taste sweet de physie."

Another trampoline.

"So alway come—In two tree year,  
And so wid you, massa—never fear  
Brown girl for cook—for wife—for nurse;  
Buccra lady—poo—no wort a curse."

"Get away, you scandalous scoundrel," cried I; "away with you, sir!"

Here the morrice-dancers began to circle round old Tailtackle, keeping him on the move, spinning round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, while they shouted, "Oh, massa, one *macaroni*\* if you please." To get quit of their importunity, Captain N— gave them one. "Ah, good massa, tank you, sweet massa!" And away danced John Canoe and his tail, careering up the street.

In the same way all the other crafts and trades had their Gumbi-men, Horn-blowers, John Canoes, and Non-descript. The Gardeners came nearest of any thing I had seen before to the May-day boys in London, with this advantage, that their Jack-in-the-Green was incomparably more beautiful, from the superior bloom of the larger flowers used in composing it.

The very workhouse people, whose province it is to guard the Negro culprits who may be committed to it, and to inflict punishment on them, when required, had their John Canoe and *Device*; and their prime jest seemed to be every now and then to throw the fellow down who enacted the latter at the corner of a street, and to administer a sound flogging to him. The John Canoe, who was the workhouse driver, was dressed up in a lawyer's cast-off gown and bands, black silk breeches, no stockings nor shoes, but with sandals of bullock's hide strapped on his great splay feet, a small cocked hat on his head, to which were appended a large cauliflower wig, and the usual white false-face, bearing a very laughable resemblance to Chief Justice S—, with whom I happened to be personally acquainted.

The whole party which accompanied these two worthies, musicians and tail, were dressed out so as to give a tolerable resemblance of the Bar broke loose, and they were all pretty considerably well drunk. As we passed along, the *Device* was once more laid down, and we could notice a shield of tough hide strapped over the fellow's stern frame, so as to save the lashes of the cat, which John Canoe was administering with all his force, while the *Device* walloped about and yelled, as if he had been receiving the punishment on his naked flesh. Presently, as he rolled over and over in the sand, bellowing to the life, I noticed the leather shield slip upwards to the small of his back, leaving the lower story uncovered in reality; but the driver and his tail were too drunk to observe this, and the former continued to lay on and laugh, while one of his people stood by in all the gravity of drunkenness, counting, as a first lieutenant does, when a poor fellow is polishing at the gangway,—“Twenty—twenty—one—twenty-two”—and so on, while the patient roared you, an it were any thing but a nightingale. At length he broke away from the men who held him, after receiving a most sufficient flogging, to revenge which he immediately fastened on the John Canoe, wrenched his cat from him, and em-

\* A quarter dollar.

ployed it so scientifically on him and his followers, giving them passing taps on the shins now and then with the handle, by way of spice to the dose, that the whole crew pulled foot as if Old Nick held them in chase.

The very children, urchins of five and six years old, had their Lilliputian John Canoes and *Devices*. But the beautiful part of the exhibition was the Set Girls. They danced along the streets, in bands of from fifteen to thirty. There were brown sets, and black sets, and sets of all the intermediate gradations of colour. Each set was dressed pin for pin alike, and carried umbrellas or parasols of the same colour and size, held over their nice showy, well put on *togues*, or Madras handkerchiefs, all of the same pattern, tied round their heads, fresh out of the fold, and in the most luxurious attitudes. They sang as they swam along the streets, and I had never seen more beautiful creatures than there were amongst the brown sets—clear olive complexions, and fine faces, elegant carriages, splendid figures,—full, plump, and magnificent.

Most of the Sets were as much of a size as Lord ——'s *eighteen* daughters, sailing down Regent Street, like a Charity School of a Sunday, led by a rum-looking old beadle—others again had large Roman matron-looking women in the leading files, the *figurantes* in their tails becoming slighter and smaller, as they tapered away, until they ended in *little Picaniny*, no bigger as my thumb, but always preserving the uniformity of dress, and colour of the umbrella or parasol. Sometimes the breeze, on opening a corner, would strike the sternmost of a set composed in this manner of small fry, and stagger the little things, getting beneath their tiny umbrellas, and fairly blowing them out of the line, and ruffling their ribbons and finery, as if they had been tulips bending and shaking their leaves before it. But the *colours* were never blended in the same set—no blackie ever interloped with the browns, nor did the browns in any case mix with the sables—always keeping in mind—black woman—brown lady.

But, as if the whole city had been tomfooling, a loud burst of military music was now heard, and the north end of the street we were ascending,

which leads out of the *Place d'Armes* or parade, that occupies the centre of the town, was filled with a cloud of dust, that rose as high as the house-tops, through which the head of a column of troops sparkled, swords, and bayonets, and gay uniforms glancing in the sun. This was the Kingston regiment marching down to the Court-house in the lower part of the town, to mount the Christmas guards, which is always carefully attended to, in case any of the John Canoes should take a small fancy to burn or pillage the town, or to rise and cut the throats of their masters, or any little innocent recreation of the kind, out of compliment to Dr Lushington, or Messrs Macauley and Babington.

First came a tolerably good band, a little too drummy, but still not amiss—well dressed, only the performers being of all colours, from white, down to jet-black, had a curious hodge-podge, or piebald appearance. Then came a dozen mounted officers at the very least—colonels-in-chief, and colonels, and lieutenant-colonels, and majors—all very fine, and very bad horsemen. Then the grenadier company, composed of white clerks of the place, very fine-looking young men indeed—another white company followed, not quite so smart looking—then came a century of the children of Israel, not overmilitary in appearance—the days of Joshua, the son of Nun, had passed away, the glory had long departed from their house,—a phalanx of light browns succeeded, then a company of dark browns, or mulattoes; the regular half-and-half in this, as well as in grog, is the best mixture after all—then quashie himself, or a company of free blacks, who, with the browns, seemed the best soldiers of the set, excepting the flank companies—and after blackie the battalion again gradually whitened away, until it ended in a very fine light company of bucras, smart young fellows as need be—all the officers were white, and all the soldiers, whatever their caste or colour, free, of course. Another battalion succeeded, composed in the same way, and really I was agreeably surprised to find the indigenous force of the colony so efficient. I had never seen any thing more soldier-like amongst our volunteers at home. Presently a halt was called,



and a mounted officer, evidently desirous of showing off, galloped up to where we were standing, and began to swear at the drivers of a waggon, with a long team of sixteen bullocks, who had placed their vehicle, whether intentionally or not I could not tell, directly across the street, where being met by another waggon of the same kind, coming through the opposite lane, a regular jam had taken place, as they had contrived, being redolent of new rum, to lock their wheels, and twist their lines of bullocks together, in much admired confusion. "Out of the way, sir, out of the way, you black rascals—don't you see the regiment coming?" The men spanked their long whips, and shouted to the steers by name—"Back, back—Cæsar—Antony—Crab—back, sir, back;" and they whistled loud and long, but Cæsar, and the rest only became more and more involved—"Order arms," roared another officer, fairly beaten by the bullocks and waggons.—"Stand at ease."—On this last signal, a whole cloud of spruce-beer sellers started fiercely from under the piazzas. "An insurrection of the slave population, mayhap,"—thought I, but their object was a very peaceable one, for presently, I verily believe, every man and officer in the regiment, had a tumbler of this, to me, most delicious of all beverages at his head—the drawing of the corks was more like street-firing than any thing else—a regular *feu de joie*. In the meantime, a council of war seemed to be holden by the mounted officers, as to how the obstacle in front was to be overcome; but at this moment confusion became worse confounded, by the approach of what I concluded to be the white man's John Canoe party, mounted by way of pre-eminence—First came a trumpeter, John Canoe, with a *black* face, which was all in rule, as his black counterparts wore *white* ones; but his *Device*, a curious little old man, dressed in a sort of blue uniform, and mounted on the skeleton, or ghost, of a gig-horse, I could make nothing of. It carried a drawn sword in its hand, with which it made various flourishes, at each one of which I trembled for its Rosinante's ears. The *Device* was followed by about fifty other odd-looking creatures, all on horseback; but they had no more *seat* than so many pairs

of tongs, which in truth they greatly resembled, and made no show, and less fun. So we were wishing them out of the way, when some one whispered that the Kingston Light Horse mustered strong this morning. I found afterwards that every man who kept a good horse, or could ride, invariably served in the foot—all free persons must join some corps or other; so that the *troop*, as it was called, was composed exclusively of those who could not ride, and who kept no saddle-horses.

The line was now formed, and after a variety of cumbrous manœuvres out of Dundas, sixteen at the least, the regiment was counter-marched, and filed along another street, where they gave three cheers, in honour of their having had a drink of spruce, and of having circumvented the bullocks and waggons. A little farther on we encountered four beautiful nine-pounder fieldpieces, each lumbering along, drawn by half a dozen mules, and accompanied by three or four negroes, but with no escort whatsoever.

"I say, quashie, where are the bombardiers, the artillerymen?"

"Oh, massa, dem all gone to drink pruce"—

"What, more spruce!—spruce—nothing but spruce!" quoth I.

"Oh, yes, massa—after dem drink pruce done, dem all go to him breakfast, massa—left we for take de gun to the barrack—beg one *seepenny*, massa"—as the price of the information, I suppose.

"Are the guns loaded?" said I.

"Me no sabe, massa—top, I shall see." And the fellow to whom I addressed myself stepped forward, and began to squint into the muzzle of one of the fieldpieces, slewing his head from side to side, with absurd gravity, like a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone. "Him most be load—no daylight come troo de touch-hole—take care—make me try him." And without more ado he shook out the red embers from his pipe right on the touch-hole of the gun, when the fragment of a broken tube spun up in a small jet of flame, that made me start and jump back.

"How dare you, you scoundrel," said the captain.

"Eigh, massa, you no hax me to see if him be load—so I was try see

Indeed, I tink him *is* load after all yet."

He stepped forward, and entered his rammer into the cannon, after an unavailing attempt to blow with his blubber-lips through the touch-hole.

Noticing that it did not produce the ringing sound it would have done in an empty gun, but went home with a soft *thud*, I sung out, "Stand clear, sir. By Jupiter, the gun *is* loaded."

The negro continued to *bash* at it with all his might.

Meanwhile, the fellow who was driving the mules attached to the fieldpiece, turned his head, and saw what was going on. In a trice he snatched up another rammer, and, without any warning, came crack over the fellow's cranium to whom we had been speaking, as hard as he could draw, making the instrument quiver again.

"Dem you, ye ye Jericho—ah, so you *bash* my brokefast—eh? You no see me tick him into de gun before we yoke de mule, dem, eh?—You tief you, eh?"

"No!" roared the other—"you Walkandnyam, you hab no brokefast, you liard—at least I never see him."

"Dem lie dat!" rejoined Walkandnyam—"look in de gun."

Jericho peered into it again.

"Dere, you son of a —" (Isha'n't say what)—"dere, I see de red flannin wadding over de cartridge—Your brokefast!—you be dem!"

And he made at him as if he would have eaten him alive.

"You be dem youshef!" shrieked Walkandnyam—"and de red wadding be dem!" as he took a screw, and hooked out, not a cartridge certainly, but his own nightcap, full of yams and salt-fish, smashed into a paste by Jericho's rammer.

In the frenzy of his rage, he dashed this into his opponent's face, and they both stripped in a second. Separating several yards, they levelled their heads like two telescopes on stands, and ran *butt* at each other like ram-goats, and quite as odoriferous, making the welkin ring again as their flint-hard skulls cracked together. Finding each other invulnerable in this direction, they closed, and began scrambling and biting and kicking, and tumbling over and over in the sand; while the skipper and

I stood by cheering them on, and nearly suffocated with laughter. They never once struck with their closed fists I noticed; so they were not much hurt. It was great cry and little wool; and at length they got tired, and hauled off by mutual consent, finishing off as usual with an appeal to us—"beg one feepenny, massa!"

At six o'clock we drove to Mr Pepperpot Wagtail's. The party was a bachelor one, and, when we walked up the front steps, there was our host in person, standing to receive us at the door; while, on each side of him, there were five or six of his visitors, all sitting with their legs cocked up, their feet resting on a sort of surbase, above which the jealousies, or movable blinds of the piazza, were fixed.

I was introduced to the whole party *seriatim*—and as each of the cock-legs dropped his *trams*, he started up, caught hold of my hand, and wrung it as if I had been his dearest and oldest friend.

Were I to designate Jamaica as a community, I would call it a hand-shaking people. I have often laughed heartily upon seeing two cronies meeting in the streets of Kingston after a temporary separation; when about pistol-shot asunder both would begin to tug and rug at the right hand-glove, but it is frequently a mighty serious affair in that hissing hot climate to get the gauntlet off; they approach,—one, a smart urbane little man, who would not disgrace St James's Street, being more kilndried and less moist in his corporeals than his country friend, has contrived to extract his paw, and holds it out in act to shake.

"Ah! how do you do, Ratoon?" quoth the Kingston man.

"Quite well, Shingles," rejoins the *gloved*, a stout red-faced sudoriferous yam-fed planter, dressed in blue-white jean trowsers and waistcoat, with long Hessian boots drawn up to his knee over the former, and a span-new square-skirted blue coatee, with lots of clear brass buttons: a broad brimmed black silk hat, worn white at the edge of the crown—wearing a very small neckcloth, about which shoots up an enormous shirt collar, the peaks of which might serve for winkers to a



starting horse, and carrying a large whip in his hand—"Quite well, my dear fellow," while he persists in dragging at it—the other *homo* all the while standing in the absurd position of a finger-post—at length off comes the glove—piecemeal perhaps—a finger first, for instance—then a thumb—at length they tackle too, and shake each other like the very devil—not a sober pump-handle shake, but a regular jiggery jiggery, as if they were trying to dislocate each other's arms—and, confound them, they don't let go—they cling like sucker fish, and talk and wallop about, and throw themselves back and laugh, and then another jiggery jiggery.

On horseback, this custom is conspicuously ridiculous—I have nearly gone into fits at beholding two men careering along the road at a hand-gallop—each on a goodish horse, with his negro boy astern of him on a mule, in clean frock and trowsers, and smart glazed hat with broad gold band, with massa's umbrella in a leathern case slung across his shoulders, and his portmanteau behind him on a mail pillion covered with a snow-white sheep's fleece—suddenly they would pull up on recognising each other, when, tucking their whips under their arms, or crossing them in their teeth, it may be—they would commence the rugging and riving operation. In this case—Shingle's bit of blood swerves, we may assume—Ratoon rides at him—Shingle fairly turns tail, and starts out at full speed, Ratoon thundering in his rear, with stretched-out arm; and it does happen, I am assured, that the hot pursuit often continues for a mile, before the desired clapperclaw is obtained. But when two lusty planters meet on horseback, then indeed Greek meets Greek. They begin the interview by shouting to each other, while fifty yards off, pulling away at the gloves all the while—"How are you, Canetop?—glad to see you, Canetop. How do you do, *I hope*?"—"How are you, Yamfu, my dear fellow?" their horses fretting and jumping all the time—and if the Jack Spaniards or gaddies be rife, they have, even when denuded for the shake, to spur at each other, more like a Knight Templar and a Saracen charging in mortal combat, than two men

merely struggling to be civil; and after all they have often to get their black servants alongside to hold their horses, for *shake* they must, were they to break their necks in the attempt. Why they won't shake hands with their gloves on, I am sure *I* can't tell. It would be much cooler and nicer—lots of *Scotchmen* in the community too.

This hand-shaking, however, was followed by an invitation to dinner from each individual in the company. I looked at Captain N——, as much as to say, "Can they mean us to take them at their word?" He nodded. "We are sorry, that being under orders to go to sea on Sunday morning, neither Mr Cringle nor myself can have the pleasure of accepting such kind invitations." "Well, when you come back you know—one day you *must* give me"—"And I won't be denied," quoth a second—"Liberty Hall, you know, so to me you must come, no ceremony," said a third—and so on.

At length, no less a man drove up to the door, than Judge——. When he drew up, his servant, who was sitting behind on a small projection of the ketureen, came round and took a parcel out of the gig, closely wrapped in a blanket—"Bring that carefully in, Leonidas," said the Judge, who now stumped up stairs with a small saw in his hand. He received the parcel, and, laying it down carefully in a corner, he placed the saw on it, and then came up and shook hands with Wagtail, and made his bow very gracefully.

"What—can't you do without your ice and sour claret yet?" said Wagtail. "Never mind, never mind," said the Judge; and here dinner being announced, we all adjourned to the dining-room, where a very splendid entertainment was set out, to which we set to, and in the end, as it will appear, we did the utmost justice to it.

The wines were most exquisite. Madeira, for instance, never can be drank in perfection any where out of the Tropics. You may have the wine as good at home, although I doubt it, but then you have not the climate to drink it in—I would say the same of most of the delicate French wines—that is, those that will stand the voyage—Burgundy of

course not included; but never mind, let us get along.

All the decanters were covered with cotton bags, kept wet with salt-petre and water, so that the evaporation carried on powerfully by the stream of air that flowed across the room, through the open doors and windows, made the fluids quite as cool as was desirable to worthies sitting luxuriating with the thermometer at 80 or thereby; yet, from the free current, I was in no way made aware of this degree of heat by any oppressive sensation; and I found in the West Indies, as well as in the East, although the wind in the latter is more dry and parching, that a current of heated air, if it be moderately dry, even with the thermometer at 95 in the shade, is really not so enervating or oppressive as I have found it in the stagnating atmosphere on the sunny side of Pall Mall, with the mercury barely at 75. A cargo of ice had a little before this arrived at Kingston, and at first all the inhabitants who could afford it iced every thing, wine, water, cold meats, fruits, and the Lord knows what all, tea, I believe, amongst other things, (by the way, I have tried this, and it is a luxury in its way;) but the regular old staggers, who knew what was what, and had a regard for their interiors, soon began to eschew the ice in every way, saving and excepting to cool the water they washed their thin faces and hands in; so *we* had no ice, nor did we miss it; but the judge had a plateful of chips on the table before him, one of which he every now and then popped into his long thin bell-glass of claret, diluting it, I should have thought, in rather a heathenish manner; but *n'importe*, he worked away, sawing off pieces now and then from the large lump in the blanket, (to save the tear and wear attending a fracture,) which was handed to him by his servant, so that by eleven o'clock at night, allowing for the water, he must have concealed his three bottles of pure claret, besides garnishing with a lot of white wines. In fine, we all carried on astonishingly, some good singing was given, a practical joke was tried now and then by Fyall, and we continued mighty happy. As to the singing part of it, — the landlord,

with a bad voice, and worse ear, opened the *rorytory*, by volunteering a very extraordinary squeak; fortunately it was not very long, but it gave him a plea to screw a song out of his right-hand neighbour, who in turn acquired the same right of compelling the person next him to make a fool of himself; at last it came to N——, who, by-the-bye, sung exceedingly well, but he had got more wine than usual, and essayed the coquette a bit.

"Bring the wet nightcap!" quoth our host.

"Oh, it is that you're at?" said N——, and he sung as required; but it was all pearls before swine, I fear. At last we stuck fast at Fyall. Music! there was not one particle in his whole composition; so the wet nightcap already impended over him, when I sung out, "Let him tell a story, Mr Wagtail! Let him tell a story!"

"Thank you, Tom," said Fyall; "I owe you a good turn for that, my boy."

"Fyall's story—Mr Fyall's story!" resounded on all hands. Fyall, glad to escape the song and wet nightcap, instantly began.

"Why, my friends, you all know Isaac Grimm, the Jew snuff-merchant and cigar-maker, in Harbour Street. Well, Isaac had a brother, Ezekiel by name, who carried on business in Curaçoa; you may have heard of him too. Ezekiel was often down here for the purpose of laying in provisions, and purchasing dry goods. You all know that?"

"Certainly!" shouted both Captain N—— and myself in a breath, although we had never heard of him before.

"Hah, I knew it!—Well then, Ezekiel was very rich; he came down in August last, in the Pickle schooner, and, as bad luck would have it, he fell sick of the fever.—'Isaac,' quoth Ezekiel, 'I am very sheek; I tink I shall tie.'—'Hope note, dear proder; you hab no vife, nor shildir; pity you should tie, Ezekiel. Ave you make your vill, Ezekiel?'—'Yesh; de vill is make. I leavesh every ting to you, Isaac, on von condition, dat you send my pody to be bury in Curaçoa. I love dat place; twenty years since I lef de Minories, all dat time I cheat



dere, and tell lie dere, and lif dere happily. Oh, you most sent my pody for its purymment to Curaçoa! —‘I will do dat, mine proder.’ —‘Den I depart in peace, dear Isaac,’ and the Israelite was as good as his word for *once*. He *did die*. Isaac, according to his promise, applied to the captains of several schooners; none of them would take the dead body. ‘What shall I do?’ thought Isaac, ‘de monish mosh not be loss.’ So he straightway had Ezekiel (for even a Jew won’t keep long in that climate) cut up and packed with pickle into two barrels, marked, ‘Prime mess pork, Leicester. McCall and Co, Cork.’ He then shipped the same in the Fan Fan, taking bills of lading in accordance with the brand, deliverable to Mordecai Levi of Curaçoa, to whom he sent the requisite instructions. The vessel sailed—off St Domingo she carried away a mast—tried to fetch Carthagenia under a jury-spar—fell to leeward, and finally brought up at Honduras.

“Three months after, Isaac encountered the master of the schooner in the streets of Kingston. ‘Ah, mine goot Captain—how is you—you looksh tin—ave you been sheek?’ —‘No, Moses—I am well enough, thank you—poor a bit, but sound in health, thank God. You have heard of my having carried away the main-mast, and, after kicking about fifteen days on short allowance, having been obliged to bear up for Honduras?’ —‘I know noting of all dat,’ said Isaac; ‘sorry for it, captain—very sad inteed.’ —‘Sad—you may say that, Moses. But I am honest although poor, and here is your bill of lading for your two barrels of provisions; “Prime mess,” it says—damned tough, say I—Howsomdever,’ pulling out his purse, ‘the present value on Bogle, Jopp, and Co’s wharf is L.5, 6s. 8d. the barrel; so there are two doubloons, Moses, and now discharge the account on the back of the bill of lading, will you?’ —‘Vy should I take payment, captain? if de’ (pork stuck in his throat like ‘amen’ in Macbeth’s,) ‘if de barrel ish lost, it can’t be help—de act of God, you know.’ —‘I am an honest man, Isaac,’ continued the captain, ‘although a poor one, and I must tell the truth—we carried on

with our own as long as it lasted, at length we had to break bulk, and your two barrels being nearest the hatchway, why we ate them first, that’s all. Lord, what has come over you?’—Isaac grew pale as a corpse.—‘Oh, mine Got—mine poor proder, dat you ever was live, to tie in Jamaic—Oh tear, oh tear!’”

“Did they eat the head and hands and?”—

“Hold your tongue, Tom Cringle, don’t interrupt me, *you* did not eat them; I tell it as it was told to me. So Isaac Grimm,” continued Fyall, “was fairly overcome; the kindly feelings of his nature were at length stirred up, and as he turned away, he wept—blew his nose hard, like a Chaldean trumpet in the new moon—and while the large tears coursed each other down his careworn cheeks, he exclaimed, wringing the captain’s hand, in a voice tremulous and scarcely audible from extreme emotion, ‘Oh, Isaac Grimm, Isaac Grimm—tid not your heart mishgive you, ven you vas commit to great plaspheymy of Invoish Ezekiel, flesh of your flesh, pone of your pone—as *por*—de onclean peast I mean. If you hat put Invoish him ash *peef*, surely te earthy tabernacle of him, as always sheet in de high places in te Sinacogue, would never have been allow to pass troote powels of te pershicuting Nazareen. Ah, mine goot captain—mine very tear friend—vat—vat—vat av you done wid de cask, captain?’”

“Oh most lame and impotent conclusion,” sung out the judge, who by this time had become deucedly prosy, and all hands arose, as if by common consent, and agreed that we had got enough.

So off we started in groups.—Fyall, Captain N—, Whiffle, Aaron Bang, and myself, sallied forth in a bunch, pretty well inclined for a lark, you may guess. There are no lamps in the streets in Kingston, and as all the *decent* part of the community are in their *cavies* by half-past nine in the evening, and as it was now “the witching time o’ night,” there was not a soul in the streets that we saw, except when we passed a solitary town-guard, lurking about some dark corner under the piazzas. These same streets, which were wide and comfortable enough in the daytime, had become unaccount-

ably narrow and intricate since six o'clock in the evening—and, although the object of the party was to convoy Captain N—and myself to our boat at the Ordnance Wharf, it struck me that we were as frequently on a totally different tack.

"I say Cringle, my boy," stammered out my superior, *Lieutenant* and *Captain* being both drowned in and equalized by the claret—"why, Tom, Tom Cringle, you dog—don't you hear your superior officer speak, sir, eh?"

My superior officer, during this address, was standing with both arms round a pillar of the piazza.

"I am here, sir," said I.

"Why, I know that; but why don't you speak when I—Hillo—where's Aaron, and Fyall, and the rest, eh?"

They had been attracted by sounds of revelry in a splendid mansion in the next street, which we could see was lit up with great brilliancy, and they had about this time shot about fifty yards a-head of us, working to windward, tack and tack, like Commodore Truncheon.

"Ah, I see," said N—; "let us heave a-head, Tom—now do ye hear?—stand you with your white trowsers against the next pillar."—The ranges supporting the piazza were at distances of about twenty feet from each other.—"Ah, stand there now—I see it."—So he weighed from the one he had tackled to, and, making a staggering bolt of it, he ran up to the pillar against which I stood, whose position was marked by my white vestments, where he again hooked on for a second or two, until I had taken up a new position.

"There, my boy, that's the way to lay out a warp—right in the wind's eye, Tom—we shall fairly beat those lubbers who are tacking in the stream—nothing like warping in the dead water near the shore—mark that down, Tom—never beat in a tide-way when you can warp up along shore in the dead water—Damn the judge's ice!"—(hiccup)—"he has poisoned me with that piece he plopped in my last whitewash of Madeira. He a judge! He may be a good crim—criminal judge, but no judge of wine—Why don't you laugh, Tom, eh?—and then his saw—the rasp of a saw I hate—wish it,

and a whole nest more, had been in his legal stomach—full of old saws—Shakspeare—he, he—Why don't you laugh, Tom?—Poisoned by the judge, by Jupiter.—Now here we are fairly abreast of them—Hillo!—Fyall, what are you after?"

"Hush, hush," said Fyall, with drunken gravity.

"And hush, hush," said Aaron Bang.

"Come here, Tom, come here," said Whiffle in a whisper. We were now directly under the piazza of the fine house, in the first floor of which some gay scene was enacting. "Here, Tom, here—now stand there—hold by that pillar there. I say, N—, give me a lift."

"Can't, Whiffle, can't, for the soul of me, Peregrine, my dear—but I see, I see."

With that the gallant Captain got down on all fours; Whiffle, a small light man, got on his back, and, with the aid of Bang and Fyall, managed to scramble upon my shoulders, where he stood, holding by the window sill above, with a foot on each side of my head. His little red face was thus raised flush with the window sill, so that he could see into the piazza on the first floor, which was dark, right through into the magnificent and sparkling drawing-room beyond.

"Now tell us what's to be seen," said Aaron.

"Stop, stop," rejoined Whiffle—"My eye, what a lot of splendid women—no men—a regular lady party—Hush! a song." A harp was struck, and a symphony of Beethoven's played with great taste—A song, low and melancholy, from two females followed.

"The music of the spheres!" quoth Whiffle.

We were rapt—we had been inspired before—and, drunk as we were, there we sat or stood, as best suited us, exhibiting the strange sight of a cluster of silent tipsy men. At length, at one of the finest swells, I heard a curious gurgling sound overhead, as if some one was being gagged, and I fancied Peregrine became lighter on my shoulders—Another fine dieaway note—I was sure of it—"Bang, Bang—Fyall—He is evaporating with delight—no weight at all—growing more and more ethereal—lighter and lighter, as I am a



gentleman—he is off—going, going, gone—exhaled into the blue heavens, by all that is most wonderful!”

Puzzled beyond measure, I stepped hurriedly back, and capsized over the captain, who was still enacting the joint-stool on all-fours behind me, by which Whiffle had mounted to my cross-trees; and there we rolled in the sand, master and man.

“Murdered, Tom Cringle—murdered—you have hogged me like the old Ramilies—broke my back, Tom—spoiled my quadrilling for ever and a day; damn the judge’s ice though, and his saw particularly.”

“Where is he—where is Whiffle?” enquired all hands, in a volley.

“The devil only knows,” said I; “he has flown up into the clouds, catch him who can. He has left this earth anyhow, that is clear.”

“Ha, ha!” cried Fyall, in great glee, who had seen him drawn into the window by several white figures, after they had tied a silk handkerchief over his mouth; “follow me, my boys;” and we all scrambled after him to the front door of the house, to which we ascended by a handsome flight of marble steps, and when there, we began to thunder away for admittance. The door was opened by a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman, with well powdered hair, and attended by two men-servants in handsome liveries, carrying lights. His bearing and gentlemanlike deportment had an immediate effect on me, and I believe on the others too. He knew Fyall and Whiffle, it appeared.

“Mr Fyall,” he said, with much gentleness, “I know it is only meant as a frolic, but really I hope you will now end it. Amongst yourselves, gentlemen, this may be all very well, but considering my religion, and the slights we Hebrews are so often exposed to, myself and my family are more sensitive and pensive to insult than you can well understand.”

“My dear fellow,” quoth Fyall, “we are all very sorry; the fact is, we had some damned bad shaddock after dinner, which has made us very giddy and foolish somehow. Do you know, I could almost fancy I had been drinking wine.”

“Cool and deliciously impudent that same, (hiccup,)” quoth the skipper.

“But hand us back little Whiffle,” continued Fyall, “and we shall be off.”

Here Whiffle’s voice was heard from the drawing-room.—“Here, Fyall!—Tom Cringle!—Here, here, or I shall be murdered!”

“Ah! I see,” said Mr H., “this way, gentlemen. Come, I will deliver the culprit to you;” and we followed him into the drawing-room, a most magnificent saloon, at least forty feet by thirty, brilliantly lit up with crystal lamps, and massive silver candelabra, and filled with elegant furniture, which was reflected, as well as the chandeliers that hung from the centre of the coach-roof, by several large mirrors, in rich frames, as well as in the highly-polished mahogany floor.

There, in the middle of the room, the other end of it being occupied by a bevy of twelve or fifteen richly-dressed females, visitors, as we conjectured, sat our friend Peregrine, pinioned into a large easy-chair, with shawls and scarfs, amidst a sea of silk cushions, by four beautiful young women, black hair and eyes, clear white skins, fine figures, and little clothing. A young Jewess is a beautiful animal, although, like the unclean—confound the metaphor—which they abhor—they don’t improve by age.

When we entered, the blushing girls, who had been beating Whiffle over his spindle shins with their large garden fans, dashed through a side-door, unable to contain their laughter, which we heard long after they had vanished, echoing along the lofty galleries of the house. Our captive knight being restored to us, we made our bows to the other ladies, who were expiring with laughter, and took our leave, with little Whiffle on our shoulders—the worthy Hebrew, whom I afterwards knew in London, sending his servant and gig with Captain N—and myself to the wharf. There we tumbled ourselves into the boat, and got on board the Firebrand about three in the morning. We were by this time pretty well sobered; at four a gun was fired, the topsails were let fall, and sheeted home, and topgallant-sails set over them, the ship having previously been hove short; at half-past, the cable being right up and down—another gun—the drums and fifes beat merrily—spin went the capstan, tramp went the men that manned it.—We were under weigh—Eastward, ho!—for *Santiago de Cuba*.

## THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

## A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

— Thy face  
Is all at once spread over with a calm  
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth or joy !  
I am no more disconsolate.

WILSON.

## SCENE IN A PRISON.

EDITH *alone.*

EDITH. Morn once again ! Morn in the lone dim cell,  
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-dream,  
And morn on all the green rejoicing hills,  
And the bright waters round the prisoner's home,  
Far, far away ! Now wakes the early bird  
That in the lime's transparent foliage sings,  
Close to my cottage-lattice—he awakes,  
To stir the young leaves with his gushing soul,  
And to call forth rich answer of delight  
From voices buried in a thousand trees,  
Through the dim starry hours. Now doth the Lake  
Darken and flash in rapid interchange  
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue mist  
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the brows  
Of the forth-gleaming hills, and woods, that rise  
As if new-born. Bright world ! and I am here !  
And thou, oh ! thou, th' awakening thought of whom  
Was more than dayspring, dearer than the sun,  
Herbert ! the very glance of whose clear eye,  
Made my soul melt away to one pure fount  
Of living, bounding gladness !—where art thou ?  
My friend ! my only, and my blessed Love !  
Herbert, my soul's companion !

[GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters.

Daughter, hail !

GOMEZ.

I bring thee tidings.

EDITH.

Heaven will aid my soul  
Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips announce.

GOMEZ. Nay, lift a song of thanksgiving to Heaven,  
And bow thy knee down for deliverance won !  
Hast thou not pray'd for life ? And wouldst thou not  
Once more be free ?

EDITH.

Have I not pray'd for life ?  
I, that am so beloved ! that love again  
With such a heart of tendrils ? Heaven ! *thou* know'st  
The gushings of my prayer ! And would I not  
Once more be free ? I, that have been a child  
Of breezy hills, a playmate of the fawn  
In ancient woodlands from mine infancy !  
A watcher of the clouds and of the stars,  
Beneath the adoring silence of the night ;  
And a glad wanderer with the happy streams,  
Whose laughter fills the mountains ! Oh ! to hear  
Their blessed sounds again !

GOMEZ.

Rejoice, rejoice !  
Our Queen hath pity, maiden, on thy youth ;  
She wills not thou shouldst perish.—I am come  
To loose thy bonds.

EDITH.

And shall I see *his* face,



And shall I listen to *his* voice again?  
 And lay my head upon his faithful breast,  
 Weeping there in my gladness? *Will* this be?  
 —Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart  
 Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive  
 The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd,  
 Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not?—  
 —But, Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath rush'd  
 On a swift gust of sudden joy away  
 Forgetting all beside! Speak, Father, speak!  
 Herbert—is he too free?

GOMEZ. His freedom lies  
 In his own choice—a boon like thine.

EDITH. Thy words  
 Fall changed and cold upon my boding heart.  
 Leave not this dim suspense o'ershadowing me.  
 Let all be told!

GOMEZ. The monarchs of the earth  
 Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim  
 Unto some token of true vassalage,  
 Some mark of homage.

EDITH. Oh! unlike to *Him*,  
 Who freely pours the joy of sunshine forth,  
 And the bright quickening rain, on those who serve,  
 And those who heed him not!

GOMEZ (*laying a paper before her.*) Is it so much  
 That thine own hand should set the crowning seal  
 To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here!  
 Sign but these words for liberty and life.

EDITH (*examining, and then throwing it from her.*)  
 Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not,  
 “Be but a traitor to God's light within!”  
 —Cruel, oh, cruel! thy dark sport hath been  
 With a young bosom's hope! Farewell, glad life!  
 Bright opening path to love and home, farewell!  
 And thou—now leave me with my God alone!

GOMEZ. Dost thou reject Heaven's mercy?

EDITH. Heaven's! doth *Heaven*  
 Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath  
 To sell its birthright? doth *Heaven* set a price  
 On the clear jewel of unsullied Faith,  
 And the bright calm of Conscience? Priest, away!  
 God hath been with me midst the holiness  
 Of England's mountains—not in sport alone  
 I trode their heath-flowers—but high thoughts rose up  
 From the broad shadow of the enduring rocks,  
 And wander'd with me into solemn glens,  
 Where my soul felt the beauty of His word.  
 I have heard voices of immortal truth,  
 Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds  
 That make the deep hills tremble—Shall I quail?  
 Shall England's daughter sink?—No! He who there  
 Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,  
 Will not forsake his child!

GOMEZ (*turning from her.*) Then perish! lost  
 In thine own blindness!

EDITH (*suddenly throwing herself at his feet.*)  
 Father! hear me yet!

Oh! if the kindly touch of human love  
 Hath ever warmed thy breast.

GOMEZ. Away—away!  
 I know not love.

EDITH. Yet hear! if thou hast known  
 The tender sweetness of a mother's voice,  
 If the true vigil of affection's eye  
 Hath watch'd thy childhood, if fond tears have e'er  
 Been shower'd upon thy head, if parting words  
 E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness—  
 Let me but look upon *his* face once more,  
 Let me but say—Farewell, my soul's beloved!  
 And I will bless thee still!

GOMEZ (*aside*). Her soul may yield,  
 Beholding him in fetters; woman's faith  
 Will bend to woman's love—

—Thy prayer is heard;

Follow, and I will guide thee to his cell.

EDITH. Oh! stormy hour of agony and joy!  
 But I shall see him,—I shall hear his voice!

(*They go out.*)

## SCENE II.

### *Another Part of the Prison.*

HERBERT—EDITH.

EDITH. Herbert, my Herbert!—is it thus we meet?

HERBERT. The voice of my own Edith! Can such joy  
 Light up this place of death? And do I feel  
 Thy breath of love once more upon my cheek,  
 And the soft floating of thy gleamy hair?  
 My blessed Edith? Oh! so pale! so changed!  
 My flower, my blighted flower! thou that wert made  
 For the kind fostering of sweet summer airs,  
 How hath the storm been with thee!—Lay thy head  
 On this true breast again, my gentle one!  
 And tell me all.

EDITH. Yes, take me to thy heart,  
 For I am weary, weary! oh! that heart!  
 The kind, the brave, the tender!—how my soul  
 Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for the balm  
 Of rest on that warm heart!—full, deep repose!  
 One draught of dewy stillness after storm!  
 And God hath pitied me, and I am here—  
 Yet once before I die!

HERBERT. They cannot slay  
 One, young and meek, and beautiful as thou!  
 My broken lily! Surely the long days  
 Of the dark cell have been enough for *thee*!  
 Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy gracious head  
 Yet, in calm sunshine.

EDITH. Herbert! I have cast  
 The snare of proffer'd mercy from my soul,  
 This very hour. God to the weak hath given  
 Victory o'er Life and Death!—The tempter's price  
 Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must die.

HERBERT. Oh, Edith! Edith! I, that led thee first  
 From the old path wherein thy fathers trode,  
 I, that received it as an angel's task,  
 To pour the fresh light on thine ardent soul,  
 Which drank it as a sun-flower—I have been  
 Thy guide to death!



EDITH. To Heaven! my guide to Heaven,  
 My noble, and my blessed! Oh! look up,  
 Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But for *thee*,  
 How could my spirit have sprung up to God,  
 Through the dark cloud which o'er its vision hung,  
 The night of fear and error? thy dear hand  
 First raised that veil, and show'd the glorious world  
 My heritage beyond—Friend! Love and Friend!  
 —It was as if thou gavest me mine own soul  
 In those bright days! Yes! a new earth and heaven,  
 And a new sense for all their splendours born,  
 These were thy gifts! and shall I not rejoice  
 To die, upholding their immortal worth,  
 Ev'n for *thy* sake? Yes, fill'd with nobler life  
 By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,  
 Lay me upon the altar of thy God,  
 The first fruits of thy ministry below;  
*Thy* work, thine own!

HERBERT. My love, my sainted love!  
 Oh! I *can* almost yield thee unto heaven;  
 Earth would but sully thee! Thou must depart,  
 With the rich crown of thy celestial gifts  
 Untainted by a breath! And yet, alas!  
 Edith! what dreams of holy happiness,  
 Even for *this* world, were ours! the low, sweet home,  
 —The pastoral dwelling, with its ivy'd porch,  
 And lattice gleaming through the leaves—and thou,  
 My life's companion!—Thou, beside my hearth,  
 Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greeting me  
 Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,  
 In the green meadow-path, or by my side  
 Kneeling,—thy calm uplifted face to mine,  
 In the sweet hush of prayer! and now—oh! now—  
 —How have we loved—how fervently, how long!  
 And *this* to be the close!

EDITH. Oh! bear me up  
 Against the unutterable tenderness  
 Of earthly love, my God! in the sick hour  
 Of dying human hope, forsake me not!  
 Herbert, my Herbert! even from that sweet home  
 Where it had been too much of Paradise  
 To dwell with thee—even thence th' oppressor's hand  
 Might soon have torn us:—or the touch of death  
 Might one day there have left a widow'd heart,  
 Pining alone. We will go hence, Beloved!  
 To the bright country, where the wicked cease  
 From troubling, where the spoiler hath no sway;  
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness disturbs  
 The Sabbath-peace of love. We will go hence,  
 Together with our wedded souls, to Heaven:  
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,  
 No dying of the heart! Our lives have been  
 Lovely through faithful love, and in our deaths  
 We will not be divided.

HERBERT. Oh! the peace  
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,  
 Far underneath the mist of human tears,  
 Lighting those blue still depths, and sinking thence  
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt with strength,  
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride for Heaven!

EDITH. And let me bless *thee*, Herbert! in this hour  
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might!

Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou didst take  
 An orphan to thy heart, a thing unprized,  
 And desolate ; and thou didst guard her there,  
 That lone and lowly creature, as a pearl  
 Of richest price ; and thou didst fill her soul  
 With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.  
 I bless, I bless thee ! Never did thine eye  
 Look on me but in glistening tenderness,  
 My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy voice  
 But in affection's deepest music speak  
 To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy heart  
 Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,  
 My faithful, generous Herbert ! Woman's peace  
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true  
 Reposed before.—Alas ! thy showering tears  
 Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive, forgive !  
 I should not melt thy noble strength away  
 In such an hour.

HERBERT. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart  
 Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee,  
 And by thy words, and by the heavenly light  
 Shining around thee, through thy very tears,  
 Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on Him !  
 Let us kneel down, as we have knelt so oft,  
 Thy pure cheek touching mine, and call on Him,  
 Th' all pitying One, to aid.

*( They kneel. )*

Oh ! look on us,  
 Father above ! in tender mercy look  
 On us, thy children ! through th' o'ershadowing cloud  
 Of sorrow and mortality, send aid,  
 Save, or we perish ! we would pour our lives  
 Forth as a joyous offering to Thy truth,  
 But we are weak ;—we, the bruised reeds of earth,  
 Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive, O God !  
 The blindness of our passionate desires,  
 The fainting of our hearts, the lingering thoughts,  
 Which cleave to this frail world. Forgive, accept  
 The sacrifice, though dim with mortal tears,  
 Wrung forth from mortal pangs ! And if our souls,  
 In all the fervent dreams, the fond excess,  
 Of their long-clasping love, have wander'd not,  
 Holiest ! from thee ; oh ! take them to Thyself,  
 After the fiery trial, take them home,  
 To dwell, in that imperishable bond  
 Before Thee linked, for ever. Hear, through Him  
 Who meekly drank the cup of agony,  
 Who pass'd through death to victory, hear and save !  
 Pity us, Father ! we are girt with snares ;  
 Father in Heaven ! we have no help but Thee.

*( They rise. )*

Is thy love strengthened, my beloved one ?  
 O, Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy sweet voice,  
 And sing me that old solemn-breathing hymn  
 We loved in happier days ?—the strain which tells  
 Of the dread conflict in the olive-shade ?



*(She sings.)*

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd,  
 When but his Father's eye  
 Look'd through the lonely garden's shade  
 On that dread agony;  
 The Lord of All above, beneath,  
 Was bow'd with sorrow unto death!

The sun set in a fearful hour,  
 The stars might well grow dim,  
 When this mortality had power  
 So to o'ershadow Him!  
 That He who gave man's breath, might know  
 The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all! the doubt, the strife,  
 The faint perplexing dread,  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All gather'd round his head;  
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray—  
 Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath His tread;  
 It pass'd not—though to Him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.  
 But there was sent Him from on high,  
 A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset  
 With anguish and dismay?  
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet,  
 In the dark narrow way?  
 Through Him—through Him, that path who trode—  
 Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Hark, hark! the parting signal.

*[Prison attendants enter*

Fare-thee-well!  
 O, thou unutterably loved, farewell!  
 Let our hearts bow to God!

HERBERT. One last embrace—  
 On earth the last!—We have eternity  
 For love's communion yet!—Farewell—farewell!—

*[She is led out.*

'Tis o'er—the bitterness of death is past!

## DEVEREUX HALL.

## CHAP. I.

"Do you remember that pretty cottage we passed in our ride round Silvermead, last Tuesday?" enquired my friend L——, some days ago, as we were mounting our horses for an equestrian lounge. "We were pressed for time that evening, or I should have liked to show you the interior of the little dwelling, and to have introduced you to its worthy humble owners, who are old friends of mine, and not the least respected on my list. What say you, shall we take the 'Peasant's Nest' in our round to-day?" The proposal met my willing acquiescence, and an hour's quiet amble through a richly wooded, and beautifully diversified part of the country, brought us to a short straight lane, half embowered by luxuriant hedges on either side, and (except a half-worn cart track) carpeted with the greenest and softest turf, which terminated in a gateway to a small meadow, and in a low green wicket in the centre of a sweet-brier hedge; behind which, and two intervening flower-knots on either side the neat gravel-walk, stood the little dwelling which had attracted my attention on a former day, by its air of peculiar neatness and comfort, and even rustic elegance. Its thatched roof, (a masterpiece of rural art,) had just acquired the rich mellowness of tone which precedes the duller hue of decay, and when the last rays of a golden sunset touched it in flickering patches through the dark foliage of overhanging elms, it harmonized, and almost blended in brilliancy of colour, with the brightest blossoms of the budliah, which, overtopping its fellow-trailers, seemed aspiring to meet and dally with the sunbeams, and almost to rival them with its topaz stars.

Moss-roses were budding round each of the wide low casements on either side the door, over which a slight arch of rustic trellis-work supported a mass of rich dark foliage, soon to be starred with the pale odorous flowers so typical of virgin purity; and far along the low-projecting eaves on one side of the cottage, ran the flexile stems and deep verdure of the beautiful luxuriant plant, till it

reached and formed a bowery penthouse over a long open lattice, through the wire-work of which, brown glazed pans were discernible, half filled with rich creaming milk, and pots of neatly-printed butter—yellow as the flower which gilds our summer meadows—ranged with dairy-woman's pride on the wet slab of whitest deal.

The master of the cottage—a respectable-looking old man—was so intently occupied in tying up some choice pheasant-eyed pinks in one of the flower-knots, that he had not heard the quiet pacing of our steeds down the green bowery lane, and was only roused from his floral labours by the salutation of my friend, as we dismounted before the low wicket-gate, and hooking our bridles to its side-posts, prepared to enter the little territory. Starting from his flower-bed, the old man, at sight of us, respectfully uncovered his grey head, and came forward as quickly as was compatible with the state of limbs crippled by rheumatic gout, to admit and welcome his visitors with something beyond rustic courtesy.

"Ah, Hallings!" said my friend, cordially shaking hands with his humble acquaintance, whose countenance brightened with pleasure at the kind greeting,—“here you are at your favourite work; no wonder your garden is celebrated for the most beautiful flowers in the neighbourhood, for you and Celia tend them, I verily believe, night and day; and as for those pinks—which are, I know, the pride of your heart—you may rest content, for they are the pride of the country—remember Mrs L—— has your promise of a few slips at the proper season.”

"Be pleased to look, sir, at these few plants I have made free to pot for Mrs L.," answered the venerable Hallings, with a glance of conscious pleasure, not unmingled with pride, as he directed my friend's attention to some perfect specimens of the choice flowers in question; "I will send them down to the lady to-morrow morning by my brother's cart, and Celia and I shall be proud to



think madam will accept them, and set some store, may be, on our poor offering, for the remembrance of old times, and the sake of those who are gone. You may remember, sir, how our dear lady prized this particular sort?"

"Well do I remember it, and those old times you allude to, my good Hallings. Methinks, at this moment I can see your worthy venerable master, and his faithful companion and friend, the dear sister of whom you speak;—he, with one of these, her choice flowers, in his button-hole when he came into the drawing-room dressed for dinner, and she often assisted to her seat during her slight attacks of gout, by Mrs Hallings, her faithful Celia. I believe, Hallings, Mrs Eleanor used to send her brother a daily present, for his afternoon toilet, of one of these rare beauties—was it not so?" asked my friend, with a smile. The good-humoured archness of which soon, however, changed to a more serious expression, as he observed that the old man's voice faltered in his attempted reply, and that he hastily drew his sleeve across his eyes, to disperse the watery film which had gathered over them while Mr L—— was speaking.

"But come, Hallings," said the latter, quickly changing the subject that had struck painfully on a too sensitive chord in the old man's heart—"I am come not only to visit you and your flowers, but my old friend, Celia; and I have promised, in her name, a frothing glass of red cow's milk, fresh from the pail, to this gentleman, Mr Hervey, who complained of thirst in our way hither."

Recovering from his momentary emotion, the master of the cottage threw open its latched door, and respectfully made way for us to enter the little carpeted parlour, where his well-assorted partner (my friend's friend, Celia) sat smoothing her apron, in expectation of the visitors, the sound of whose voices had reached her through the open casement.

The comely dame who rose up at our entrance, and dropt to each a curtsy that would not have dishonoured the patrician graces of her revered lady and prototype, the late Mrs Eleanor Devereux, was still comely for her years—"fat, fair, and

sixty," and exhibiting, in her prim neatness of person, the antiquated, but becoming fashion of her dress, and her profound respectfulness, untinctured by any thing like cringing servility to those she considered her superiors, no unfavourable specimen of the housekeeper and waiting-woman of former days—of a class now almost extinct, as the times in which it flourished are accounted obsolete—when better feelings, and more Christian principles than those which loosely huddle up our modern mercenary compacts, based and cemented the mutual obligations of masters and servants, of the great and their dependants—when there was dignity in the humblest servitude, and meekness in the most absolute authority—self-respect on both sides, and the fear of God above all.

The cottage parlour contained the unusual luxury of a sofa, from which Mrs Hallings affected to brush, with her snowy apron, the dust that could scarce have been perceptible to "microscopic eye," as she courteously begged us to be seated; and her husband, as he shook up one of the end cushions to make the corner seat, into which L—— had thrown himself, more commodious, said, smiling, as he addressed himself to me,—“You may well wonder to see such a piece of furniture in a poor man's house, sir, but my poor master had it put for me into my own room at the Hall, when I had my first fit of the gout there, and we made shift to buy it, and a few others of the old things that were so natural to us, when all was sold;” and the old man's speech, that had begun cheerfully, ended in a deep sigh.

“Ah, Hallings! I wish with all my heart more had fallen to your share of the venerable relics that fell into far other hands at that revolting sale,” observed L——, echoing the faithful servant's sigh; “but I love to look at those few familiar things you have saved from the unhallowed hands of indifference. Look, Hervey,” he continued, turning to me, “at that beautiful shell-work basket on the bracket, yonder. It is the work of that dear and venerable friend whose loss, and that of her excellent brother, you have heard me lament so deeply and sincerely.”

The object to which my attention

was so directed, was a beautiful specimen of female ingenuity, an elegantly-formed corbeille of flowers, imitated from nature, with art little less than magical, considering the nature of the materials employed in its construction. The elegant trifle, now the boast of a poor cottage, might have been conceived by a fanciful gazer to have been the work of sea nymphs, for the pearl grotto of their queen; but a nearer inspection must have assigned it to mortal fingers, for the name of "Eleanor Devereux," was inlaid with minute gold-coloured shells, in a dark medallion, that formed the centre of the basket.

"That was not bought at the sale, sir," said Mrs Hallings, drawing towards the precious relic I was inspecting, and regarding it herself with looks of almost devotional reverence. "Be pleased to read what is written there, sir," she added, in a voice not sufficiently steady to have articulated the sentence to which she pointed, written apparently with a trembling hand, in old Italian characters, on a slip of paper, laid within the glass cover of the basket. I looked as she directed, and read,

"The work of Eleanor Devereux.  
Her last gift to her old and faithful servant, Celia Hallings."

"This is indeed a precious relic," I remarked, in a low voice, and with not unmoistened eyes. Those of the good woman to whom I spoke were filled to overflowing; but with that modesty of feeling which is a sure test of its deep sincerity, she quietly drew back, and left the room, on "hospitable cares intent," in quest of the "brimming bowl," for which my friend had preferred our joint petition. During her absence, L—— continued to talk with his old acquaintance on the subject so deeply interesting to both the speakers, and not a little so even to myself, a stranger in the neighbourhood, and uninformed of more than the general character of the deceased person of whom they discoursed with such affectionate and melancholy sympathy. My friend had noticed in the looks and tone of Hallings, and even in his wife's, during the few moments she had remained with us, a troubled and sorrowful expression, far different from the placid cheerfulness with

which they had been wont to receive him, since Time had mellowed their affliction for the loss of those they had served with lifelong fidelity; and even from the tender seriousness of their manners, when reverting (as it was their delight to do) to the revered memories of the departed, and the fond ones of days that were gone.

On L——'s gently hinting his fear that some recent cause had arisen to disturb the serenity of his worthy friends, the old man shook his head in mournful affirmation of the implied suspicion; and, after a moment's pause to subdue the tremor of his voice, answered,—“Oh, sir! I am ashamed you should see how my poor wife and I are overcome by the work which has been going on for this last fortnight, and to which almost the finishing-stroke has been put this very day. And I, old fool that I am! have hardly been able to keep away from the place, sir! though every stroke of the masons seemed like a blow upon my heart, and every stone that fell, like a drop of blood from it. And poor Celia! though she kept at home, could hear the sounds even here. Grief has sharp ears, sir.”

“Ah, is it even so, my good friend?” said L——, affected even to tears. “I have been away from home almost this month, you know; I had not heard what was going on. So then the old Hall is no more? I have looked my last at its venerable walls. Would I had returned a few days earlier—in time to have seen but one fragment standing.”

“That you may do yet, sir! that you may do yet,” sobbed out the old servant, with a burst of now uncontrolled feeling; “one fragment is still standing, half of the south gable, and a part of the north side wall,—just the corner of *one* chamber, with the bit of flooring hanging to it. My master's own chamber, sir, and the chair in which he died stood in that very corner, on those crazy boards that will be down to-morrow.”

“Then, Hallings, I must go this very evening—this very moment, to take my farewell look at all that remains—that last remaining portion so sacred to my feelings and to yours.”

So saying, L—— started from his seat, just as Celia entered, followed by her little handmaiden, (an



orphan relation of her husband's, the adopted child of the worthy couple,) and placed on the shining round table a collation of dairy luxuries and fresh-gathered strawberries, hastily arranged with a degree of simple good taste, too nearly approaching elegance, to have been acquired by one accustomed only to provide for poor men's tables.

Our kind hostess was in no present mood "*gaily to press and smile,*" but she did press us to partake of her rustic dainties, with such earnest yet modest importunity, that it would have been worse than churlish to have slighted her invitation, if even my parched and thirsty palate had not made the sight of the creaming milk-bowl, and a second of clear whey, irresistibly tempting. While I did ample justice to the merits of those refreshing fluids, and my friend partook more sparingly, he endeavoured to persuade Hallings from accompanying us, as the old man prepared to do, to a scene, the recollection of which affected him so painfully. But the remonstrance was fruitless.

"I have not taken *my own last* look, sir," was the touching and unanswerable reply; "and that I was minded please God to take, when all the workmen had left the place, and I could stand and look my fill at the crumbling wall, without being distracted by their noises, or scoffed at belike for giving way to an old man's weakness. But my master's friend will make allowance for his old servant, and it will do me good to go with you, sir."

We both felt that he was right; that, as he expressed it, it *would do him good* to take that "last look," accompanied by one who could so fully sympathize in all his feelings, and to whom he could pour out his full heart with the garrulous simplicity of age, and of a sorrow, heart-seated truly, but *not* "too deep for tears." So he was allowed to secure our steeds in an adjoining cowshed, while we talked with Celia on the subject that day uppermost in her thoughts also; and having calculated with her, that the nearly full moon would be up by our return to light us on our homeward way, we left her standing on the threshold of the back door of her cottage, and followed her husband down the garden path which opened into a small orch-

ard, (a portion of his little property,) and led through it to a narrow stile, over which we passed into some beautiful meadows, appertaining, as Hallings informed me, to the Devereux Hall estate, three of them only intervening between his own little territory and the old mansion-house, or rather the site where it had stood. "Aye," continued the old man, in a low under tone, half communing with himself, and half addressing me,— "Aye, so it is—to think what changes I have lived to see! The Hall down in the dust before its time, and that hard man's house raised (as one may say) upon its ruins! Blessed be the kind master who provided for his old servants' age, and secured to *them* the shelter of their humble roof-tree, before misfortune fell on his own grey hairs, and would have made him houseless at fourscore years and upward, had he lived a few weeks longer! But—but—God is merciful!—" The old man devoutly aspirated after the abrupt pause, accompanied with a sort of inward shudder, which preceded those pious words; and he spoke no more during the remainder of our walk.

A shade of peculiar solemnity passed over my friend's countenance, as Hallings concluded his brief soliloquy, and both of them became so profoundly silent, sympathetically affected as it seemed by the same shuddering recollections, that the infection partly extended itself to me, ignorant as I was of the particular circumstances of their painful retrospect, and the words died on my lips as I was about to enquire Hallings' meaning in alluding to the "hard man, whose house had been raised on the ruins of his master's." I could not for worlds have broken into the sacredness of their silent thoughts, so, without further interchange of words, we quietly pursued our pleasant path, till it brought us to a boundary of thick hazel copse, across a stile, and over a rustic bridge, which spanned a little trout stream just glancing between the boughs of over-arching alders, to a green door in a high holly hedge. While Hallings stepped before us to undo the temporary fastening with which the workmen had secured it for the night, my friend, aroused from his fit of abstraction, said, pointing to the hedge, "I remember the time

when that verdant wall, now straggling into wild luxuriance, was as trimly kept as were those of Sayes Court, before the barbarous sport of Evelyn's imperial guest destroyed his labour of years. Neglect is making progress here, destructive as that royal havoc, though more gradual."

Our venerable conductor having unfastened the door while L—— was speaking, we passed into asquare enclosure, or rather area, for though still bounded on three sides by the noble evergreen hedge, it was open on the fourth to a dreary site of demolished walls and heaps of rubbish, in place of what had been the ancient mansion of the Devereux's. The small garden (for such it was, though now a trampled field of desolation,) had been called more especially Mr Devereux's garden. The glass-door of his library, and its large bay window, as well as that of his bedchamber above, had opened into it, and in this small secluded, but sunny and cheerful spot it was that the old man had loved best to spend his solitary and contemplative hours.

Under the hedge on the side we had entered, had stood a range of beehives, the ruins of which were still remaining, though little more than heaps of mildewing thatch, and long deserted by the industrious colonies, to watch whose labours had been among the innocent pleasures of Mr Devereux; and Hallings pointed out some fragments of green trellis-work, in the angle of the holly wall, which had formed part of the old man's favourite arbour, where he would sit for hours with his book, or enjoying the ceaseless humming of the bees, as they gathered in their luscious harvest from the herbs and flowers he had collected in that quarter of the garden for their delight and sustenance.

"And they knew my master, sir," said Hallings, turning to me, and appealing to L—— to confirm the truth of his assertion—"They knew my master, and, poor small creatures as they were, must have loved him too in their way, as every living thing did; for they used to buzz all round him as he sat there, and often pitch upon him, even upon his hands or head, and never one was known to sting him, vengeful as they were

if strangers made too free near their hives, or among the flower-beds my master used to call their pleasure-grounds."

"What has become of old Ralph and the tortoise, Hallings?" asked L——, as he stopt to take a melancholy survey of the altered scene. "The gold-fish of course have been long destroyed, for I see the little basin with its small fountain is quite choked up with dead leaves and rubbish."

"Mr Heneage Devereux took out the gold-fish, sir, the week after my master's death," replied the old butler; "but the tortoise had buried himself for the winter; and when he crawled out the spring afterwards, and took to his old haunt in the basin, one would have supposed he found out the change that had taken place, for the creature was quite restless; and I often found him out of the water, and making his way about the garden, as if in search of something; and for a long, long time, old Ralph and he—for Ralph is living, sir, and you will see him presently—he and the old raven were the only living creatures, beside the birds, that did not desert the poor old place—except myself indeed. I could never keep away from it a whole day together, and I used to come here to feed old Ralph too; for it was long before we could lure him to the cottage for his food, and now he is almost always here, and hides himself for the most part in the great bay-tree there in the corner, where part of the north gable is still standing."

As he spoke, we coasted leisurely along the hedgeside walk, as carefully (though almost unconsciously) avoiding to tread the beds it skirted, as if they were still filled with choice flowers, or fragrant and aromatic herbs, or matted hoops, or hand-glasses guarding the rarer or tenderer plants, bulbs, and auriculas, once (L—— observed) the pride of that small garden. The form of those fair flower-knots were still discernible from their edgings of thrift, box, daisy, London pride, now grown, however, into perfect hedges, where still untrampled, or into ragged bushes, still indicating the once clipt line of geometrical exactness, as each bed radiated to a centre, where lay



the little basin with its fairy fountain, before alluded to. Some large stone flower-pots, green and discoloured with damp and weather stains, were still standing round it in mockery of decoration. From two or three shot up a luxuriant growth of common weeds; in one, a beautiful foxglove, exulting as it were in plebeian pride and brilliancy over its aristocratical neighbour in an adjoining vase, a delicate and sickly Persian lilac, whose pensile sprays drooped languidly even under their scanty growth of yellow leaves and pale and stunted blossoms. Here and there, within the flower-knots, bloomed a tuft of double white narcissus, struggling through grass and matted vegetation. Some tall frisks, white lilies, and other hardy flowers, had also shot up into beauty or fair promise; but the elegant moss-rose drooped to the earth, as if in sorrow, and its half-blighted buds lay cankering on the moss-grown path. The scene, desolate as it was, would still have been one of beauty in decay, had the work of destruction been wrought by "Time's defacing fingers" only; but man's more desecrating touch was too perceptible there; and, independently of peculiar circumstances and associations, there is a wide difference between the pleasing melancholy which loves to meditate among ivied and moss-grown ruins, and that painful feeling with which we contemplate the newness of untimely desolation. It was a ghastly sight even to a stranger's eye, that of the gaping void left along one entire side of the little garden, by the demolition of the old mansion; and the dreary effect of that blank exposure was not a little heightened by the contrasting incongruity of the prospect beyond, where the great gateway to what had been the principal entrance-courtyard stood perfectly isolated and entire. The beautiful gate of iron open work closed between the massy side pillars, on each of which the lion couchant of the Devereux's still kept watch and ward as proudly as when that gate had unclosed in the last reign of the Tudors to admit a royal visitant and her courtly train.

On either side, the ballustraded wall was wholly removed, so that the eye ranged on, unimpeded but

by the solitary gateway, down a triple avenue of magnificent elms, in whose tall tops the dark people, who from generation to generation had built there unmolested, were fast assembling for the night. The mingled sounds of their hoarse cawing, and the rustling of innumerable wings, adding in no slight degree to the impressive sadness of that scene and hour.

We were now standing on the lime and brick-strewn site of what (L—— informed me) had been the Library. All around us, the vaults and cellarage below were laid open to view through the bare rafters, from whence the flooring and pavement had been removed; but the boards were not yet torn up from that one small spot—so small in its unwall'd exposure, which had been so recently an apartment of noble dimensions, furnished with the collected wisdom of successive ages! At one end it was of those few square yards of flooring, that a part of the gable, including a stack of chimneys, was still standing. We stood on the hearthstone of what had been the Library fire-place; and high above us, in the naked wall, yawned a corresponding aperture, belonging to the upper chamber, which had been Mr Devereux's bedroom, the flooring of which had been rent away with the side and partition walls, all but a small portion which hung slanting from a few rafters still adhering to the remaining corner of the end gable. The eyes of my companions seemed drawn by sympathetic impulse towards that forlorn remnant; and, calling to mind the words of Hallings, I was at no loss to account for the deep and sorrowful interest with which they dwelt upon it. After a long pause, a look of intelligence passed between them, and the old man, first breaking silence, said, with a deep sigh,—“That is the very place, sir! The very spot where I stood by the easy-chair in which my dear master breathed his last, his head supported on my shoulder.”

“And it was there you found him, was it not, Hallings, when?”—

“Yes, sir! yes! there, in that very spot, from whence, as you see, he could just reach the mantle shelf, where stood”—But here the old servant stopt abruptly, glancing towards

me a look of troubled consciousness, and L——, hastening to relieve his embarrassment, said, "Fear nothing, good Hallings, from my friend Hervey here! He is one from whom I have no secrets—who would feel as you and I do on the subject of your thoughts, if he were acquainted with it. But neither you nor I must now dwell on it longer. You have said it, Hallings—'God is merciful!' To Him we commit the issue. And now, a long farewell to Devereux Hall!"

So saying, my friend cast round him one long leisurely survey of the desolated spot, turning again, and lingering yet a moment on what had been the threshold of the glass door into the Library. The short twilight was already brightening into silvery moonlight, edging the dark glossy leaves of the old bay-tree by the ruined gable, towards which its tall spiral top (just agitated by a passing breeze) swayed with slow and melancholy motion, while a shivering sound ran through the crisped foliage and long rustling branches, like whisperings and lamentations of good genii departing from the scene of their long delegated guardianship. As he gazed with these "thick-coming fancies" on the fine old evergreens, so magnificent in sombre beauty, I was startled by the sudden disturbance of its lower boughs, and by a sound

proceeding from them more hoarse and deep, if not more ominous, than the low unearthly murmurs I had been listening to with such excited feelings. My exclamation roused Hallings from the abstraction he had fallen into while taking his farewell look at all that remained of the venerable mansion, and, turning towards the object at which I pointed, he said, with a sad smile, "It is my old fellow-servant, sir! the only one besides me that haunts the place now; but it is time he should leave it too, for even *that* tree, my master's favourite tree, that he planted when a child with his own hands, will be cut down to-morrow." So saying, he gave a low whistle, and calling, "Ralph! Ralph!" the well-known signal was acknowledged by an answering croak, and a huge raven hopping to the ground from his dark covert in the interior of the bay-tree, came towards Hallings with sedate and solemn gait, and, first eyeing the old man's countenance with a look of almost human intelligence, perched upon his extended wrist, and suffered himself to be borne on it as we retraced our steps towards the cottage, discoursing (I could have fancied) by sidelong glances at his kind supporter, of the departed glories of their master's house, and their last look at its untimely ruins.

## CHAP. II.

OUR ride home—our pleasant moonlight ride! was performed almost in silence. My friend's thoughts were busy with sad and tender recollections, and mine with the scene from whence we came, and the persons and circumstances I had heard so tenderly spoken of, and mysteriously alluded to. "I must hear more before I sleep," was my inward soliloquy, as we reined up our steeds at the lodge gate; and forthwith I obtained a promise from L—— that he would gratify my curiosity before we retired for the night. My fair hostess was able and willing to contribute her share of information on a subject not less interesting to her than to her husband; and from their mutual reminiscences I made out a little history of the last Devereux, unevent-

ful indeed for the most part, and not perfectly explanatory in its latter details, but such a one as may be listened to without impatience by the indulgent hearer, who has accompanied me unwearied in my pilgrimage to the cottage of Matthew Hallings, and to the desolated site where so lately stood the venerable fabric of Devereux Hall.

The late Mr Devereux and his sister, said my friend, were the only children of Roger Devereux, Esq. and Dame Ethelred, his wife, whose venerable and dignified old age I well remember, for it was extended to such a patriarchal term, that "the young folks," (as they were wont to term their son and daughter, "the young Squire and Miss," as Mr Reginald and Miss Devereux were



called by the servants and tenantry,) had attained—the former to the mature age of fifty years—the latter to that of forty-eight, before the dutiful children were called on to pay the last duties to those dear and honoured parents, to whom they had been children indeed—in a sense of the word little understood in our day of enlightened liberality, when, for the most part, the obsolete virtues that were then thought beautiful and becoming in the filial character, (deferential tenderness and submissive duty,) are cast aside with other antique trumpery, and triumphantly superseded by the improved system of familiar intercourse, on terms of perfect equality, friendly and confidential, or cold and ceremonious, according to the character and circumstances of the parties, whose filial and parental relations, like those of “the beasts that perish,” appear to cease with the flight of the young brood, or the sprouting of its penfeathers. I can remember that when I was an idle boy, the antiquated fashions of Devereux Hall sometimes excited in me “a laughing devil,” that was scarcely repressed by the frowning of my anxious mother, or my own profound veneration for our excellent friends and neighbours—and that the wicked spirit had nearly got the better of me on more than one occasion, when Mrs Devereux would tenderly censure for “youthful heedlessness or imprudence,” the sedate spinster whose years outnumbered those of my own mother, or when Mr Reginald, while undergoing his seventh annual attack of gout, was alluded to as “the dear boy,” by his sympathizing father. But if my boyish mirth was sometimes excited by these and such like innocent and natural incongruities, far other feelings—such as I firmly believe have been happily influential in the formation of my character—were oftener awakened in me, by the example, early witnessed at the dear old Hall, of tender union, pure morality, and genuine Christianity. And when I look back upon those old times and antiquated manners, (antiquated even in that long past day,) and contrast them with our modern times and modern code, I am disposed to think we have gained less by exploding the stateli-

ness and formality of our ancestors, than we have lost in degenerating from their high-toned politeness, and true English hospitality into fashionable ease, often (in the higher ranks especially) amounting to vulgarity, and a style of living with which it would be absurd to connect the idea of social intercourse. But, in fact, the country gentry of England have been long a deteriorated, and will soon be an extinct species. The last perfect specimens within my knowledge were the late possessors of Devereux Hall.

I have told you that Mr Devereux and his sister were far advanced in life when their parents paid the debt of nature. Both were single also, as they continued to the last hour of their inseparable companionship; for, though “the young Squire” had been early wedded to the choice of his heart, and the selected of his parents—a fair and gentle being, who was transplanted to her husband’s home, and taken to the bosom of his family, only to win for herself its tender affection and undying remembrance—before the expiration of the nuptial year, the young wife and her new-born son slept in the vault of the Devereux, and her sorrowing husband (in this instance only resisting the gently implied wishes of his parents) could never be prevailed on to contract a second marriage.

His sister—the faithful sharer of all his joys and sorrows—was to him as a consoling angel in the season of his sore calamity. Her mind (the stronger of the two) was the support of his in its great trial, and her heart, tender as ever beat in a woman’s breast, was tuned to finer sympathy with his, by having also undergone the touchstone of affliction.

Eleanor Devereux had been wooed and won with the parental sanction—had loved tenderly—had trusted nobly—would have wedded splendidly, in the world’s acceptance. But before the irrevocable knot was tied, the suspicions of her anxious father were awakened by certain unguarded expressions of his future son-in-law, which led to serious investigation on the part of Mr Devereux, and a reluctant, but unqualified avowal, of more than scepticism on the most sacred subject, from him to whom the truly Christian parent was about to

commit the earthly welfare of his beloved child, and perhaps her eternal interests. Mr Devereux shrank not for a moment from the fulfilment of the duty imposed on him by this painful discovery. But when he imparted it to his darling, and required from her the sacrifice of those innocent hopes which had grown up under the fullest sanction of parental encouragement, the utmost exertions of manly fortitude, based on Christian principle, alone enabled him to persevere in his painful duty. There was no passionate remonstrance, no resisting wilfulness, no ebullition of violent feeling, on the part of the mild and right-minded Eleanor; but the quivering lip, the swimming upraised eye, the voice that faltered and failed in its endeavour to articulate her acquiescence to the required sacrifice—this voiceless eloquence went to the father's heart, and his tears mingled with hers as he clasped her to his breast, inwardly ejaculating, almost in the words of the prophet king—"Would to God I could suffer alone for thee, my child! *my child!*" For a while the hopeful tenderness of woman's nature delayed Eleanor's final decision, speciously whispering to her heart the possible blessedness of converting darkness into light, by the influence of holy example, and love's unwearying persuasiveness. But the parental guardian was near, to suggest to her the dangerous fallacy of that fond illusion, and Eleanor's love, though true and tender as ever woman felt, was not the blinding, all-engrossing passion, "which refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." She wept and spoke not, but retired to her chamber, and for that day was seen no more; but the next morning brought her to her parents' feet, with a colourless cheek indeed, but a look of such heavenly composure, as seemed reflected from the source of light to which she had resorted in her hour of mental darkness and distress; and though she hid her face on her mother's lap, and her soft voice trembled in uttering the decisive words, they were spoken—the renunciation was made—and the sacrifice complete. How dear it cost her, was known only to God and her own heart; for, having renounced (as it

then seemed to her) every view of earthly happiness for herself, she devoted herself the more assiduously to promote that of her parents and her brother, and of every living creature within the sphere of her benign influence, till at last, and by insensible degrees, she became blest in the consciousness of blessing, and never for one moment of her after life did she repent the act of that hour, the sharp agony of which had left behind it "Peace which passeth understanding."—But from thenceforth the lot of Eleanor Devereux was one of fixed celibacy. Hers were not transferable affections; and however, for her sake, the fond parents might have wished it otherwise, they could ill resist the pleading of the dutiful child, who only prayed to be allowed to cleave to them, and them only, and to her dear brother, in this life, as she hoped to be reunited to them in eternity. So it came to pass that the elder branch of the House of Devereux was destined to become extinct, when the bachelor brother and his maiden sister were removed from the Hall of their ancestors to the family burying-place, in the chancel of their parish church.

After the year of mourning and seclusion, religiously observed by Mr Reginald and his sister, for the loss of their last surviving parent, all things at the Hall fell into their former course, and, save the diminution of the family circle, and that the places of the revered elders at the hospitable board were now filled by their filial successors, little change was perceptible to re-admitted guests; and the brother and sister resumed those habits of social intercourse with the large and respectable surrounding neighbourhood, which it had been the pleasure and principle of their parents to maintain, as in like manner devolved upon them by the example of revered progenitors.

The Devereux's had been at one time the wealthiest, as they continued to be the most ancient family in their part of the country; and on the succession of the last lineal descendant to the inheritance of his forefathers, the same liberality, and even stately hospitality, characterised the general establishment and style of entertainment at Devereux Hall, as had distinguished it under the rule of many



preceding generations. Far less did it enter into the contemplation of the last Devereux to diminish aught of the munificent charities which had so long dispensed comfort and gladness, not only among the dependants of the family, and the peasantry on their estate, but in every poor man's cottage for many miles around the venerable Hall. The bounteous stream flowed in its several channels with unabated regularity, and little was it suspected by any of those who shared as friends or dependants in its diffusive plenteousness, that the waters at the source were already shrunk, and threatened with fatal diversion from their ancient courses.

Yet such was the melancholy fact, though known only to Mr Devereux, his confidential man of law, and his distant relation, Mr Heneage Devereux, of whom you may remember Old Hallings made mention in terms of no special reverence, while we stood among the ruins of the demolished mansion. That man has been indeed a serpent in the bosom of his noble unsuspecting kinsman.

Very distantly related to the family of Devereux Hall, and still less akin by congeniality of character to its respected possessors, between them and Mr Heneage Devereux little social intercourse had at any time been kept up, though, unfortunately for my venerable friend, communication on matters of business became but too frequent between him and his wily kinsman, who acquired over him a strange and at the time inexplicable ascendancy; inexplicable even to Mrs Eleanor, whose stronger mind (had she been early aware of her brother's circumstances) might have counteracted the influence so banefully exerted on his feebler character.

But loving her, dearly as ever brother loved the dearest sister—cherishing her as the inestimable companion—the faithful friend—almost the guardian angel of his life, Mr Devereux's affection lacked that perfect confidence which “casteth out fear;” for, strange as was the anomaly, from some instinctive sense of weakness and inferiority, he stood in awe of the opinion of that gentle being, whose tenderness and devotion to him were almost deferential. Motives of tenderness towards her—

a desire to spare her the participation of his corroding cares, had doubtless their share in his ill-starred system of concealment—and having no other confidential friend and adviser, so it was that he became the prey—alas! I fear the victim—of his calculating, unprincipled relation.

I cannot detail to you—for all such are unknown to me—the minute and particular circumstances of those pecuniary transactions between my old friend and Mr Heneage Devereux, which ended in results so fatal to the former; but I have reason to believe that Mr Heneage, who had accumulated considerable wealth in mercantile speculations, found means in the first place to possess himself of certain bond debts and considerable mortgages on the property, incurred by the father and grandfather of Mr Devereux, as the pressure of the times or untoward casualties forced upon them the alternative of so burdening the family property, or the more energetic measure of wise and timely retrenchment. Mr Devereux's legal adviser was undoubtedly in the interest of his speculating kinsman, whose primary object was to secure to himself the reversion of the family property, the entail of which ended with the late possessors. And Mr Heneage was well aware that he had no chance of being voluntarily selected as the heir of the Devereux's.

Not only had there been a long subsisting estrangement between the ancient stock and that distant branch from which Mr Heneage derived his descent, though a frigid intercourse was formally kept up by visits at stated periods, and letters of ceremony as occasion called for them; but on the part of the late Mr Devereux there was evidently a degree of instinctive repugnance towards his distant relation, which would have amounted to aversion, had his kindly and gentle nature been capable of so unchristian-like a feeling. No two characters could have been more dissimilar than these two kinsmen. I have already dwelt affectionately on the amiability of Mr Devereux. I have also touched on its slight alloy—a degree of moral weakness, in part doubtless inherent in his nature, but which, from the circumstances of his life and long indulgence of his

tastes and feelings, had grown into constitutional infirmity, which made him an easy prey to the bold and designing.

Mr Devereux's manners and habits were those of refined elegance, his tastes and opinions nice even to fastidiousness; and his perceptions acute on some points to a degree of sickness. His very person was cast as if for an appropriate mould to enshrine this fine frame of moral organization. Small, delicate, beautifully proportioned, with hands and feet of almost feminine moulding,—while those of Cousin Heneage!—How have I seen the slender fingers of my dear old friend shrink from the vice-like grasp of that coarse bony hand, that looked capable of crushing it to atoms, together with the large mourning ring on the little finger, the oval of which, set with diamonds, encircled a groundwork of fair silky hair, bearing the device of an urn and a weeping willow, of small brilliants.

During the last few years of Mr Devereux's life, it became too evident to his old and true friends, that notwithstanding his ill-concealed repugnance to Cousin Heneage, the man had by some unaccountable means obtained an extraordinary influence over him—a baneful influence, that by degrees superseded that mild persuasive power hitherto exercised so beneficially for Mr Devereux, by the faithful companion of his life—the tenderest of sisters. His affection for her was evidently unabated. His tender solicitude for her, as the growing infirmities of advanced life rendered her more feeble and delicate, was peculiarly affecting, from the circumstances of his own age, and more evident decay, and from the expression of anxious sadness with which he often regarded her. What, then, was the surprise of their mutual friends, when the wife of Mr Heneage Devereux accompanied her husband in one of his now frequent visits to the Hall, and was received by Mr Devereux an invited guest!

Cousin Heneage had promoted this lady from the superintendence of his kitchen to that of his family, and the honours of a lawful wife, but he did not deem it requisite to notify the forming of so respectable a connexion to the then surviving parents of

Mr Devereux; neither did the birth of some half score promising babes, with whom he was presented in yearly succession, form part of the formal communications addressed at stated periods to his kinsman at the Hall. And when he occasionally presented himself in person, no allusion was ever made on either side to the lady or her progeny, till the time I mentioned, about three years preceding the death of my venerable friend. Imagine, then, the consternation of Mrs Eleanor, when her brother, with an abruptness of manner very different from his usual address, requested her to prepare herself for the reception of Mrs Heneage Devereux, who, with her husband and three elder children, a son and two daughters, between the ages of fifteen and one-and-twenty, would arrive the day following, to make some stay at the Hall. It so happened that I went over to pay a visit to my friends on the morning of this strange communication, and was ushered into Mrs Eleanor's morning room, just as her brother left it, passing me with a hurried excuse, and in evident agitation. I found the sister flushed, and trembling with surprise and pain; and it was in vain that she endeavoured to welcome me with her usual serenity, and the kind sweet smile that was wont to light up her benevolent countenance at sight of those she loved and valued—when I took her hand with the enquiring look of affectionate concern, it was impossible not to feel at the thought that any distressful circumstance should wound the heart of that gentle and heavenly-minded creature—the tears gushed from her eyes, and with a tremulous tone, she related to me the short and peremptory communication just made to her by her brother.

“And such a brother!” she exclaimed, while her voice trembled with emotion—“You knew him, Mr L—; you have known him from your childhood; the best and kindest of human beings,—one from whose lips no living creature ever heard a harsh or an ungentle word. And to me, what has he not been!—in what perfect love and unity have we not dwelt together all our long lives!—But that fearful man!—that hard, coarse-minded Heneage Devereux!



Is it to be believed that that man should step in between my brother and myself—not sundering our hearts, for that is impossible; but causing reserve on the part of my dear brother, in lieu of that perfect confidence he ever placed in me? What can be the nature of the influence that has so changed him? and how has it been acquired? I am sure his heart bled; but now, when, as if compelled by some dire necessity, he desired me to prepare for the reception of Mrs Heneage Devereux; but when I would have uttered—as well as the suddenness of my surprise permitted—a few words of gentle remonstrance, my brother stopt me, with an almost stern reiteration of his wishes, and turned from me as if in anger! But it was not so; it was in deep distress, I am certain, Mr L.—, and therefore it is that you find me thus overpowered; for what fearful cause can so move my dear brother, and instigate his present determination?”

You may readily believe how tenderly I sympathized in the anxiety and distress of my venerable friend, though powerless to give her comfort, for my mind was painfully impressed with similar apprehensions; and vague surmises had for some time haunted me, that all was not well with the circumstances of Mr Devereux. As we talked together—forming various conjectures respecting the motives which could have led him to put such violence on his feelings, and even on his sense of propriety, as to require his respectable sister to receive, in the house of their ancestors, a person so every way unworthy of admittance there as was the wife of Mr Heneage Devereux—the sad gleams of truth seemed to flash momentarily across the mind of Mrs. Eleanor; and as I considered the matter, my previous suspicions became more definite. But still, save and except the late inconsistencies of Mr Devereux's conduct in relation to his subtle and unprepossessing kinsman, there had been nothing—absolutely nothing, in his conduct and apparent circumstances, to warrant a doubt respecting the perfect order and prosperousness of his worldly affairs. And I felt a delicacy—or rather a difficulty—in discussing the subject with

Mrs Eleanor, which restrained me from fully opening my mind to her. I have regretted more than once that I did not overcome this morbid feeling, and that, overstepping, in the zeal and truth of friendship, the shallow suggestions of false delicacy, I had not spoken openly even to Mr Devereux. I might have spoken in time. One friendly hand stretched out in time might have prevented ~~the~~ But I cannot dwell on that conjecture.—It is too painful.

Well! I know not how the reception-day passed off, nor how dear Mrs Eleanor was supported through her distressing task. But when I called, a few days after, at the Hall, I found her apparently reconciled to the appointed trial, looking, indeed, more pale and serious than was usual with her, but not less serenely composed, and her manner, and the expression of her countenance, when she addressed her brother, or looked towards him, was almost heavenly—so eloquent of the tenderest compassion and respect. But that brother!—my old respected friend—how had a few days of mental misery—the truth was evident—how fearfully had those few days altered him. He was alone with his sister when I entered his morning room.

“A little indisposed,” he said, smiling; “and faint, from the unusual heat.” And she stood by him as he reclined in his easy-chair, to take back the wine-glass, in which she had just administered to him some drops of ether. The ancient hand-maiden, with whom you have made acquaintance, was in attendance with the salver, and having received the empty glass from her lady, withdrew with a respectful curtsy to myself, and, as she passed me, and her eyes met mine, I saw they were glistening with tears.

My old friend stretched out to me a trembling hand, and apologized, with his wonted and unflinching courtesy, for not rising to receive me; “but Eleanor insists on it that I have over-exerted myself lately,” he observed, smiling affectionately on her; “and I must be rude and self-indulgent to oblige her, and to recruit myself, to meet my guests at dinner. They are so good as to excuse me in the morning,” he added hurriedly, and a faint blush passed over his coun-

tenance as he continued with averted eyes,—“By-the-bye, L——, you have heard from my sister, that I have felt it due to my cousin Heneage to invite his wife and part of his family to the Hall? His feelings were naturally hurt by their exclusion from it—and—and”—— The struggle to proceed was a painful one, but he achieved it, and in a firmer tone, and with eyes that were raised to meet mine with a deprecating look, went on to say,—“You are aware, L——, that I should not willingly have imposed on my dear sister the irksomeness of receiving as a guest a person so ill qualified to associate with her as is Mrs Heneage Devereux, by birth and breeding, and perhaps—I fear”—— And again his voice faltered and his eye avoided mine—“I fear, by other circumstances, previous to her union with my cousin; but *he is* my cousin, you know, and—and—my dear sister *could not* disoblige me,”—and as he pressed his lips to her hand as it lay upon the arm of his easy-chair, I saw a tear drop on it from his closed eyelids. “Of course,” he continued, recovering himself after a moment’s pause, during which I had endeavoured to relieve his distress by a few cheerful, though scarce connected words—“Of course, during the time of my cousin’s visit to us, we shall live secluded from our friends and neighbours; for I cannot expect from any lady the complaisance of meeting Mrs Heneage Devereux at my table.” Yet he looked at me half-imploringly as he spoke, and it would be impossible for me to describe the expression of grateful affection which beamed in the countenances of both brother and sister, when I hastened to remove the humiliating doubt, by exclaiming, “Whatever be your intention with regard to the neighbourhood in general, my dear sir, do not flatter yourself you will so easily banish your old and attached friends. Neither my wife nor I could endure a week’s exclusion from Devereux Hall, and I think it is more than that period of time since we have sat at your hospitable board. Mrs L—— would take it kindly if you were to invite us for to-morrow, and we would do our best to help you to entertain these inconvenient visitors.”

Mr Devereux grasped my hand, and looked his grateful acquiescence to my proposal, for it was more than a minute before he could speak it audibly, and I left my valued friends that morning with the comfort of believing that I had been so fortunate as to evince my affection for them in the way most grateful and soothing to their feelings.

As I passed through the Hall in my way out, the door of the eating room burst open, and out rushed a couple of overdressed hoydens, with flame-coloured faces and arms, followed by a hopeful youth, all shirt-collar and cravat, booted and spurred, and armed with a dog-whip, which he flourished in playful menace after the fair fugitives, eloquently apostrophizing them with—“Hole! hoie! little dogs!—That’s it, Loa!—Well run, Phil!—Unkennel the old one!” At sight of me the frolicsome trio slunk back somewhat confused, and a shrill female voice called out from the eating room, in a half-laughing, half-wrathful tone, “Come back, you combustious creturs! Come back, I tell ye, or I’ll tell your Pa when he comes in. Let alone your sisters, do, Watty, dear! or you’ll tear their tails again, as you did yesterday, wi’ them there nasty spurs!” My inclination to laugh was overpowered by sensations of a very different nature as I hurried past the scene of uproarious vulgarity, and I rode away from the old Hall, with a full heart, wellnigh lamenting that the last lineal descendants of the Devereux’s had lived so long as to witness its desecration.

From that day forward . . . But I should tell you that my dear wife gave her ready assent to the engagement I had ventured to make for both of us, though she accompanied me next day to the Hall in painful expectation of witnessing the annoyance and distress of our valued friends. But the perfect good breeding of Mr Devereux and his sister, especially the dignified self-possession of Mrs Eleanor, prevented all outward manifestation of what must have been the inward feeling. We found them assembled in the drawing-room with their uncongenial guests, and two neighbouring gentlemen, old bachelor friends of Mr Devereux, who had dropt in uninvited to dinner. We were previous-



ly acquainted with Mr Heneage, but were, of course, introduced to his lady and her daughters, and Walter Heneage Devereux, jun., who bobbed his chin into the depths of his starched cravat in the most approved style of dandy vulgarity—and Mrs and Misses Heneages! Heavens! that such masses of coarseness, finery, and ignorant assumption, should have borne in common with our venerable friends the honoured name of Devereux! It was my office (Mr Devereux having led out my wife) to conduct Mrs Heneage to the dining-room; and had my feelings been less painfully excited, I should have been amused at her evidently first attempt at the assumption of aristocratical ease and urbanity, as thrusting her huge thick arm through mine up to the elbow, she leant on me with a weight that would have annihilated the fragile frame of our venerable host, and must have left on my arm the impression of the gilt jack-chain she wore by way of bracelet.

Ludicrous as was throughout the day the deportment of these incongruous personages, the remembrance of it is, even now, too painful, as connected with the distress and humiliated feelings of my lamented friends, for me to enter more fully into details that might be amusing enough under other circumstances. Whatever, however, must have been the feelings of our host and hostess, they were never for a moment betrayed into visible annoyance by the species of martyrdom to which they were subjected; and the remarkably dignified, though gentle deportment of Mrs Eleanor in particular, was not without its triumph in obtaining for her a degree of involuntary deference, even from the coarse-minded persons who were incapable of appreciating her real claims. Yet once, (I remember it now,) once *she was moved* to the utterance of a reproof, the severity of which was felt rather than understood by the vulgar mind of Mrs Heneage, who had provoked it by some offensive comment on the portrait of “the old lady there,” as she familiarly designated the late Mrs Devereux. “I am sure, madam, you are not aware,” said the dear Mrs Eleanor, while her sweet voice fal-

tered with emotion, and a faint blush suffused her venerable face, “I am sure you cannot be aware that the lady represented by that portrait was our dear and venerated mother, to whose lifeless resemblance even, I should hope, no person would knowingly allude disrespectfully, least of all in the presence of her children.” The woman to whom this mild rebuke was addressed, coloured, fidgeted, fanned herself violently, and glancing as if half frightened towards her husband, who frowned tremendously, stammered out something of an apology, which was accepted with a grave and silent inclination of the head, as Mrs Eleanor rose to lead the way into the drawing-room.

The scenes I have sketched so hastily are but samples of a long long series of annoyances and mortifications, to which my dear friends were from thenceforward subjected at frequent intervals, until the close of the clouded evening of their lives; for the air of Devereux Hall was found to be particularly beneficial to the delicate health of Mrs Heneage, and the bloom (as she termed it) of the full-blown peonys, her daughters, besides that Walter Heneage, jun., took especial pleasure in thinning Mr Devereux’s preserves, and insolently trespassing on those of the neighbouring gentlemen, who submitted more patiently to the young Cockney’s inroads than they would have done, but for their regard and respect for their venerable neighbour, whose moral thralldom to his stern repulsive kinsman was now generally known and compassionated, as the fatal cause became gradually, and at last strongly suspected. Some attempts were made by myself and others, to invite the confidence of Mr Devereux; but from all allusion to that mysterious influence so visibly exercised over him, he shrank with a morbid sensitiveness which made it impossible to proceed, without seriously offending; and when I last conferred on the subject with Mrs Eleanor, she requested me, with tears, to desist from all farther interposition, “for, alas!” said the dear lady, “all such attempts are, I am convinced, hopeless, and only inflict additional pain on my beloved brother, even exci-

ting in him a degree of irritability, of which his mild spirit was till lately unsusceptible. My late observations of the change in Mr Devereux's once equable temper, but too well corroborated the qualified and reluctant hint thus drawn from his devoted sister; and to me it was obvious; likewise, that the mental powers of my venerable friend, always more characterised by kindness of nature, than by admixture of "sterner stuff," which goes to the composition of moral strength, had been for some time yielding to the weight of some intolerable burden, and that as years and infirmities grew upon him, his natural timidity became almost shyness, and so helped to preclude him from the benefit of good offices, which many were ready to render him, had the least opening, on his part, encouraged them to solicit greater confidence.

But the days drew near, when our poor friend was to be bereaved of his last earthly comfort—the companionship of this tender sister, who had said truly, "That no evil influence could ever estrange their hearts from each other, however it might have robbed her of her brother's confidence." As they had grown up together in love and unity, so was her life devoted to him to the last, and her faithfulness perfected in the manner of her death. For though he never knew it — (thank God! that drop of bitterness was spared) — her life was sacrificed to her anxiety for his comfort, and her reluctance to cause him a moment's distress or even impatience, which it was in her power to avert.

For many years Mrs Eleanor Devereux, as well as her brother, had been subject to periodical fits of gout, their hereditary malady. Mr Devereux's attacks had always been most obstinate and painful, though never alarming, as affecting only the hands and feet. His sister's were still slighter, though more frequent, and she even forgot her own pain, or thanked God it was so moderate, causing only a temporary lameness — and leaving her hands free, to minister, as only hers could minister, to the comfort of her more suffering brother. As both advanced in age, however, the disease gained ground on both.

Mr Devereux was subjected to long and excruciating torture; and almost helplessness, being entirely confined to his bed and easy-chair; and not being aware — for she never complained — that his sister was often suffering at the same time, though not equally with himself, he not only accepted, as he had been wont to do, that unwearied attention and that tender ministry to which she had so long accustomed him, but unconsciously became more exacting and more difficult to please, as his mind and temper became enfeebled and irritable, from natural causes of decay, and the more fatal inroads of unconfided care. So it was, that at seasons of suffering he could scarcely endure her absence for an hour together; and when the cruel malady left him free from pain, but reduced to greater feebleness, as little could he spare her from the side of his garden seat, or study-chair, who was the sharer of all his intellectual pleasures, as she was the soother of his bodily anguish.

And when his evil genius was about him in the shape of cousin Heneage, ill could the tender sister brook the thought of leaving him to that hateful companionship, from which he evidently shrank with increasing repugnance, though too frequently compelled, as it seemed, by some secret necessity, to submit to long private conferences with his dark kinsman. From these interviews, I have since heard from Hallings, he always reappeared in a state of pitiable agitation, or deep despondence; and more than once on his reaching Mrs Eleanor's dressing-room, in which, as if in a haven of safety, he was wont to take refuge from the scene of torment, he has fallen into a sort of fit, his forehead breaking out into profuse cold perspiration, and his eyes fixed with perfect unconsciousness on his agonized sister.

It is wonderful that the mental fabric should not have been utterly overthrown by such cruel conflicts; but though weakened in its powers of endurance, and perhaps in its reflective faculties, the common course of nature was reversed with regard to its sensibilities, which became more painfully acute as those powers decayed, which should have counterbalanced their morbid ascendancy.



Toward the close of the last summer preceding his decease, a season which had been made particularly irksome to him by the prolonged visitation of Mrs Heneage and her family, my old friend was left once more to the quiet society of his sister, and to her gentle tending, through one of his constitutional attacks, the effects of which still lingered about him, when the health of his kind nurse began to droop, and a fearful change in her appearance was manifest to all those who were not blinded to it by habits of hourly intercourse, and her uncomplaining serenity. Her own maid, however, the faithful Celia, was but too competent to perceive the alteration in her lady, and to surmise its cause; for she was aware, though enjoined to strict secrecy, that for some time past, on the first indication of any gouty symptoms, Mrs Eleanor had had recourse to powerful repellants, counting as little her own personal risk, in comparison with the dread necessity of leaving her brother companionless, in the midst of his intrusive guests, or alone on the bed of sickness, as might have been the case had her own malady been allowed to take its progress unchecked at the first indications, which were of a more than heretofore threatening nature. The antidote had been but too efficacious, and when Mrs Eleanor was at length induced by the intreaties of her faithful servant, and her own internal sensations, to speak privately to her medical attendant, (an attached friend of the family,) he saw so much cause for serious alarm, that it was with difficulty she prevailed on him to withhold for a few days only from her brother, the shock of a communication which she undoubtedly flattered herself might yet be rendered unnecessary by her amendment.

And for a day or two she appeared to rally, and there was a visible improvement in her, to my observation and that of Mrs L——, when we stopt at the Hall in our evening drive, and drank tea with her and Mr Devereux, on the last of those few days.

We had hardly done breakfast the following morning, when our medical friend, (the attendant of the Devereux's,) sent in a request to speak to me in my library.

It was to announce to me the removal of our dear friend from earth to Heaven. She had been found that morning in her bed asleep in death. It needs not to say how promptly I betook myself to the house of mourning; how earnestly I pressed for admittance to the forlorn survivor, who had locked himself into his library, at the door of which stood Hallings in an agony of grief and apprehension, imploring leave to enter, if but for a moment. I joined my supplications to his, and after a time we heard a heavy sigh, and the approach of feeble footsteps to the door, on the opening of which the bereaved old man, as if overpowered by the effort, staggered backwards, and would have fallen, but that I caught him in my arms, and supported him to his easy-chair, still holding his hand, as I took my seat beside him, in that deep awe of silent sympathy, which feels it profanation to break in with human speech upon the sacredness of unutterable sorrow. Long he lay back, as he had sunk into his chair, silent and motionless. The small thin hand I held, as cold and pale as that of a corpse; and as I contemplated his venerable countenance, colourless as the hand, the closed eyelids, and sunken temples, and every sharpened feature set in rigid and unnatural composure, I was startled—not shocked—by a sudden thought that the imperishable spirit had departed already from that poor frame of decaying mortality.

In breathless awe I stole my fingers gently to the wrist of the hand I held in mine, almost praying inwardly that I might find all quiet there; but even while I felt for the imperceptible pulse, a change came over the pale countenance—a slight tremor of the muscles about the mouth, a quivering of the lower eyelids, and then a tear stole glistening through the thin worn lashes of either eye, and slowly, heavily trickled down the furrowed cheek, and after a minute the trembling hand was withdrawn from the tender pressure of mine, and with its fellow joined, and half upraised in the attitude of prayer. The old man's eyes were still closed; but his lips moved, and in the tremulous accents which escaped them, I distinguished—"I

thank thee for. I thank thee. . . Oh Lord! . . . Thou hast taken *her* from the evil to come."

Uninvited and unwelcome, Mr Heneage Devereux presented himself at the Hall, as suddenly as rapid travelling could bring him there, after the notification of Mrs Eleanor's death had reached him in London. And it was evident to me and others, that he had motives for preventing as much as possible all unrestrained and confidential intercourse between his cousin and those old friends and neighbours, who would have rallied round him in his distress and perplexities, and, by their strenuous and disinterested counsels and assistance, have even then released him from his bondage to the fiend, had time been allowed them to win gradually upon the shyness and timidity of Mr Devereux's character, so as to induce him to overstep the little weakness of that false pride, which shrank from disclosure of worldly difficulties and exposure—such as no doubt he had pictured to himself—to the humiliating comments of contemptuous pity. Mr Heneage came, and such perpetual and vexatious obstacles were thrown in the way of the neighbouring gentlemen, in all their attempts at a renewal of social intercourse with Mr Devereux, that one by one all relinquished their kindly hopes of serving him effectually, though a few, like myself, persevered in seeing him as often as we could obtain admission into that altered abode, where in past days such a gracious and smiling welcome had ever greeted us. But I fear our venerable friend derived little pleasure or comfort from these almost intrusive visits. Courteously and kindly indeed he ever received all who approached him; and to the few who had been particularly distinguished by his friendship and that of Mrs Eleanor, there was even a more touching expression—one of grateful tenderness in his accustomed affectionateness of manner. But the exertions of conversation, absorbed as he was by corroding cares and fatal concealments, was evidently a painful effort to him, and he often sunk, even while his friends were endeavouring to engage his attention, into fits of sad abstraction, broken unconsciously

by such deep-fetched sighs, as went to the heart of those who were powerless to comfort. Little was even yet known of the real nature of those transactions between our venerable friend and his kinsman, which had wrought such lamentable change in him, and all connected with him; but whispers got abroad, that Mr Devereux's circumstances were in a very dilapidated state, and that there was even a possibility, if his life were spared beyond a certain period, that the old man might be driven forth from the home of his ancestors, to seek some meaner shelter for his gray head, before it was laid to rest in the vault of the Devereux's.

Mr Heneage began to assume more arbitrary authority over the establishment at the Hall—conducting himself with an insolence of manner so disgusting to the old respectable servants, that, by degrees, all dropt off except Hallings and his wife, and a white-headed coachman, whose devoted fidelity strengthened them to endure all things rather than desert their aged master in the hour of his utmost need.

Towards the close of that sad winter succeeding the death of Mrs Eleanor, Hallings (as I have since heard from him) observed an unwonted degree of restlessness in his master, and at times, after having been closeted with Mr Heneage and an attorney, who now frequently accompanied the latter to the Hall—at such times especially a feverish and flushed excitement, during the continuance of which his ideas seemed to wander, and he uttered expressions which gave but too much ground of probability to those rumours I have alluded to.

On one of those occasions, when the forlorn old man had, as it seemed, been driven by his evil genius almost to the verge of desperation, his faithful servant, urged on by uncontrollable feeling, ventured, for the first time, to hint at the secret source of this overwhelming misery, and to press upon him the entreaty that he would open his heart freely to some old and true friend. "See Mr L——, sir!" implored the worthy Hallings; "for God's sake, my dear, dear master! let me send di-



rectly for Mr L—, or go to him and tell him you would speak with him immediately."

For a moment Mr Devereux seemed as if half moved to compliance with the prayer of his attached servant. For a moment he sat in trembling agitation, with half opened lips and eyes fixed on Hallings, as if about to give the permission so earnestly supplicated; but the indecision ended fatally. Slowly and mournfully shaking his head, as it sank upon his breast, he waved his hand rejectingly, and faintly murmured in an inward tone, "Too late! too late! Leave me, good Hallings! Your master will not be long a trouble to you;—but he has lived too long."

On the day succeeding that on which this scene took place, Mr Devereux was again shut up in conference with Cousin Heneage and his assistant friend, the convenient scrivener. Hallings's anxiety kept him hovering near the library where they were convened, and more than once he heard the hateful grating voice of Cousin Heneage raised to a threatening loudness, and then, after a pause, his master's well-known accents, apparently pleading with pathetic earnestness, till overpowered by the discordant tones of his kinsman and the attorney.

"At last," said Hallings, "I could distinguish a sort of choking, gasping cry, and a hysterical sob from my dear master; and then I could bear it no longer, but knocked loudly for admittance at the locked door. My interruption broke up the conference; a chair was pushed back with violence as Mr Heneage, it seemed, rose from it, for it was his voice that thundered out, as he thumped the table in his rage—'To-morrow, sir! I tell you, to-morrow, I will be fooled no longer.' And then my master almost shrieked out—'A little time! a little time! Only a year; one little year, Cousin Heneage!' But the savage laughed in scorn; and, as he strode past me, followed by that other viper, looked back with stern determination, while he uttered, in a loud insulting tone—'Not a week, sir! Not a day beyond to-morrow.'"

On going to the assistance of his

master, poor Hallings found him in a state of dreadful agitation. "His forehead, sir, was wet with perspiration, though the fire had burnt down to nothing, and there was snow upon the ground, and there was a deep red spot upon either cheek. His hands were grasping the arms of his chair, and he rose from it as I entered, but stared at me with seeming unconsciousness. I could not see him so, and control my own feelings. 'My dear master!' I said, and the tears gushed from my eyes. The sight of that seemed to bring him to himself a little—for you know, sir, how tender-hearted he was—and he fetched two or three short sighs, and said—'Oh, Hallings! it is all over;' and trembled so violently that I feared he would fall, and ran to his support; but he recovered himself, and seemed to have more strength than usual in his crippled limbs, as he walked across the library and hall, and up stairs to his own bedroom, to the door of which I followed him. But he forbade my entrance in a determined tone; and desiring he might not be disturbed for an hour or two, as he should lie down and recover himself, he went in and shut the door, drawing the bolt after him."

So far I have given you in substance the narrative of Hallings; but his farther statement was of a nature so agitating that it was made more unconnectedly, and I must briefly relate to you, in my own words, the miserable conclusion.

The habitual deference with which Hallings was ever accustomed to obey his master's least imperative command, restrained him on that last fatal occasion from opposing his desire to be left alone and undisturbed.

But "something," the old man said, "would not let him rest; or keep away for ten minutes together from his master's door, at which he was anxiously listening, when he heard the tinkling of glass, and the unlocking, as he well knew the sound, of Mr Devereux's medicine-chest. Hallings noted the circumstance gladly, for he supposed from it that Mr Devereux was taking a nervous medicine—some drops of sal volatile, to which he had often recourse at seasons of peculiar lan-

At that sight a fearful thought flashed upon him; and, turning to a groom who had pressed in with others of the servants, he ordered him to ride off instantly for Mr Maddox, the family apothecary, and urge his attendance with utmost speed, on a matter of life and death. Our medical friend was soon at the Hall, and by the side of him who still reclined motionless and insensible in that easy-chair, sleeping that fearful sleep. Heneage Devereux was absent for the day, and Hallings had, in consequence, uncontrolled liberty

him on the great threshold of truth, inquiring with agonized grace; for it places cross-consciousness not in some remote admitted and revered, and thing far-removed family of the Lintors but to be double knock. But then the whole person were absorbed into us with a Lintor as plainly as if he had or his becoming, and announces a *thunder* *C.* thus to us a very distinct



HESIOD.

No. II.

THE thief who filched the jewel from the ear of the Idol of Loretto, very wisely swore the Virgin gave it him. To doubt the power was a deathblow to the superstition; the Doctors therefore satisfied themselves with curtailing it for the future. The jewels of the Muses not being so convertible into gold, no prohibition has been attempted, and the gifted are left in undisputed possession of all they claim under such title; and the Muses, like the Irish valet, who packed up "at least" all his master's linen, are allowed to be as liberal as they please, and unquestioned in their privileges.

We have shewn that Hesiod, doubtful if his rules of navigation, which, as editor of the "Library of Useful Knowledge" of his day, he felt himself bound to furnish, would bear the Admiralty stamp, or even reach the salt-water mark, boldly referred them to the authority of the divine Maids of Helicon. The universal credit obtained by this happy contrivance, has led ever since to its adoption by poets, with scarcely an exception. We say scarcely, because we must not forget the Italian romancer, the noble Boiardo Conte di Scandiano, who, whether his lies were too audacious for such feminine authorities, or it be that he was desirous to obtain the absolution of the Church for these his deadly sins, ascribes them, without scruple, to an archbishop, "Turpino lo dice." No other authority has ever yet been thought of but these two, so that the archbishop reigns the "Magnus Apollo" in the nunnery of the Nine, and Turpin *Turpissimus* sings *thorough bass* most masculinely to their gentle and persuasive voices. *Monsieur de Sida* has to us a very distinct meaning, and announces a Mendez Pinto as plainly as if his card, or his person, were ushered into us with a double knock. But then the whole race and family of the Pintos are to be admired and revered, and think the most consummate art of man consists in lying with a good grace; for it places him on the very threshold of truth,

whence he may walk into the temple whenever he pleases. The authority of an Archbishop must be *per se* and alone sufficient; but it is curious to notice, in lack of that Catholic claim, the accumulation of authorities with the magnitude and dubious character of the inventions. Homer commences simply with invoking one Muse, but when he reaches the catalogue of the ships, calls in the whole sisterhood; as does Hesiod likewise, having to unravel the rather complicated materials of his Cosmogony and Theogony in confusion. But Hesiod is rather more decisive, and does not so much invoke the Muses, as assert that they insisted upon his being their amanuensis, and that they stood over him with the laurel staff in their hands, and that every word of the Theogony is of their dictation. Lucian, in his dialogue with the old bard, does not doubt the inspiration, but undervalues the communication, and says that in promising him Prophecy, they promised more than they performed. We are not sure of that, and think we have shewn, and shall shew again, that the venerable poet had a second sight of these our own sorry times.

The Theogony (for it has been determined to believe it all and entire Hesiod's) commences with a rhapsody in honour of the Muses, for—

"By help of these as he profess'd,  
He had first Matter seen undress'd;  
He took her naked all alone  
Before one rag of form was on—  
Then Chaos too he had descried,  
And seen quite through, or else he lied."

HUP.

The Cosmogony glides into the Theogony, or birth of the gods. The latter is a sort of melodrame, in which are enacted Uranus, or Heaven, imprisoning his children in a cave; the conspiracy of Earth and Chronus, or Time or Saturn—the concealment of the infant Jupiter—piety of Prometheus, and his punishment and first introduction of the liver complaint—the creation of Pandora or woman—the war of the Gods or Titans—and

concludes, after the most received fashion, with the combat of Jupiter with the Giant Typhæus. A very engaging bill-of-fare—and the performers all stars from the Pantheon and Olympic Theatres.

As Hesiod considers himself but the Muses' private secretary, he dedicates his labours to them in a style of panegyric, mellifluous, complimentary, and beautiful. It has been often imitated, *haud pari passu*, in many a dedication to many a noble lord, for it bestows every virtue under the sun. But in Hesiod's case it conveys no satire. The occupation of the Muses exactly corresponds with that ascribed to them in those ancient compositions, the Homeric Hymns, of which Maga has offered some translations. Music and dancing, a concert, ball, and supper every night in Jupiter's Olympian or Egyptian Hall, are their genteel recreation and delight. The gallantry and flirtation of Mars and Mercury with the Muses and Graces in the hymn to the Delian Apollo, is an amusing incident. Perhaps this, and similar passages in these most ancient poets, fairly describe the manners of courts in that era of the world, which modern conceit is pleased to term savage. We have certainly some few instances of infirmities of temper among the sacred personages in the poetic annals; but their delight to praise and sing of the exploits of each other, is at least a mark of politeness, an essential acquirement, and refined substitute for virtue, in a society somewhat loose in their morals. The Muses did every thing gracefully, we do not therefore quite approve of Mr Elton's

"And with fast feet rebounding, smite the earth."

It is an anvil and hammer sort of expression, as if Vulcan had been their

dancing-master, and, being lame of foot, had practised before them on his brawny fists, as the tumblers at a fair, exhibiting attitudes by no means proper for the Muses to imitate. But their dancing was quiescent though joyous; and we venture to say there is no instance given of gallopade or pirouette. They sing the praises of the Deities, and, with the rest, of Venus—

"Twinkling bland her tremulous lids."  
ELTON.

An expression used by Mr Elton in his former edition, which we were in hopes he would have corrected. The original is *Ελικοβλέφαρόν τ' Ἀφροδίτην*. Mr Elton thinks the eyelid twinkling has an exquisite appropriateness when applied to Venus; we think it too *exquisite*, and the winking the eye, which Le Clerc observes is the signal of intelligence between lovers, is surely a sort of intelligence, or lovers' freemasonry, we do not see commonly going on in decent society. Mem. to enquire of Alderman Wood, or the Attorney-General, if it was the practice in the Court of Queen Caroline to "tip the wink." The manner of their introduction to Hesiod is curious. Whether it was absolutely necessary, by way of reaction, that the strain of politeness should unbend, as we see to be the case with Whig loyalty, or their vicinity to a fishing-port had given them the occasional use of the phraseology of the ladies who there traffic, we are left to conjecture. But certain it is, they address him in unwarrantably coarse language. They took him perhaps for one of the Boeotian Shepherds, a race notoriously said like cucumbers to run more to belly than head. They use the plural number *γαστέρας*, bellies, as applied to the whole race.

"Ποιμένες ἀγραυλοὶ κακ' ἐλέγχεται, γαστέρες οἶον,  
"Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτυμοισιν ὁμοῖα—  
"Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐδέλωμεν ἀληθέα μνησασσάται."

THEOG. line 26.

"Shepherds! that tend the fold a-field, base lives,  
Mere fleshly appetites, the Muses hear!  
We know to utter fictions, veil'd like truths;  
Or an we list speak truths without a veil."—ELTON.

We must not quarrel with the translator for a little softening in this passage the manners of the Muses, especially when they boast of their own propen-



sity to lying, which they do with sufficient face. We cannot picture to ourselves in this coarse address the placid eye of Melpomene, in Horace's imitation—

“Quem tu Melpomene semel,  
Nascentem placido lumine videris.”

But the Muses were of the Royal Company, and aristocratic, for Hesiod expressly says this particular look was only bestowed on kings. Now, if our “beloved Citizen King” would but invite with special honour his Poet-Laureate to Court, and take his advice, direct from the pure inspiration, according to the Hesiodic creed, he would recover all his lost popularity. The Reformers are not poetical, or their loyalty would have been longer lived.

“Him when he walks the city-ways, all hail  
With a bland worship, as he were a god;  
And in the great assembly first is he;  
Such is the Muses' goodly gift to men.”

“O blessed is the man  
Whome'er the Muses love.”—ELTON.

But cold modern Utilitarian principles have dethroned the dynasty of the Muses, and set up the spurious strumpets the Sciences in their places, born in a Birmingham smithy, bred to the beating of hemp, and clamorous amid the incessant noise of sledge-hammers. These are given the dominion of the earth, and hold their court in their Temple in Printing-House Square, and deliver their oracles through the mouths of rabid philosophers, insane devotees, writers of pamphlets, and newspaper editors. They have curiously adopted the Hesiodic nomenclature of the old Cosmogony. We have still, therefore, Chronus, or Saturn, or the Times, the Mercury, the Herald, the Sun, the Globe, &c. One of their priests has recently raised them to the highest expectation of universal dominion, under the banner, “Knowledge is Power.” He proposes at a public meeting a mode of warfare exterminating to hostile armies, so novel, that we present our readers with his valuable speech. The full execution of his plan only waits the return of the literate Col. Hodges—and the Bobadil pressgang will be on the alert.

Mr Campbell exhorted the Germans not to rely upon what England would *do* for them, but to *do* and fight the battle for themselves. “They should establish a newspaper, to which he would subscribe, to advocate their rights and liberties. He had 1000 German authors in his library,

and what were 700,000 bayonets against a nation which could produce 1000 authors? Out of a population of fifteen millions, 700,000 would easily be raised to conquer the 700,000 bayonets, and what would Poland, Galicia, Hungary, and Italy, be doing during the contest? While the despots were contending with the Germans in front, they would have an explosion in the rear, to which he (the learned gent.) would not like to be exposed.” This offensive explosion in the rear is strong of the Birmingham tactics and atmosphere. These political economists are not economical with their guns, whom they thus honour in the breach.

*Sed diviticulo in viam.* We must return to Hesiod.

We are not here disposed to follow the learning and ingenuity of philosophers, ancient or modern, in elucidation of the extraordinary Cosmogony and Theogony of our author. To the curious in mythological mystery there is an ample field for speculation. We shall not stop to enquire whether Chaos be the flood or the prior date of the creation—nor compare the Greek with the Mosaic Genesis. Nor shall we trace or separate in the Theogony the historical and physical allegory. Nor if we could, with the lost Euhemerus, examine the parish registers in the fabulous Panchaian temple of Triphylia Jupiter, nor forge certificates of the burials of the deities—Nor scru-

finize the three Thessalian dynasties—Nor feel compelled to acknowledge with Pindar that the gods and men were from one mother. For the Cosmogony, we care not, if the world be still the great Mundane egg, for we are certain we shall never see its hatching, and firmly believe it to be addled. Nor of the Theogony shall we dispute one link in the genealogical table, Prometheus, Nous, or Noos, may be Noah, Dione, or Venus, rising from the sea, the dove dismissed from the ark—Cupid, reproductive Love, with his bow, the rainbow in the heavens. These and similar speculations may be fully referred to in Bryant on the Mythology, Le Clerc's Annotations, and Lord Bacon's treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients. The golden thread of traditional truth running throughout

the variegated and fanciful pattern of the mythological tapestry, will not escape any eye. We look round the picture-gallery to receive delight from the poetry of the tales, and the skill exhibited in the execution, and make no remarks upon the matters of fact, warned by the silent wisdom of the "fidus Achates," who, on a similar occasion, in attendance on the pious hero of the Æneid, looked about him, and said nothing, not even when he was spoken to. We believe all and singular, as we do the positive existence of the signs of the Zodiac in Moore's Almanack, the attempt to undermine whose authority by the newfangled notions of the College of Philosophers, is an impertinent cruelty, not to have been expected but under the tyranny of Reform.

"First Chaos was, then ample bosom'd Earth."—ELTON.

Then Love,

"From Chaos, Erebus, and even Night,  
From Night the day sprang forth and shining air."—ELTON.

Earth produced the Heaven. From Uranus or Heaven proceed a strange progeny of every variety of disposition as of figure. For after the one-eyed Cyclops come three monsters, enough to disturb the peace of any quiet family party, Cottus, Briareus, and Gyges.

"He brought the lofty mountains forth."—ELTON.

The threes must have been prodigious, since the labour of the mountains has made so much noise. What was the labour of Gargamelle to that? But Pliny's natural history explains stranger matters. Some in Cottus and his brothers have discovered Gog and Magog—we should be more inclined to say they were De Magogues, wielding their many heads, whom the iniquity of modern Whiggery has dignified with the name of the people.

"Then other sons  
Were born of Earth and Heaven, three mighty sons  
And valiant, dreadful but to name, for they  
Were haughty children; Cottus, Briareus,  
And Gyges; from whose shoulders sprang at once  
A hundred hands, defying all approach;  
And o'er whose shoulders fifty heads upgrew,  
Cresting their sinewy limbs."—ELTON.

It is not to be wondered, if these proved rebellious despisers of parental authority. Uranus hides them in a cave. Earth not brooking this, invents a mighty sickle, and instigates her children to punish the cruel father. Saturn, the boldest, enters into the plot—Earth plants him in ambush with the sickle in his hand, and when Uranus descends to the embrace of Earth, the son, Saturn, coolly dismembers his parent. Earth receives the blood-drops, from which

spring Furies and Giants, huge and armed, and the Wood-nymphs, Dryads. The dismembered parts are hurled to the sea, from whence arose Venus, whom the waves bore floating in a bed of foam to Cythera's coast, thence to "Cyprus, girt with flowing seas." This description of Venus corresponds with that in the beautiful short Homeric Hymn. Poor Uranus, thus treated as Mr Bowdler served Shakspeare, from whose mutilation beauty can scarcely arise, threatens



revenge upon his sons, and changes their names to Titans. After this we have the progeny of Night—a set of monsters, the description of which one would almost think prophetic of Papal bulls, Irish bulls, and *id genus*

*omne* of horrors. The reader would shudder at the account if he were not familiar with the present state of affairs in the neighbouring land of monsters and monstrosities.

—“ From strife,  
Odious, rose painful Toil, Forgetfulness,  
Famine, and weeping Sorrows, Combats, Wars,  
And Slaughters, and all Homicides, and Brawls,  
And Bickerings, and delusive Lies; with them  
Came Lawlessness and Wrong, familiar mates.”—ELTON.

And immediately follows an awful part of the prophecy, which, as it yet remains to be fulfilled, it would be well if the Catholic agitators who are in Parliament would look to in time, and as Francis Moore, the learned physician, would say, take warning by the hieroglyphic ere it be too late.

“ And the dread oath, tormentor of the wretch,  
Midst earthly men, that wilful is forsworn.”—ELTON.

But in all this creation of “Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire,” there is a progeny, we must acknowledge, to be most detestable. O Lucian, Lucian, how did you dare to assert that the Muses kept back half the promise, the Prophetic gift! For, next to the Harpies—

“ Then Ceto, fair of cheek  
To Phoreys bare the Graiæ; Grey they were  
From their birth-hour; and hence their name with gods  
And men that walk the earth.”—ELTON.

The learned Bacon knew well how to explain matters of this nature—and what says he? That Perseus, whose object was the destruction of Medusa, went to consult “the Graiæ, who were Grey, and like old women from their birth.” They had all but one eye and one tooth, which she who went abroad used, and laid down when she returned again. The Greys or “Graiæ are Treasons, and elegantly said to be Grey, and like old women from their birth, because of the perpetual fears and tremblings with which traitors are attended. All their force before they appear in open rebellion is an eye or a tooth, for every faction alienated from the state contemplates and bites. This eye and tooth is in common, for what they learn and know passes through the hands of faction from one to another; the meaning of the tooth is that they all bite alike.”—LORD BACON.

Now this is Lord Bacon, and with what wonderful foresight was that great man gifted withal! But what will Lord Grizzle say to this passage from the family scroll? The cautious stepping forth of one at a time, with the

one eye and one tooth, aptly signifies that even one note, “The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.” For what the learned know, quoth Lord Bacon, passes through the hands of faction from one to another. Who does not see in this the exact communications to the Times, &c.? The best part, however, of this prophetic apologue is the cutting off the serpent-twined head of the detestable Medusa. Every body knows her celebrated head of hair, and that she literally was herself the first Wig. Hence the Whigs—for Medusa was one, and head of that family ex-aspirated. The ghost whereof we are told is still terrific, and occasionally appears. The heads of some families will appear, and when they ought not. Nor let it excite wonder that the Graiæ should have given counsel how to cut off the head of one of themselves, knowing that history has given many examples of that folly; and some people are very careless about their own heads, or those of more valuable people, and carry them after the fashion of the inhabitants of the Dog Star, who put them off and took them up

again at their pleasure, and could see with their eyes in their *hands* as well as in their heads. But there are strange things in nature. The thought of which leads us over a few pedigrees to the origin of the fairies.

“Three thousand slender-ankled Ocean Nymphs  
Long stepping, tread this earth; and scattered far,  
Haunt everywhere alike the depth of lakes,  
A glorious sisterhood of goddesses.”—ELTON.

After the birth of the Sun and Moon, and some other branches of the royal family from different stocks, we come to the misplaced episode of Styx, for we have not yet heard of the overthrow of Saturn. Styx produces Victory—and Strength and Force, those powerful agents in the Prometheus Vincetus,—all highly favoured of Jupiter for their ready assistance against Saturn and the Titans. This passage is very poetical, and admirably translated.

“Styx, Ocean Nymph, with Pallas blending love,  
Bare Victory, whose feet are beautiful  
In palaces, and Zeal, and Strength, and Force,  
Illustrious children. Not apart from Jove  
Their mansion is, nor is there seat nor way,  
But he before them in his glory sits,  
Or passes forth; and where the Thunderer is,  
Their place is found for ever!”—ELTON.

Lord Bacon's explanation of this must be rather offensive to a breach-of-contract ministry, if ever there should be such a thing. “If,” says he, “on breach of covenant the danger of ruin, or loss of honour or estate, must be the consequence, the league may be said to be ratified, as by the sacrament of Styx, since the dread of banishment from the banquets of the Gods follows, under which terms are signified, by the ancients, the laws, prerogatives, affluence and felicity of empire.” We pass on to the narrative of Saturn devouring his children. Rhea substitutes a stone, and hides Jupiter. The swathed stone is swallowed, is afterwards disgorged, and Jupiter, in memorial of his preservation, and, as our London stone, probably indicative of his seat of empire, fixed it beneath the chasm of cleft Parnassus,

“To succeeding times  
A monument and miracle to man.”—ELTON.

What effect this hard crust had on his digestive organs, we are not told, but the entire story strongly reminds us of our own Itinerant Big-Mouth, the terror and amusement of our childhood, at many an annual fair.

We are now again enticed by the story of Prometheus:

“But with enduring chains  
He bound Prometheus train'd in shifting wiles,  
With galling shackles fixing him aloft  
Midway a column. Down he sent from high  
His eagle, hovering on expanded wings:  
She gorged his liver, still beneath her beak  
Immortal. For it sprang with life, and grew  
In the night season, and repair'd the waste  
Of what the wide-wing'd bird devour'd by day.”—ELTON.

Prometheus, it seems, had endeavoured to cheat Jupiter out of his fair portion of a sacrifice, by substituting the bone for the meat. No wonder, therefore, his liver complaint was of such long duration, for it was evidently bred in the bone,

and would not out of the flesh; and hence doubtless arose that proverbial saying. Perhaps if instead of Hercules he had applied to Mercury, he might have been an overmatch for Jupiter.

The charm of this story is, that it



has been divinely dramatized by Æschylus, in his *Prometheus Bound*. Shelley wrote a continuation, which we have never seen, for when we ordered it of our country bookseller, the *Prometheus Unbound*—he wrote for *Prometheus* in boards. Hence naturally arises the singular story, repeated from the *Works and Days* of Pandora, or creation of woman. It is beautifully told, though in bitterness against the sex, and in no great compliment to the Gods. It is an admirable remark of Mitford's,

that Homer's elegant eulogies, and Hesiod's severe sarcasm, equally prove women to have been in their days important members of society. The important circumstance of the box of evils, with Hope at the bottom, narrated in the *Works and Days*, is here omitted. Perhaps it is not the only story of an evil gift, an alluring wonder, in which the mischief is certain, and the hope at the bottom too problematical to be worth mentioning.

“Minerva round her waist

Clasp'd the broad zone, and dress'd her limbs in robe  
Of flowing whiteness; placed upon her head  
A wondrous veil of variegated threads:  
Entwined amidst her hair delicious wreaths  
Of verdant herbage and fresh blooming flowers;  
And set a golden mitre on her brow,  
Which Vulcan framed, and with adorning hands  
Wrought at the pleasure of his father Jove:  
Rich labour'd figures, marvellous to sight,  
Enclosed the border; forms of beasts that range  
The earth, and fishes of the rolling deep;  
Of these innumerable he there had graven,  
(And exquisite the beauty of his art  
Shone in these wonders) like to animals  
Moving in breath, with vocal sounds of life.”—ELTON.

If the character of a people may in any degree be estimated by their taste in ornament and elegancies of life, we must ascribe to the Greeks in Hesiod's time, a greater degree of refinement than has generally been allowed them. We suspect exquisite taste in ornament must co-exist with refinement of manners. The delicate politeness, the gentilezza, occupation, air, and behaviour of Achilles, perfectly correspond with the taste with which his tent is furnished. In this passage of Hesiod, who is not remarkable for gallantry to the sex, and who on such a subject cannot be suspected of inventing ornaments which did not, in his day exist, we have not the polish and decoration of arms, which even a rude and warlike people may after a fashion accomplish, but the most exquisite external adornment to feminine grace.

We now reach the grandest efforts of the sublime genius of Hesiod—*The Battle of the Titans*.

Reader, did you ever by night or by day, in reality, in dream or vision, wander about streams flowing in va-

rious beauty and eloquence, direct from their glorious source on some fabulous hill, on whose sacred front the clouds gather as a circlet of gold—and for awhile enticed into many a flowery nook and green path, lose the course and even murmur of the waters you had been following—and still wander on amid sunshine and shade, that like spirits of creation were flying before you, deepening and lighting up separate and distinct pictures, your eye drinking delight and your soul nourished with the ambrosia of poetry, of which the air is rich and redolent, and at a sudden turn in your circuitous wandering amid profuse and intricate foliage, find yourself on the very edge of a terrific precipice, before you a yawning and black chasm, into which the river you had left so gentle is thundering and bounding in one foaming roaring cataract, that shakes to its base the precipitous cliff, on whose outer ledge you stand aghast—imagine Terni or Niagara, with the gloom of the Sybilian Tivoli, and subterranean awe of the grotto of Neptune? Perhaps you may have borne this with

steady eye and unshrinking frame. But if you knew that the chasm was the entrance to the abyss of Tartarus, and that demon monsters were at the moment tearing up the foundations of the earth on which you stood, and that the vengeance of heaven was prepared to pour its floods of liquid fire, and blasting scorching hail into the disruption of Nature, do you think you could have the enthusiasm or nerves of Dante, to descend with the guiding spirit? His guide was indeed the shade of the gentle Virgil, but the genius that gave him the courage to follow, was the same that invigorated Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and not least, our own Milton. If you cannot enjoy the terrific, if tales of genii have no charm for you, be thankful that you have read this much, that you have encountered Pandora without her box—down with the book, and go and make pastime with logarithms. But if you have imbibed another taste, retire into deep wood, or cavern, if you can find one fit for the phantasmagoria of Gods and Titans,

and even though midnight steal on you, fear not—Hesiod's is an old lamp, that will shed a magical light, and send all superfluous darkness millions of miles off, and that which it chooses to retain will be of the "palpable obscure," and wondrous the shapes that shall invest themselves therewith. It is an old lamp, but hold it with becoming awe, and rub it—stay your hand, not thus roughly for worlds, or by the powers of Erebus, you will have ten thousand devils burst in upon us—rub it gently, and the terrific shapes will keep their proper scenic distance—but, you had better take Elton with you; he has an experienced hand, knows the exact pressure, and the Genii obey him.

Ten years had the Saturnian and Titanian Gods engaged in war unintermitted—Jupiter sets a repast before the deities, nectar and ambrosia, and kindles the spirit of combat. Cottus, Briareus, and Gyges, are on their side, though Titans, Jupiter having released them from their chains and subterranean prison.

"Grim forms and strong, with force  
Resistless; arms of hundred-handed gripe  
Burst from their shoulders o'er their nervy limbs.  
They 'gainst the Titans in fell combat stood,  
And in their sinewy hands wielded aloft  
Precipitous rocks. On th' other side alert  
The Titan phalanx closed."—ELTON.

Then

"Δεινὸν δὲ περίαχε πόντος ἀπείρων.  
Γῆ δὲ μέγ' ἰσμαράγησιν ἐπέσειν δ' ἑρᾶος εὐρὺς  
Σειόμενος, πεδᾶδεν δ' ἐτινάσσετο μακρὸς Ὀλύμπος  
Γιγῇ ὑπ' ἀθανάτων ἔνοσις δ' ἰκανὴ βαρεῖα  
Τάρταρον ἠερόντα, ποδῶν αἰπιῖά τ' ἰώη  
Ἀσπετὰ ἰαχμοῖο, βολᾶων τε κρατερῶων.  
Ὡς ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι ἴσαν βέλεια φορόντα  
Φωνῇ δ' ἀμφοτέρων ἵκετ' ἑρᾶον ἀστρόντα  
Κεκλομέναν—οἱ δὲ ζύνισαν μεγάλην ἀλαλήτην."—THEOG. l. 677.

"Tremendous then th' immeasurable sea  
Roar'd; earth re-echoed; heaven's wide arch above  
Groan'd, shattering; broad Olympus reel'd throughout,  
Down to its rooted base, beneath the rush  
Of these immortals. The dark chasm of hell  
Was shaken with the trembling, with the tramp  
Of hollow footsteps and strong battle strokes,  
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit,  
So they against each other through the air  
Hurl'd intermix'd their weapons, scattering groans  
Where'er they fell. The voice of armies rose  
With rallying shout through the starr'd firmament,  
And with a mighty war-cry both their hosts  
Encountering closed."—ELTON.



In the crash of the combat of the Gods in Homer, this grandeur is even carried farther, for not only is hell shaken, but Pluto leaps up in terror from his throne, lest his horrid dismal regions should be exposed to the gaze of gods and men. "See," says Longinus, "how the Earth, bursting asunder from her foundations,—Tartarus laid bare,—the whole world in overthrow and disruption,—all things together, Heaven, Earth, Hell, things mortal, and things immortal, at once commingle and rush together to the same peril of battle." In the combat with Typhæus, however, our bard has the "recoiling" of Pluto, or rather the trembling, for he does not, as in Homer, leap up from his throne. In comparing these two passages in Homer and Hesiod, no one will doubt that one is the parent of the other. But the combat must not be measured by less than the whole magnitude of the combatants. Grand as it is, it must be heightened by the full force of Jove.

Line 686.—"Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτι Ζεὺς ἴσχεν ἔδν μένος, ἀλλὰ νυ τῇ γῇ

Εἰδαρ μὲν μένος πληντο φρένες, ἐκ δὲ τε πᾶσαν,  
 Φαῖνε βίην· αἰνυδὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' ἔραν' ἠδ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπῳ  
 Ἀσραπτῶν ἔειχε συναχαδόν· οἱ δὲ κεραυνοὶ  
 Ἰκταρ ἄμα βροντῇ τε καὶ ἀστροπῇ ποτίοντο  
 Χειρὸς ἀπὸ σῖσραῆς, ἱερὴν φλόγα δ' εἰλυφθόντες  
 Ταρφέες· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαῖα φερέεβιος ἰσχυράνγειζεν  
 Καιομένη λάκε δ' ἀμφὶ πυρὶ μεγάλῃ ἄσπετος ὕλη.  
 Ἐξε δὲ χθον' πᾶσα, καὶ Ὠκεανῷο ρέεθρα,  
 Πόντος τὰτρύγετος· τῆς δ' ἀμφεπι θεμὸς αὐτμῇ  
 Τιτῆνας χθονίης· Φλόξ δ' ἔρα διαν ἱκανῶν  
 Ἀσπτεος· ὅσπερ δ' ἄμερδε καὶ ἰφθίμων περ ἑόντων  
 Ἀνὴρ μαρμαίρεσσι κεραυνῶν τε στροπῆς τε  
 Καῦμα δὲ θεσπέσιον κάτεχεν χάος."

"Nor longer then did Jove  
 Curb down his force; but sudden in his soul  
 There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd  
 With his omnipotence. His whole of might  
 Broke from him, and the godhead rush'd abroad.  
 The vaulted sky, the Mount Olympus flash'd  
 With his continual presence, for he pass'd  
 Incessant forth, and lighten'd where he trode.  
 Hurl'd from his nervous grasp, the lightnings flew  
 Reiterated swift; the whirling flash  
 Cast sacred splendour, and the thunderbolt  
 Fell. Then on every side the foodful earth  
 Roar'd in the burning flame, and far and near  
 The trackless depth of forests crash'd with fire.  
 Yet the broad earth burn'd red, the streams of Nile  
 Glow'd, and the desert waters of the sea.  
 Round and around the Titans' earthy forms  
 Roll'd the hot vapour on its fiery surge;  
 Steam'd upward and in one unbounded blaze  
 Swathed the celestial air. Keen rush'd the light,  
 Quivering from thunder's writen flash; each orb,  
 Strong though they were, intolerable, smote,  
 And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the void  
 Without, the enormous conflagration burst,  
 And snatch'd the dark of chaos."—ELTON.

This is translation in the full spirit of the original—we have, therefore, given the Greek.

"Here Jove above the rest conspicuous shin'd  
 In valour equal to his strength of mind.  
 Erect and dauntless see the Thunderer stand,  
 The bolts red-hissing from his vengeful hand."

He walks majestic round the starry frame,  
 And now the lightnings from Olympus flame;  
 The earth wide blazes with the fires of Jove,  
 Nor the flash spares the verdure of the grove.  
 Pierce glows the air, the boiling ocean roars,  
 And the seas wash with burning waves the shores;  
 The dazzling vapours round the Titans glare,  
 A light too powerful for their eyes to bear.  
 One conflagration seems to seize on all,  
 And threatens chaos with the general fall."—COOKE.

The glowing air, the boiling, roaring ocean, and the burning waves washing the shores, is very well done—all else is surely weak. This passage is vigorously translated in the *Quarterly Review*.

"He put forth all his might—full fill'd his soul  
 With valiance, and at once from Heaven's bright road  
 And dark Olympus' top he thundering strode;  
 Lightning and bolts terrific from his hand  
 Flew swift and frequent, wrapping sea and land  
 In sacred flames.—All bounteous earth amazed,  
 Howl'd burning, while her mighty forests blazed."

This very good passage is positively turned into burlesque by what follows. It must have been written in the Steam-Packet Office, as a panegyric on modern inventions.

"Forthwith began the sea and land to steam;  
 The fiery breath of Ocean's boiling stream  
 Involved the Titans; flames rose through the skies  
 To blast with splendour dire the Titans eyes."—*Quarterly Review*.

But the exquisite Nonnus, if our recollection does not slander him, who always fairly runs down a thought to the death, outdoes this burlesque in his Gigantomachia, for he makes Jupiter's bolt "hissing hot" fall into and dry up the sea, and the nymphs run helter-skelter, and hide themselves in the mud, like tadpoles. But we must not here be tempted into levity unbecoming this awful subject. After thus putting forth the divine strength the battle declines, and terminates with the pursuit of the overthrown Titans by Cottus, Briareus, and Gyges, who chain them in Tartarus. Grand, magnificently grand as all this is, where must we look for unequalled sublimity but where the inspiration is in very truth divine? Thus, does the "Great King above all gods" put forth his strength. For, "as for the gods of the heathen, they are but idols, but it is the Lord that made the Heavens."

"The earth trembled and quaked; the very foundations also of the hills shook and were removed, because He was wroth. There went a smoke out of his presence, and a consuming fire out of his mouth, so that coals were kindled at it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and

it was dark under his feet. He rode upon a cherubim, and did fly; He came flying upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him with dark water, and thick clouds to cover him. At the brightness of his presence his clouds removed; hail-stones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered out of Heaven, and the Highest gave his thunder; hail-stones and coals of fire. He sent out his arrows and scattered them; he cast forth lightnings and destroyed them. The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure."—18th PSALM.

Not strength and force only, but "Glory and worship are before him, power and honour are in his sanctuary."

"Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat. There shall go a fire before him, and burn up his enemies on every side. His lightnings gave shine unto the world: The earth saw it, and was afraid. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the pre-



sence of the Lord of the whole earth."

—97th PSALM.

Hesiod has shown great skill in the management of the subsiding tones of this great anthem of victory, rallentando off in solemn strains, low and hollow echoes from the subterranean horrors of Tartarus.

The monsters are under the earth, and the heavenly host in pursuit, and on their mission of punishment below; while above, Jupiter triumphant, and the little-less majestic Poet, sit throned like the two great Egyptian Colossi in the midst of the boundless plain,—the gigantic carcasses deep deep under their feet, with the immeasurable desert for their cemetery.

The whole description of Tartarus is awful in the extreme. That "prodigy of horrors" is admirably translated by Mr Elton, who has judiciously added references to the passages in Homer, Milton, and Dante, which every reader will wish to compare with this noble production of Hesiod. They are too numerous for us to extract, and all so grand that we cannot make selection.

The battle of the Saturnian and Titan gods was probably with the Greeks a favourite subject for the loom and pencil. We may conjecture this from a passage in Euripides, where the Chorus, Trojan captives, speak of their probable future employment in Athens.

“ Ἐν δαίδαλεάσι ποί

Κίλλουσι ἀνδροκόκοισι πῆναις

Ἡ Τιτάνων γενεάν,

Τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρῳ

Κοιμίζει Φλογυρὶ Κρονίδας.” —HEC. EURIP. l. 470.

The poet, having driven the Titans into Tartarus, takes occasion from the place to mention the palace of Pluto and “awful Proserpine,” and the “grisly dog implacable.”

“A stratagem

Is his malicious : them who enter there,  
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes ;  
But suffers not that they with backward step  
Repass : whoe’er would issue from the gates  
Of Pluto, strong and awful Proserpine,  
For them with marking eye he lurks : on them  
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.”

Then follows the very curious and beautifully-told legend of Styx, certainly somehow or other either the original of many an Eastern tale of enchantment and disenchantment by water, or arising from the same ancient and mysterious source. The semimortuary state of the Forsworn will forcibly remind the reader of the Unfortunate Husband and the Black Indian, the paramour, in the Palace of Tears, in the “History of the Young Prince of the Black Isles.”

“For he,

Of those immortals who inhabit still  
Olympus topp’d with snow, pours out the stream,  
And is forsworn : he one whole year entire  
Lies reft of breath, nor once draws nigh the feast  
Of Nectar and Ambrosia, but reclines  
Breathless and speechless on the tapestried couch,  
Buried in mortal lethargy.” —ELTON.

Nor even then is he allowed to return to his former privileges. The Forsworn is for nine years rejected from the Parliament of the Gods. “In council nor in feast,” which Bacon interprets Political Government, “once joins he.” Fortunately for the modern Forsworn, there is a holy water, that, by the Pope’s blessing, will even remove the necessity, under some circumstances, of any penance.

“Ed un rimedio anch’ ho, che m’ assicura,  
Che mi so fare il segno della Croce.” —*Innamorato*.

How wonderfully, and with what various hand, has the old Ascræan been playing his Panharmonicon, the glorious instrument of many stops—each under the superintendence of a Muse—one voicing each note in the octave—and there's the swell for the Ninth. Nor does Apollo, glistening with his golden radiant diadem, disdain to manage the bellows. And the very winds are brought into subjection to the master-hand, and are gathering in their utmost roar for the Pæan of victory, over their smitten parent Typhæus. For you know not how time has passed during these divine movements, nor perhaps been aware of the purpose of them. The fact is, Jupiter has enjoyed a profound sleep, after the discomfiture of the Titans,—has refreshed himself with Nectar and Ambrosia—anoointed his limbs for combat anew, and is now about to appear in the last grand act with fresh and indomitable vigour. Then what a crash for a finale—every stop out—the full organ shaking all Olympus! You could not bear it, if unprepared; but your mind, if you have one, and, as a reader of *Maga*, we presume you have, has been enticed from triumph to repose, though awful repose—from repose to pity—from pity to indignation, at the wretch Forsworn, and your Conservative soul begins to have some relish of action. Your hand is clench'd—your countenance is stern—there is a stir within you; so, Mr Elton, be so good as to draw the curtain.

“ Now, when Jove from Heaven

Had cast the Titans forth, huge Earth embraced  
By Tartarus, through golden Venus, bare  
Her youngest born, Typhæus: He whose hands  
Of strength are fitted to stupendous deeds,  
And indefatigable are the feet  
Of the strong god; and from his shoulders rise  
A hundred snaky heads of dragon growth,  
Horrible, quivering with their black'ning tongues:  
In each amazing head, from eyes that roll'd  
Within their sockets, fire shone sparkling; fire  
Blazed from each head, the whilst he roll'd his glance  
Glaring around him. In those fearful heads  
Were voices of all sounds miraculous:  
Now utter'd they distinguishable tones  
Meet for the ear of gods; now the deep cry  
Of a wild bellowing bull, untamed in strength;  
And now the roaring of a lion, fierce  
In spirit; and anon the yell of whelps,  
Strange to the ear; and now the monster hiss'd,  
That the high mountains echoed back the sound.  
Then had a dread event that fatal day  
Inevitable fallen, and he had ruled  
O'er mortals and immortals, but the sire  
Of gods and men the peril instant knew,  
Intuitive, and vehement and strong  
He thunder'd: instantaneous all around  
Earth reel'd with horrible crash; the firmament  
Roar'd of high heaven, the streams of Nile and seas,  
And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath  
Uprose, beneath his everlasting feet  
The great Olympus trembled, and Earth groan'd.  
From either side a burning radiance caught  
The darkly-azured Ocean, from the flash  
Of lightnings, and that monster's darted flame,  
And blazing bolts, and blasts of fiery winds;  
And earth and heaven steam'd hot, and the sea foam'd  
Around the shores, and waves dash'd wide and high  
Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild  
And unappeasable uprose: aghast  
The gloomy monarch of the infernal dead



Recoil'd. The sub-tartarean Titans heard  
 E'en where they stood, and Saturn in their midst;  
 They heard appall'd the unextinguish'd rage  
 Of tumult, and the din of dreadful war.  
 But now, when Jove had roused his strength, and grasp'd  
 The thunder and the flash, and bickering bolt,  
 His weapons, he from Mount Olympus top  
 Leap'd at a bound, and smote him : hiss'd at once  
 The grisly monster's heads enormous, scorch'd  
 In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god  
 Had quell'd him, thunder smitten, mangled, prone  
 He fell : the vast earth groan'd beneath the shock.  
 Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy  
 Flash'd, 'midst the burning mountain-hollows, rugged, dark,  
 Where he fell smitten. Far and near, vast Earth  
 With that portentous vapour glow'd intense,  
 And melted ; e'en as tin by art of youths  
 Below the well-bored furnace simmering glows ;  
 Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued  
 By burning flame amidst the woody dales,  
 Melts in the sacred cave beneath the hands  
 Of Vulcan, so Earth melted in the glare  
 Of blazing fire. He down wide Hell's abyss  
 His victim hurl'd in bitterness of soul."—ELTON.

There was a "many-headed monster," with more tongues than Babel with her free press, which was but a type of him, or he of it ! How nearly, Hesiod with a caution advises us, did this many-headed monster obtain universal empire,—a "dread event," and "fatal day !" But, mark,

"The King in wrath  
 Uprose."

And though

"Hiss'd at once  
 The grisly monster's heads enormous"—

the King was firm—the monster quailed, already smitten, mangled—he fell. And we must say—so much the better for "the King."

What follows is the introduction of a novel sort of ballet—the Winds, the offspring of this Typhæus, gallopade to a Hurricane Rondo—Jupiter Grimaldi astonishes in the *jo-vial* Harlequinade, and waltzes with a variety of Columbines, one of whom, meeting with a slap of his wand, he converts into a Bologna sausage, and swallows,—recollects that she was in her pregnancy—flies to Vulcan, the blacksmith, who splits his head *pro tempore*—outleaps the little termagant Pallas, armed with the Minerva press, with a motto in letters of Birmingham lacker for gold—"Knowledge is Power," and exit. A little iron glue sets the head to rights, and Harlequin Jupiter is off after Themis, in character of a *bar-maid*. Ceres crosses the stage with a peck of flour, which, coming in contact with the Harlequin wand,

drops down a well-sugared bride-cake. Pluto, the Alderman, runs after the flower-girl Proserpine, who rudely bids him go to —, which he does, taking her off with him in a britska. Many tricks and incidents are exhibited, some of them not very decorous. The feat of letting Bacchus out of Jupiter's thigh, and sowing it up again, is not performed, the little gentleman taking that part not being in a state to do more than show his face at the corner of the stage, and is hissed off. The manager makes an apology that he is really sober, and has "sought Ariadne," which was his cue. Mercury comes in on an errand—limping Vulcan makes himself ridiculous by leading out the grave Aglaia, while Hercules, as lieutenant in a marching regiment, runs off with Hebe, a chamber-maid. The sun enters in a blaze of

variegated lamps, attended by a posse of nymphs and flower-girls, and the whole concludes in a general dance, and all exeunt in pairs, to the tune of "Sir Roger de Coverley."

We said long ago that the actors were all of the Olympic and Pantheon theatres, and so it has turned out to be, and most of them stars of the first magnitude. The author being a heathen writer, the moral may not be always quite perfect. The Whigs in general, and Political Economists universally, will cry out against the established theocracy; the morose of either sex, and female subscribers to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, will be loud

against the afterpiece, and all these demand reform in the Parliament of Olympus.

By the devout, who hold in abhorrence every thing heathenish, and the scrupulous, who dread poison in the purest draughts of the sacred Helicon, the Theogony may be still taken with perfect safety, in the manner the Koolfuans swallow the Koran. Let them copy out the whole, from the beginning to end, on a smooth clean board, fit emblem of their chaste minds—wash it off, and drink the water; and if they imbibe no good, it will be sure to do them no harm.

#### SISMONDI, AND ITALIAN LIBERTY.\*

AMONGST those who entitle themselves Liberals in the present day, Monsieur J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi may perhaps be esteemed the most philosophical of the enthusiastic, as he is certainly the most enthusiastic of the philosophical champions of democratic and of revolutionary liberty. Thinkest thou this a distinction without a difference, friend reader? Prithee, be not hasty;—to us, it is precisely the last quality that makes us hesitate to concede the first to our talented author. So impassioned is M. Simonde de Sismondi's enthusiasm for revolutionary liberty, that, like other lovers who see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, he sees her even where she is not. To his eyes, his worshipped goddess reigned in Italy, under—nay, under it cannot be—in copartnership, then, with the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, who, if the child, was surely not the champion, of Jacobinism, or even of republicanism. This strange hallucination, this unaccountable identifying of the parri- cidal offspring with the parent of Bonaparte, with liberty, is not however peculiar to Sismondi, although its frequent recurrence, even in clever and generally well-judging persons, never

did or could enable our dull brain to comprehend how any creature, aspiring to the epithet of rational, could conceive Bonaparte to be the friend and protector of liberty, or indeed help seeing that he was the most formidable, because the ablest enemy, she ever encountered. To us he appeared the very beau-ideal of absolutism. In the present instance, however, two theories present themselves to our mind, either of which might satisfactorily explain our author's participation in this *monomania*. Sismondi, as an Italian, (our readers are, we hope, aware that the Sismondi's are one of the noblest and oldest families of Pisa,) may, like the generality of his countrymen, forget all past calamities, in keen susceptibility to existing ills; or, by long writing French, he may have become so much of a Frenchman, as to have adopted the Gallic interpretation of liberty, namely, military glory, and enslaving the rest of the world.

But we are somewhat idly digressing, for it is of our philosophical historian's passion for liberty, and not of his concomitant passion for a despotic conqueror, that we purpose to speak. To our business, then.—

\* *Histoire de la Benaissancé de la Liberté en Italie, de ses Progrès, de sa Décadence, et de sa Chute, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1832.*



Some years ago, Simonde de Sismondi wrote a most elaborate History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, which, though sixteen fat octavo volumes be something to labour through, was, nevertheless, very interesting, and often very entertaining. His passion for the Italico-republican liberty, not merely growing with his growth and strengthening with his strength, but continuing to grow with increasing years, and to strengthen with declining strength, has now impelled him again to wield the pen in their cause, and to step forward amongst the mighty and the bulky authors who write little books for Dr Lardner's little Cyclopædia. Sismondi has accordingly re-written the same history, in two respectable French octavos, to be Englished into one of Dr Lardner's Cyclopædical red *calico* pocket-books. Now we are tempted to notice this new production, not because we also are enamoured of Italico-republican liberty, nor yet because we think the two volumes an improvement upon the sixteen; far from it—compression is not Sismondi's forte. The history appears to us to have been compressed into two volumes, by just omitting all the interest and all the entertainment, retaining merely the prosiness. Our motive, and we think a good and sufficient one, is this:—If in these days of *ultra*-liberalism, revolution, and mob-law; we can, out of the mouth, or the pen, of one of the ablest writers of the *pseudo*-reforming, really destroying faction, shew the various evils, and especially the liberticide results of immoderate liberty, we conceive that we shall render no small service to that rational freedom which we, and all true conservatives love, and may perhaps open the eyes of some few half-informed, and not yet quite decided politicians, whose fluctuating opinions are strongly acted upon by those glorious watchwords, Athens and Rome, Harmodius, Aristogiton, and Brutus.

We have begun by digressing; and, as a fault generally leads to a repetition of itself, we shall presume upon that precedent to digress again; and ere we proceed to our proper subject, M. Simonde de Sismondi and

his Middle Age Republics, shall trouble the reader with two or three words touching those classic names, which, like potent spells, awaken, even in our experience-hardened bosoms, almost all the fervent patriotic romance of adolescence. Are the orators who employ those names, with all their thrillingly illustrious associations to enkindle men's ardour for Republican innovation, aware that classical liberty was not very unlike the tyranny and oppression so pathetically deplored in England in the nineteenth century? Let us take a glance at the political rights of Romans. A class of Roman citizens there certainly was who enjoyed a sort of universal suffrage; and this class seems to have consisted chiefly of idle paupers, supported by public charity, (*Anglicé*, poor-rates?) fed by *gratis* distributions of corn, and amused by *gratis* admissions to the theatre, amphitheatre, and various shows and spectacles; all which public charity these respectable voters duly repaid by selling their universal-suffrage "sweet voices" to either a demagogue or a candidate-tyrant, (not seldom one and the same person,) according as either bribed highest in food, amusement, or flattery and excitement. But the class into whose hands we have been so assiduously labouring to commit the government, or at least the effective control over the government of the country, the 3s. and 10d. borough-householders—the operatives, who have so wisely and so efficiently clamoured for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," which they now clamour as loudly to have altered, and who, devoted wholly to the good of their country, would scorn a bribe; these operatives at Rome were slaves, who not only had no share in the universal suffrage, not only were destitute of all political rights whatever, but were actually bought and sold, like domestic cattle or negroes. Rome was in fact governed by the aristocracy, except when the enthusiastic theorist, or the designing plotter Gracchus, or a Julius Cæsar, exciting the passions of the multitude to frenzy, instigated the democracy temporarily to seize the power.

Now once more return we to our sheep, as the French say; our sheep

being, upon the present occasion, Sismondi and the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages.

M. Simonde de Sismondi has written both the first sixteen volumes, and the last two, expressly to prove the superiority of the little Republican towns, or, as they may perhaps be more properly termed, municipal republics of Italy, over the contemporary feudal monarchies. We will not ask whether this might not be translated into the superiority of the country most advanced in civilisation, over countries less advanced. We will not cavil at words, inasmuch as we desire nothing better than to rest our case altogether upon the shewing of the advocate of democratic liberty. Let us then see what the facts are as stated by him.

At the period when Sismondi first introduces these Italian towns to our acquaintance, they were clearly not Republics. The whole of Italy, including Rome and her Pope, was then divided between the Holy Roman Empire (the German), and the Eastern Roman Empire (the Grecian), of which divisions we shall confine our attention wholly to the first, as in every respect the more important. In the eleventh century, the Holy Roman Empire, though still so called, had become essentially German, the Emperors being, and having long been, uniformly Germans, elected by Germans, and residing in Germany. That portion of Italy, therefore, with which we are concerned, was in some sort in the disadvantageous condition of a foreign dependency. But the authority of feudal monarchs was for the most part exceedingly limited, *de facto* if not *de jure*; the towns of Lombardy, Tuscany, Piedmont, and the estates of the church, enjoyed great municipal privileges, long and firmly established, if not formally recognised; their immediate governors, though chosen by the Emperors, were almost always Italians, acquainted with them and their laws, and usually quite as solicitous to conciliate the rich, powerful, and turbulent citizens committed to their charge as their distant sovereign; and under those deputies those laws were generally administered by their own municipal magistrates. But the rights, liberties, and privileges of the Italian

cities rested upon a basis in those days yet more available than any we have hitherto enumerated.

The citizens were all regularly trained to arms, in order that they might be able to defend their own walls, as well against foreign enemies, as against the neighbouring towns or nobles, with which, or with whom, they might chance to be at variance;—for the reader will recollect, that in the times of which we are speaking, the right of private war was the most valued of all rights, and the strong arm and practised hand were held far more useful to the prosecution of a lawsuit than a subtle brain and fluent tongue. These towns were, therefore, as capable as most nobles, of making their own part good, and resisting any attempt at encroachment on the part of the sovereign, and their capacity so to do increased, as the smaller provincial nobles, painfully conscious of their individual inability to withstand the more powerful nobles, their neighbours, sought protection by enrolling themselves amongst the citizens of the towns nearest to them; thus supplying the city forces with cavalry, then the chief strength of all armies; and which only noblemen, at leisure to spend their whole lives in practising themselves and their horses in warlike exercises, under the heavy burden of iron armour, could furnish. Under all these circumstances, the cities of the Italian provinces already named, enjoyed a very high degree of practical and beneficial liberty. They possessed full and ample security for personal property, and thrived accordingly. Agriculture—each city owned a small domain around her walls—manufactures, and trade, all prospered, and wealth accumulated as fast as the state of the world allowed. Such was the happy condition of the Italians, when the quarrel respecting Ecclesiastical *Investitures*, or the right of lay sovereigns to church patronage, arose between the Popes and the Emperors. Half the estates of the empire took part with the head of the Church against the Emperor. Civil war raged throughout Germany and Italy; *anti*-emperors and *anti*-popes were elected; but in the end, the Emperors were compelled to aban-



don many old imperial prerogatives with regard to the Church. During this period of struggle, the imperial authority was of course weakened; the cities, as they joined with either side, felt their own strength and consequence. In the Roman See, they now beheld a power independent of the Emperor, and they began to disdain, as they had long loathed, a barbarian master.

This was the state of affairs when war, to all intents and purposes a civil war, broke out between Milan, then the most opulent and most ambitious of the Italian cities, and Frederic Barbarossa, an emperor as able and energetic as he was powerful. To the view we are taking, it matters little which was the aggressor in this war, Frederic or Milan, or which was in the right, which in the wrong. We are investigating not the merits of the question, but enquiring what were the consequences of Milan's success. We cannot, however, help remarking, by-the-bye, that Sismondi appears to entertain a more lenient and candid opinion of Frederic's conduct at the writing of these two new volumes, than he did when inditing the former sixteen; convinced, perhaps, at least staggered, by the statements and reasonings of a modern German historian of the Emperor of the Hohenstauffen\* family, whose vindication he has, we think, successfully undertaken. Frederic in fact was, as Sismondi now describes him, the inflexible, and somewhat implacable, assertor of old established and acknowledged prerogatives of sovereignty, not the wanton assailant, or the ruthless conqueror, of a free and independent republic. But this, as aforesaid, is no concern of ours. The struggle, however originating, lasted pretty nearly a century, *i. e.* from 1154, when Frederic Barbarossa first besieged Milan, in order to enforce compliance with his commands for sparing Lodi, until the death of his grandson, Frederic II. in 1250. During this whole period, Milan and the confederated cities, although subjected to occasional reverses, accom-

panied by desolation, had, upon the whole, decidedly gained the advantage; and at its close, circumstances combined yet more to favour their exertions and promote their cause. The short and harassed reign of Frederic's son and successor, Conrad IV., was followed by an interregnum of twenty years; at the end of which, Rudolph of Hapsburg, upon his election, found that Germany required too much attention and exertion, to leave him any to spare for Italy. The Italian cities did not neglect the opportunity offered by this long interruption of the imperial authority, *quoad* than yet further prolonged, to establish themselves in complete republican freedom; and though, for the most part, they still nominally acknowledged the Emperors as Suzerains, or Lords Paramount, since the Emperors were for the most part compelled to content themselves with such nominal allegiance, the confederated cities of the Lombard League, including the Tuscan towns, and many of those of Piedmont and Romagna, were thenceforward really and truly independent little republics.

And now comes the question, the solution of which gave birth to this present article—What were the fruits of this long-battled for liberty? A liberty, be it noted, *en passant*, never shared by the peasantry, who, on the city demesnes, were in as complete a state of villanage, as the cultivators of the lands of the nobility. We have seen that under the easy dominion of the German Emperors, these cities, with their rights and privileges, (which, with great extensions and augmentations, were formally assured to them by Frederic Barbarossa, in the treaty of Constance, A.D. 1183,) had thriven, rapidly increasing in wealth, power, and internal happiness. During the protracted and arduous struggle, when one really great object united every heart, engrossed every thought, called forth every energy, these cities, notwithstanding the occasional recurrence of overwhelming calamity, had progressively flourished. Their unri-

\* *Geschichte der Hohenstauffen und ihrer Zeit, von Friedrich von Ranke.* Concerning this valuable history, the English reader may consult the Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. iii. page 559.

valled manufactures drew within their walls all the money of Europe; the whole commerce of Europe was in their hands; agriculture had attained to a height of skill and prosperity elsewhere unknown, undreamed of; and some of the great works for irrigation, to which Lombardy owes her fertility, were already completed. The citizens, unacquainted with the exhausting demands upon the purse of modern luxury, employed their riches in assisting their needy peasants to improve their lands, in public works of utility and ornament. They strengthened and increased the fortifications of their towns, and they adorned them with churches and public buildings or palaces, upon which reviving architecture tried her awakening powers, to embellish which, painting and sculpture burst the bonds of their long, deathlike lethargy.

When the struggle was over, when every external obstacle to the peaceable enjoyment of perfect liberty and independence, with all their attendant blessings, was removed, did this brilliant and happy state become yet more dazzlingly felicitous? We ask this of the eloquent and partial historian of these republics. From his pages we take the answer, and thence we learn that this glow of prosperity lasted so very short a time after its permanence seemed to be at length assured, that scarcely can we lay our finger upon a period subsequent to Frederic II.'s death, and say it was then.

Almost immediately upon the cessation of the great contest, every town split into factions. The poorer citizens, who had fought and bled for the liberty now acquired, demanded to share in the acquisition. But the liberty they meant was not what we have been accustomed to understand thereby, namely, security for person and property, equal laws, equally and justly administered, and the individual responsibility of all the members of government for their official conduct. What the inferior citizens of the Italian Republics demanded, resolutely and clamorously, was a share in the government, a positive share in the actual executive authority for every cobbler in the town. The wealthy and superior burghers were as resolutely

bent upon keeping exclusively to themselves the power they had wrested from the Emperor, in addition to the municipal power they had previously exercised; and the city nobles, who felt their own importance as the sole cavalry of the cities, as the essential strength of each municipal republic's army, strove to avail themselves of the power of the sword, and, collectively or individually, to acquire the sovereignty of their respective towns. These conflicting factions were further divided into Guelphs and Ghibelinis, albeit those distinctions were now but names, and the Guelphs and Ghibelinis were again subdivided into Black and Whites, and Heaven knows how many other colours and empty designations. Moreover the towns thus internally distracted were embroiled with each other, the more powerful endeavouring to subjugate the weaker. Florence thus made herself mistress of nearly all Tuscany, as Milan had long ruled over the greater part of Lombardy.

This state of incessant, petty, but harassing internal and external warfare, had not the exciting effect of the great war against the Emperors. Wearied and exhausted, the towns that had preserved their independence of each other, one after another, early and separately sought tranquillity, by submitting to the sovereign sway of some one of their own noble fellow-citizens, who, thus hoping perhaps to allay the sense of their despotic and often tyrannically increased power, contented themselves with the modest title of *Signori*, or Lords. Ere long, even the haughty Milan, she who could not stoop to own the authority of an Emperor, no, not reduced as it was by the treaty of Constance, Milan followed the example; and bowed her stubborn neck under the yoke of the Visconti, who, even whilst they assumed no title beyond that of *Signori*, ruled her with an arbitrary despotism, with a wantonness of tyranny, as sanguinary as it was licentious, such as has rarely been paralleled, save amongst the Roman Cæsars. And thus, within a century after their triumph over their lawful and limited sovereign, were almost all the towns of Northern Italy completely enslaved. Nor did this sla-



very afford the tranquillity, for the sake of which it was originally endured. Internal factions were indeed effectually crushed, but the *Signori* were nearly as ambitious as the republics they had enthralled; and Lombardy, so flourishing as part of one large state, ay, even as a foreign dependency of barbarous Germany, was now ravaged, devastated and distracted, as well as enslaved.

Venice and Genoa indeed, and Florence long after the enthralment of Lombardy, still remained independent and sovereign republics. But of these, Venice was a republic only in name, being ruled by an oligarchy as despotic as ruthless, and as sanguinary as any *Signori*. Venice was far happier nevertheless, than the towns subjected to those lords, inasmuch as her tyranny was systematic and generally wise, and as the honour of her daughters was not habitually exposed to outrage from the capriciously depraved appetites of any pampered individual. Genoa, though wealthy and often triumphant, was frequently compelled, by the madness of her internal factions, to stoop to a foreign yoke, ultimately, with intervals of recovered freedom, that of Milan, of France, or of Spain.

Florence maintained her liberty upwards of a century longer than Milan; but perhaps no better illustration of the anarchy and misery springing from unbounded, unregulated liberty, can be offered than republican Florence, notwithstanding the splendour of her genius and her opulence. All the various factions already described were enclosed within her walls, and suffered not the faculties of her sons to stagnate in inaction. Every nobleman's palace, we believe every rich citizen's domicile, was a fortress, regularly prepared to stand a siege, and habitually attacked with all the forms of war, either by a single neighbour, from some personal or family quarrel, or in a general tumult, by the partisans of an adverse faction. Figure to thyself, imaginative reader, the possible state of Vigo Lane, should dissensions, political or other, again arise (which Heaven forbid!) between the now united reforming houses of Paget and Cavendish, and

be conducted after this Florentine fashion. Conceive the dismay of some peaceable inhabitant of Saville Row, who, returning home with his wife and daughters at dead of night from a party in Old Bond Street, should find his way obstructed by Lord Burlington's forces blockading Lord Anglesea's mansion, or Lord Anglesea's troops vainly endeavouring to escalate the new-made Earl's garden walls. Luckily there were then in Florence no peaceable male citizens, and we fancy no balls, not even an Evangelical, or a Blue tea-drinking, to tempt females abroad. So we suppose the passer-by forthwith joined one host or the other, and enjoyed the affray with nearly as keen a relish as the principals; or quite as keen, when the battle chanced to be political, and the new comer to understand which was which of the belligerents.

Florence, as we have intimated, did not, in weariness or impatience of such ever-recurring broils, submit at once to a master, but how did she preserve her liberty? It is in the pages of her panegyric historian, that, as usual, we seek the answer. Annoyed by the civil wars which the chivalrous portion of her citizens carried on, and fearful of the power they might acquire in these civil wars, or otherwise, Florence early passed a law to exclude every man born noble from every post in her magistracy, the lowest as the highest, from every and any possible share in the Government; and afterwards, whenever a citizen became formidable by his wealth, opulence, power, or ambition, he was at once punished, and rendered harmless, chemically neutralized, by being ennobled. The nobles thus disposed of, and out of the way, the higher and lower classes of the citizens, for want of other enemies, grew daily more inveterate against each other, and the fortune of their strife fluctuated. Sometimes the inferior trades forced their admittance to a share in the magistracy, which they retained, and by their numbers often monopolizing the power, until their blunders, perhaps even their weariness of affairs they had neither knowledge nor leisure to manage, again threw the reins of Government into the hands of their betters. At length so

many families of these superior citizens became formidable by their riches and their influence, that they were too numerous to be all conveniently ostracised into the nobility; whereupon a new burgher aristocracy was created solely in order to be, like the old noble aristocracy, excluded from all participation in the government of the republic.

By dint of bloodshed, violence, and injustice, the whole authority of the state was thus in the hands of the democracy. And how long did this democracy enjoy its triumph? And what was the end? Why, a democratic family arose from amongst the lower trades, acquired wealth, acquired influence, acquired power, and the *Medici*, the name of this family, became masters of Florence, and the republic was metamorphosed into a Grand Duchy!

And it is the Apostle of Liberty, the eulogist of the struggle against the limited authority of the Emperors, who tells us this tale, by way of cheering on our modern revolutionists in their wild career! The Italian towns, happy and flourishing, held their rights and privileges at first, perhaps, by a precarious tenure. But by the treaty of Constance, those rights and privileges enlarged to the extent they themselves judged necessary, were secured to them. They might thenceforward have constituted a free, happy, and peaceful portion of a great and powerful empire; they sought to be more free; and they became

the slaves of petty tyrants. Italy, divided, weakened, and exhausted by their feuds, was unable, when the season of other trials came, to resist a foreign invader. She became the theatre on which France, Spain, and Germany fought out their quarrels, and at the end of every war, either fell a helpless prey to the victor, or was parcelled out amongst the belligerents by compromise.

Shall we, need we, dare we, apply the lesson? England has for centuries been the freest, happiest, and wealthiest country in the world. She has latterly grown dissatisfied with her prosperous condition. A craving for power—an unnatural and morbid appetite—produced by unwholesome stimulants—has seized upon some of those amongst her children, who are, by education and occupation, least qualified to exercise it. A great, an enormous concession has been made to them; and, as we foretold, they are as ravenous, as dissatisfied as before. Must we proceed? Civil war, we doubt, cannot but be the result. But to what will that fearful result lead? Be it our daily prayer to Heaven, that for once civil war end not in despotism! And since Heaven works not in these days save by human means, let the wise and the good of all parties, forgetting past dissensions, past, and now in a manner obsolete opinions, unite their counsels and their exertions to avert those worst of political evils, successive anarchy and tyranny.



ANTONIO DI CARARA.

*A Paduan Tale.*

THE languor of Italy, in climate, manners, and pursuits, melts away all individual character in the central southern divisions of the land. But the north boasts of manlier propensities. The wind blows vigour of mind and body from the Alps. Beyond those hills lie Switzerland, the country of penury and freedom; Germany, the country of toil, mental and bodily. Even the rough mountaineer of the Tyrol gives his share to the general activity of the region; and even the Veronese, though glancing on the luxuriant landscape that spreads like the waves of a summer sea to the south, feels the spirit of the hills and forests in him, at every breath, from those noble bulwarks of the land. The character of the Italian is thus mingled of contending elements, and as chance directs, it is propelled to the lavish indulgence of the Neapolitan, or to the hardy habits of the region that every morning glitters with its ten thousand pyramids of marble, and its ten times ten thousand pinnacles of eternal snow above his head, in the north. The Count Antonio di Carara was a Paduan noble, descended from the famous Cararas, Princes of Padua. Antonio was a true Italian, steeped to the lips in the spirit of the south, elegant, luxurious, and languid. But the vicinage of the north had its share in his composition. His life was a dream. His paternal opulence flowed away on singers, dancers, and dilettanti. He wrote sonnets,—he composed cavatinas,—he even invented a new fashion of wearing the hat and plume; and was the first authority consulted on every new arrival of a first rate maestro of the violin, the sword, dancing dogs, any thing.

But the spirit of the Alps was not altogether extinguishable. Antonio began to grow weary of lingering for ever in the midst of the squabbles of bullying priests and effeminate dragoons, the abbesses of rival convents, and opera singers, all perfection, and all ready to poniard or poison each other. The Austrian

grasp, too, was heavy on the politics of his calm and venerable city. Yet it had charms still, whose spell defied even the tooth of time, and the insolence of the Austrian corporals.

Padua, as all the world knows, is the paradise of the *Farniente*, the original Castle of Indolence, the Palace of Slumber; the soft, silent, somnolent down-bed of Italy. The air itself slumbers; the grape-gatherers nod on the vines, the mules tread as if they were shod with felt; and though Padua produces no longer the silk and velvet that once made her name memorable to the ends of the earth, the genius of them both is in every thing. All is silky, smooth, and gravely superb. A drowsy population yawns through life in a drowsy city, taught the art of doing nothing by a drowsy university. The old glories of Paduan science are gone to sleep; her thousand doctors, once shedding wisdom into her myriad of students, have sunk down into shedders of poppies, a few innocent old lingerers among the shelves of her mighty libraries, dry as their dust, silent as their authors, and not half so active as the moths that revel in their sultry sunshine. Life creeps away in eating grapes, and drinking the worst wine in the world; in having the *Malaria* fever in summer, and the pleurisy in winter, in sitting under the shade of sunburnt trees that mock the eye with the look of verdure, and fall into dust at a touch; and in blackening the visage over wood fires that make man the rival, in odour, colour, and countenance, of the boar's ham that hangs in his chimney.

Antonio loved this velvet way of gliding through the world; and in this taste fulfilled all the duties that the world expects from a citizen of Padua. But in Padua, even this graceful lover of his ease was not to be altogether tranquil. One day when he was indulging in the memory of cool air, for the reality of it was not to be found in even his marble palace, the month being August, and the heavens burning over the national head like the roof of an im-

mense furnace, the Count of Carara was roused from lying at his full length on a sofa in a viranda that overlooked his ample gardens, by the announcement of a stranger with letters of introduction. The stranger was admitted—the letters were from a cousin of the Count, a general in the Austrian service, recommending the Herr Maximilian Balto to his good offices, as a Hungarian of family addicted to science, and who was attracted to Italy by his desire to see the wonders and beauties of the most famous and lovely land of the world.

The stranger was a man of mature age, with a form bowed by either years or study, and a pale but highly intelligent countenance. The Count's picturesque eye immediately set him down as an admirable study for a painter, and his place in the Titian gallery of the palazzo was fixed on before he uttered a word. But Antonio was equally susceptible of the charms of conversation; and the stranger's conversation was adapted to captivate a man of his skill in the graceful parts of life. The Herr Maximilian had travelled much, had seen every thing that was remarkable in the principal regions of the globe, and had known or seen the principal personages of the time. His conversation was admirable; easy, fluent, and various; its animation never flagged, its variety never degenerated into trifling, nor its description into caricature. The Count, a man of higher capacities than any that would be required by the indolence of his life, felt his intellectual consciousness revived. He was, as all men are, delighted with the discovery; entered at once into the full enjoyment of his awakened understanding, and began to wonder what he had been thinking of during the last thirty years.

To suffer the friend who had done him this service to take his departure as suddenly as he came, was out of the question. He pressed him to make the palazzo his residence for a week; the week passed, the request was lengthened to a month; the month passed away only to convince the Count that, without the society of the accomplished Hungarian, Padua would become dull to an intensity beyond all human suffer-

ing. The request was extended to a year. His guest smiled, but told him that matters of importance compelled him to think of returning homeward; and that though he was determined to revisit Italy and the Count, some years must elapse before his return.

Carara felt as an Italian feels on every occasion that thwarts his propensities, be they what they will; he was in despair. There was but one alternative, to leave Italy and travel with this man of accomplishment round the world, consume life thus gyrating, and die after a prolonged conversation of fifty years. The Hungarian argued strenuously against this genuine Italian romance; sat up half a night suffering himself to be convinced, gradually gave way to all the Count's arguments, and even pointed out the means of making this peregrination a much more delightful adventure than it had seemed to the fancy of the Count; and at the first glimpse of dawn, glided from his chamber, with his valise on his shoulder, into the suburbs. As Padua would have been asleep all day, it could scarcely have eyes for the simple and lonely fugitive, who threaded its dozing streets at an hour when no Paduan on record had ever known whether it was the full blaze of sunshine, or the darkness of Erebus. He made his way accordingly, passed through streets of palaces and walks of state as invisible as a spirit, walked through magnificent gates where no sentinel challenged, and no Swiss kept the key, straight forward through Sousovino's bronze horseman, and Barbarini's; and unbayed at by a solitary dog, reached the *Cemeterio grande*; the true emblem of the city, weedy, calm, soundless, and decaying—a bed of but more steady slumber—a Padua under ground.

A year passed away, but not like the years before. The Hungarian was a philosopher, and the word had many meanings at the time. He had seen many nations, and the view had not raised his conception of human nature; he had lived under various governments, and his conception of the wisdom of kings and the happiness of their subjects did not prevent him from an occasional sarcasm on both: he was a man of imagination, and one of its employments was



the construction of an Utopia. He was a man of science, and the sudden discoveries of the French and German chemists in the last century had kindled him into the reveries of the century before, and made him a searcher after the philosopher's stone. What must have been the power and impulse of so much curious speculation, inventive skill, bold theory, and actual knowledge, pouring suddenly upon the sensitive spirit of an Italian, aroused for the first time to a feeling of his own sensitiveness ! It was the sudden opening of his curtains at midnight, to shew him the blaze of a conflagration ; the sudden burst of sunshine on the eyes of the blind, the sudden perception that there was round him, not the monotonous luxury of an Italian palace, but the vividness, activity, and intellectual vigour of a world, a world all alive, vigorous, stirring, fierce, enthusiastic, brilliant, a world in which ambition might fly abroad, until it wearied its wildest wing ; in which vanity might play its most fantastic game, in which philosophy might build its noblest conceptions, till they reached to the very gates of heaven ; in which science might explore the depth of things until it reached the centre ; a world of grandeur, beauty, strength, weakness, life, immortality ; a world of wonders.

The luxurious Italian became the philosopher ; he rose with the sun, he studied till midnight, he plunged into the mysteries of science, he grew pale, and severe. But the delight of discovery repaid all the labours of the pursuit. The transmutation of metals, that most dazzling dream of science, which will dazzle to the end of time, and be a dream to the end of time, led him onward, with an enthusiast's disregard of all things but his crucible. In the meanwhile he himself had become an object of attention ; and the Count Carara had already marked the day and hour when he was to become master of the grand secret of this world's wealth, when a knock at his study door disturbed him in the midst of the operation, and a corporal of grenadiers handed a paper to him, containing an order for his arrest on the ground of freemasonry.

The Count was indignant at the interruption ; the fire of the Italian character blazed out in wrath at the insolence of disturbing a noble in his own sanctuary ; but the corporal had no ears for reason, the bayonets at his back were better arguers, and in the midst of a platoon of whiskered giants, the philosopher was marched first into the presence of the governor—who informed him that his estate was confiscated to the use of better subjects, of whom the governor himself was to be presumed the most deserving—and next to the well-known Torre di Eccelino. This famous remnant of the ages of blood, which every living Italian records as the ages of glory, when every little town of Italy had its battlements, its territory, its slaves, its army, its despot as fierce as the Grand Turk, and its enemy within half a league, as inveterate as the Kalmuc Tartar ; its war once a month bloody, as if the weal of the world depended on the sword, and its siege, storm, and sack once a-year, had been just converted into a state prison. Yet it was the very spot which, if Carara had been free to choose, he would have chosen. From its summit, Eccelino, the most sanguinary of the sanguinary, the most subtle, daring, and ambitious of an age of civil and martial ferocity, watched the movements of the vast turbulent city below, then filled with partizans of all the desperate feuds of the day. From its summit he too had watched the stars, that as they rose or set, twinkled above, or flashed in constellation, wrote in characters of fire the fates of heroes and empires. Within its recesses too, the man of power and blood had plunged in those forbidden studies, which shook sovereigns from their thrones, disturbed popes and conclaves with new terrors, filled nations with sudden tumults, and laid waste the happiness of human nature. But here, he was declared, by the tongue of all Italy, to have laid the foundations of his incomparable success ; to have discovered the means of overthrowing all resistance in the field, and baffling all resolve in the council ; to have found wealth inexhaustible, knowledge that surpassed the reach of the human mind, sagacity that nothing could perplex, and strength that no-

thing could overwhelm, and to have paid, for all, the fearful price of his own soul. Such was the legend; and when Carara entered the cell where this extraordinary being had so often trod, that his spirit seemed to haunt the place, he shuddered as he saw transcribed upon the wall above his head, the lines of Ariosto.

"Eccelino!—Immanissimo tirano  
Che fia creduto figlio del demonio."

But there is nothing which decays more rapidly than the imagination in prison. The first day's solitude, the second day's solitude, and the third day's solitude drove every phantom from his presence. The age of poetry was no more; the clank of the sentinel's pike, and the rattle of the jailor's keys, reclaimed him from the dominion of magic, and he began to descend in thought to that world, to which he was never likely to descend in reality, but on his way to the scaffold.

A prison strips off the embroidery of life prodigiously; and in the course of this operation Carara discovered that he had a wife and child.

That wife he had purchased at the cost of the only struggle which had marked his silken existence. Julia di Monteleone had been the most celebrated beauty of the Court of Milan, had been sought in sonnets and serenades, in love, and even in marriage, by a hundred cavaliers of the highest grades, had laughed at all, scorned many, repelled some with open contempt, and finally taken refuge from the universal storm of sighs in the Palazza di Carara, to which she brought a large dowry, a noble alliance, the handsomest face in Italy, and one of the highest hearts that ever spoke in coral lips and diamond eyes. The choice was made, like all the choices of women, by the eye; Carara was the finest figure, the best dancer, and the most brilliant in his equipages of any of the myriad who paid their homage at the shrine of the lady's loveliness. The point was then decided. The prize, however, was not to be won in a nation of swordsmen and dagger-bearers, without its hazard. It cost him three duels with the indignant suitors, and had nearly cost him his life, by a sturdy blow of a dagger in his side, as he was in the act of hand-

ing his bride elect into her chariot at the door of the Grand Opera. He fell covered with blood, languished for a month on the verge of death, was cheered by the beautiful lady's redoubled protestations of living or dying with him, and recovered only to be the most envied husband from the Alps to the Apennines.

But this was but a thunderbolt plunged into a lake; it flashed, blazed, and shook the waters from shore; it was extinguished, and the waters were as smooth as glass again, no breath disturbing their blue complacency, the quiet mirror of the quietest of all skies. Carara had brought his noble bride to his palazzo, showed her to the homage of his hundred domestics in new costumes of scarlet and gold; walked with her through his spacious apartments, marble floored, and glowing with the frescoes of Giorgione and Spagnolet; had pointed out to her vivid glance the Titians, the Raphaels, and the Tintorets; had unfolded the purple curtains which concealed the virgin loveliness of the Madonna of Corregio from the profaner eye; had given a concert to her on her arrival, and a ball to the *podestat*, and every soul that called itself noble for ten leagues round Padua; and then—returned quietly to his tranquil career; subsided out of the world's hearing, lapsed into Elysian slumber; listened to the murmurs of his fountains, and the cooing of his doves, till they both sent him to sleep, and wrapping his soul in more than all the silks and velvets of the land, he prepared himself to dream through the world.

The heart, stifled by the trappings of prosperity, often learns to bear only when the trappings are plucked away. Carara, the prisoner in his cell, was a different being from Carara the elegant, but weary voluptuary in his palace. The vision of his wife and child came before him, and made him often forget the massive beams and iron stanchels that stood between him and those whom he loved. He revolved the hours which he had flung away, the enjoyments which he had flung away with them; resolved, if his fortunes should turn again, to disdain the silver stream of life, and think of the surge; to shew himself fit for something better



than the master of French valets, and the companion of Spanish lap-dogs, to take the goods that rank, wealth, and nature gave, and be a noble, a husband, and a father, and worthy of the names.

But his prison-bars were still as strong as ever; the cell as high from the ground, the jailor as sullen, and the day as solitary. To bribe the vigilance of the turnkeys was hopeless; for the first act of justice had been to plunder him of every ducat. To address the governor's reason was equally hopeless; for the strict order of that governor was, that the prisoner should have no means of making any appeal. To summon the public to the decision of his rights and wrongs, must be deferred until there was a public; or until he could find any Italian in existence who cared an inch of macaroni for the rights and wrongs of any thing on earth. The feeling of solitude grew painful, bitter, agonizing, intolerable. The *Far niente* life never had such a trial, and never was more torturing. Carara would have exchanged his being with that of any Lazzarone that begged and burned in the noon of any city of hovels in the realm. Books, the pencil, music, all the resources of a life of idleness, of gracefulness, or of industry, were alike forbidden to him. He felt himself day by day more mercilessly cut off from mankind, receding hourly from existence, turning into a wild beast, degenerating into the uselessness of a stock or a stone, and regretting only that with their uselessness he had not their insensibility.

The sting of all this wretchedness was envenomed by its uncertainty. If his enemies, or their instrument the governor, had declared to him that his imprisonment was to last for a year, or fifty years; or to lay him in the grave, he might have prepared himself for the duration; he might have braced up his mind for a calamity of which he knew the extent; he might have said to himself, joy and hope are shut out for ever. I shall seek and struggle for them no more. My dungeon must be looked on as my final home. I must sternly conform myself to ruin. I must look upon my imprisonment only as a slower death, and be contented as I may. But from the tower of Padua

he might be released at a moment, or never. He might return that night to his own roof, or never lie down under its shelter. While he was speaking, the order might be at his prison-doors for restoring him to the arms of his wife and child, or the merciless spirit that had torn them asunder might be darkly decreeing an eternal separation to them all. But it was the doubt, the near possibility of the enjoyment, that made him still nurture his agony. He could not heroically harden himself to endure. He must tremble, for he must hope.

Suspense and solitude like this have driven many a man mad, and they were fast driving the quick brain of Carara to see phantoms, and hold dialogues with the creatures of the brain; when, one evening, as the jailor paid his last visit for the night, he suddenly touched the Count's hand. The twilight was too deep to allow of his discerning the features of the man who stood before him; but his voice, lowered to a whisper as it was, showed that he was not the rugged old Trasteverin, who had hitherto so stubbornly refused to listen to a syllable from him. Hope kindled wildly in his forlorn heart, he sprang on his feet, and desired the jailor to name the price of his deliverance. The answer was a plain one, and a true one: "That if the Count Carara was to escape, it was not his money that would make it worth any man's while to help him; for the Count Carara was for the last three months not worth a sequin in the world." The news smote heavy on the ear of the prisoner; but he had not heard it for the first time. It had been a part of the governor's insulting communication on his arrest. Yet it now came with a weight of which he once could have formed no conception. Money had poured in upon him in a flood from his infancy; and he had learned to think of it no more than of the air which he breathed, as a common privilege of a certain rank, and the easy pledge of the pleasures of that rank. But now it was life or death. The sum which he had lavished on a toy or a trinket, might make the difference to him of a career of wretchedness or of peace, of a life dragged out in the bitter-

ness of chains, or of calmness, freedom, and honour.

He now sunk down upon his couch, in that dejection of heart which bids a man welcome the worst; and before he could conceive any new mode of softening his Cerberus, the door was closed, the jailor gone, and the unhappy prisoner left to his despairing meditations. The hours lingered on, midnight came, and as Carara was beginning to imagine that his mind had played him false, and that he was still in the hands of the old taciturn Trasteverin, the door opened again, the jailor stood at his side, showed him a soldier's cap and cloak, and bade him put them on, and follow him without a word. The Count eagerly followed his direction. But in a moment after, the singularity of secrecy in a jailor awoke his suspicions. He started back. "If I am to die, let me die in the face of my countrymen, by no base and clandestine end." The jailor made no reply, but by opening the door, and pointing to the deep stair of the tower. A gush of fresh air that sprung up from the bottom struck across the Count's senses with a feeling of freedom. He hesitated no longer; but step for step silently followed his grim guide. The gush of air had told the truth. The door at the foot of the tower was open. The sentinel was either drunk, asleep, or bribed. They passed, as unchallenged as ghosts, wound their way through a dozen obscure streets, and at last reached an inn. A low whistle announced their coming; a wicket was opened, a head thrust out to reconnoitre; half a door unbarred, and the Count caught by the arm, and suddenly dragged in. Carara was bold, and his first impulse was to retort this violence; but a voice at his side at once astonished and restrained him. The light of a lamp that filled the close atmosphere with the strongest effluvia of the Padovine oil, the strongest in the circuit of the earth, glimmered feebly, but sufficiently, on the countenance of his Hungarian friend. The Herr Balto had been his preserver.

"I owed you some compensation," said the Hungarian, "for bringing you within the fangs of your blockhead of a governor. Phi-

losophy seems not to be in fashion among your men of macaroni; and it would have been better for the Count Carara to have taken a crocodile into his palace than an unlucky stranger, who knew nothing but a little chemistry."

The Count, delighted with his liberty, would not suffer his friend to utter a syllable in depreciation of either himself or his science; and proceeded to express his regret, that, under the present circumstances, he had nothing to offer but thanks. The Hungarian laughed long and loud.

"Count," said he, observing his look of surprise at this unexpected mirth, "I must beg your allowance for the odd way in which the simplest things sometimes appear before an odd being, such as I must acknowledge that I am. But the truth is, that I could not resist the contrast between your luxuries in that paradise of marbles and mosaic, and this rueful hovel. However, I rejoice to find in you the vigour of mind that belongs to the true philosopher; and if the Grand Secret shall ever be intrusted to mortal man, you may rely on it, that it will be intrusted only to the vigorous and the wise, to the powerful minds that despise the chances of the world, or to the bold hearts that know how to force them to their own advantage. But what is to be done next?"

"Next!" exclaimed the indignant Count. "What, but to shoot the insolent tool of office who has dared to insult a nobleman of Padua?"

"You will get nothing by that," said the Hungarian, "but the bad bargain of giving the life of a man of sense for that of a fool; sending a bullet through the brains of a simpleton, and laying the neck of a man of talents and honour on the scaffold."

"Appeal to his Holiness then," said Carara.

"Appeal to a council of a dozen old ladies, who must be first approached through a dozen clerks a-piece, who are accessible only through ten times the number of valets, nuns, sbirri, slaves, and knaves of all dimensions. Why, it would be easier to walk dryshod from Scylla to Charybdis, than gain any thing by this mode, but a *benedicite*. In fact, I am perfectly perplexed with every view that I can take of the business."



Carara's spirit rose with the crisis. "Perplexity," said he, after a few moments of silence; "may check a man's steps on ordinary occasions. But the worst that I can forfeit is life. I must not leave my wife to famine and my boy to shame. I shall return to the palazza, there collect my friends, and by a bold remonstrance, or, if that fail, by force, right myself with this trifling and insolent governor, or die in the attempt."—"Spoken like a knight of chivalry," said the Hungarian, "and I have no doubt that you would do just enough to prove to the world that you were as brave as a lion, and as mad as the maddest inhabitant of the Ospidale di san Gregorio. But the Emperor has a particular aversion to lunatics of your order, and the inevitable consequence would be imprisonment for life for yourself, confiscation for your property, a new tenant for your palazzo, and a new example in your person of the inconvenience of contending against the powers that be. But your mention of the Emperor reminds me that he is now at Innspruck. I left him a month ago at Vienna, preparing to set out on his journey, to pluck the Tyrolese eagle of some of its feathers. His eloquence or his presence is to persuade the Tyrolese that goat-shooting is a crime against nature, that a rifle is rebellion, and that a cock's-feather in the hat is something not much better than a conspiracy against Austrian church and state. How likely he is to succeed, far be it from me to doubt. However, you have struck upon the only point in our favour. Francis is honest by nature, very much afraid of the French by habit, and very anxious to be popular in Italy by policy."—"To the Emperor, then!" exclaimed Carara.—"There is but one objection," observed his friend. "The winter has set in roughly even here; what must it be among the mountains? I escaped a tempest with some difficulty but three days ago, which I saw covering the whole of the Preserthat. I should not be surprised to hear that the Brenner is by this time totally impassable. As for the passes to the west, the travellers from the Splügen and the Helvia have reported them filled up with snow for the last fortnight."

The horrors of any attempt to cross the Brenner mountains forty years since, were sufficient to shake the stout hearts even of the carriers and contrabandists of the Alpine regions: and Carara acknowledged the little probability which he could have of escaping the complicated trials of hunger, houselessness, and those terrible tempests which often swept away whole villages, and even huge portions of the mountains themselves. "But let what will happen," said he, "I must see the Countess di Carara; see in what state the tyranny of our wretched government has left my house and property, and try what can be done to obtain justice on the spot."—"Day is breaking," was the reply. "Your escape from your cell will be known immediately, and, of course, vigilance will have all its eyes upon your track. In short, you must wait till nightfall." This was undeniable; and Carara passed another wretched day, a day of fear, watching, and weariness, in which the step of every beggar that passed the little inn was a source of alarm; every chance word from the wild and half-naked reprobates who lingered out the hour, till night sent them out again to starve or to plunder, sounded like detection; and every moment seemed lengthened for the mere purpose of putting him to torture.

At last the shadows began to spread from the cathedral towers; the evening chimes announced that the monks were going to their suppers, and all the world going to rest; the Count revived with the thickening twilight, and a low knock at the door announced the Hungarian. He was prepared for their movement, and a cloak and a few trifling changes of dress enabled the Count to pass through the dim streets without being recognised. Carara's heart beat with an unusual pulse as he reached the marble portals of his palace. All on the outside was as when he had last given it his anxious, departing look. The massive gates emblazoned with the proud heraldry of his forefathers; the bronze lions that had sat for generations, the guards of a noble house raised by lion daring, in times of Italian valour and hazard; the whole magnificence that so splendidly prepares the eye in the great mansions for the more than

magnificence within, for the matchless expenditure of taste, wealth and skill, that brings the mind to the ages of Italian power and princedom; all were there still. But the look of the domestic who admitted them by a side-door, and his evident trepidation, told at once the history of the palazzo. Carara sprang forward with a pang of heart. All was spoil. The walls were stripped of their pictures; tapestry, sculpture, every thing was gone. Monuments of the most exquisite art had been broken into fragments in the rough attempt to tear them down. Where were his vases, the portraits of his ancestors, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Raphael, the Corregio Gallery; the library of manuscripts, that had cost the great Count Francesco the revenue of a principality—all was swept away. But a dearer interest now made all their loss comparatively light. What was become of the Countess and his child? The single domestic had fled, probably in terror at seeing the palazzo entered by his master, whom he must have taken for a ghost or a lunatic. Carara rushed on from hall to hall, from corridor to corridor, from chamber to chamber, his anxiety growing wilder at every step, his brain burning, his voice raised until it startled him with its own violence, until he had hurried through the whole scene of spoliation, and was yet unsuccessful. His friend attempted to soothe, to stop, to reason with him; all was in vain. He raved, he called vengeance on the head of the governor, on the Emperor, on mankind. But his frame, exhausted by the mingled force of confinement, fatigue, and fever, did what no human appeal could have done—checked his furious career, and probably saved him from some desperate defiance of authority, which must have speedily ended in ruin. He fell feebly on the floor, and lay in a state of insensibility.

The Hungarian was active in the emergency; he hastened to one of the many fountains which threw its silver sheet of waters high in the moonlight; and at once brought back a draught which revived him, and the yet more reviving intelligence that his Countess and his child were safe, and were even under the same roof with him. The tidings were soon

realized. A pavilion in the ample gardens, which had escaped the sight of the spoilers, had been their place of refuge. Their meeting once more, even under their calamities, was a source of happiness; and when Carara looked on the loveliness of his lovely and noble wife, and the fine countenance of his child, a boy just emerging from infancy, he felt, what his life of luxury had failed to tell him, that there were enjoyments in the world which the highest rank and wealth could neither give nor take away.

The hours were now not like the lingering hours of his wonted day; they flew; the night was too short for the deep interest of the tale which the noble lady had to tell of her perturbations during the fearful interval of his absence; for his fond caresses of his child; for his own determinations to obtain a full and bold redress, let the risk be what it might, or for the calm sagacity, and experienced consolation of his friend.

At length day began to glitter on the tops of the cedars and limes, and the consultation must be at an end, if the Count would not hazard the loss of all chance of redress, by giving himself into the hands of his enemies, who would undoubtedly first seek him in his palace. It was agreed upon, that the Emperor was the only resource, but that from the utterly impassable nature of the mountains by one so little prepared for their difficulties as the Count, his mission should be sent by one of the mountain couriers, while he submitted to concealment until the arrival of the answer. The Countess now retired to rest. His friend threw himself on a sofa.

But Carara had other objects than sleep. Taking down a dagger and pistol which hung in a private recess, he began sharpening the one and loading the other. The Hungarian's quick eye was instantly upon him; springing from the couch, he asked him whether he could be mad enough to think of using them against the governor.

"No, no," was the reply. "Yesterday I might have been mad enough to use them against him, or against myself, or against any one; for I had begun to look upon mankind as a



wild beast, which it was a kind of duty to destroy. But the last twelve hours have changed my mind on that point, and many others. I have been a lumberer of the earth. I have lost thirty years of existence. I should not have been more a blank in life, if I had been flung out of my cradle into the Adige." The hearer stared. "What is the purport of all this?" was in his look of perplexity. "I had hoped," continued the Count, "to have escaped all question upon the subject, and to have kept my own counsel until I could shew my good and manly-minded friend its fruits. I am determined to go on this mission myself."

"What, you?" said the Hungarian, with a look of double perplexity. "You, who know nothing of the route, of hardship, of the nature of the mountain storms? You will be swept away like a butterfly, or buried under some snow-drift before you have gone a league up the pass. This, too, is the season of the avalanches; every blast loosens some of them down, and the very boldest of the mountaineers will not stir a foot from their firesides, until at least the equinox is over. It was but last week that a train of twenty mules, coming from Brixen, were carried away, muleteers and all, to the bottom of one of the lakes, under a mountain of snow, which will keep them there till doomsday."

"The more necessity for me to try," said Carara, resolutely, "if I can find no other bearer of my dispatch. The plain fact is, that a business like mine cannot be entrusted to a letter, nor even the letter to the negligence of a courier. The Emperor must receive a hundred appeals a-day of the same kind, which he throws to his secretary, who throws them into the fire. The road may be difficult; but a man once in earnest, can make his way through more than the Brenner. I am in earnest, and I must at all events try. If I see the Emperor in person, I may succeed. Half-a-dozen words spoken by the injured party himself, are often worth a volume coldly laid before the eye. Francis is a man, and he will understand the language of a man; and by all that is honest or bold in man, he shall hear it from me. If I perish by the way, I perish, and that is all. There is an end of

one whose life is a continual reproach to him. Apathy with me is at an end."

"But the Countess!" expostulated his friend—"What will she say to this desperate experiment?"

"The Countess," said Carara, with emotion, "is a woman of a spirit that deserved a nobler companionship than mine. I must retrieve myself in her eyes and in my own. Let us say no more on the subject. I wish to spare her the useless pain of parting. In half an hour I shall be on the road to the mountains. In the meantime, I have provided for her safety." He here wrote a few lines. "I must leave this part of the business to you. Deliver this note to the old Marquis Adelscahchi of Ferrara. His friendship for me will suffer no decay by my fall; and his relationship to the Countess will insure her protection under his roof until I either accomplish my purpose, or am laid where human purposes disturb no one. Farewell."

His hearer caught him by the cloak as he was rushing out, and grasped his hand—"Count Carara," said he, in a grave tone, "I believe we have not known each other until now. I now recognise you as the descendant of the illustrious founder of this palace in which I stand. I confess, that I too long looked on you as totally unnerved by the national habits, for the high duties of life. You are now a philosopher; and," he added, with a faint smile, "as it is peculiarly painful to part with a new and agreeable acquaintance, I must be suffered to continue the intercourse that has begun within these five minutes. Without a metaphor, you must let me go along with you."

The Count's office was now come to remonstrate. But his friend's zeal was resistless. He pointed out so many advantages to the final success of the attempt, his knowledge of the road, his facilities of approach to the Emperor, his personal habits of court business, that, on the ground of justice to his family, the Count found it impossible to refuse his assistance. Within the half hour, they had passed through the city, the gates, and the suburbs; had left behind them the lazy nobles, the dozing doctors, the insolent governor, and the yawning population—seen the grey peaks of the Veronese Alps turning into gold

and silver; the clouds showering roses as rich as ever Homer and Aurora together showered on the camp by the Scamander; and with firm steps, whatever might be the heaviness of their hearts, were vigorously advancing on the highroad to the Tyrol.

The Hungarian's winter predictions had not yet been realized. Even the valley which leads to Botzen from the south, and which is proverbially the nest of the storm, exhibited no deeper vestiges of the coming season, than a few streams turned to solid crystal as they trickled down the precipices, or, from time to time, a larch rooted out from the cliffs by the gale, and strewing its leafy glories at full length across the narrow road. Carara felt the mountain breeze breathing vigour into his frame—his travel was already giving elasticity to his limbs—his handsome countenance was rapidly losing the pallid hue which was essential to Italian elegance, and was exchanging it for the better gift of the manly and florid healthfulness of open air and active exercise. With his cloak flung over his shoulder, his Alpine staff in his hand, and his vivid eye darting round the immense horizon, catching every colour of the autumnal forest, every passing cloud, every floating eagle that poised itself on its pinions above the covers of the chamois and deer along the Talfer, he might be taken for a prince of the mountaineers. But as they rested for their mid-day meal at the foot of the Ritter pyramids, and the Count's newly-awakened curiosity was listening to his fellow-traveller's account of this singular phenomenon, and indulging his fancy in discovering, as so many wanderers had done before, temples and palaces, pavilions and fountains, in their fretted and excavated masses, a sudden gust of the most piercing cold rushed down from the hills, carrying before it a whole atmosphere of sleet, withered leaves, and dried up branches of trees. "The trumpet of the winter is blowing, Count," said the Hungarian, "and we must prepare for the speedy commencement of the campaign."

Carara prepared for the encounter simply by girding his hunter's coat tighter round him, fastening his broad Alpine hat on his head by the clasp usual among the peasantry, and loo-

sening the folds of his cloak. The Hungarian, conversant in the language of the storm, looked to the various points of the compass for those currents of the clouds which so strikingly mark the direction from which the force of the tempest comes in the higher Alps. Large masses of rolling clouds heavily burst up from the whole range of the vast crescent of hills which form the central barrier of the Tyrol, and each sent forth its gust; but in the north-east lay a solid leaden-coloured pyramid of vapour, reaching from the earth to the heavens, on which the Hungarian gazed with evident anxiety. "The weight of the tempest," said he, "is beyond Mittenwold; but it is, I fear, by this time, coming up through the Pusterthal, and the pass will, in that case, be altogether blocked up before night."

"Then," said Carara, with a smile which was far from an expression of his feelings, "we must attempt it by daylight. The ghosts of the Brenner will not stand sunshine, if they are like our Italian ghosts. For Mittenwold, then—onward."

His companion answered only by following his stride, and they fought their way together manfully up the side of the mountain. Fierce gusts, that seemed to burst less from the clouds than from the earth, frequently caught them in their middle way, and forced them to cling to the shrubs and branches of dwarf oak that sheeted the glen. The valley which had been broad and nearly level from Brixen, now began to contract, and the gigantic pines, that hung and rooted upon the huge blocks of granite, split by time or thunder ages ago, gave a deeper shade to the road. By this pass few travellers ever attempted to enter the mountains but in summer, and the Count and his companion scarcely disturbed the falcons and wild-goats that through one half of the year possessed the unquestioned lordship of the soil. They gazed on the struggling travellers as if they were of their own species, and seldom moved foot or waved wing, till they had passed.

The evening fell, and though the centre of the valley, which was now narrowed to a ravine, was still sheltered, it was evident that the storm was



making wild work above. At length an abrupt ascent led them to the summit of the road, and the whole range of the wild scene opened on them at a view. Nothing could be more magnificent or more fearful. As far as the eye reached, the whole horizon was filled with snow, assuming every fantastic form of the mountain tops, and shaping them into strange beauty. Carara's imagination, dormant in his days of prosperity, had been gradually awaking since his first step in these wild regions. But now all its eyes were opened at once. Every trait, hue, and feature of the scenery, formed to him an indispensable portion of the most glorious landscape that he had ever gazed upon. "Look there," he exclaimed, pointing to a boundless pile of snow-white clouds that touched a distant mountain so closely, as to seem a continued mountain ascending into the heights of heaven,—"There is Pelion upon Ossa, and both in silver!" Another enormous hill, whose covering of snow was partially darkened by a thunder storm, lay to the right. "There is an *Ætna*, but ten times its bulk, pouring out immeasurable volumes of smoke, and broken into a thousand chasms of flame." The range of pinnacles that shot up round the horizon, sheeted with the snow, were fairy palaces, turreted castles of ivory, bowers of amaranth, magic palaces of steel. A last gleam of the sun, as he plunged down behind the Middle Alps, shot through a chasm of the hills, and swept round the whole range. It was like the outpouring of a stream of solid gold. It transmuted the whole landscape instantly; the effect on the scene was indescribable. Wherever the stream fell, it turned the spot into all the glorious hues of sky, flower, and metal. Boundless sheets of purple and rose seemed to have been suddenly flung over the enormous sides of the hills. Cataracts of gold burst down their sides, long stripes of the most vivid green, like valleys of emerald, lay between ridges of crysolite and silver. All was splendid, prismatic, magical. As the sun descended, every feature of this landscape of a hundred leagues, assumed a new and lovelier variety; azure followed rose, and purple, richer than the

Tyrian loom, mingled with azure. Until a moment before he set, the whole range became a succession of volcanoes; the base of every mountain buried in solemn grey, the side still tinged with the fainter light, but the summit a spire of living flame. He sunk at last, but there was one spectacle left, as lovely, and almost as brilliant, as the richest effects of the sunshine. The dusk, which now gathered round the mountains, rapidly contracted their horizon—the enormous crescent appeared to round itself into a circle, in the centre of which stood the admiring travellers. Of that circle, the only portion visible was soon the upper ridge, and even that was pale; but from it stood up the summits of the pinnacles, now divested of all colour, but still sparkling with light, the diamond cusps of a mighty crown.

Carara stood entranced with this sight of unearthly beauty, when he was startled from his vision by a sound as if of remote thunder; he looked to the cloud that still lowered on the Brenner, but it was as leaden and solid as ever. No flash broke from its mighty womb. If the thunder lay there, it was still to be born. The whole hemisphere lay in the same quietude. The gusts had fallen, and the tempest seemed to have gone to rest with the sun. Again the sound rose, but it was now not the low growl of distant thunder, but the roar and dash of ocean, heavy, hoarse, and continuous. He turned to the Hungarian for an explanation of the cause. "Probably some new fall of snow among the hills," said he; "but at all events, let us not stop where we are. The road descends a few hundred yards forward, and any where we shall be less exposed than here." He started with the words from the summit of the ridge, and hastened down the steep. Carara followed; but when he found himself in the spot thus selected for safety, he could not conceal his surprise at the selection. "I altogether give way to your knowledge in these matters," said he, as the Hungarian turned to watch the progress of the storm; "but this spot strikes me as exposing us to be either buried in the first snowfall, or to find our road totally closed up." The Hungarian fixed on him a look which, even in

the twilight, he could discover to be singularly different from his usual calmness of philosophy. It was a smile, but whether it wore more of contempt or fear, more of resentment at being thus questioned, or of that embarrassment which the sight of overwhelming danger sometimes produces in the haughtier minds, was difficult to define in the shade; but the impression was there, and his respect for the philosopher's firmness suffered no slight diminution for the time.

But the time for these things was short. The darkness had suddenly become complete, as if a cloud had brooded on the little valley. The sound which before arrested the ear, had now returned, but louder; the storm rapidly grew wilder, and more appalling still. It began with a broken and unusual report, like the roar of a signal-gun; it swelled in a few minutes to the roar of battle; it was now the peal of a hundred cannon, of thousands together, of millions. The atmosphere shook; the earth heaved; Carara instinctively sprang to a rock which projected over the side of the valley, and as he sprang, seized his fellow-traveller's arm to drag him with him to the place of safety; but, to his utter surprise and dismay, the Hungarian was immovable. The grasp which he gave was even returned by a more stubborn grasp. "Do you want to die here?" exclaimed the Count, still attempting to shake him from his strange insensibility—"Or do you want me to die along with you?" The Hungarian made no answer; but, as if paralyzed by fear, still firmly clung to the arm that he held, and his countenance exhibited the same strange smile. A crash of the trees, a scream of the eagles and falcons, an universal commotion of the air, announced that some extraordinary devastation was at hand. "It is an avalanche," shouted Carara, labouring at once to rush forward and rouse his frozen friend. But he was evidently devoted to ruin—he grasped his hand only the more violently. "It is an avalanche," he repeated, with a low internal voice, and with a laugh which could be attributed to scarcely less than sudden idiotism or insanity.

But now all struggle was useless, for now came this terrible instru-

ment of destruction. From the side of the mountain, some thousand feet above, came a dim and mighty mass, itself like a loosened mountain, rolling, bounding, crashing, and at every bound increasing in speed and size. The largest trees snapped before it like willow-wands; the solid crags, which had resisted the torrents and the thunder of winters innumerable, were torn from their ancient fixtures like feathers, and whirled down into the ravine. The light of the snow, or the rapidity of its course, threw a strange and melancholy gleam around, and rendered it dreadfully visible as it rushed along. The air was filled with the roar, crashing, and incessant; the valleys sent it back; every surrounding mountain returned it, like the echo of a thunderburst. At length an immense cloud of mingled dust, stones, snow, and wreck of all kinds, rushed into the valley, heralding its way. Carara, in blindness, and utterly bewildered by the snow, still felt himself grasped with what he thought the convulsive hold of death, by his companion; but he felt, at the same instant, the ground quiver and heave under his feet; he in vain attempted to cling to the rock; he was caught by the whirlwind, and flung forward, where he knew not. A hollow roar still sounded in his ears; he still felt himself tossed and flung like a weed upon a wave; at length a blow, a sensation of intolerable chill, and a sudden plunge, as he thought, ten thousand fathoms deep, extinguished all sounds and sensations together.

How long he lay in this state of insensibility, he could judge only by the scene that presented itself to him when he again opened his eyes. All was silent, the storm had passed away, or left its only traces in some scattered clouds that lay on the remote sky like remnants of a routed army. The avalanche had run its fearful course, a course which was still to be traced in the stripping of the mountain's side of every sign of vegetation, and ploughing it into immense rents and chasms. It lay with all its devastation quiet in the valley, at an almost sightless depth below. Not a sound disturbed the expanse, all was virgin white, a world of snow. The moon in her meridian was pouring down floods of glorious light



upon the scene, from a heaven as blue and solid as a vault of lapis lazuli. Carara's feelings were suspended in awe at this majesty of night and nature. The sense of his own extraordinary preservation too came upon his heart with an influence which surprised himself. If he had known in what words to pray, he would almost have prayed; his original habits had not taught him more than the rest of his class, and superstition, when he was inclined to comply with the ceremonial of the land, or philosophy, as the *beaux-esprits* called it, when he was inclined to think that ceremonial troublesome, had made up the sum of his perceptions on the subject. But he was now, as any man might be, at once appalled and grateful, at once shaken by the consciousness that there was something more than his worldly creed had told him concerned in the government of things; and awakened by the feeling that he had been, however unaccountably, the object of its care. He had obviously been saved by what, at another time, he would have pronounced a most singular accident.

The whirlwind raised by the avalanche had swept him down some fathoms of the mountain's side, and when he was on the point of being flung into the valley, where he must have been dashed to pieces, the rough root of a broken oak had checked his descent, and the violence of the shock, which rendered him insensible at the moment, had tossed him like gossamer under a huge projecting crag, which fortunately lay a few paces beyond the direct descent of the snowfall. The ground close to the spot where he lay, had been torn up, as if a hundred thunderbolts had rifted it; fragments of the crag had been evidently splintered off by the concussion; the whole surface of the mountain above had been hurled into the ravine. If he had been flung but a few paces nearer, he must have been by this time in eternity.

When his recollection had completely returned, the state in which his friend had been seen for the last time recurred to him. What must have become of a man who had been palpably deprived of all power to help himself, even if he had not stood directly in the road of a devastation

that might have torn down a pyramid or buried a city? Carara looked round in vain, he was no where to be seen; he shouted his name till the precipices re-echoed it on every side; it was equally in vain, no voice of man answered; he even tried his way along the shivered and falling masses left clinging on the face of the precipice, to the spot where they had last stood together; but all search was in vain. The whole aspect of the hill was altered, a power beyond man had been there; and what was man, in such contact, but the dust of the balance? Carara, almost subdued, gave a final look to the spot which must be considered as the grave of his eccentric, yet zealous and sincere friend, and dejectedly took his way up the little mountain road.

The caserne of Mittenwold, a posthouse and place of rest for travellers, had been visible for some hours before the fall of the avalanche, and it was to this spot that the Count now directed his steps.

The caserne had its occupants even in that rough season; and three or four stout peasants from the Hertzer valley, and a nondescript figure, who, on his own authority, had the courage of an Alexander, and every virtue under the sun besides, but whose shorter Ferarese sword, rusty pistols, and weatherbeaten visage, strongly marked him for either the contrabandist or the highwayman, or both as occasion might serve, had taken up their quarters with the old soldier and his wife who were stationed in this winter-buffed dwelling. Carara's first proposal was, that they should go back with him to look for his friend, alive or dead. But the peasants declared this to be totally impossible, the veteran acknowledged it to be next to hopeless, and the contrabandist pledged him by all the ghosts of the mountains to be beyond the power of man or fiend, if the avalanche had but touched a hair of his unfortunate associate. The project was on all hands pronounced utterly impracticable, and the Count had no resource but to wait until day-light should enable him to continue his search by himself.

Daylight came, but the attempt was now more hopeless than ever,

The clouds, which had lingered so long on the northern range, had during the night moved forward over the whole extent of the hills, and flooded them with snow. The caserne was covered almost to the roof, and all the rest, as far as the keen eye of the mountaineers could reach, was an ocean of white surges. Another day passed in this lofty dungeon. Still the tempest was unabated. A week passed; and Carara's impatience could suffer this confinement no longer. He determined to attempt the pass at all hazards. The peasants declined his largest offer for their services as guides; and he prepared desperately to set out alone. He felt that his anxiety was wearing away his strength; that the Emperor might be gone from Innspruck; that his enemy might anticipate his appeal; that chance, or barbarity, or subtlety, might be exposing his family to the last miseries, while he was lazily wasting his days in the wretchedness of a mountain hovel.

He had already given his farewell to the old soldier, and was forcing his way through the snow, when he found himself followed by the contrabandist. This hardy fellow, a native of the Tarentaise, had waited until he saw the Count's resolution wrought to its height; the solid purse which had been exhibited during the treaty with the peasants appeared to him a matter which should not be carelessly considered, and with the intention of sharing in it, amicably, in the way of service, or if not, in any other way that might be effectual, he now proposed to join the Count as a guide. Carara was glad to find a companion, rough as he might be, and the travellers pushed forward vigorously. Two days' toil at last brought them within sight of the famous pass of the Brenner, and as his guide pointed it out to him in the distance, rising sharp and boldly among a wilderness of precipices, that seemed less a part of this world, than the works of a former one, he felt a new pulse of hope beat high in his bosom.

Night fell again; and sleeping on the snow with no other canopy than a shelf of the rock, and no other shelter than the stunted foliage of a wild pine, he felt a delight in rest, a keenness of enjoyment even in his

couch of snow and his pillow of stone, that he had never experienced in the Carara Palace. Real hunger made the simplest food a banquet, real fatigue made the rudest resting place a couch of down. He had discovered what the Roman tyrant sought for in vain in all his silken luxury, a new pleasure.

He was on his feet by dawn, and prepared to scale the mountains with a foot as elastic as their own chamois. But the contrabandist hung back. "We had better not be too much in a hurry this morning," said he, pointing to the pass, "for the old brute there is angry. Look, how he raises up his bristles like a wild boar, and if we were but a league or two nigher, we should hear him howling and gnashing his teeth. We must stay where we are till the old savage is quiet." The Count's comprehension of this metaphorical displeasure was not aided by any further discussion. The contrabandist either would not, or could not explain farther than by pointing to the pass, which now certainly appeared to put on some resemblance to the ridgy back of a wild boar, a phenomenon not uncommon in the mountain atmosphere, and which is understood universally to predict a storm. "The weather promises ill. But my business admits of no delay. What is to be done in case of a tempest?" asked the Count. "Return to the caserne—what else could be done?" answered his companion sullenly. "Another league," said Carara, "and your pay shall be doubled." His guide hesitated, but surveying the Count's face of determination, and seeing him already striding onward through the snow rifts, he at length made up his mind and followed. As they reached the next ascent, the prospect was still more gloomy, the wind had lulled, and except now and then a short sharp gust, there was a death-like silence. Man, beast, and bird, had equally deserted the region. Above, the sky stooped almost to the ridge of the hills, as if unable to bear its burthen of snow and tempest. A single vulture, that started from a pile of grey crags far above their heads, and continued sailing and wailing over them like an evil omen, made the scene of desolation still more desolate. Sleet



began now to cover the few points of the rocks which the gusts had stripped. The air became intensely cold, and the wind rose, and blew in bursts, hollow and melancholy. The guide again remonstrated. But Carara was not to be deterred by the elements, much less by the selfishness of a hired guide. He still strode onward, leaving the contrabandist to complain to the winds.

The tempest now palpably moved down the huge ravine, and its roar was heard long before its violence was near enough to be felt. The heavens and earth were rapidly darkened by a livid and sepulchral shade as it came. Every thing seemed to quiver through the dense air, and the pinnacles, trees, and mountain paths, shifted their places to the eye, as if they wavered on the storm. The sleet now thickened into snow, and the air became a fleecy cloud, through which it was impossible to see further than a few yards. Carara felt a strange mixture of despondency and determination filling his mind. How or where to advance he knew not, he was possessed of something approaching to a melancholy conviction that the night and the hour were to be his last; yet the original vigour of his soul was roused, and he resolved never to return but successful, or a corpse. The contrabandist, however, thought otherwise. He had formed his determination too, but it was to return to the cascerne, and yet not to return without being a richer man than when he left it. The Count was still within his reach, though wrapped in a snow sheet, that swept round him like a shroud. The contrabandist was not a man to suffer any embarrassment where his object lay straight before him. He had no appetite for the hazard, and was not inclined to use any unnecessary ceremony on the occasion. He struggled forward to where Carara stood gazing through the storm, and demanded the double pay that had been promised.

"Complete the league," was the answer, "or guide me to the summit of the pass, and you shall have every ducat in my possession."

"And, that is to be your last speech to me?" interrogated the fellow, with a ferocious look.

"My last and only one," said the Count, "and now onward."

"Your last, then, be it!" exclaimed the ruffian, and plucking a pistol from his bosom, fired it at Carara's head. The shock stunned him, and he fell. The contrabandist conceiving that he had effected one part of his purpose, proceeded to accomplish the other without loss of time, and springing forward, began to rifle the supposed corpse. But his victim had fallen on a fragment of one of the rocks disengaged by the whirlwind, the footing was slippery, and while the assassin was engaged in the double operation of steadying his steps, and searching the Count's pockets, Carara returned to his senses; his quick apprehension comprehended the whole at once; he started on his feet, and flung his entire strength into the blow which he struck his intended murderer. It was given with good intent, and was tremendous. The assassin sprang upward with the pain, reeled a few feet backward to the edge of the precipice, found the ground giving way with him, uttered a roar of despair, and threw himself at his full length, grasping the ground. The effort was convulsive, but it only prolonged his agony. The snow yielded with every grasp more and more; at every new struggle he approached closer to the dreadful declivity, until a last despairing bound loosened the whole mass, and he went headlong. His yell rang in the air as he shot downwards. All then was silence. He was shattered into atoms.

The blood trickling from Carara's forehead recalled him from gazing with horror on the depth where this miscreant had plunged; and told how nearly he had run the chance of lying beside him. But, as if all the evils of the day had passed with the last breath of the treacherous guide, the air began to clear, the storm visibly slackened, and by one of those changes so frequent in the Alpine tracts, the clouds rolled off, and a broad burst of sunshine gladdened earth and heaven. Even the violence of the wind had prepared his route, the road had been partially cleared to the summit of the pass, the wild bare back of the Brenner had lost its ominous elevation; and a long line of silver sparkling among

its piles of eternal granite, showed where the celebrated cascade of the pass poured down those waters, which so singularly divide themselves to the extremities of Europe, one-half of the stream splitting off to the Adige and the Adriatic, and the other to the Danube and the Euxine.

The pass was reached. Carara stood on the summit of the Brenner, and when his eye glanced back over the frozen region, the kingdom of winter through which he had toiled, the impression on his heart was gratitude and wonder. But here his toil was at an end. The Austrian government had provided for the remainder of the road. Soldierly were stationed from point to point to clear the way for the Imperial couriers, on the occasion of the Monarch's projected visit to his Italian states, and in three days he entered the time-worn, and heavily-flourished portals of the "ancient and noble inn of the *Swartz Adler*," at Innspruck, which he found crowded with aides-de-camp, dragoons, chamberlains, and valets enough to have driven silence and sleep from the cavern of Morpheus himself.

Carara threw himself on a couch, which would have defied his most dextrous slumbers in other days, but which now was to his wearied limbs a bed worthy of a Sybarite. He slept with the clamour of five hundred voices ringing in his ears; he defied them all, and slept. The sun blazing through his low chamber at last roused him. But where was the clamour of the night before? All was hushed. No rough dragoon roared a camp-song over his flagon. No rattle of the dice-box in more polished hands was heard. No charger clamped and pawed in the courts. The Count rose to investigate the miracle. It was soon developed, to his infinite dismay. The crowd of Imperial attendants were gone. Dispatches from France had reached the Emperor but twelve hours before. A council had been instantly held, and the result was, that the whole establishment was on the road by daybreak. This was a bitter blow, and no man could feel it more keenly than the husband, the father, and the noble, united in the person of the unfortunate Count. He began

to think that fortune took a peculiar indulgence in crushing him, and that he had better have perished in the Padovine dungeons, or in the Alpine snows.

Another day of despondency succeeded. He wandered through empty streets, which, but the day before, were glittering with the train of a monarch. He gave a look of bitter disappointment as he passed the proud old council-house, where, but the day before, Francis had given audience to all, and received the petitions of every rank of his subjects, with the fatherly kindness which had already so distinguished the reign of the "good Emperor." Night fell on his contemplations, and he returned to the *Swartz Adler* with a spirit as dark as that sable emblem of the House of Hapsburgh. But as he sat at his solitary meal, a new surprise was prepared for him. A stranger, wrapped in a cloak, whose embroidery showed that its wearer was a man of rank, entered to discharge some of the accounts remaining after the departure of the Emperor. His voice struck Carara's ear. He looked up, and, even under the enormous hat and plume of an officer of the Imperial staff, he recognised the friend whom he had given up for lost in the Tyrolese snows. The Hungarian stood before him.

The enthusiastic and astonished Count instantly rose and threw himself into his arms. But the astonishment was equally great, if more gravely demonstrated, on the side of the Imperial officer. He gazed on Carara's countenance with a look of fixed incredulity. However, the recognition was at last complete. The friends sat down to table together, and their singular escapes formed a topic which kept them in conversation for half the night. The sudden departure of the Emperor was now explained. "The Republican French had exhibited symptoms of renewing their attacks on Lombardy, of which the Monarchical French had in every age been so fond. The time pressed, an insurrectionary movement had been organised in the north of Italy, for the open purpose of assisting a new invasion, and the Emperor had gone at full speed to Milan, to smite the conspiracy, by the promptest measures in the power



of the sword. "But this dress," he added, "may tell you my connexion with the Court; you must come with me to Milan; your memorial will be forwarded with increased influence, by being put into the Imperial hands through me; and I shall have the satisfaction of repaying, in the amplest manner, some portion of that debt of hospitality which I owe to the Count Carara." The Hungarian's narrative of himself was succinct. He had been carried down by the avalanche, but had, like his friend, been cast into a cleft of the rock, which preserved him, though actually buried under some fathoms of snow, until the peasantry, in digging away the wreck, had found him still breathing. Care, an Alpine cottage, and the absence of all doctors, had restored him; and having accomplished all the purposes of his Italian tour, he had returned to his former station of one of the staff, and Colonel of the Royal Hungarian Guard. At daybreak the friends were on the road to the famous capital of the Lombards.

If Carara's spirit had not been so deeply absorbed by the momentous nature of his mission, his eye might have revelled long and richly among the landscapes that lay before him as he hurried along the Milanese. The flatness of the territory enfeebled it to the spectator who has but just descended from the grandeur of the Alpine amphitheatre. But the joyous profusion, the exuberance of colour, and produce of harvest and fruitage, and the almost extravagance of fertility, that covers the Lombard plains, the whole outpouring of the cornucopia of corn, flowers, wine, and oil, makes the approach to this noble city one of the most delicious banquets ever offered to the gaze of man. It was now in the full glow of harvest, robed in its autumnal glory. The land, from east to west, from north to south, was a vineyard. Thousands and tens of thousands crowded every road to the capital, with the produce of one of the most luxuriant harvests ever known even in those fields of plenty. Carara, little accustomed as he was to the language of that magnificent oriental devotion, that high personification of feelings and impressions, which, in Scripture,

makes the mountains heave with joy, the dew drop sweetness, and the valleys laugh and sing, yet acknowledged the power of nature over the human heart, and wondered anew at the singular disregard of delight which had made him know the difference of summer and winter only by his lounging on the Corso during the one, and his lounging at the Opera during the other.

As they reached Monza, the road became more crowded still. Couriers in the imperial livery flying in all directions, gave evidence of the active business to which the stagnation of the good Court of Austria had been at length compelled. The march of troops from different points of the plain, all converging towards the city, showed the imperial sense of insecurity; the rattle of baggage-waggons and field-guns, the galloping of aides-de-camp, and the long lines of dust that marked the advance of more baggage-waggons, more guns, and more troops, too distant to be more clearly discerned, told Carara that he was at last come into the centre of the whirlpool of power; the heart of anxious empire; the depth of the mine, where all was explosive, and which at a touch might fling its whole fearful charge in fire and bloodshed upon the land.

He had his cares still, but his spirit had gained unconscious vigour from struggling. He felt the force that every mind gains from the new sense of an object worthy to task all its powers. The noblest of women depended on him for protection; the hopes of a noble house depended on him in his child; the revival of a great name rested on his activity and resolution; and last, and not least, the retrieval of his own sense of dignity, the recovery of his self-respect, the atonement for those wasted years, wasted opportunities and wasted faculties, whose abuse he now looked upon with pain and astonishment; and which, in his generous remorse, he was determined to compensate, if it could be done by the most unhesitating sacrifice within the means of a human being.

His companion gave him full leisure for those meditations, for fatigue, or his own thoughts, kept him unusually silent, and during the approach to the city he scarcely spoke.

The flourish of the drums and trumpets of a magnificent regiment of cavalry, which had just opened to let their equipage pass, at last roused the Hungarian. It was his own regiment of the Guard doing the honours to their colonel on the march. His eye brightened with the natural gratification of a soldier at the sight. Carara was not less delighted with so fine a martial display. The carriage was instantly surrounded by the officers—compliments and congratulations were offered on all sides, and the meeting ended by the colonel's mounting a charger, and with his friend riding at the head of the regiment into Milan. A supper at their quarters concluded the day. It was of course sumptuous. The profusion of the Imperial Guard was proverbial. The conversation was, what might be expected from the elite of camps and courts, easy, various, and animated. Pleasure, travel, war, were touched on, even politics found their way among the topics; and the Italian, reared in a land of spies, was surprised to find the fearless facility with which matters that would have shaken the souls of an Italian city with terror, were talked of at this brilliant board, within hearing of the whole train of Imperial chamberlains. But among those men of grace and gaiety, their colonel shone conspicuous. He brought his admirable and almost universal knowledge to bear upon the most passing topic, and flashed a new light upon every thing. Every great transaction of Europe for the last century seemed to have passed in his presence; every peculiarity of every court of Europe was familiar to his taste for animated anecdote; every casual description was graphic; every accidental trait characteristic; every play of fancy keen, pointed, and luminous. Yet with that fine tact, which marks the highest grace of accomplished society, he repressed no one, he bore down none by excessive display; his chief skill was exerted in drawing out whatever latent animation was to be found in the circle, and enabling every man to shine in turn. The Count's Italian elegance required only this stimulant to show the native lustre of a remarkably sensitive and brilliant mind. He kindled at the Hungarian's flame, until he

first equalled and then surpassed it. The conversation at length fell solely into their hands. No graceful condescension to the surrounding board, no dexterous appeal to their opinions or experience, could now draw them into the sphere of this perpetual vividness. All were converted into listeners, but delighted listeners. The hours flew, all were equally excited, amused, and admiring. The banquet closed at last, with an universal expression that the companionship, which had thus gracefully commenced, should not terminate with the night. Carara was sounded as to his inclination to take service in the Imperial troops. He had "nothing to disincline him, and much," as he frankly owned, "to make the measure at once useful and gratifying." "So be it," said the Colonel, grasping his hand. The officers rose and embraced him. His name was entered at the instant on the books of their regiment; his memorial to the Emperor was dictated by the general voice of the corps; and, on rising to take his departure, a general toast to the health of the "Count Carara, Cornet of the Imperial Hungarian Guards," made the ancient hall ring, and proudly finished one of the most delightful and cheering evenings of his existence.

Morning brought its reflexions. He felt that in the contagious animation of the night, he had taken a decisive step, and there were moments when he wished that he had hesitated. "Higher cares and stronger interests might be compromised by his involvement in the necessary duties of a soldier. He had plunged into a new career, too, without taking the advice of the woman to whose happiness he was pledged." But the Hungarian's arrival put to flight the dreams of irresolution at once. He brought in his hand the Emperor's signature to the commission.

"You are now," said he, "not merely one of *us*, but, what is more important, you are in a position to forward your own objects with the Court. State your grievances there, with whatever plainness you like. Francis is a plain man, perfectly honest; in short, a trueborn Austrian; and, if you but make him understand your case, he will do you justice. In



the mean time," he added gravely, "I am afraid that our hasty proceedings last night are likely to give you a more sudden experience of service than I should have desired for my friend. The news from France becomes of a still more angry description. The republicans, like all lovers of license, are running wild in their zeal for every man's rights. In their liberty, they are plundering, imprisoning, butchering, and preparing to rob every nation's property; and in their promises of a golden age, proclaiming war against every people of Europe. We may have some rough work even in this country, unless we look to it with more activity than is generally found in *Aulic Councils*."—"Likely enough; but what is all this to me?" interrupted Carara, with a smile. "I am a soldier, and the sooner I win my spurs the better. Welcome war, or any thing but winter quarters in the good city of Milan." The Colonel congratulated him on his having so soon found the tone of soldiership; and the rest of the day was given up to the details of his preparation, his visits, his introductions, his equipment, his commission, and his Styrian charger. The next day's levee was appointed for the presentation of his memorial to the Emperor.

It was still dusk, when a knock at the door of his chamber roused him from dreams worthy of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*. It was the Colonel's orderly. The regiment was appointed to be on parade within the half hour, and to march within the hour. The news was unexpected—but Carara was on the spot within the required time. To the enquiries which rose on all sides, the general answer was total ignorance of the purposes of this sudden movement. But the appearance of a long train of royal equipages, moving from the gateways of the Emperor's quarters, soon helped to illustrate the difficulty. The regiment drew up and saluted as the Imperial carriage passed; an officer of the staff rode up to the Colonel, a few words were exchanged, and the result appeared in the Colonel's sonorous voice ordering the right wing of the regiment to fall into the procession, and move forward as the escort. The Hungarian then put him-

self at their head, a courteous smile, and a wave of the sabre, were the only parting civilities allowed by the time on either side; and Carara, as he saw him plunge into the retiring cloud of plumage and lances, felt as if struck by some personal misfortune.

Weeks rolled along; the ground of the Emperor's speedy retreat was ascertained to be intelligence of an armament preparing to invade the northern Italian provinces. Large bodies of troops had been collected at *Dijon*, to be thrown over the route from *Nice*, and flank the Austrian armies on the Alpine frontier. The rumour died, was revived, died again, and thus the winter wore away. The division of the Hungarian guard left behind to attend upon the Viceroy, was continually harassed by the minor details of the most perplexing of all services, a service of peace, in the hourly expectation of war. Gaming is the natural resource of the foreign soldier, on all occasions when he cannot sleep. Play ran high among the Guard, quarrels were the consequence, and Carara was reluctantly compelled to exhibit his swordmanship. The sword, however, had been the only exercise of his luxurious life; and as any thing in the hands of the dexterous Italian becomes superior to the finest means in those of almost any man of another nation, as he excels in adroitness of touch, quickness of eye, and elasticity of frame, the Count came off on all occasions with flying colours. Still the character of the regiment had degenerated, and he would have willingly abandoned all the honours that war had in prospect, to return to his own province, bury himself in a hermitage, and, with his wife and child, forget and be forgotten by the world.

Yet, to adopt this plan was now impossible. He was fairly bound to a service which no man could abandon while a sword was drawn against Austria. His only solace was his correspondence with his Countess, and his only feeling that his existence was of use to any one, was in his perpetual urgency of his case on the Court through his friend. But all the hazards of a life in a great Italian city, are not to be found in trials of skill with the rapiers of unwieldy Hungarian horsemen. Carara's hand-

some countenance had long become a topic among the Duchesas and Marchesas of the Viceroy's circle. His animated elegance, when he was animated at all, and the graceful melancholy which deepened every feature of his noble countenance into the expression of an Antinous, when the hour of excitement was past, threw the crowd of Milanese faces totally into the background. Letters and presents from unknown hands, sonnets in his honour, and smiles for his admiration, found him insensible. But the storm of the tender passion continued not the less to assail the frozen heart of this unnatural son of love-making, love-breathing, and love-talking Ausonia. But the scorned cavalieri were not equally blind to this homage. A haughty half-barbarian prince of the Frioul chose to feel insulted by a sneer of an equally haughty, but supremely polished princess of the Ferrarese, who had fixed her establishment, her lapdogs, and her lovers, under the wings of the Court. A comparison of this ruthless Visigoth with the handsome officer of the Guard, marked him for the direst vengeance.

A heavy tread with the foot, in the La Scala, in the midst of one of Montalegri's most exquisite ballets, and in the moment when La Signora Seraphina Cherubina was in one of her most aerial flights, pirouetting over her expiring father and king, to the universal ecstasy, first acquainted Carara that he had an enemy in the capital. An insult which followed, and a *rencontre* which followed the insult, satisfied his convictions on the subject, and ought to have satisfied the indignant prince, who left the garden behind the theatre before the Signora had made a second pirouette, with six inches of the guardsman's sabre through his sword-arm, and a slash across the cheek, which disqualified him from wearing a moustache on that side for ever.

This tourney added to his reputation, his charms, and his worshippers, but it added formidably to his hazard. He was not left long in doubt on this point. Within the next twenty-four hours, as he was gazing out of his chamber-window, inhaling the midnight air, after a *conversazione* of supreme fashion, intolerable heat, and invincible ennui, at the palazzo

of the Minerva of Milanese ladies, the Countess Atene Herculeano, and thinking whether such grave fooleries were transacted in the full moon, which he saw then pouring down its calm effulgence in the gardens of the hotel, he was startled from his speculation by a carbine-load of bullets fired directly at the spot where he stood. The windows and walls returned the explosion with an universal crash; but two of the bullets reached their mark in his person. He was shot severely in the neck and the arm, and was found by the attendants, who rushed in on hearing the report, lying bleeding on the ground, and apparently dead. The Italian doctors are not always more successful than the Italian bravoës, and therefore Carara recovered; but the recovery cost him three months of confinement, and nothing but his soldiership could have made him remain an hour among the *conversazioni*, the countesses, or the cavalieri of Milan. A still more painful source of anxiety had been lately opened on him. Some of the miserable suspicions, which make the very atmosphere of the little Italian states, had driven his friend, the old Marquis, from his home, and with him his wife and child had been forced to fly. The heart of the unfortunate Count was weighed to the earth by this intelligence; but what was to be done? All correspondence with his family had ceased; it had probably been intercepted, and perhaps involved his incomparable and heroic wife, and her generous friend, in the severities exercised without delay on every symptom of discontent with the proceedings of power. His old enemy, the governor of Pavia, was probably at that moment the master of all that he valued in the round world.

The thought was madness. Feeble as he was, he flung himself out of his bed, demanded an audience of the Viceroy, obtained a month's leave of absence, and set out, fevered and faint as he was, for Pavia; but as the carriage stopped at the first barrier, for the examination of his passports, he heard his name loudly pronounced by a party riding full speed to the city. It was the Hungarian coming with a detachment of the



Imperial staff to rejoin the garrison. He brought tidings that instantly put an end to Carara's journey. The French were in Lombardy; an unexpected army had passed the Alps under the First Consul; and, while the Austrian Cabinet were idly intriguing in Paris, the Aulic Council fixing all their grave telescopes on a camp of ten thousand conscripts at Dijon, an army of sixty thousand of the finest troops of the Republic, headed by their favourite General, was pouring down from the defiles in all quarters, and was at this moment in full march upon Milan.

The news was received, as all such news must be in a vast, populous, turbulent, and profligate city. All was instant tumult. The French partisans, and they were rapidly increased by the near hope of prey, plunder, and revenge, openly insulted the Austrian authorities. The Austrian authorities made good use of their little day of power, and imprisoned, scourged, mulcted, and hanged the rioters. The noble world packed up their last picture and their last paul, and gallantly made their way out of the gates as fast as they could. There never was such a scattering of the "brave that deserved the fair," and of the fair that rewarded the brave. Countesses and conversaziones were no more. The Viceroy's Court was reduced to himself and his valets. Every scudo in the treasury was piled in boxes, and the boxes were ready, in the baggage waggons of the artillery, to traverse the Peninsula. The ancient magistracy were in despair, or refitting their perukes and gowns with cockades and ribbons *à la tricolor*. The populace were, like every rabble on earth, delighted with any change which threatened to pull down their superiors. The whole nameless and still lower multitude, that live on the vices of a great city, were instantly turned into red-hot patriots, and were virtuously zealous for the time to begin, when they might pilfer with impunity. The whole tribe of the dancing and singing heroes and heroines, fauns, satyrs, hamadryads, and fiddlers of the La Scala, were busy day and night in rehearsing a piece in honour of the downfall of Austria, the triumph of France, and

the reign of purity all over the world.

The news still came thick and formidable. A succession of attacks by the various converging columns of the invading army were shaking the Austrians out of Lombardy by the hour. Bonaparte was within sight of the Ticino!—He had crossed it!—He had routed the troops posted to guard the passage! and the news was unequivocally vouched by the presence of the beaten troops, who came crowding into Milan, flogging the peasants for food, shooting those who were stubborn, and railing at the generals who had led or left them to be *cultured* by the *Frauzosen*. The enemy lost no time. At midnight a courier arrived to the Viceroy from the General-in-chief Count Melas, announcing at once the capture of Torbigo, the possession of Turin, and the march of the enemy's main body upon the capital.

Even Austrian tardiness now felt that it was time to move. The Viceroy threw himself into his britska, the whole tribe of employés provided for themselves as they could, and again at midnight the Hungarian guard were roused from their slumbers, ordered to horse, and with a blast of angry trumpets that startled the dreams of the whole city, the gallant escort moved out of the gates, and took the road to Mantua.

The campaign had now fairly begun. On the evening of the day which saw the Viceroy disappear, the French tirailleurs were singing, dancing, and shouting in the *Plaza Grande* of Milan. The civic authorities, dressed in all the colours of the Republican rainbow, were preparing congratulations in the fullest civic trepidation for the conqueror; the cathedral, with all its marble saints, was fluttering with flags and banners, and St Carlos of Baromeo lifted a tricolor standard in his venerable right hand of bronze. Every pane in every window in Milan had its lamp, and in the blaze of fireworks, the shout of the populace, the braying of trumpets, the roar of artillery, and the terror of innumerable hearts, the Conqueror himself, at the head of a staff of renowned names, was riding through the streets of the famous capital of Lombardy.

This triumph decided the Austrian plan of operations. To fall upon the rash invader, to concentrate the whole Austrian force scattered between Piedmont and the Adige, to crush the enemy, and rescue the Milanese, were the romantic thoughts that entered the ancient brains of the Austrian general-in-chief. An aide-de-camp sent express after the Hungarians stripped the Viceroy of his escort, and to the great joy of the corps, who were indignant at being turned into a baggage-guard, ordered them to join the main army in front of Alessandria.

"You shall now see," said the Colonel, as he rode by Carara, "what you will think possible in no other service since the flood. You will see, in the first place, a fine army commanded by an old fool of eighty, who is much fitter for his bed than for a field of battle. In the next, you will see that old fool controlled by a Council still more foolish than himself; and, in the third, you will see a Cabinet more foolish than either, first blundering into war, then blundering out of it; beaten into a peace that no defeat could justify, and, of course, inviting the very war for which it has disabled itself. And all this in the presence of a young general, in whom genius supplies the place of experience, in a contest with a young government, in which ferocity is the pledge of success, and in defiance of a nation of thirty millions of madmen, mad with the determination to kill or be killed, to conquer or be conquered, to hold the sword to the throat of every kingdom of Europe, or plunge it in their own."

The sight of the Austrian lines was superb, and Carara, with the instinct of the warrior, or the warrior's horse, often the wiser animal of the two, felt his blood glow at the sound of the trumpets, the flashing of steel, and the general brilliant display of the field. The sun at last rose on the memorable plain of Marengo. The details of this great battle are for history. The Hungarian Guards were drawn up with the division that moved under the gallant Gloritz, round Ceriolo, to outflank the enemy's right. The march continued two full hours, while the infantry on both sides were engaged, with dread-

ful havoc. But the firing evidently advanced; the heights on the route of the cavalry showed the enemy retreating along the whole extent of their line; and the heavy columns of the Austrians came on, trampling down all obstacles. At length the leading squadrons of the Guard, turning the village of Ceriolo, came within view of the battle. It was all confusion; the enemy were maintaining a desultory fire from the cottages and garden walls of Marengo. The Austrians were still pressing on, when a column of the enemy's horse charged down upon the advancing infantry. The cavalry were already within a hundred yards of the line, which they must have trampled like dust, when Gloritz gave the word to fall on.

"Forward, gentlemen of Hungary, charge!" was the simple exclamation of their Colonel. All the oratory of man could not have been more effectual. At the word, they gave the spur, and dashed on. They fell on the opposing cavalry like a thunderbolt, the weight of their powerful horses overturned the enemy's feeble chargers, and the sword in the hands of the athletic and highly disciplined riders, soon stripped every saddle. The sudden uncovering of the French flank now gave another opportunity for the services of this fine corps. The division of Lannes, the conqueror of Montebello, opened a fire from all its guns, followed by a hail of musketry. The Colonel was in the act of giving the word to charge the enemy, who were retreating by echellons, and whom it was of the highest importance to crush before they could take shelter under the guns of the village. But as he raised his sabre, a shot from a tirailleur struck his arm, and he fell on the neck of his horse. The bone was broken. "My campaigning is over for the day," said he feebly to Carara. "Give the word for me—charge." The Italian gave it with a spirit-stirring energy, that was answered by a shout from the whole column. They rushed forward. The shock was again irresistible, the leading regiments of the enemy's division were broken into a thousand fragments, and Carara led his squadron up to the muzzles of the French batteries.



The battle had now continued to rage until the sun was declining over the plain. The charge of the cavalry had cleared the field of the French right, and Carara galloped back to find the spot where he had left his friend. A field waggon was found, in which he was placed and carried to the camp. But as the Count shook his hand at parting, a new roar of artillery opened from the French position, fresh columns, which seemed to have been summoned by magic, poured out from the vineyards in the rear; a charge of cavalry again endangered the Austrian advance, and the battle was evidently to be fought over again. "Another charge, and we cut up the leading brigade," exclaimed Carara, to the officer who now rode up from the general's staff to take the command of the corps. "I must wait for orders," said the officer, who was an aide-de-camp of Melas, and inspired with the lethargy of his chief. In another moment it was too late. The whole body of the French horse, thus unchecked, had fallen upon the Austrian line before it had time to throw itself into squares. The battalions, exhausted by long fighting, were broken by the impulse; they gave way, and the entire French line advancing, with drums beating, pushed their late conquerors across the plain. "Let us try but one charge more," expostulated Carara with his new leader. "We may check the enemy, and at least cover the troops; they may rally yet." He fixed his impatient eyes on the immovable aide-de-camp. "Bring me the orders, sir," was the solemn answer. "From whom?" burst out Carara—"from whom? from the enemy, or the devil?" exclaimed the gallant mutineer.

"From both, if you please," was the saturnine reply; "in the meantime, I order you under arrest."

Carara's indignation mastered him; he saw all going to ruin. A mighty battle lost, perhaps an empire broken down, by the formal stupidity of a slave of office. He turned round to the regiment, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, since the General sends us nothing but poltroons; let every brave man follow me." The regiment answered their favourite officer with an animating shout, and again rushed forward. Nothing could withstand

this desperate charge. The leading brigade was cut through in all directions, and the column totally paralyzed. In the universal rout, Carara galloped into the spot where the eagle-bearer was retreating, protected by a confused crowd of lancers and infantry. The Count was for the moment alone, he gave his charger the spur, and, with a bound, was in the centre of the throng. The conflict was keen, but short. A sabre blow on the arm that held the standard, sheared off arm and standard together. Another cut his way through the confused mass of pikes and bayonets that pushed at him in all quarters, and with a lance-wound in his side, and a bullet in his shoulder, both equally unfelt for the time, he darted, eagle in hand, out of the *melée*, and rejoined his regiment, who received him with shouts of admiration.

But all was too late. From the eminence which the cavalry had reached in this victorious charge, the whole Austrian infantry was seen in full retreat. The French masses were again covering the plain, and the long lines of smoke continually advancing towards the camp of Melas, shewed both that the enemy was in overwhelming force, and that the General had given up the day.

Night was falling, but the cannon still roared far to the west, and the flashing of the infantry fire became rapidly visible as the dusk thickened. It was evident that the field was lost, and the Hungarian Guard, now left almost alone, looked round for the tardy commandant, who was so fond of waiting for orders. He was nowhere to be found. His orders had not called him to join in beating the French brigade, and he had left the regiment to transact that matter for themselves, and galloped back to the camp. The only thing now to be done was to reach the camp, and endeavour to cover the retreat. As they moved off, Carara's horse startled at something under his feet; it was a headless body in the uniform of the Austrian staff. The tardy aide-de-camp had better have taken his chance even in the charge. A twelve-pound shot from one of the French heavy guns, had rolled across his gallop, and carried his head to the foot of the next tree,

where the head and the ball now lay quietly together.

As the regiment advanced, the signs of defeat grew more frequent and fatal. Horse, foot, and artillery, crossed each other's way. Baggage-waggons were overthrown, troops plundering, guns lying on the ground with their traces cut, and their horses floundering to get loose, or running wild about the field. The wounded were lying by hundreds, scattered over the ground, crying vainly to be carried off. Generals, that seemed to have lost their senses; Staff as senseless as their Generals; Colonels looking for their regiments, and regiments shouting out for their Colonels, were hurrying in all directions;—fury, folly, execration, frenzy, misery—all were let loose; and, in the mean time, the whole mass of 50,000 men were insensibly pushed to the edge of the Bormida. The confusion thickened. There had been no lines of retreat originally pointed out in the General's plan, for he had looked on the victory as certain. The Bormida was a deep and rapid stream, impassable on foot or horseback, and with but one crazy bridge, that would have broken down with the first baggage-wagon. The army was inevitably ruined. The report was, that the General-in-chief was either drunk, or asleep, or dead. General Zach, the second in command, had been seen to fall into the hands of the French dragoons. Elsnitz, the most gallant officer of the army, and whose conduct of the cavalry had entitled him to the highest praise, had lost an arm by a cannon-shot, and been carried off the field two hours before. All was confusion beyond remedy.

But even in the routed army there were brave spirits still, and a few regiments of hussars, encouraged by the gallant discipline of the Hungarians, still covered the confusion from the immediate sight of the enemy.

It was now dark, and the retreat was still pushed by the French, evidently with the design of throwing the whole Austrian army into the Bormida. By the flash of one of the batteries, which had just commenced its fire on the retreating cavalry, Carara saw the countenance of a man

struggling his way towards him through the crowd. With a mixture of grief and gladness he recognised his friend, the Colonel, who on hearing the tumult approach the camp, had torn himself out of the surgeon's hands, mounted, and come to share the fate of his regiment. There was no time for further explanation; for a rush of the whole French cavalry upon the broken battalions, drove them like one vast surge to the brink, and another rush drove them in. Carara felt himself helplessly whirled along in this living earthquake, and the Colonel had only a moment to grasp his friend's bridle, and lead him along with him, when they were both plunged in the centre of the Bormida.

The torrent was covered with men, screaming, plunging, struggling for life, stabbing each other and drowning. By what fortune Carara escaped from this scene of horror, he could not tell. But he at last found himself sitting steady, on the opposite shore, with the colonel by his side. "You have saved my life, Colonel," said he, "but to what purpose? It was my wish to have died in that field, or in that stream, but your friendship was too active."—"I feel that I am dying, Count Carara," said the Colonel, "it was I who disentangled you from your charger and drew you upon the bank. No acknowledgments," said he, with a melancholy wave of his hand, "I am more than rewarded. If I have a consolation at this hour, it is that I can disburden my mind of the load of wretchedness that has bowed me for years. Look upon me, Count! Have you no recollection of these features in earlier life?" Carara looked in vain. "Have you no remembrance then of the name of Count Alexander Torriano?" His hearer started. He had known him for one of the most distinguished of his rivals, and one with whom he had even disputed the Lady Julia's hand at the point of the sword. "You knew so much then," said the Colonel, with a faint smile, "but you do not know all. I am no Hungarian. I loved the incomparable woman who is now your wife. You risked your life for her, and you deserved her; but the curse of Italy was upon me, and I swore revenge. I could not in honour call to the field



again a man who had given me my life. But my fiendish revenge must be fed. Do you remember the night when you were attacked coming from the fete in Pavia? The dagger that broke in your side? That dagger was mine!" Carara half sprang from the ground, but the deep dejection of the countenance that now looked on him, disarmed all resentment.

"You may well scorn the baseness of the act," said the dying man; "but no scorn of yours could equal my own. The moment I gave the blow, I would have given worlds to retract it. I was frantic when I struck it. I was still more frantic when I saw you fall. I cursed myself in my agony. I would have plunged the weapon into my own heart; but I then thought that I had left it in yours. I was overwhelmed with so bitter a sense of the baseness of my crime, that I must have proclaimed my infamy to justice, but for the loss of my senses. I became a lunatic. My family, for the double purpose of my recovery; and absence from scenes where every hour threatened insanity again, sent me into Hungary, where a noble branch of our house had been long settled. I entered the Imperial service, and in that service I was unhappily compelled, in the course of a diplomatic mission, to visit Italy once more. My revenge flamed again. It was a canker in my heart; a devil that possessed me night and day. I determined on your destruction. To prevent any compunctious change of mind, I pledged myself by a vow at the altar, strange mockery! to accomplish your destruction. But not by the pistol or the dagger. Not by my own hand. I had too fierce a consciousness of the agony of my first attempt, the scorpion-sting of self-reproach was too venomous still for me to hazard a new torture. I salved my conscience by determining to make you the instrument of your own ruin. You remember our studies in chemistry?"

Carara assented. He "even remembered them with extraordinary admiration for the various talent of his teacher."

"The time for compliment is past," said his friend. "I found you a quick scholar; but all my science

was for the purpose of tempting you into studies that must bring you under the eye of our jealous government. I succeeded. But the government foiled me, and I found that a temporary surveillance would be your highest infliction. I desired more. I prompted you to seek the Emperor at a season, and by a route, which, to your habits, rendered death almost inevitable. Careless of my life, if I could extinguish yours, I led you into the very region of the avalanches. We both escaped by miracle; and I found that my work was to be begun once more. I set to it subtly. I involved you in the obligations of a service, which abounded in all the chances of ruin to a man of spirit and fashion, of susceptibility and genius. The hazard table or the sword, the dissipations of a prodigal regiment, and the vices of a profligate city, the dagger of the bravo, or the risks of the field, all lay in wait for the man, whom I honoured, esteemed, and even loved, but whose death I had sworn by all the solemn vows that could pledge the resolution of a human being."

His voice sank at the words; a tear broke down his cheek, and he fell into Carara's arms. "I have but a few words more to say," said he, recovering, "and I feel it something like a sign of Heaven's mercy, that I am permitted thus to atone by my shame for my crime. Angry at your continued escape, yet delighted at your continued advance in honour; outrageous with myself for my designs against your life, but still desperately bound by my vow; I entered the field this day with the determination that neither of us should survive. But it was to be otherwise. The sabre was already raised in my hand to strike the blow, when the Frenchman's bullet struck me. Thank Heaven for my fall." Carara's countenance shewed the astonished feeling with which he listened to this recital on the part of his fellow soldier. "I cannot die without your forgiveness, Count," said the Colonel, weakly, endeavouring to clasp his hand, "I know, and abhor the whole treachery of the deed. But I was born an Italian—I was reared, as we all are, in the midst of treachery. Revenge was inculcated into my frame from my first hour, as it is into us all. The

night which we passed together in your palace, desolated as it was, in the presence of your admirable wife, who did not know the changed features of the man whom she had scorned; even that night was a new fount of fire in my soul—it roused the undying worm again in me—it shed deadly poison in every vein; but all is at an end. And now let me do one last act of justice to myself. While I lay in the agony of a wound this day, which I knew to be mortal, I heard that the regiment were retiring, and that all was lost. My revenge was gone. A brighter spirit had dawned upon my mind, even on that bed. I rose, against all remonstrance, with a determination to expend the last wreck of a worthless and unhappy life in rescuing yours. I forced my feeble way through the route with that sole purpose. I found you in a spot which must have been your grave. At the moment when the French battery were preparing to throw in a fire which must have torn every man within range to pieces, I turned your horse's head into the stream. There was but the choice of hazards, and, thank Heaven, I chose

fortunately for my gallant and generous friend." His voice faded away into a whisper as he spoke; he attempted a few inarticulate words more, and lay clasping Carara's hand. The roar of the French guns, as they drove the last remnant of the unfortunate army over the bridge of the Bormida, were the requiem to the warrior. Carara caught his last breath, and bore him in his arms to the little church, which stood like an asylum of peace in the midst of the turbulence and horrors of war. The solitary priest who remained, laid him in an honourable grave.

The French victory instantly changed the face of affairs in the north of Italy. Bonaparte, eager to conciliate all parties, and fond of popularity among his countrymen, commanded that all the injuries done by the preceding government should cease, all the losses be compensated, and all the exiles restored. Padua came under the general change, and the Count Carara saw himself once more a proud husband, a happy father, and the lord of an inheritance worthy of his trials and his name.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CC.

OCTOBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

PART II.

THE CÆSARS.

PART I.

THE condition of the Roman Emperors has never yet been fully appreciated; nor has it been sufficiently perceived in what respects it was absolutely unique. There was but one Rome: no other city, as we are satisfied by the collation of many facts, either of ancient or modern times, has ever rivalled this astonishing metropolis in the grandeur of magnitude; and not many—if we except the cities of Greece, none at all—in the grandeur of architectural display. Speaking even of London, we ought in all reason to say—the *Nation of London*, and not the City of London; but of Rome in her palmy days, nothing less could be said in the naked severity of logic. A million and a half of souls—that population, apart from any other distinctions, is *per se* for London a justifying ground for such a classification; *à fortiori*, then, will it belong to a city which counted from one horn to the other of its mighty suburbs not less than four millions of inhabitants\* at the very least, as we resolutely maintain after reviewing all that has been written on that much vexed theme,

and very probably half as many more. Republican Rome had her *prerogative* tribe; the earth has its *prerogative* city; and that city was Rome.

As was the city, such was its prince—mysterious, solitary, unique. Each was to the other an adequate counterpart, each reciprocally that perfect mirror which reflected, as it were in *alia materia*, those incommunicable attributes of grandeur, that under the same shape and denomination never upon this earth were destined to be revived. Rome has not been repeated; neither has Cæsar. *Ubi Cæsar, ibi Roma*—was a maxim of Roman jurisprudence. And the same maxim may be translated into a wider meaning; in which it becomes true also for our historical experience. Cæsar and Rome have flourished and expired together. The illimitable attributes of the Roman prince, boundless and comprehensive as the universal air,—like that also bright and apprehensible to the most vagrant eye, yet in parts (and those not far removed) unfathomable as outer darkness, (for

\* Concerning this question—once so fervidly debated, yet so unprofitably for the final adjudication, and in some respects we may add so erroneously,—on a future occasion.

no chamber in a dungeon could shroud in more impenetrable concealment a deed of murder than the upper chambers of the air,)—these attributes, so impressive to the imagination, and which all the subtlety of the Roman\* wit could as little fathom as the fleets of Cæsar could traverse the Polar basin, or unlock the gates of the Pacific, are best symbolized, and find their most appropriate exponent, in the illimitable city itself—that Rome, whose centre, the Capitol, was immovable as Tene-riffe or Atlas, but whose circumference was shadowy—uncertain—restless, and advancing as the frontiers of her all-conquering empire. It is false to say that with Cæsar came the destruction of Roman greatness. Peace, hollow rhetoricians! Until Cæsar came, Rome was a minor; by him, she attained her majority, and fulfilled her destiny. Caius Julius, you say, deflowered the virgin purity of her civil liberties. Doubtless, then, Rome had risen immaculate from the arms of Sylla and of Marius. But, if it were Caius Julius who deflowered Rome, if under him she forfeited her dowry of civic purity, if to him she first unloosed her maiden zone, then be it affirmed boldly—that she reserved her greatest favours for the noblest of her wooers, and we may plead the justification of Falconbridge for his mother's transgression with the lion-hearted king—such a sin was self-enobled. Did Julius deflower Rome? Then, by that consummation, he caused her to fulfil the functions of her nature; he compelled her to exchange the imperfect and inchoate condition of a mere *fœmina* for the perfections of a *mulier*. And, metaphor apart, we maintain that Rome lost no liberties by the mighty Julius. That which in tendency, and by the spirit of her institutions—that which, by her very corruptions and abuses co-operating with her laws, Rome promised and involved in the

germ—even that, and nothing less or different, did Rome unfold and accomplish under this Julian violence. The rape [if such it were] of Cæsar, her final Romulus, completed for Rome that which the rape under Romulus, her earliest Cæsar, had prosperously begun. And thus by one godlike man was a nation-city matured; and from the everlasting and nameless† city was a man produced—capable of taming her indomitable nature, and of forcing her to immolate her wild virginity to the state best fitted for the destined “mother of empires.” Peace, then, rhetoricians, false threnodists of false liberty! hollow chanterers over the ashes of a hollow republic! Without Cæsar, we affirm a thousand times that there would have been no perfect Rome; and, but for Rome, there could have been no such man as Cæsar.

Both then were immortal; each worthy of each. And the *Cui viget nihil simile aut secundum* of the poet, was as true of one as of the other. For, if by comparison with Rome other cities were but villages, with even more propriety it may be asserted, that after the Roman Cæsars all modern kings, kesars, or emperors, are mere phantoms of royalty. The Cæsar of Western Rome—He only of all earthly potentates, past or to come, could be said to reign as a *monarch*, that is, as a solitary king. He was not the greatest of princes, simply because there was no other but himself. There were doubtless a few outlying rulers, of unknown names and titles upon the margins of his empire, there were tributary lieutenants and barbarous *reguli*, the obscure vassals of his sceptre, whose homage was offered on the lowest step of his throne, and scarcely known to him but as objects of disdain. But these feudatories could no more break the unity of his empire, which embraced the whole *οικουμένη*—the total habitable world as then known to

\* Or even of modern wit; witness the vain attempt of so many eminent *жети*, and illustrious *Antecessors*, to explain in self-consistency the differing functions of the Roman Cæsar, and in what sense he was *legibus solutus*. The origin of this difficulty we shall soon understand.

† Nameless city. The true name of Rome it was a point of religion to conceal; and in fact it was never revealed.



geography, or recognised by the muse of History—than at this day the British empire on the sea can be brought into question or made conditional, because some chief of Owhyhee or Tongataboo should proclaim a momentary independence of the British trident, or should even offer a transient outrage to her sovereign flag. Such a *tempestas in matulâ* might raise a brief uproar in his little native archipelago, but too feeble to reach the shores of Europe by an echo—or to ascend by so much as an infantine *susurrus* to the ears of the British Neptune. Parthia, it is true, might pretend to the dignity of an empire. But her sovereigns, though sitting in the seat of the great king, (*ὁ βασιλεύς*,) were no longer the rulers of a vast and polished nation. They were regarded as barbarians—potent only by their standing army, not upon the larger basis of civic strength; and, even under this limitation, they were supposed to owe more to the circumstances of their position—their climate, their remoteness, and their inaccessibility except through arid and sultry deserts—than to intrinsic resources, such as could be permanently relied on in a serious trial of strength between the two powers. The kings of Parthia, therefore, were far enough from being regarded in the light of antagonist forces to the majesty of Rome. And, these withdrawn from the comparison, who else was there—what prince, what king, what potentate of any denomination, to break the universal calm, that through centuries continued to lave, as with the quiet undulations of summer lakes, the sacred footsteps of the Cæsarean throne? The Byzantine court, which, merely as the inheritor of some fragments from that august throne, was drunk with excess of pride, surrounded itself with elaborate expressions of a grandeur beyond what mortal eyes were supposed able to sustain.

These fastidious, and sometimes fantastic ceremonies, originally devised as the very extremities of anti-barbarism, were often themselves but too nearly allied in spirit to the Barbaresque in taste. In reality, some parts of the Byzantine court ritual were arranged in the same

spirit as that of China or the Birman Empire; or fashioned by anticipation, as one might think, on the practice of that Oriental Cham, who daily proclaims by sound of trumpet to the kings in the four corners of the earth—that they, having dutifully awaited the close of *his* dinner, may now with his royal license go to their own.

From such vestiges of *derivative* grandeur, propagated to ages so remote from itself, and sustained by manners so different from the spirit of her own,—we may faintly measure the strength of the original impulse given to the feelings of men by the *sacred* majesty of the Roman throne. How potent must that splendour have been, whose mere reflection shot rays upon a distant crown, under another heaven, and across the wilderness of fourteen centuries! Splendour, thus transmitted, thus sustained, and thus imperishable, argues a transcendent in the basis of radical power. Broad and deep must those foundations have been laid, which could support an “arch of empire” rising to that giddy altitude—an altitude which sufficed to bring it within the ken of posterity to the sixtieth generation.

Power is measured by resistance. Upon such a scale, if it were applied with skill, the *relations* of greatness in Rome to the greatest of all that has gone before her, and has yet come after her, would first be adequately revealed. The youngest reader will know that the grandest forms in which the *collective* might of the human race has manifested itself, are the four monarchies. Four times have the distributive forces of nations gathered themselves, under the strong compression of the sword, into mighty aggregates—denominated *Universal Empires*, or Monarchies. These are noticed in the Holy Scriptures; and it is upon *their* warrant that men have supposed no fifth monarchy or universal empire possible in an earthly sense; but that, whenever such an empire arises, it will have Christ for its head; in other words, that no fifth *monarchia* can take place until Christianity shall have swallowed up all other forms of religion, and shall have gathered the whole family of man into

one fold under one all-conquering Shepherd. Hence \* the fanatics of 1650, who proclaimed Jesus for their king, and who did sincerely anticipate his near advent in great power, and under some personal manifestation, were usually styled *Fifth-Monarchists*.

However, waving the question (interesting enough in itself)—Whether upon earthly principles a fifth universal empire could by possibility arise in the present condition of knowledge for man individually, and of organization for man in general—this question waved, and confining ourselves to the comparison of those four monarchies which actually have existed,—of the Assyrian or earliest, we may remark, that it found men in no state of cohesion. This cause, which came in aid of its first foundation, would probably continue; and would diminish the *intensity* of the power in the same proportion as it promoted its *extension*. This monarchy would be absolute only by the personal presence of the monarch; elsewhere, from mere defect of organization, it would and must betray the total imperfections of an elementary state, and of a first experiment. More by the weakness inherent in such a constitution, than by its own strength, did the Persian spear prevail against the Assyrian. Two centuries revolved, seven or eight generations, when Alexander found himself in the same position as Cyrus for building a third monarchy, and aided by the selfsame vices of luxurious effeminacy in his enemy, confronted with the selfsame virtues of enterprise and hardihood in his compatriot soldiers. The native Persians, in the earliest and very limited import of that name, were a poor and hardy race of mountaineers. So were the men of Macedon; and neither one tribe nor the other found any adequate resistance in the luxurious occupants of Babylonia. We may add, with respect to these two earliest monarchies, that the Assyrian was undefined with regard to

space, and the Persian fugitive with regard to time. But for the third—the Grecian or Macedonian—we know that the arts of civility, and of civil organization, had made great progress before the Roman strength was measured against it. In Macedon, in Achaia, in Syria, in Asia Minor, in Egypt,—every where the members of this empire had begun to knit; the cohesion was far closer, the developement of their resources more complete; the resistance therefore by many hundred degrees more formidable: consequently, by the fairest inference, the power in that proportion greater which laid the foundations of this last great monarchy. It is probable, indeed, both *a priori*, and upon the evidence of various facts which have survived, that each of the four great empires successively triumphed over an antagonist barbarous in comparison of itself, and each *by* and through that very superiority in the arts and policy of civilisation.

Rome, therefore, which came last in the succession, and swallowed up the three great powers that had *seriatim* cast the human race into one mould, and had brought them under the unity of a single will, entered by inheritance upon all that its predecessors in that career had appropriated, but in a condition of far ampler developement. Estimated merely by longitude and latitude, the territory of the Roman Empire was the finest by much that has ever fallen under a single sceptre. Amongst modern empires, doubtless, the Spanish of the 16th century, and the British of the present, cannot but be admired as prodigious growths out of so small a stem. In that view they will be endless monuments in attestation of the marvels which are lodged in civilisation. But considered in and for itself, and with no reference to the proportion of the creating forces, each of these empires has the great defect of being disjointed, and even insusceptible of perfect union. It is in fact no *vincu-*

---

\* This we mention, because a great error has been sometimes committed in exposing *their* error, that consisted—not in supposing that for a fifth time men were to be gathered under one sceptre, and that sceptre wielded by Jesus Christ—but in supposing that this great era had then arrived, or that with no deeper moral revolution men could be fitted for that yoke.



lum of social organization which held them together, but the ideal *vinculum* of a common fealty, and of submission to the same sceptre. This is not like the tie of manners, operative even where it is not perceived, but like the distinctions of geography—existing to-day, forgotten to-morrow—and abolished by a stroke of the pen, or a trick of diplomacy. Russia, again, a mighty empire, as respects the simple grandeur of magnitude, builds her power upon sterility. She has it in her power to seduce an invading foe into vast circles of starvation, of which the radii measure a thousand leagues. Frost and snow are confederates of her strength. She is strong by her very weakness. But Rome laid a belt about the Mediterranean of a thousand miles in breadth; and within that zone she comprehended not only all the great cities of the ancient world, but so perfectly did she lay the garden of the world in every climate, and for every mode of natural wealth, within her own ring-fence, that since that era no land, not part and parcel of the Roman Empire, has ever risen into strength and opulence, except where unusual artificial industry has availed to counteract the tendencies of nature. So entirely had Rome engrossed whatsoever was rich by

the mere bounty of native endowment.

Vast, therefore, unexampled, immeasurable, was the basis of natural power upon which the Roman throne reposed. The military force, which put Rome in possession of this inordinate power, was certainly in some respects artificial; but the power itself was natural, and not subject to the ebbs and flows which attend the commercial empires of our days, (for all are in part commercial.) The depression, the reverses, of Rome, were confined to one shape—famine; a terrific shape doubtless, but one which levies its penalty of suffering, not by elaborate processes that do not exhaust their total cycle in less than long periods of years. Fortunately for those who survive, no arrears of misery are allowed by this scourge of ancient days;\* the total penalty is paid down at once. As respected the hand of man, Rome slept for ages in absolute security. She could suffer only by the wrath of Providence; and, so long as she continued to be Rome, for many a generation she only of all the monarchies has feared no mortal hand:†

———“God and his Son except,  
Created thing nothing valued she nor  
shunned.”

---

\* *Of ancient days*—for it is remarkable, and it serves to mark an indubitable progress of mankind, that, before the Christian era, famines were of frequent occurrence in countries the most civilized; afterwards they became rare, and latterly have entirely altered their character into occasional dearths.

† Unless that hand were her own armed against herself; upon which topic there is a burst of noble eloquence in one of the ancient Panegyrici, when haranguing the Emperor Theodosius: “Thou, Rome! that having once suffered by the madness of Cinna, and of the cruel Marius raging from banishment, and of Sylla, that won his wreath of prosperity from thy disasters, and of Cæsar compassionate to the dead, didst shudder at every blast of the trumpet filled by the breath of civil commotion,—thou, that besides the wreck of thy soldiery perishing on either side, didst bewail, amongst thy spectacles of domestic woe, the luminaries of thy Senate extinguished, the heads of thy consuls fixed upon a halberd, weeping for ages over thy self-slaughtered Catos, thy headless Ciceros (*truncosque Cicerones*), and unburied Pompeys;—to whom the party madness of thy own children had wrought in every age heavier woe than the Carthaginian thundering at thy gates, or the Gaul admitted within thy walls; on whom Cæmæthia more fatal than the day of Allia, Collina more dismal than Cannæ, had inflicted such deep memorials of wounds, that from bitter experience of thy own valour, no enemy was to thee so formidable as thyself;—thou, Rome! didst now for the first time behold a civil war issuing in a hallowed prosperity, a soldiery appeased, recovered Italy, and for thyself liberty established. Now first in thy long annals thou didst rest from a civil war in such a peace that righteously, and with maternal tenderness, thou mightst claim for it the honours of a civic triumph.”

That the possessor and wielder of such enormous power—power alike admirable for its extent, for its intensity, and for its consecration from all counter-forces which could restrain it, or endanger it—should be regarded as sharing in the attributes of supernatural beings, is no more than might naturally be expected. All other known power in human hands has either been extensive, but wanting in intensity—or intense, but wanting in extent—or, thirdly, liable to permanent control and hazard from some antagonist power commensurate with itself. But the Roman power, in its centuries of grandeur, involved every mode of strength, with absolute immunity from all kinds and degrees of weakness. It ought not, therefore, to surprise us that the Emperor, as the depositary of this charmed power, should have been looked upon as a *sacred* person, and the Imperial family considered a ‘*divina domus*.’ It is an error to regard this as excess of adulation, or as built *originally* upon hypocrisy. Undoubtedly the expressions of this feeling are sometimes gross and overcharged, as we find them in the very greatest of the Roman poets: for example, it shocks us to find a fine writer in anticipating the future canonization of his patron, and his instalment amongst the heavenly hosts, begging him to keep his distance warily from this or that constellation, and to be cautious of throwing his weight into either hemisphere, until the scale of proportions were accurately adjusted. These doubtless are passages degrading alike to the poet and his subject. But why? Not because they ascribe to the Emperor a sanctity which he had not in the minds of men universally, or which even to the writer’s feeling was exaggerated, but because it was expressed coarsely, and as a *physical* power: now, every thing physical is measurable by weight, motion, and resistance; and is therefore definite. But the very essence of whatsoever is supernatural lies in the indefinite. That power, therefore, with which the minds of men invested the Emperor, was vulgarized by this coarse translation into the region of physics. Else it is evident, that any power which, by standing above all

human control, occupies the next relation to superhuman modes of authority, must be invested by all minds alike with some dim and undefined relation to the sanctities of the next world. Thus, for instance, the Pope, as the father of Catholic Christendom, could not *but* be viewed with awe by any Christian of deep feeling, as standing in some relation to the true and unseen Father of the spiritual body. Nay, considering that even false religions, as those of Pagan mythology, have probably never been utterly stripped of all vestige of truth, but that every such mode of error has perhaps been designed as a process, and adapted by Providence to the case of those who were capable of admitting no more perfect shape of truth—even the heads of such superstitions (the Dalai Lama, for instance) may not unreasonably be presumed as within the cognizance and special protection of Heaven. Much more may this be supposed of him to whose care was confided the weightier part of the human race; who had it in his power to promote or to suspend the progress of human improvement; and of whom, and the motions of whose will, the very prophets of Judea took cognizance. No nation, and no king, was utterly divorced from the councils of God. Palestine, as a central chamber of God’s administration, stood in some relation to all. It has been remarked, as a mysterious and significant fact, that the founders of the Great Empires all had some connexion, more or less, with the Temple of Jerusalem. Melancthon even observes it in his *Sketch of Universal History*, as worthy of notice—that Pompey died, as it were, within sight of that very Temple which he had polluted. Let us not suppose that Paganism, or Pagan nations, were therefore excluded from the concern and tender interest of Heaven. They also had their place allowed. And we may be sure that, amongst them, the Roman Emperor, as the great accountant for the happiness of more men, and men more cultivated, than ever before were intrusted to the motions of a single will, had a special—singular—and mysterious relation to the secret counsels of Heaven.



Even we, therefore, may lawfully attribute some sanctity to the Roman Emperor. That the Romans did so with absolute sincerity is certain. The altars of the Emperor had a twofold consecration; to violate them—was the double crime of treason and heresy. In his appearances of state and ceremony, the fire, the sacred fire, *ἱερόπνευε*—was carried in ceremonial solemnity before him; and every other circumstance of divine worship attended the Emperor in his lifetime.\*

To this view of the Imperial character and relations must be added one single circumstance, which in some measure altered the whole for the individual who happened to fill the office. The Emperor *de facto* might be viewed under two aspects: there was the man, and there was the office. In his office he was immortal and sacred: but as a question might still be raised, by means of a mercenary army, as to the claims of the particular individual who at any time filled the office, the very sanctity and privilege of the character with which he was clothed might actually be turned against himself; and here it is, at this point, that the character of Roman Emperor became truly and mysteriously awful. Gibbon has taken notice of the extraordinary situation of a subject in the Roman Empire who should attempt to fly from the wrath of the crown. Such was the ubiquity of the Emperor that this was absolutely hopeless. Except amongst pathless deserts or barbarous nomads, it was impossible to find even a transient sanctuary from the Imperial pursuit. If he went down to the sea, there he met the Emperor: if he took the wings of the morning, and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, there also was the Emperor or his lieutenants. But the same omnipresence of Imperial anger and retribution which withered the hopes of the poor humble prisoner, met and confounded the Emperor himself, when hurled from his giddy elevation by some fortunate rival. All the kingdoms of the earth, to one in

that situation, became but so many wards of the same infinite prison. Flight, if it were even successful for the moment, did but a little retard his inevitable doom. And so evident was this, that hardly in one instance did the fallen prince *attempt* to fly; but passively met the death which was inevitable, in the very spot where ruin had overtaken him. Neither was it possible even for a merciful conqueror to shew mercy; for, in the presence of an army so mercenary and factious, his own safety was but too deeply involved in the extermination of rival pretenders to the crown.

Such, amidst the sacred security and inviolability of the office, was the hazardous tenure of the individual. Nor did his dangers always arise from persons in the rank of competitors and rivals. Sometimes it menaced him in quarters which his eye had never penetrated, and from enemies too obscure to have reached his ear. By way of illustration we will cite a case from the life of the Emperor Commodus, which is wild enough to have furnished the plot of a romance—though as well authenticated as any other passage in that reign. The story is narrated by Herodian, and the circumstances are these:—A slave of noble qualities, and of magnificent person, having liberated himself from the degradations of bondage, determined to avenge his own wrongs by inflicting continual terror upon the town and neighbourhood which had witnessed his humiliation. For this purpose he resorted to the woody recesses of the province (somewhere in the modern Transylvania), and attracting to his wild encampment as many fugitives as he could, by degrees he succeeded in forming and training a very formidable troop of freebooters. Partly from the energy of his own nature, and partly from the neglect and remissness of the provincial magistrates, the robber captain rose from less to more, until he had formed a little army equal to the task of assaulting fortified cities. In this stage of his adventures he en-

\* The fact is, that the Emperor was more of a sacred and divine creature in his lifetime than after his death. His consecrated character as a living ruler was a truth; his canonization a fiction of tenderness to his memory.

countered and defeated several of the Imperial officers commanding large detachments of troops; and at length grew of consequence sufficient to draw upon himself the Emperor's eye, and the honour of his personal displeasure. In high wrath and disdain at the insults offered to his eagles by this fugitive slave, Commodus fulminated against him such an edict as left him no hope of much longer escaping with impunity.

Public vengeance was now awakened; the Imperial troops were marching from every quarter upon the same centre; and the slave became sensible that in a very short space of time he must be surrounded and destroyed. In this desperate situation he took a desperate resolution: he assembled his troops, laid before them his plan, concerted the various steps for carrying it into effect, and then dismissed them as independent wanderers. So ends the first chapter of the tale.

The next opens in the passes of the Alps, whither by various routes, of seven or eight hundred miles in extent, these men had threaded their way in manifold disguises through the very midst of the Emperor's camps. According to this man's gigantic enterprise, in which the means were as audacious as the purpose, the conspirators were to rendezvous, and first to recognise each other at the gates of Rome. From the Danube to the Tiber did this band of robbers severally pursue their perilous routes through all the difficulties of the road and the jealousies of the military stations, sustained by the mere thirst of vengeance—vengeance against that mighty foe whom they knew only by his proclamations against themselves. Every thing continued to prosper; the conspirators met under the walls of Rome; the final details were arranged; and those also would have prospered but for a trifling accident. The season was one of general carnival at Rome; and, by the help of those disguises which the license of this festal time allowed, the murderers were to have penetrated as masquers to the Emperor's retirement, when a casual word or two awoke the suspicions of a sentinel. One of the conspirators was arrested; under the terror and uncertainty

of the moment, he made much ample discoveries than were expected of him; the other accomplices were secured: and Commodus was delivered from the uplifted daggers of those who had sought him by months of patient wanderings, pursued through all the depths of the Illyrian forests, and the difficulties of the Alpine passes. It is not easy to find words commensurate to the energetic hardihood of a slave—who, by way of answer and reprisal to an edict which consigned him to persecution and death, determines to cross Europe in quest of its author, though no less a person than the master of the world—to seek him out in the inner recesses of his capital city and his private palace—and there to lodge a dagger in his heart, as the adequate reply to the Imperial sentence of proscription against himself.

Such, amidst his superhuman grandeur and consecrated powers of the Roman Emperor's office, were the extraordinary perils which menaced the individual, and the peculiar frailties of his condition. Nor is it possible that these circumstances of violent opposition can be better illustrated than in this tale of Herodian. Whilst the Emperor's mighty arms were stretched out to arrest some potentate in the heart of Asia, a poor slave is silently and stealthily creeping round the base of the Alps, with the purpose of winning his way as a murderer to the Imperial bed-chamber; Cæsar is watching some mighty rebel of the Orient, at a distance of two thousand leagues, and he overlooks the dagger which is at his own heart. In short, all the heights and the depths which belong to man as aspirers, all the contrasts of glory and meanness, the extremities of what is his highest and lowest in human possibility,—all met in the situation of the Roman Cæsars, and have combined to make them the most interesting studies which history has furnished.

This, as a general proposition, will be readily admitted. But meantime it is remarkable that no field has been less trodden than the private memoirs of those very Cæsars; whilst at the same time it is equally remarkable, in concurrence with that subject for wonder, that precisely with the first of the Cæsars commences the



first page of what in modern times we understand by Anecdotes. Suetonius is the earliest writer in that department of biography; so far as we know, he may be held first to have devised it as a mode of history. The six writers, whose sketches are collected under the general title of the *Augustan History*, followed in the same track. Though full of entertainment, and of the most curious researches, they are all of them entirely unknown, except to a few elaborate scholars. We purpose to collect from these obscure, but most interesting memorialists, a few sketches and biographical portraits of these great princes, whose public life is

sometimes known, but very rarely any part of their private and personal history. We must of course commence with the mighty founder of the Cæsars. In his case we cannot expect so much of absolute novelty as in that of those who succeed. But if, in this first instance, we are forced to touch a little upon old things, we shall confine ourselves as much as possible to those which are susceptible of new aspects. For the whole gallery of those who follow, we can undertake that the memoirs which we shall bring forward, may be looked upon as belonging pretty much to what has hitherto been a sealed book.

#### THE FIRST CÆSAR.

THE character of the first Cæsar has perhaps never been worse appreciated than by him who in one sense described it best—that is, with most force and eloquence wherever he really *did* comprehend it. This was Lucan, who has nowhere exhibited more brilliant rhetoric, nor wandered more from the truth, than in the contrasted portraits of Cæsar and Pompey. The famous line—“*Nil octum reputans si quid superesset agendum*”—is a fine feature of the real character, finely expressed. But if it had been Lucan’s purpose (as possibly, with a view to Pompey’s benefit, in some respects it was) utterly and extravagantly to falsify the character of the great Dictator, by no single trait could he more effectually have fulfilled that purpose, nor in fewer words, than by this expressive passage—“*Gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ*.” Such a trait would be almost extravagant applied even to Marius, who (though in many respects a perfect model of Roman grandeur, massy, columnar, imperturbable, and more perhaps than any one man recorded in history capable of justifying the bold illustration of that character in Horace—“*Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ*”) had, however, a ferocity in his character, and a touch of the devil in him, very rarely united with the same tranquil intrepidity. But for Cæsar, the all-accomplished statesman, the splendid orator, the man of elegant habits and polished taste, the patron of the fine arts in a degree

transcending all example of his own or the previous age, and as a man of general literature so much beyond his contemporaries, except Cicero, that he looked down even upon the brilliant Sylla as an illiterate person,—to class such a man with the race of furious destroyers exulting in the desolations they spread, is to err not by an individual trait, but by the whole genus. The Attilas and the Tamerlanes, who rejoice in avowing themselves the scourges of God, and the special instruments of his wrath, have no one feature of affinity to the polished and humane Cæsar, and would as little have comprehended his character, as he could have respected theirs. Even Cato, the unworthy hero of Lucan, might have suggested to him a little more truth in this instance, by a celebrated remark which he made on the characteristic distinction of Cæsar, in comparison with other revolutionary disturbers; for, whereas others had attempted the overthrow of the state in a continued paroxysm of fury, and in a state of mind resembling the lunacy of intoxication, that Cæsar, on the contrary, among that whole class of civil disturbers, was the only one who had come to the task in a temper of sobriety and moderation, (*unum accessisse sobrium ad rempublicam delendam*.)

In reality, Lucan did not think as he wrote. He had a purpose to serve; and, in an age when to act like a free-man was no longer possible, he determined at least to write in that cha-

racter. It is probable also, that he wrote with a vindictive or a malicious feeling towards Nero; and, as the single means he had for gratifying *that*, resolved upon sacrificing the grandeur of Cæsar's character wherever it should be found possible. Meantime, in spite of himself, Lucan for ever betrays his lurking consciousness of the truth. Nor are there any testimonies to Cæsar's vast superiority more memorably pointed than those which are indirectly and involuntarily extorted from this Catonic poet by the course of his narration. Never, for example, was there within the same compass of words, a more emphatic expression of Cæsar's essential and inseparable grandeur of thought, which could not be disguised or be laid aside for an instant, than is found in the three casual words—*Indocilis privata loqui*. The very mould, it seems, by Lucan's confession, of his trivial conversation was regal; nor could he, even to serve a purpose, abjure it for so much as a casual purpose. The acts of Cæsar speak also the same language; and as these are less susceptible of a false colouring than the features of a general character, we find this poet of liberty, in the midst of one continuous effort to distort the truth, and to dress up two scenical heroes, forced by the mere necessities of history into a reluctant homage to Cæsar's supremacy of moral grandeur.

Of so great a man it must be interesting to know all the well-attested opinions which bear upon topics of universal interest to human nature; as indeed no others stood much chance of preservation, unless it were from as minute and curious a collector of *anecdote* as Suetonius. And, first, it would be gratifying to know the opinion of Cæsar, if he had any peculiar to himself, on the great theme of Religion. It has been held, indeed, that the constitution of his mind, and the general cast of his character, indisposed him to religious thoughts. Nay, it has been common to class him amongst deliberate atheists; and some well-known anecdotes are current in books, which illustrate his contempt for the vulgar class of auguries. In this, however, he went no farther than Cicero, and other great contemporaries, who assuredly were

no atheists. One mark perhaps of the wide interval which, in Cæsar's age, had begun to separate the Roman nobility from the hungry and venal populace who were daily put up to sale, and bought by the highest bidder, manifested itself in the increasing disdain for the tastes and ruling sympathies of the lowest vulgar. No mob could be more abjectly servile than was that of Rome to the superstition of portents, prodigies, and omens. Thus far, in common with his order, and in this sense, Julius Cæsar was naturally a despiser of superstition. Mere strength of understanding would perhaps have made him so in any age, and apart from the circumstances of his personal history. This natural tendency in him would doubtless receive a further bias in the same direction from the office of Pontifex Maximus, which he held at an early stage of his public career. This office, by letting him too much behind the curtain, and exposing too entirely the base machinery of ropes and pulleys which sustained the miserable jugglery played off upon the popular credulity, impressed him perhaps even unduly with contempt for those who *could* be its dupes. And we may add—that Cæsar was constitutionally, as well as by accident of position, too much a man of the world, had too powerful a leaning to the virtues of *active* life, was governed by too partial a sympathy with the whole class of *active* forces in human nature, as contradistinguished from those which tend to contemplative purposes, under any circumstances to have become a profound believer, or a steadfast reposer of his fears and anxieties, in religious influences. A man of the world is but another designation for a man indisposed to religious awe or contemplative enthusiasm. Still it is a doctrine which we cherish—that grandeur of mind in any one department whatsoever, supposing only that it exists in excess, disposes a man to some degree of sympathy with all other grandeur, however alien in its quality or different in its form. And upon this ground we presume the great Dictator to have had an interest in religious themes by mere compulsion of his own extraordinary elevation of mind, after making the fullest allow-



ance for the special quality of that mind, which did certainly, to the whole extent of its characteristics, tend entirely to estrange him from such themes. We find, accordingly, that though sincerely a despiser of superstition, and with a frankness which must sometimes have been hazardous in that age, Cæsar was himself also superstitious. No man could have been otherwise who lived and conversed with that generation and people. But if superstitious, he was so after a mode of his own. In his very infirmities Cæsar manifested his greatness: his very littlenesses were noble.

“Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.”

That he placed some confidence in dreams, for instance, is certain: because, had he slighted them unreservedly, he would not have dwelt upon them afterwards, or have troubled himself to recall their circumstances. Here we trace his human weakness. Yet again we are reminded that it was the weakness of Cæsar; for the dreams were noble in their imagery, and Cæsarean (so to speak) in their tone of moral feeling. Thus, for example, the night before he was assassinated, he dreamt at intervals that he was soaring above the clouds on wings, and that he placed his hand within the right hand of Jove. It would seem that perhaps some obscure and half-formed image floated in his mind of the eagle, as the king of birds; secondly, as the tutelary emblem under which his conquering legions had so often obeyed his voice; and, thirdly, as the bird of Jove. To this triple relation of the bird his dream covertly appears to point. And a singular coincidence appears between this dream and a little anecdote brought down to us, as having actually occurred in Rome about twenty-four hours before his death. A little bird, which by some is represented as a very small kind of sparrow, but which, both to the Greeks and the Romans, was known by a name implying a regal station (probably from the ambitious courage which at times prompted it to attack the eagle), was observed to direct its flight towards the Senate-house, consecrated by Pompey, whilst a crowd of other birds were seen to hang

upon its flight in close pursuit. What might be the object of the chase, whether the little king himself, or a sprig of laurel which he bore in his mouth, could not be determined. The whole train, pursuers and pursued, continued their flight towards Pompey's hall. Flight and pursuit were there alike arrested; the little king was overtaken by his enemies, who fell upon him as so many conspirators, and tore him limb from limb.

If this anecdote were reported to Cæsar, which is not at all improbable, considering the earnestness with which his friends laboured to dissuade him from his purpose of meeting the Senate on the approaching Ides of March, it is very little to be doubted that it had a considerable effect upon his feelings, and that, in fact, his own dream grew out of the impression which it had made. This way of linking the two anecdotes, as cause and effect, would also bring a third anecdote under the same *nexus*. We are told that Calpurnia, the last wife of Cæsar, dreamed on the same night, and to the same ominous result. The circumstances of *her* dream are less striking, because less figurative; but on that account its import was less open to doubt: she dreamed, in fact, that after the roof of their mansion had fallen in, her husband was stabbed in her bosom. Laying all these omens together, Cæsar would have been more or less than human had he continued utterly undepressed by them. And if so much superstition as even this implies, must be taken to argue some little weakness, on the other hand let it not be forgotten, that this very weakness does but the more illustrate the unusual force of mind, and the heroic will, which obstinately laid aside these *concurring* prefigurations of impending destruction; concurring, we say, amongst themselves—and concurring also with a prophecy of older date, which was totally independent of them all.

There is another and somewhat sublime story of the same class, which belongs to the most interesting moment of Cæsar's life; and those who are disposed to explain all such tales upon physiological principles, will find an easy solution of this, in particular, in the exhaustion of body, and the intense anxiety

which must have debilitated even Cæsar under the whole circumstances of the case. On the ever-memorable night when he had resolved to take the first step (and in such a case the first step, as regarded the power of retreating, was also the final step) which placed him in arms against the state, it happened that his headquarters were at some distance from the little river Rubicon, which formed

the boundary of his province. With his usual caution, that no news of his motions might run before himself, on this night Cæsar gave an entertainment to his friends, in the midst of which he slipped away unobserved, and with a small retinue proceeded through the woods to the point of the river at which he designed to cross. The night\* was stormy, and by the violence of the

\* It is an interesting circumstance in the habits of the ancient Romans, that their journeys were pursued very much in the night-time, and by torchlight. Cicero, in one of his letters, speaks of passing through the towns of Italy by night, as a serviceable scheme for some political purpose, either of avoiding too much to publish his motions, or of evading the necessity (else perhaps not avoidable) of drawing out the party sentiments of the magistrates in the circumstances of honour or neglect with which they might choose to receive him. His words, however, imply that the practice was by no means an uncommon one. And, indeed, from some passages in writers of the Augustan era, it would seem that this custom was not confined to people of distinction, but was familiar to a class of travellers so low in rank as to be capable of abusing their opportunities of concealment for the infliction of wanton injury upon the woods and fences which bounded the margin of the high-road. Under the cloud of night and solitude, the mischief-loving traveller was often in the habit of applying his torch to the withered boughs of woods, or to artificial hedges; and extensive ravages by fire, such as now happen not unfrequently in the American woods (but generally from carelessness in scattering the glowing embers of a fire, or even the ashes of a pipe), were then occasionally the result of mere wantonness of mischief. Ovid accordingly notices, as one amongst the familiar images of daybreak, the half-burnt torch of the traveller; and, apparently, from the position which it holds in his description, where it is ranked with the most familiar of all circumstances in all countries—that of the rural labourer going out to his morning tasks, it must have been common indeed:

“Semiustamque facem vigilatâ nocte viator  
Ponet; et ad solitum rusticus ibit opus.”

This occurs in the *Fasti*: elsewhere he notices it for its danger.

“Ut facibus sepes ardent, cum forte viator  
Vel nimis admovit, vel jam sub luce reliquit.”

He, however, we see, good-naturedly ascribes the danger to mere carelessness, in bringing the torch too near to the hedge, or tossing it away at daybreak. But Varro, a more matter-of-fact observer, does not disguise the plain truth—that these disasters were often the product of pure malicious frolic. For instance, in recommending a certain kind of quickset fence, he insists upon it as one of its advantages—that it will not readily ignite under the torch of the mischievous wayfarer: “*Naturale sepimentum*,” says he, “*quod obseri solet virgultis aut spinis, prætereuntis lascivi non metuet facem*.” It is not easy to see the origin or advantage of this practice of nocturnal travelling, (which must have considerably increased the hazards of a journey,) excepting only in the heats of summer. It is probable, however, that men of high rank and public station may have introduced the practice by way of releasing corporate bodies in large towns from the burdensome ceremonies of public receptions; thus making a compromise between their own dignity and the convenience of the provincial public. Once introduced, and the arrangements upon the road for meeting the wants of travellers once adapted to such a practice, it would easily become universal. It is, however, very possible that mere horror of the heats of daytime may have been the original ground for it. The ancients appear to have shrunk from no hardship as so trying and insufferable as that of heat. And in relation to that subject, it is interesting to observe the way in which the ordinary use of language has accommodated itself to that feeling. Our northern way of expressing effeminacy, is derived chiefly from the hardships of cold. He that shrinks from the trials and rough experience of real life in any department, is described by the contemptuous prefix of *chimney-corner*, as if shrinking from the cold which he would meet on coming out into the



wind all the torches of his escort were blown out, so that the whole party lost their road, having probably at first intentionally deviated from the main route, and wandered about through the whole night, until the early dawn enabled them to recover their true course. The light was still grey and uncertain, as Cæsar and his retinue rode down upon the banks of the fatal river—to cross which with arms in his hands, since the further bank lay within the territory of the Republic, *ipso facto* proclaimed any Roman a rebel and a traitor. No man, the firmest or the most obtuse, could be otherwise than deeply agitated, when looking down upon this little brook—so insignificant in itself, but invested by law with a sanctity so awful, and so dire a consecration. The whole course of future history, and the fate of every nation, would necessarily be determined by the irretrievable act of the next half hour.

In these moments, and with this spectacle before him, and contemplating these immeasurable consequences consciously for the last time that could allow him a retreat,—impressed also by the solemnity and deep tranquillity of the silent dawn, whilst the exhaustion of his night wanderings predisposed him to nervous irritation,—Cæsar, we may be sure, was profoundly agitated. The whole elements of the scene were almost scenically disposed; the law of antagonism having perhaps never been employed with so much effect: the little quiet brook presenting a direct antithesis to its grand political character; and the innocent dawn, with its pure untroubled repose, contrasting potently, to a man of any intellectual sensibility, with the long chaos of bloodshed, darkness, and anarchy, which was to take its rise from the apparently trifling acts of this one morning. So prepared, we need not much wonder at what followed. Cæsar was yet lingering on

the hither bank, when suddenly, at a point not far distant from himself, an apparition was descried in a sitting posture, and holding in its hand what seemed a flute. This phantom was of unusual size, and of beauty more than human, so far as its lineaments could be traced in the early dawn. What is singular, however, in the story, on any hypothesis which would explain it out of Cæsar's individual condition, is, that others saw it as well as he; both pastoral labourers (who were present, probably, in the character of guides) and some of the sentinels stationed at the passage of the river. These men fancied even that a strain of music issued from this aerial flute. And some, both of the shepherds and the Roman soldiers, who were bolder than the rest, advanced towards the figure. Amongst this party, it happened that there were a few Roman trumpeters. From one of these, the phantom, rising as they advanced nearer, suddenly caught a trumpet, and blowing through it a blast of superhuman strength, plunged into the Rubicon—passed to the other bank—and disappeared in the dusky twilight of the dawn. Upon which Cæsar exclaimed:—"It is finished: the die is cast: let us follow whither the guiding portents from Heaven, and the malice of our enemy, alike summon us to go." So saying, he crossed the river with impetuosity; and in a sudden rapture of passionate and vindictive ambition, placed himself and his retinue upon the Italian soil; and as if by inspiration from Heaven, in one moment involved himself and his followers in treason, raised the standard of revolt, put his foot upon the neck of the invincible republic which had humbled all the kings of the earth, and founded an empire which was to last for a thousand and half a thousand years. In what manner this spectral appearance was managed—whether Cæsar were its author, or its dupe,

---

open air amongst his fellow men. Thus, a chimney-corner politician for a mere speculator or unpractical dreamer. But the very same indolent habit of aerial speculation, which courts no test of real life and practice, is described by the ancients under the term *umbraticus*, or seeking the cool shade, and shrinking from the heat. Thus an *umbraticus doctor* is one who has no practical solidity in his teaching. The fatigue and hardship of real life, in short, is represented by the ancients under the uniform image of heat, and by the moderns under that of cold.

will remain unknown for ever. But undoubtedly this was the first time that the advanced guard of a victorious army was headed by an apparition; and we may conjecture that it will be the last.\*

In the mingled yarn of human life, tragedy is never far asunder from farce; and it is amusing to retrace in immediate succession to this incident of epic dignity, which has its only parallel by the way in the case of Vasco de Gama, (according to the narrative of Camoens,) when met and confronted by a sea phantom, whilst attempting to double the Cape of Storms, (Cape of Good Hope,) a ludicrous passage, in which one felicitous blunder did Cæsar a better service than all the truths which Greece and Rome could have furnished. In our own experience, we once witnessed a blunder about as gross. The present Chancellor, in his first electioneering contest with the Lowthers, upon some occasion where he was recriminating upon the other party, and complaining, that stratagems which *they* might practise with impunity were denied to him and his, happened to point the moral of his complaint, by alleging the old adage, that one man might steal a horse with more hope of indulgence than another could look over the hedge. Whereupon, by benefit of the universal mishearing in the outermost ring of the audience, it became generally reported that Lord Lowther had once been engaged in an affair of horse-stealing; and that he, Henry Brougham, could (had he pleased) have lodged an information against him, seeing that he was then looking over the hedge. And this charge naturally won the more credit, because it was notorious and past denying that his lordship was a capital

horseman, fond of horses, and much connected with the turf. To this hour, therefore, amongst some worthy shepherds and others, it is a received article of their creed, and (as they justly observe, in northern pronunciation) a *shamful* thing to be told, that Lord Lowther was once a horse-stealer, and that he escaped *lagging* by reason of Harry Brougham's pity for his tender years and hopeful looks. Not less was the blunder which, on the banks of the Rubicon, befriended Cæsar. Immediately after crossing, he harangued the troops whom he had sent forward, and others who there met him from the neighbouring garrison of Ariminum. The tribunes of the people, those great officers of the democracy, corresponding by some of their functions to our House of Commons, men personally and by their position in the state entirely in his interest, and who, for his sake, had fled from home, there and then he produced to the soldiery; thus identified his cause, and that of the soldiers, with the cause of the people of Rome and of Roman liberty; and perhaps with needless rhetoric attempted to conciliate those who were by a thousand ties, and by claims innumerable, his own already; for never yet has it been found, that with the soldier, who, from youth upwards, passes his life in camps, could the duties or the interests of citizens survive those stronger and more personal relations connecting him with his military superior. In the course of this harangue, Cæsar often raised his left hand with Demosthenic action, and once or twice he drew off the ring, which every Roman gentleman—simply *as such*—wore as the inseparable adjunct and symbol of his rank. By this action he wished to give em-

---

\* According to Suetonius, the circumstances of this memorable night were as follows:—As soon as the decisive intelligence was received, that the intrigues of his enemies had prevailed at Rome, and that the interposition of the popular magistrates (the tribunes) was set aside, Cæsar sent forward the troops, who were then at his head-quarters, but in as private a manner as possible. He himself, by way of masque, (*per dissimulationem*) attended a public spectacle, gave an audience to an architect who wished to lay before him a plan for a school of gladiators which Cæsar designed to build, and finally presented himself at a banquet, which was very numerously attended. From this, about sunset, he set forward in a carriage, drawn by mules, and with a small escort (*modico comitatu*). Losing his road, which was the most private he could find (*occultissimum*), he quitted his carriage and proceeded on foot. At dawn he met with a guide; after which followed the above incidents.



phasis to the accompanying words, in which he protested, that sooner than fall in satisfying and doing justice to any the least of those who heard him and followed his fortunes, he would be content to part with his own birthright, and to forego his dearest claims. This was what he really said ; but the outermost circle of his auditors, who rather saw his gestures than distinctly heard his words, carried off the notion, (which they were careful every where to disperse amongst the legions afterwards associated with them in the same camps,) that Cæsar had vowed never to lay down his arms until he had obtained for every man, the very meanest of those who heard him, the rank, privileges, and appointments of a Roman knight. Here was a piece of sovereign good luck. Had he really made such a promise, Cæsar might have found that he had laid himself under very embarrassing obligations ; but, as the case stood, he had through all his following campaigns the total benefit of such a promise, and yet could always absolve himself from the penalties of responsibility which it imposed, by appealing to the evidence of those who happened to stand in the first ranks of his audience. The blunder was gross and palpable ; and yet with the unreflecting and dull-witted soldier, it did him service greater than all the subtilties of all the schools could have accomplished, and a service which subsisted to the end of the war.

Great as Cæsar was by the benefit of his original nature, there can be no doubt that he, like others, owed something to circumstances ; and perhaps amongst those which were most favourable to the premature developement of great self-dependence, we must reckon the early death of his father. It is, or it is not, according to the nature of men, an advantage to be orphaned at an early age. Perhaps utter orphanage is rarely or never such : but to lose a father sometimes profits a strong mind greatly. To Cæsar it was a prodigious benefit that he lost his father when not much more than fifteen. Perhaps it was an advantage also to his father that he died thus early. Had he stayed a year longer, he would have seen himself despised, baffled, and made ridiculous. For where, let us

ask, in any age, was the father capable of adequately sustaining that relation to the unique Caius Julius—to him, in the appropriate language of Shakspeare,

“ The foremost man of all this world ? ”

And, in this fine and Cæsarean line, “ this world ” is to be understood not of the order of coexistences merely, but also of the order of successions ; he was the foremost man not only of his contemporaries, but also of men generally—of all that ever should come after him, or should sit on thrones under the denominations of Czars, Kesars, or Cæsars of the Bosphorus and the Danube ; of all in every age that should inherit his supremacy of mind, or should subject to themselves the generations of ordinary men by qualities analogous to his. Of this infinite superiority some part must be ascribed to his early emancipation from paternal control. There are very many cases in which, simply from considerations of sex, a female cannot stand forward as the head of a family, or as its suitable representative. If they are even ladies paramount, and in situations of command, they are also women. The staff of authority does not annihilate their sex ; and scruples of female delicacy interfere for ever to unnerve and emasculate in their hands the sceptre however otherwise potent. Hence we see, in noble families, the merest boys put forward to represent the family dignity, as fitter supporters of that burden than their mature mothers. And of Cæsar’s mother, though little is recorded, and that little incidentally, this much at least we learn—that, if she looked down upon him with maternal pride and delight, she looked up to him with female ambition as the re-edifier of her husband’s honours, with reverence as to a column of the Roman grandeur, and with fear and feminine anxieties as to one whose aspiring spirit carried him but too prematurely into the fields of adventurous honour. One slight and evanescent sketch of the relations which subsisted between Cæsar and his mother, caught from the wrecks of time, is preserved both by Plutarch and Suetonius. We see in the early dawn the young Patrician standing upon the steps of his paternal porti-

co, his mother with her arms wreathed about his neck looking up to his noble countenance, sometimes drawing auguries of hope from features so fitted for command, sometimes boding an early blight to promises so prematurely magnificent. That she had something of her son's aspiring character, or that he presumed so much in a mother of his, we learn from the few words which survive of their conversation. He addressed to her no language that could tranquillize her fears. On the contrary, to any but a Roman mother his valedictory words, taken in connexion with the known determination of his character, were of a nature to consummate her depression, as they tended to confirm the very worst of her fears. He was then going to stand his chance in a popular election for an office of dignity, and to launch himself upon the storms of the Campus Martius. At that period, besides other and more ordinary dangers, the bands of gladiators, kept in the pay of the more ambitious amongst the Roman nobles, gave a popular tone of ferocity and of personal risk to the course of such contests; and either to forestall the victory of an antagonist, or to avenge their own defeat, it was not at all impossible that a body of incensed competitors might intercept his final triumph by assassination. For this danger, however, he had no leisure in his thoughts of consolation; the sole danger which he contemplated, or supposed his mother to contemplate, was the danger of defeat, and for that he reserved his consolations. He bade her fear nothing; for that without doubt he would return with victory, and with the ensigns of the dignity he sought, or would return a corpse.

Early indeed did Cæsar's trials commence; and it is probable, that, had not the death of his father, by throwing him prematurely upon his own resources, prematurely developed the masculine features of his character, forcing him whilst yet a boy under the discipline of civil conflict and the yoke of practical life, even his energies would have been insufficient to sustain them. His age is not exactly ascertained, but it is past a doubt that he had not reached his twentieth year when he had the hardihood to engage in a strug-

gle with Sylla, then Dictator, and exercising the immoderate powers of that office with the license and the severity which history has made so memorable. He had neither any distinct grounds of hope, nor any eminent example at that time, to countenance him in this struggle—which yet he pushed on in the most uncompromising style, and to the utmost verge of defiance. The subject of the contrast gives it a further interest. It was the youthful wife of the youthful Cæsar who stood under the shadow of the great Dictator's displeasure; not personally, but politically, on account of her connexions: and her it was, Cornelia, the daughter of a man who had been four times Consul, that Cæsar was required to divorce: but he spurned the haughty mandate, and carried his determination to a triumphant issue, notwithstanding his life was at stake, and at one time saved only by shifting his place of concealment every night; and this young lady it was who afterwards became the mother of his only daughter. Both mother and daughter, it is remarkable, perished prematurely, and at critical periods of Cæsar's life; for it is probable enough that these irreparable wounds to Cæsar's domestic affections threw him with more exclusiveness of devotion upon the fascinations of glory and ambition than might have happened under a happier condition of his private life. That Cæsar should have escaped destruction in this unequal contest with an enemy then wielding the whole thunders of the state, is somewhat surprising; and historians have sought their solution of the mystery in the powerful intercessions of the Vestal Virgins, and several others of high rank amongst the connexions of his great house. These may have done something; but it is due to Sylla, who had a sympathy with every thing truly noble, to suppose him struck with powerful admiration for the audacity of the young patrician, standing out in such severe solitude among so many examples of timid concession; and that to this magnanimous feeling in the Dictator, much of his indulgence was due. In fact, according to some accounts, it was not Sylla, but the creatures of Sylla (*adjutores*), who pursued Cæsar. We know, at all



events, that Sylla formed a right estimate of Cæsar's character, and that, from the complexion of his conduct in this one instance, he drew his famous prophecy of his future destiny; bidding his friends beware of that slipshod boy, "for that in him lay couchant many a Marius." A grander testimony to the awe which Cæsar inspired, or from one who knew better the qualities of that man by whom he measured him, cannot be imagined.

It is not our intention, or consistent with our plan, to pursue this great man through the whole circumstances of his romantic career; though it is certain that many parts of his life require investigation much keener than has ever been applied to them, and that many might easily be placed in a new light. Indeed the whole of this most momentous section of ancient history ought to be recomposed with the critical scepticism of a Niebuhr, and the same comprehensive collation of authorities. In reality it is the hinge upon which turned the future destiny of the whole earth, and having therefore a common relation to all modern nations whatsoever, should naturally have been cultivated with the zeal which belongs to a personal concern. In general, the anecdotes which express most vividly the splendid character of the First Cæsar, are those which illustrate his defiance of danger in extremity,—the prodigious energy and rapidity of his decisions and motions in the field; the skill with which he penetrated the designs of his enemies, and the exemplary speed with which he provided a remedy for disasters;—the extraordinary presence of mind which he shewed in turning adverse omens to his own advantage, as when, upon stumbling in coming on shore (which was esteemed a capital omen of evil), he transfigured as it were in one instant its whole meaning by exclaiming, "Thus do I take possession of

thee, oh Africa!" in that way giving to an accident the semblance of a symbolic purpose;—the grandeur of fortitude with which he faced the whole extent of a calamity when palliation could do no good, "*non negando, minuendove, sed insuper amplificando, ementiendoque*;" as when, upon finding his soldiery alarmed at the approach of Juba, with forces really great, but exaggerated by their terrors, he addressed them in a military harangue to the following effect: "Know that within a few days the King will come up with us, bringing with him sixty thousand legionaries, thirty thousand cavalry, one hundred thousand light troops, besides three hundred elephants. Such being the case, let me hear no more of conjectures and opinions, for you have now my warrant for the fact, whose information is past doubting. Therefore, be satisfied; otherwise, I will put every man of you on board some crazy old fleet, and whistle you down the tide—no matter under what winds, no matter towards what shore." Finally, we might seek for the characteristic anecdotes of Cæsar in his unexampled liberalities and contempt of money.\*

Upon this last topic it is the just remark of Casaubon, that some instances of Cæsar's munificence have been thought apocryphal, or to rest upon false readings, simply from ignorance of the heroic scale upon which the Roman splendours of that age proceeded. A Forum which Cæsar built out of the products of his last campaign, by way of a present to the Roman people, cost him—for the ground merely on which it stood—nearly eight hundred thousand pounds. To the citizens of Rome, (perhaps 300,000 persons) he presented, in one *congiary*, about two guineas and a half a-head. To his army, in one *donation*, upon the termination of the civil war, he gave a sum which allowed about two hundred pounds a man to the infantry,

\* Middleton's Life of Cicero, which still continues to be the most readable digest of these affairs, is feeble and contradictory. He discovers that Cæsar was no general! And the single merit which his work was supposed to possess, viz. the better and more critical arrangement of Cicero's Letters, in respect to their chronology, has of late years been detected as a robbery from the celebrated Bellenden, of James the First's time.

and four hundred to the cavalry. It is true that the legionary troops were then much reduced by the sword of the enemy, and by the tremendous hardships of their last campaigns. In this, however, he did perhaps no more than repay a debt. For it is an instance of military attachment, beyond all that Wallenstein or any commander, the most beloved amongst his troops, has ever experienced, that, on the breaking out of the civil war, not only did the centurions of every legion severally maintain a horse soldier, but even the privates volunteered to serve without pay—and (what might seem impossible) without their daily rations. This was accomplished by subscriptions amongst themselves, the more opulent undertaking for the maintenance of the needy. Their disinterested love for Cæsar appeared in another and more difficult illustration: it was a traditionary anecdote in Rome, that the majority of those amongst Cæsar's troops, who had the misfortune to fall into the enemy's hands, refused to accept their lives under the condition of serving against him.

In connexion with this subject of his extraordinary munificence, there is one aspect of Cæsar's life which has suffered much from the misrepresentations of historians, and that is—the vast pecuniary embarrassments under which he laboured, until the profits of war had turned the scale even more prodigiously in his favour. At one time of his life, when appointed to a foreign office, so numerous and so clamorous were his creditors, that he could not have left Rome on his public duties, had not Crassus come forward with assistance in money, or by promises, to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand pounds. And at another he was accustomed to amuse himself with computing how much money it would require to make him worth exactly nothing (*i. e.* simply to clear him of debts); this, by one account, amounted to upwards of two millions sterling. Now the error of historians has been—to represent these debts as the original ground of his ambition and his revolutionary projects, as though the desperate condition of his private affairs had sug-

gested a civil war to his calculations as the best or only mode of redressing it. But, on the contrary, his debts were the product of his ambition, and contracted from first to last in the service of his political intrigues, for raising and maintaining a powerful body of partisans, both in Rome and elsewhere. Whosoever indeed will take the trouble to investigate the progress of Cæsar's ambition, from such materials as even yet remain, may satisfy himself that the scheme of revolutionizing the Republic, and placing himself at its head, was no growth of accident or circumstances; above all, that it did not arise upon any so petty and indirect an occasion as that of his debts;—but that his debts were in their very first origin purely ministerial to his ambition; and that his revolutionary plans were at all periods of his life a direct and foremost object. In this there was in reality no want of patriotism; it had become evident to every body that Rome, under its present constitution, must fall; and the sole question was—by whom. Even Pompey, not by nature of an aspiring turn, and prompted to his ambitious course undoubtedly by circumstances and the friends who besieged him, was in the habit of saying, “Sylla potuit, ego non potero?” And the fact was, that if, from the death of Sylla, Rome recovered some transient shew of constitutional integrity, that happened not by any lingering virtue that remained in her republican forms, but entirely through the equilibrium and mechanical counterpoise of rival factions. In a case, therefore, where no benefit of choice was allowed to Rome as to the thing, but only as to the person—where a revolution was certain, and the point left open to doubt simply by whom that revolution should be accomplished—Cæsar had (to say the least) the same right to enter the arena in the character of candidate as could belong to any one of his rivals. And that he *did* enter that arena constructively, and by secret design, from his very earliest manhood, may be gathered from this—that he suffered no openings towards a revolution, provided they had any hope in them, to escape his participation. It is familiarly known that he was engaged



pretty deeply in the conspiracy of Catiline,\* and that he incurred considerable risk on that occasion; but it is less known, and has indeed escaped the notice of historians generally, that he was a party to at least two other conspiracies. There was even a fourth, meditated by Crassus, which Cæsar so far encouraged as to undertake a journey to Rome from a very distant quarter, merely with a view to such chances as it might offer to him; but as it did not, upon examination, seem to him a very promising scheme, he judged it best to look coldly upon it, or not to embark in it by any personal co-operation. Upon these and other facts we build our inference—that the scheme of a revolution was the one great purpose of Cæsar from his first entrance upon public life. Nor does it appear that he cared much by whom it was undertaken, provided only there seemed to be any sufficient resources for carrying it through, and for sustaining the first collision with the regular forces of the existing government. He relied, it seems, on his own personal superiority for raising him to the head of affairs eventually, let who would take the nominal lead at first. To the same result, it will be found, tended the vast stream of Cæsar's liberalities. From the senator downwards to the lowest *fæx Romuli*, he had a hired body of dependants, both in and out of Rome, equal in numbers to a nation. In the provinces, and in distant kingdoms, he pursued the same schemes. Every where he had a body of mercenary partisans; kings are known to have taken his pay. And it is remarkable that even in his character of commander-in-chief, where the number of legions allowed to him for the accomplishment of his mission raised him for a number of years above all fear of coercion or control, he persevered steadily in the same plan of providing for the day when he might need assistance, not *from* the state, but *against* the state. For amongst the private anecdotes which came

to light under the researches made into his history after his death, was this—that, soon after his first entrance upon his government in Gaul, he had raised, equipped, disciplined, and maintained, from his own private funds, a legion amounting perhaps to six or seven thousand men, who were bound by no sacrament of military obedience to the state, nor owed fealty to any auspices except those of Cæsar. This legion, from the fashion of their crested helmets, which resembled the crested heads of a small bird of the lark species, received the popular name of the *Alauda* (or Lark) legion. And very singular it was that Cato, or Marcellus, or some amongst those enemies of Cæsar who watched his conduct during the period of his Gaulish command with the vigilance of rancorous malice, should not have come to the knowledge of this fact; in which case we may be sure that it would have been denounced to the Senate.

Such, then, for its purpose and its uniform motive, was the sagacious munificence of Cæsar. Apart from this motive, and considered in and for itself, and simply with a reference to the splendid forms which it often assumed, this munificence would furnish the materials for a volume. The public entertainments of Cæsar, his spectacles and shows, his naumachiae, and the pomps of his unrivalled triumphs (the closing triumphs of the Republic)—were severally the finest of their kind which had then been brought forward. Sea fights were exhibited upon the grandest scale, according to every known variety of nautical equipment and mode of conflict, upon a vast lake formed artificially for that express purpose. Mimic land fights were conducted, in which all the circumstances of real war were so faithfully rehearsed, that even elephants “indorsed with towers”—twenty on each side—took part in the combat. Dramas were represented in every known language, (*per omnium linguarum histriones.*) And hence [that

\* Suetonius, speaking of this conspiracy, says, that Cæsar was *nominatus inter socios Catilinæ*, which has been erroneously understood to mean that he was *talked of* as an accomplice; but in fact, as Casaubon first pointed out, *nominatus* is a technical term of the Roman jurisprudence, and means that he was formally denounced.

is, from the conciliatory feeling thus expressed towards the various tribes of foreigners resident in Rome] some have derived an explanation of what is else a mysterious circumstance amongst the ceremonial observances at Cæsar's funeral—that all people of foreign nations then residing at Rome, distinguished themselves by the conspicuous share which they took in the public mourning; and that, beyond all other foreigners, the Jews for night after night kept watch and ward about the Emperor's grave. Never before, according to traditions which lasted through several generations in Rome, had there been so vast a conflux of the human race congregated to any one centre, on any one attraction of business or of pleasure, as to Rome on occasion of these spectacles exhibited by Cæsar.

In our days, the greatest occasional gatherings of the human race are in India, especially at the great fair of the *Hurdwar*, in the northern part of Hindostan; a confluence of many millions is sometimes seen at that spot, brought together under the mixed influences of devotion and commercial business, and dispersed as rapidly as they had been convoked. Some such spectacle of nations crowding upon nations, and some such Babylonian confusion of dresses, complexions, languages, and jargons, was then witnessed at Rome. Accommodations within doors, and under roofs of houses, or of temples, was altogether impossible. Myriads encamped along the streets, and along the high-roads in the vicinity of Rome. Myriads of myriads lay stretched on the ground, without even the slight protection of tents, in a vast circuit about the city. Multitudes of men, even senators, and others of the highest rank, were trampled to death in the crowds. And the whole family of man seemed, at that time gathered together at the bidding of the Great Dictator. But these, or any other themes connected with the public life of Cæsar, we notice only in those circumstances which have been overlooked, or partially represented by historians. Let us now, in conclusion, bring forward, from the obscurity in which they have hitherto lurked, the anecdotes which describe the habits of his pri-

vate life, his tastes, and personal peculiarities.

In person, he was tall, fair, and of limbs distinguished for their elegant proportions and gracility. His eyes were black and piercing. These circumstances continued to be long remembered, and no doubt were constantly recalled to the eyes of all persons in the imperial palaces, by pictures, busts, and statues; for we find the same description of his personal appearance three centuries afterwards, in a work of the Emperor Julian's. He was a most accomplished horseman, and a master (*peritissimus*) in the use of arms. But, notwithstanding his skill in horsemanship, it seems that, when he accompanied his army on marches, he walked oftener than he rode; no doubt, with a view to the benefit of his example, and to express that sympathy with his soldiers which gained him their hearts so entirely. On other occasions, when travelling apart from his army, he seems more frequently to have rode in a carriage than on horseback. His purpose in making this preference must have been with a view to the transport of luggage. The carriage which he generally used was a *rheda*, a sort of gig, or rather curricule, for it was a four-wheeled carriage, and adapted (as we find from the imperial regulations for the public carriages, &c.,) to the conveyance of about half a ton. The mere personal baggage which Cæsar carried with him, was probably considerable, for he was a man of the most elegant habits, and in all parts of his life sedulously attentive to elegance of personal appearance. The length of journeys which he accomplished within a given time, appears even to us at this day, and might well therefore appear to his contemporaries, truly astonishing. A distance of one hundred miles was no extraordinary day's journey for him in a *rheda*, such as we have described it. So elegant were his habits, and so constant his demand for the luxurious accommodations of polished life, as it then existed in Rome, that he is said to have carried with him, as indispensable parts of his personal baggage, the little lozenges and squares of ivory, and other costly materials, which were wanted for the tessellated flooring of his tent. Habits such



as these will easily account for his travelling in a carriage rather than on horseback.

The courtesy and obliging disposition of Cæsar were notorious, and both were illustrated in some anecdotes which survived for generations in Rome. Dining on one occasion at a table where the servants had inadvertently, for salad-oil, furnished some sort of coarse lamp-oil, Cæsar would not allow the rest of the company to point out the mistake to their host, for fear of shocking him too much by exposing the mistake. At another time, whilst halting at a little *cabaret*, when one of his retinue was suddenly taken ill, Cæsar resigned to his use the sole bed which the house afforded. Incidents, as trifling as these, express the urbanity of Cæsar's nature; and hence one is the more surprised to find the alienation of the Senate charged, in no trifling degree, upon a failure in point of courtesy. Cæsar neglected to rise from his seat, on their approaching him in a body with an address of congratulation. It is said, and we can believe it, that he gave deeper offence by this one defect in a matter of ceremonial observance, than by all his substantial attacks upon their privileges. What we find it difficult to believe, however, is not that result from the offence, but the possibility of the offence itself, from one so little arrogant as Cæsar, and so entirely a man of the world. He was told of the disgust which he had given, and we are bound to believe his apology, in which he charged it upon sickness, which would not at the moment allow him to maintain a standing attitude. Certainly the whole tenor of his life was not courteous only, but kind; and, to his enemies, merciful in a degree which implied so much more magnanimity than men in general could understand, that by many it was put down to the account of weakness.

Weakness, however, there was none in Caius Cæsar; and, that there might be none, it was fortunate that conspiracy should have cut him off in the full vigour of his faculties, in the very meridian of his glory, and on the brink of completing a series of gigantic achievements. Amongst these are numbered—a digest of the entire body of laws, even then become un-

wieldy and oppressive; the establishment of vast and comprehensive public libraries, Greek as well as Latin; the chastisement of Dacia; the conquest of Parthia; and the cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. The reformation of the calendar he had already accomplished. And of all his projects it may be said, that they were equally patriotic in their purpose, and colossal in their proportions.

As an orator, Cæsar's merit was so eminent, that, according to the general belief, had he found time to cultivate this department of civil exertion, the precise supremacy of Cicero would have been made questionable, or the honours would have been divided. Cicero himself was of that opinion; and on different occasions applied the epithet *Splendidus* to Cæsar, as though in some exclusive sense, or with a peculiar emphasis, due to him. His taste was much simpler, chaster, and disinclined to the *florid* and ornamental, than that of Cicero. So far he would, in that condition of the Roman culture and feeling, have been less acceptable to the public; but, on the other hand, he would have compensated this disadvantage by much more of natural and Demosthenic fervour.

In literature, the merits of Cæsar are familiar to most readers. Under the modest title of *Commentaries*, he meant to offer the records of his Gallic and British campaigns, simply as notes, or memoranda, afterwards to be worked up by regular historians; but, as Cicero observes, their merit was such in the eyes of the discerning, that all judicious writers shrank from the attempt to alter them. In another instance of his literary labours, he shewed a very just sense of true dignity. Rightly conceiving that every thing patriotic was dignified, and that to illustrate or polish his native language was a service of real patriotism, he composed a work on the grammar and orthoepy of the Latin language. Cicero and himself were the only Romans of distinction in that age who applied themselves with true patriotism to the task of purifying and ennobling their mother tongue. Both were aware of the transcendent quality of the Grecian literature; but that splendour did not

depress their hopes of raising their own to something of the same level. As respected the natural wealth of the two languages, it was the private opinion of Cicero that the Latin had the advantage; and if Cæsar did not accompany him to that length, he yet felt that it was but the more necessary to draw forth any single advantage which it really had.\*

Was Cæsar, upon the whole, the greatest of men? Dr Beattie once observed, that if that question were left to be collected from the suffrages already expressed in books, and

scattered throughout the literature of all nations, the scale would be found to have turned prodigiously in Cæsar's favour, as against any single competitor; and there is no doubt whatsoever, that even amongst his own countrymen, and his own contemporaries, the same verdict would have been returned, had it been collected upon the famous principle of Themistocles, that *he* should be reputed the first, whom the greatest number of rival voices had pronounced the second.

---

\* Cæsar had the merit of being the first person to propose the daily publication of the acts and votes of the Senate. In the form of public and official dispatches, he made also some useful innovations; and it may be mentioned, for the curiosity of the incident, that the cipher which he used in his correspondence, was the following very simple one:—For every letter of the alphabet he substituted that which stood fourth removed from it in the order of succession. Thus, for A, he used D; for D, G, and so on.

---

#### POLAND.

A voice is now around us—  
 Ah that it should be so!  
 A wail, a shriek, a mutter'd curse,  
 Of smother'd rage and woe!  
 Who first roused up rebellion  
 'Mong the nations, one and all?  
 The voice of ruin'd Poland  
 Is thundering—It was Gaul!

Who bade her rise in anger  
 Against the Muscovite?  
 Who offer'd her assistance  
 And sinews, for the fight?  
 Who cherish'd growing treasons?  
 Who bade her burst her thrall—  
 And stood her veiled Champion?  
 Who dares deny 'twas Gaul?

Who coldly saw her battling  
 For liberty—for life?  
 Who unmoved mark'd her failure  
 In that unequal strife?  
 Who slept while Russia enter'd  
 Old Warsaw's batter'd wall,  
 And woke t'announce that "order"\*  
 Was in that city?—Gaul.

---

\* "L'ordre regne dans la Varsovie"—Declaration of one of the French Ministers on the fall of Warsaw.



My country ! wert thou heedful ?

Didst thou relieve her woe ?

Didst shew thine ancient spirit ?

I blush to answer—No.

One voice rose in thy senate ;

Say, didst thou list the call ?

No—stamp'd with thine approval

The treachery of Gaul.

Thy nobles, rulers, England !

Are not as they have been,

They'd rather fill'd their fathers' graves,

Than such disgrace have seen ;

They sooner would have fallen

In the battle, one and all,

Than lived to bow and truckle

At the bidding of the Gaul.

My country ! why so heedless

Break off each ancient tie,—

My country, why so coldly

Cast off each old ally ?

They once with joy had echoed

Old England's battle call ;

But now—old friendship's wither'd

By the breath of subtle Gaul.

Our lot is cast in darkness,

In the wintry days of Time,

In want, and woe, and sickness,

In misery and crime.

And oh ! misguided England,

Heaven shield thee from thy fall ;

Yet thou art following madly

The footsteps of the Gaul.

Hast reach'd thy zenith, England

Thy race of glory ran ?

Who says it ? Let me see him,

It cannot be a man.

Up with thy palsied energies,

On each old friendship call,

And stand as thou hast oft before,

Superior to the Gaul.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE spirit of freedom seeks not to make converts abroad, or to extort incessant concessions from authority at home. Satisfied with the enjoyment of the blessings which it has obtained, it relapses willingly into tranquillity and pacific life; and is roused to fresh exertions, only by some danger to the security of its former acquisitions. It desires to revolutionize no adjoining states, is tormented with no craving for internal power; but soberly and quietly adheres to old institutions, so far as consistent with the freedom which it has acquired. Switzerland reposed for centuries amidst its mountains, without seeking to "insult the plenty of the vale beneath." Holland, intent on domestic industry, was neither disquieted by popular ambition, nor consumed by the desire of foreign propagandism; and England, under its ancient constitution, content with the liberty itself had acquired, sought not to revolutionize the adjoining states, even in the moments when Blake, "the boast of freedom," carried the thunder of its republican cannon to every shore in Europe.

But it is otherwise with democratic ambition, and the spirit of revolution. It never rests satisfied with the triumphs which it has achieved over authority at home; but is consumed by an incessant desire to spread its institutions, and its revolutionary spirit, through all the nations of the world. No matter how different their habits, or how diversified their population; no matter how various their degrees of civilisation, or how benighted the minds of their inhabitants; no matter how strong their attachment to old institutions, or how complete their inability to bear the excitement of freedom; no matter though the first effect of the desired change is to precipitate them into bloody anarchy, or light up the torch of servile conflagration, their prescription to all is the same—to excite the lower

orders against the higher, by promising them the spoils of the affluent, or the influence of the powerful; to raise up the Revolutionists upon the shoulders of the people, and subject them to a grinding tyranny as soon as they are seated in power; to convulse society for the sake of their own ambition, and sacrifice millions for the elevation of hundreds, is their incessant policy. Wolfe Tone, the celebrated Irish democrat, has left a precious record of the opinion he heard Napoleon express of this party in 1797, even when he was himself one of their number, and had been elevated to power by their ambition. "What," said he, "would those Jacobins have? France is revolutionized; Italy is revolutionized; Switzerland is revolutionized; Holland is revolutionized; Europe will soon be revolutionized; but this, it seems, will not suffice them. I know well what they want; they want the domination of thirty or forty individuals, founded on the massacre of three or four millions; they want the constitution of 1793, with all its horrors; but they shall not have it, and woe to him that should demand it. For my own part I declare, that if I had only the option between royalty and these gentlemen, I would not hesitate one moment to declare for a king."<sup>†</sup>

The extraordinary and unaccountable circumstance which distinguishes all the efforts of revolutionary ambition and power, that those actuated by it are utterly incapable of effecting any lasting impression on mankind, is, that they excite the same passions, and propose the same institutions for mankind in all climates, circumstances, and varieties of social condition. For a child of three years of age, and a man of five-and-twenty, they prescribe the same regimen, and enforce the inhaling of the same intoxicating atmosphere. The revolutionary government of France demonstrated this in the clearest manner. Not content with revolutionizing the whole

Vie de Lafayette par M. Sarrans, son *alide-de-camp*; Paris, 1822.  
Gallomaina; John Murray, London, 1832.  
<sup>†</sup> Wolfe Tone. *IF.* 275.



adjoining states, and surrounding the great parent republic with a girdle of inferior democracies, they forced the same rash and absurd constitution upon all the affiliated revolutionary states. In all, it was a Council of Five Hundred; a Council of the Ancients; universal suffrage; confiscation of the Church; spoliation of the Nobles; abolition or a reduction of the public debt; and a Directory armed with despotic power, supported by French bayonets, and exclusively devoted to French interests. The Revolutionary party who have succeeded in our time to their designs, have proceeded in exactly the same footsteps. For the ardent and bigoted Neapolitans, the bold and impassioned Spaniards, the savage banditti of Greece, the Catholic inhabitants of Piedmont, the ignorant and contented Portuguese, the superstitious and volatile Belgians, the intrepid and devoted Poles, they have proposed the same democratic institutions. Undeterred by their total and rapid failure in all the states of Europe; totally regardless of the frightful scene of anarchy and desolation which they have produced in South America; shutting their eyes to the deplorable scenes of bloodshed and confusion which they have occasioned under their own eyes in France; wilfully concealing the fact that more blood has been shed in one year of the rule of the Citizen King, in that distracted country, than under fifteen years of the mild and equitable sway of the Bourbons; they go on unceasingly striving to light up the same devouring flame in other countries still less calculated to bear its excitement. To nations in the state of England under the Heptarchy, they propose democratic constitutions, which even the subsequent lapse of a thousand years has not enabled its sober inhabitants to endure with safety: for the slaves in the West Indies, undeterred by the warning example of St Domingo, they incessantly advocate the fatal gift of immediate freedom; in other words, the placing of a torch in every African's hands for their own immediate ruin. In their ambitious and impassioned minds, times and distances and ages of the world are all confounded; and provided they can only subvert an existing

dynasty, they care not though ages of suffering and the execrations of eternity signalize their triumph.

Whence is it that the revolutionary spirit is every where attended by this insane and destructive spirit of propagandism, and that, through the incessant activity of a democratic press, no sooner is a revolution accomplished in one great state, than it is immediately followed by the convulsion and overthrow of all the adjoining governments? The reason is, that the Revolutionists know that they are the enemies of all established institutions; of every thing which makes industry flourish, and wealth spread, and mankind happy; that abusing the name of freedom, they use it only as a cloak for licentiousness, and perverting the passion for liberty, they employ it only as a ladder to tyranny; and therefore that against them, as the pirates of the world, the *hostes humani generis*, the arms of civilisation will necessarily be turned, when experience has taught mankind the fatal consequences of their passions, and suffering has wrung out of agonized breasts the delusive hopes of their promises. They feel that their hand is against every man, and they therefore fear that ultimately every man's hand will be against theirs. It is this secret dread of a reaction, arising from experience, that fills them with incessant apprehension. A revolutionized city, with an hundred thousand armed men in its streets, no longer feels itself in safety; a republic supported by an hundred victories, trembles as though the enemy were already at its gates. To advance and revolutionize all the adjoining states; to spread far and wide the same passions which have consumed their own vitals; to surround themselves with the armour of revolutionary desires and interests in every direction; to overturn every thing that is venerable, or established, or beneficent among mankind, is their incessant desire, because they feel that in unceasing success is their only safety. No state is too contemptible to escape their notice, none too powerful to intimidate their ambition. The triumphs of Fleurus, Rivoli, and Arcola; the conquest of Flanders and Italy; the defeat of Spain, and the submission of Aus-

trian; could not allay the secret terrors of the French Directory. Switzerland excited their alarms, because it was the seat of tranquil, unobtrusive freedom; its happy valleys were wrapt in conflagration, and its united people dissevered by revolutionary passion, in order to secure the Jura frontier by a revolutionary state; and even the degenerate inhabitants of the Eternal City, and the timid people of Naples, involved in revolution, lest from their unwarlike hands should spring the avenger of the human race. Napoleon was driven forward before the same devouring flame, now converted into military ambition. Empire after empire, kingdom after kingdom, went down before his triumphant spear; and at length revolutionary ambition was shattered against the barriers of nature, and the flame of 1789 extinguished in the snows of Russia.

In our own times, what a mass of suffering; what unseen and untold wretchedness; what ruin to the innocent, and impunity to the guilty; what destruction to virtue, and triumph to crime, has arisen from the revolt of July! Look at Europe before the THREE GLORIOUS DAYS: how tranquil were its peopled realms; how delightful the appearance of prosperity which they exhibited! In fifteen years since the fall of Napoleon, every state had made greater advances in wealth, civilisation, and happiness, than in any half century of the preceding history of Europe. Real freedom was spreading its roots far and wide during the tranquillity of peace; the passions of the world, the collision between the rulers and the ruled, were subsiding; knowledge was secretly diffusing its treasures; and with the growth of opulence, and the spread of industry, the habits were becoming general, which are alone capable of rendering either nations happy, liberty practicable, or institutions durable. But what was all this to the Revolutionists? They were not elevated to power; religion still maintained some ascendancy in France, order was still triumphant in England; the passions of the multitude were not unchained, and they had not as yet, on either side of the channel, been borne forward to greatness on the gales of popular ambition. Uncea-

singly, therefore, they laboured to inflame the public mind; in France, among an ardent and impassioned people, they succeeded in raising up such a furious spirit as overturned the government; in England they have effected a fearful convulsion, and destroyed, after a desperate resistance, the old constitution; and what is the consequence? All Europe is standing to arms; Poland, the vanguard of democracy, has been crushed, the constitution provided for it by British generosity in the triumph of her power destroyed, and the Russian legions brought down, flushed with victory, and fierce with revenge, into the heart of Germany. The smoking villages and deserted streets of that gallant people attest at once the insanity and the perfidy of the Revolutionists; of those who precipitated a noble race into a hopeless contest, and deserted them in the moment of danger; of men whom no reason could influence, and no compassion deter; but whose terrors at the approach of legitimate authority, even when yet at the distance of sixteen hundred miles, nothing could even for a moment tranquillize, but the evident sacrifice of Polish independence. In what state is Germany? The great states armed against the smaller; democracy fiercely contending in some, aristocracy stubbornly resisting in others; the passions of men every where excited; arms every where preparing; the press fettered from sheer necessity, and freedom universally disappearing amidst the collision of the vehement passions which have been awakened in its name. In what state is Belgium? Vacillating between hope and fear; the vanguard of revolutionary power, and the declared victim of aristocratic revenge; distracted in its feelings, ruined in its industry, suffering intensely in its whole population. In what state is France? Yet weltering in blood, ravaged by civil war, torn by discordant passions; with its industry ruined, its people starving, and its liberty destroyed; with famine staring them in the face, and military execution staining their streets with gore; with a rapidly falling income, an increasing expenditure, and an enormous military force; with a licentious press, an irreligious metropolis, and a people deeply impregnated with



political fanaticism. What is the state of England? With a divided people, and a falling revenue; with public bankruptcy generally apprehended, and general spoliation universally dreaded; with an intoxicated multitude, and a gloomy aristocracy; with expenditure every where contracted, industry every where suffering; and pauperism every where increasing; with Ireland in a state of smothered insurrection, and the West Indies yet smoking with fearful conflagration; with a nation let loose on the sea of innovation, and all the horrors of revolution present to the minds of every thinking being. These are the triumphs of the three glorious days, and of them alone; and it was to produce this universal and sickening misery among mankind, that the constitutional monarchy of France, the bulwark of real freedom, whose rule had been signalized by such universal and experienced blessings, was overturned, and the red flag of revolutionary tyranny hoisted in its stead. But what avails all that mass of wretchedness? The democratic party are at the head of affairs in France and England; Lord Brougham is to be Chancellor for life, and the tears of the world are but as dust in the balance.

From the day when the revolution in Paris first broke out, we have never ceased to denounce it as fraught with incalculable miseries to mankind; as destined again to wrap Europe in the flames of war, and throw back for a very long period, perhaps extinguish for ever, the fair light of real freedom. We asserted from the very outset, and at a time when we stood almost alone in the cause, that it was not liberty, but popular tyranny, which triumphed at the Barricades; and that, deluding mankind by the intoxicating blaze of popular success, it would substitute for the steady and beneficial light of real freedom, the lurid and flickering flame of democratic power.\* How our predictions have been verified, it does not become us to say; but we cannot resist this opportunity of laying before the British public an extract from an able state paper by the French government, explanatory of the views of their mi-

nisters in framing the ordinances, and the stern necessity which led to their adoption. It produced but little impression during the tumult of revolutionary triumph following the victory of the Barricades; but subsequent events may perhaps have brought its truth home to the breasts of every thinking man in Britain.

"At no time for these fifteen years has the situation of the monarchy presented itself under a more serious and more afflicting aspect. Notwithstanding an actual prosperity, of which our annals afford no example, signs of disorganization and symptoms of anarchy manifest themselves at almost every point of the kingdom.

"The successive causes which have concurred to weaken the springs of the monarchical government, tend now to impair and to change the nature of it. Stripped of its moral force, Authority, lost in the capital and the provinces, no longer contends, but at a disadvantage, with the factious. Pernicious and subversive doctrines, loudly professed, are spread and propagated among all classes of the population. Alarms, too generally credited, agitate people's minds and trouble society. On all sides the present is called upon for pledges of security for the future.

"An active, ardent, indefatigable malevolence, labours to ruin all the foundations of order, and to snatch from France the happiness it enjoys under the sceptre of its kings. Skilful in turning to advantage all discontents, and to excite all hatreds, it fomented among the people a spirit of distrust and hostility towards power, and endeavours to sow every where the seeds of trouble and civil war.

"And already, Sire, recent events have proved that political passions, hitherto confined to the summits of society, begin to penetrate the depths of it, and to stir up the popular classes. It is proved also, that these masses would never move without danger, even to those who endeavour to rouse them from repose.

"A multitude of facts collected in the course of the electoral operations, confirm these data, and would offer us the too certain presage of new commotions, if it was not in the power of your Majesty to avert the misfortune."

"At all times, in fact, the periodical press has been, and it is in its nature to be, only an instrument of disorder and sedition.

"What numerous and irrefragable proofs may be brought in support of this truth! It is by the violent and incessant

\* See article on the French Revolution, in the Number for January, 1831.

action of the press, that the too sudden and too frequent variations of our internal policy are to be explained. It has not permitted a regular and stable system of government to be established in France, nor any constant attention to be devoted to introduce into all the branches of the Administration the ameliorations of which they are susceptible. All the Ministries since 1814, though formed under divers influences, and subject to opposite directions, have been exposed to the same attacks, and to the same license of the passions. Sacrifices of every kind, concessions of power, alliances of party, nothing has been able to save them from this common destiny.

"This comparison alone, so fertile in reflections, would suffice to assign to the press its true, its invariable character. It endeavours, by constant, persevering, daily-repeated efforts, to relax all the bonds of obedience and subordination, to weaken all the springs of public authority, to degrade and debase it in the opinion of the people, to create against it every where embarrassment and resistance.

"Its art consists not in substituting for a too easy submission of mind a prudent liberty of examination, but to reduce to a problem the most positive truths; not to excite upon political questions frank and useful controversy, but to place them in a false light, and to solve them by sophisms.

"The press has thus excited confusion in the most upright minds,—has shaken the most firm convictions, and produced, in the midst of society, a confusion of principles which lends itself to the most fatal attempts. It is by anarchy in doctrines that it paves the way for anarchy in the state.

"A licentiousness which has passed all bounds, has in fact not respected, even on the most solemn occasions, either the express will of the King, or the words pronounced from the throne. Some have been misunderstood and misinterpreted; the others have been the subject of perfidious commentaries, or of bitter derision. It is thus that the last act of the Royal power—the proclamation—was discredited by the public even before it was known to the electors.

"This is not all. The press tends to no less than to subjugate the Sovereignty, and to invade the powers of the state. The pretended organ of public opinion, it aspires to direct the debates of the two Chambers; it is incontestable that it brings into them the weight of an influence no less fatal than decisive. This domination has assumed, especially within these two or three years, in the Cham-

ber of Deputies, a manifest character of oppression and tyranny. We have seen, in this interval of time, the journals pursue, with their insults and their outrages, the members whose votes appeared to them uncertain or suspected. Too often, Sire, the freedom of debate in that Chamber has sunk under the reiterated blows of the press.

"What it dares to do every day in the interior of the kingdom, tends to no less than to disperse the elements of public peace, to dissolve the bands of society, and evidently to make the ground tremble under our feet. Let us not fear to disclose here the whole extent of our evils, in order the better to appreciate the whole extent of our resources. A system of defamation, organized on a great scale, and directed with unequalled perseverance, reaches, either near at hand or at a distance, the most humble of the agents of the Government. None of your subjects, Sire, is secure from an insult, if he receives from his Sovereign the least mark of confidence or satisfaction. A vast net thrown over France envelopes all the public functionaries. Placed in a constant state of accusation, they seem to be in a manner cut from civil society; only those are spared whose fidelity wavers,—only those are praised whose fidelity gives way; the others are marked by the faction, to be in the sequel, without doubt, sacrificed to popular vengeance.

"No strength, it must be confessed, is able to resist a dissolving power so active. The press at all times, when it has been freed from its fetters, has made an irruption and invasion in the state. One cannot but be singularly struck with the similitude of its effects during these last fifteen years, notwithstanding circumstances, and notwithstanding the changes of the men who have figured on the political stage. Its destiny, in a word, is to recommence the revolution, the principles of which it loudly proclaims. Placed and replaced at various intervals under the yoke of the censorship, it has always resumed its liberty only to recommence its interrupted work. In order to continue it with the more success, it has found an active auxiliary in the departmental press, which, engaging in combat local jealousies and hatreds, striking terror into the minds of timid men, harassing authority by endless intrigues, has exercised a decisive influence on the elections.

"The periodical press has not displayed less ardour in pursuing, with its poisoned darts, religion and its priests. Its object is, and always will be, to root out of the heart of the people even the last



germ of religious sentiments. Sire, do not doubt that it will succeed in this, by attacking the foundations of faith, by poisoning the sources of public morals, and by covering the ministers of the altars with derision and contempt.

"These last effects, Sire, are transitory; but effects more durable are observed in the manners and in the character of the nation. An ardent, lying, and passionate spirit of contention, the schools of scandal and licentiousness, has produced in it important changes and profound alterations; it gives a false direction to people's minds, it fills them with prejudices—diverts them from serious studies—retards them in the progress of the sciences and the arts—*excites among us a fermentation, which is constantly increasing*—maintains, even in the bosom of our families, fatal dissensions—and might by degrees throw us back into barbarism.

"Against so many evils, engendered by the periodical press, the law and justice are equally obliged to confess their want of power.

"It would be superfluous to enquire into the causes which have weakened the power of repression, and have insensibly made it an ineffectual weapon in the hands of the authorities. It is sufficient to appeal to experience, and to shew the present state of things.

"We must not deceive ourselves,—we are no longer in the ordinary condition of a representative Government. The principles on which it has been established could not remain entire amidst political vicissitudes. *A turbulent democracy, which has penetrated even into our laws, tends to put itself in the place of legitimate power.* It disposes of the majority of the elections by means of the journals, and the assistance of numerous affiliations. It has paralysed, as far as has depended on it, the regular exercise of the most essential prerogative of the Crown—that of dissolving the elective chamber. By this very thing the constitution of the state is shaken. Your Majesty alone retains the power to replace and consolidate it upon its foundations.

"The right, as well as the duty of assuring its maintenance, is the inseparable attribute of the sovereignty. No Government on earth would remain standing if it had not the right to provide for its own security. This power exists before the laws, because it is in the nature of things. These, Sire, are maxims which have in their favour the sanction of time, and the assent of all the publicists of Europe.

"But these maxims have another sanc-

tion still more positive,—that of the Charter itself. The fourteenth article has invested your Majesty with a sufficient power, not undoubtedly to change our institutions, but to consolidate them, and render them more stable.

"Circumstances of imperious necessity do not permit the exercise of this supreme power to be any longer deferred. The moment is come to have recourse to measures which are in the spirit of the Charter, but which are beyond the limits of legal order, the resources of which have been exhausted in vain."

The previous steps taken by the Liberals to overturn the Royal authority, are thus described:—

"From the moment of the formation of the Polignac administration, no means were neglected to stimulate the activity of the factious, to alarm the fears and excite the passions of the ignorant. Every where they combined to refuse the taxes—every where they stirred up and agitated the populace, and even persuaded a nation that their government were a band of incendiaries ravaging their finest provinces. Oh! those precious fires of Normandy, and their choice imitations on the neighbouring shores of England! Blind or infatuated must they be who do not see that *all these fires were lighted by the same brand.* The police of the French government was never more active, than in its attempts to arrest this scourge, and to detect its origin. I was well acquainted with the anxiety of the ministers in their private circles, and the deep alarm of the sovereign himself. The guards even were sent into Normandy under the command of General Latour Fossac, a man distinguished by his manly loyalty, his stern justice, and his distinguished courage, talents, and firmness. Each day the press teemed with dark insinuations against mysterious malefactors; yet why, since the occurrence of the three glorious days, has that press been silent? Where now are the insinuations on that important subject against the *Congregation*—as the Liberals affected to style the Jesuits, and, under that odious name, whatever remains of religion in France? And why have the persons arrested by the royalist administration, on suspicion, never been prosecuted by the revolutionary government? The day will come, however, when the guilty, whatever may be their party, will be discovered; in the mean time, for the sake of sacred justice, let us hope, that on the day of trial, even a cross of July will not be permitted to be pleaded as an exemption from penal retribution."



We have been thus liberal in our extracts from this State Paper, presented to Charles X. before the publication of the Ordinances, and in the accounts of the intrigues which preceded it, because it is one of the most valuable State Papers which has appeared in these times, and it produced little impression in this country when it first came forth, because it was adverse to the prevailing feeling in favour of the Parisian revolts, and we were then but novices in the history of revolutions, in which subsequent events, alas! have made us such proficient. Every word it contains, which then was to us a foreign tongue conveying no definite idea, is now brought home to our convictions by the lessons of dear-bought experience. We, too, have a furious democratical press, which unceasingly directs the shafts of calumny against every thing that is sacred, or venerable, or beneficent in society; which loads with opprobrium every one that is virtuous, and extols to the skies every one that is revolutionary; which unceasingly forces on the waves of anarchy against all the bulwarks of civilisation, and has already swept away its strongest ramparts; which fabricates, and forges, and falsifies with unblushing effrontery, and which, addressing itself to the unthinking multitude, who read nothing but journals teeming with such falsehood, are retained in worse than Cimmerian darkness by its exertions. Having felt the force, and been brought to appreciate the suffering produced by such a press, incessantly occupied in rousing the passions of men against their interests, we can now understand the necessity which compelled the French administration to engage in a strife with the dragon which had enveloped the monarchy in its folds, and to lament the fatal weakness, or culpable rashness, which led them to engage in the contest with so little preparation, and means so evidently inadequate to the struggle for life and death which has arrived.

The real truth as to the revolt of July, and the history of its rapid success, is revealed in the following passage from the same able English work:

“Undeniable evidences of a premedi-

tated and formidable conspiracy were discovered on the persons arrested on the 28th;—tickets of secret societies, which intimated an extensive organization, and pointed out the allotted rallying points; printed orders of the day, where the different manœuvres necessary were communicated with precision,—the construction of barricades,—the mode of engaging the troops without risk, by firing from windows,—and all the other arrangements of war in the street. No kind of detail was forgotten or neglected in these orders. They proved the existence of a plan long matured and meditated, and the military experience of its authors. The most unanswerable proof that the affairs of the three glorious days were not occasioned by the *Ordonnances* is, that, since the events, the long previous services of the conspirators have been in numerous instances urged as claims for places under the government they established, and have been toasted with acclamations at clubs and commemorative festivals. Away, then, with the absurd story that passes current in England, of the spontaneous resistance to the tyrannical *Ordonnances*. The whole affair was conspiracy, which primarily struck at the throne of the Bourbons, but which was directed, in the second and most important instance, at the influence of our own country. Where is our Belgian barrier? It was won by France at the moment when the Parisians conquered the Louvre.”—*Galomania*, 46.

To demonstrate the justice of observations contained in the State Papers of Polignac, we need not refer to the melancholy and blood-stained history of France since that period: we need not trace the lamentable internal history of that once-prosperous realm, during the last two years: we need not refer to its falling revenue and its increasing expenditure—its army, raised from 200,000 to 600,000 men, and its budget swelled from 700,000,000 francs, to 1,200,000,000: we need not mention the decay of its industry, or the suffering of its people; its immense loans contracted during peace, and its revolutionary passions excited after the boasted triumph of the populace: we need not dwell on the frightful revolt of Lyons, excited by the anguish of famine, and subdued only by the rival of Wellington, at the head of 40,000 men; or the rebellion of Paris, quenched after three days’ fighting, by 70,000



soldiers.\* It is enough to refer to the present state and existing dangers of the French press, after two years of the throne of the Barricades.

"The acquital of the *National*," says an able and unwilling witness, "for libel on Louis Philippe, or rather for a *sedition excitement to overturn his throne*, shews the madness of the state prosecutions in which the French government has lately indulged. There can be no question that several of the Paris journals *contain every morning provocations to rebellion*. They do not disguise their hatred of the monarch or of the monarchy, nor their desire to see the establishment of a Republican government. In their abuse of 'the Bourbons,' they adroitly veil their attacks on the existing dynasty, and in praising the government of the United States, they *recommend plans to realize it in France*. But, whatever be the *designs* of these journalists, it is quite manifest that they cannot be arrested in their career of opposition, by the official interference of the public prosecutor. *The Tribune has now arrived at its sixty-second process*, and glories in each summons before the tribunals which is added to its list of prosecutions. The utter absurdity and senselessness of the government, in continuing to prosecute in such circumstances, when it can only shew its weakness by defeats, is almost beyond belief. When juries refuse to convict, governments should take the hint, and cease to trouble the tribunals with their complaints."†

Such is the state to which, by the admission of our most vehement revolutionary journals, the public press has now reduced the French government. Several of their journals confessedly contain every morning provocations to rebellion; one of them has already been prosecuted by the Citizen-King *sixty-two times*, and yet the impossibility of obtaining a conviction, gives almost complete impunity to daily treason. In

despair of obtaining any thing like justice from the courts which try by jury, the revolutionary monarch had recourse to military force;—he declared Paris in a state of siege, and handed over the editors of journals to courts-martial. But this desperate resource failed in its effects, and he was compelled to restore their boasted impunity to the daily providers of treason for a famishing people. Thus the press is triumphant at Paris—its falsehoods, its licentiousness, its calumnies, are spread abroad, without the possibility of their prevention by any of the known powers in the constitution, and, under the influence of their powerful solvent, all the principles which hold society together are fast melting away. What historian, detached from the revolutionary passions of the moment, will venture to deny, that after this experiment of the consequences of an unfettered press in France, and of the impossibility of coercing it by the established forms, Charles X. was driven by necessity to interpose an extraordinary remedy? that the only thing to be lamented is, that it was attempted with inadequate means, and that the most fatal triumph ever achieved by France, was that of the rabble of Paris over his mild and weak dominion?

The French themselves, recovered from their revolutionary delusion, and taught by woful experience as to its effects, are now heartily ashamed of the events of July. Let us hear M. Sarrans, who represents the Movement and War party there, and bitterly laments the extinction of the public enthusiasm on the subject.

"The fathers, the widows, the children, a few friends alone, now honour the manes of the heroes of July. Two years have hardly elapsed since they fell under the balls of the Swiss,—twelve months have hardly gone by since their names were attached to the walls of the Pantheon, and already there no longer remains a tear, a remembrance, a regret for them. Every thing around them is cold

\* "The sun of the 6th of June shone on a greater number of bayonets within the walls of Paris, to crush the Republic, than the fogs of Austerlitz or Jena had witnessed arrayed to combat the forces of Austria or Prussia."—SARRANS, (*Lafayette's Aide-de-camp*), ii. 367.

† *Times*, September 6, 1828.

and sterile. And the word Revolution, the great Revolution of 1830, is not to be found once in the mouths of men at this time. The victory of the people over a monarchy of fourteen centuries, is already forgotten! Oh, shame on the vacillation of man! Yes, I repeat it, such littleness and misery is inconceivable; there is in such impiety a whole century of reprobation. I appeal to the murmurs of the tomb!" \*

That the public mind, even in the centre of the revolutionary volcano, should so soon have cooled from the transports of July, is no ways surprising. Men do not long go on celebrating with funeral pomp the obsequies of those who have brought ruin and starvation to their families; distraction and bloodshed to their country; extinction and annihilation to their liberties. Sarrans also explains this subject.

"We had regained some moments of tranquillity, we have been weakened by discharges of cannon; we demanded internal peace, we have received civil war; our liberties were confirming while they were extended, and now our liberties, our repose, are in imminent hazard. Despair and disaffection are in every heart. The earth seems to bear two frames utterly irreconcilable with each other; the one breathes the Restoration, Coblenz, Ghent; the other personifies the 1789, the 1830, the Consulate, the Empire." II. 406.

"The system of the 13th March (the Ministry of Paris) *has destroyed industry and commerce*, because the prosperity of industry and of commerce is only adapted to a situation of peace, with a guarantee for its endurance, or of war with the hope of its victories. We have neither the one nor the other; and how can France exist without commerce and industry?"

"It has *emasculated the arts, destroyed the sciences, vulgarized poetry, disenchanted existence*; its cupidity has dried up all the sources of the beautiful, as well as the good; France has not combated at the Barricades to restore a cloister.

"The liberty of the press was secured by a law of 1830; but, nevertheless, the dungeons open for its

courageous supporters, by the aid of the laws of the Republic and the Empire. France has read in Montesquieu that one of the principal engines of tyranny invented by Tiberius, was the fatal abuse of the old laws, called into existence during the civil dissensions of Rome. France rejects that deplorable imitation.

"The patriots, now considered culpable for having appeared at the Barricades under the balls of the Swiss, are the objects of general raillery; they are obliged to conceal their scars, and throw a veil over their ensigns of glory, to avoid the arrest of the sergeants of police. France is wearied of the impunity of its executioners; when will *this terror* have its 9th of Thermidor!" II. 412.

This, then, is the state to which France has been reduced, and such has been the extinction of its liberties under the military government which necessarily followed the triumph of the Barricades. The tyrants of their own creating have been infinitely worse than the mild and feeble government who were displaced by that Revolution. Freedom existed there under Charles X., in as great perfection as in England, since the Revolution; and because it would not satisfy them, they have, according to the eternal law of nature, waded through anarchy to despotism. On this subject, too, we quote the words of the same unwilling witness.

"The third experiment," says M. Sarrans, "that which replaced on the throne a fatal dynasty, that of the Bourbons, had for its object to introduce into France the political constitution of England. This attempt was as vain as those which had preceded it; *not because the Restoration denied to France the practical liberty which was enjoyed by Great Britain*, but because the public spirit of France required a great deal more, a system greatly superior to that which was imposed by conquest on a people isolated from all others, and which is nothing in reality but a skilful modification of the theological and feudal system, having for an object to subject the throne to the



influence of the Aristocracy. That was altogether contrary to the civilisation of France; totally foreign to the bent of the public mind for forty years, and hostile to the feeling of equality, which tends incessantly to diminish not only the virtual power of every species of aristocracy, but privileges of every denomination."

*Sarrans*, Introduction, p. 14, 15.

It was a Revolution which overthrew this wise and beneficent freedom, which destroyed a government which, during fifteen years of experienced blessings, had almost healed the frightful wounds of the Revolution, that was the object of such extravagant rejoicings to all the Revolutionary party over the world. Listen to the exultation with which M. Sarrans narrates the effect it produced in England, and the speech made on the occasion in the Palace-Yard of York, by the present Chancellor of Great Britain.

"After our example, the passion for liberty and the love of order, (order!) burst out on all sides on the continent of Europe. Belgium and Poland opened the career with a force and a wisdom which never heretofore had been manifested by a people in a state of insurrection; Italy, ashamed of its degradation, abounded in conspiracies; Germany demanded imperiously the performance of the engagements undertaken fifteen years before; Switzerland evinced a determination to throw off the yoke of the Aristocracy; Spain and Portugal waited only a favourable hand to aid them in their insurrection; in fine, the interests of despotism every where fell before the interests of the people, and Europe seemed only to await from France the signal to re-enter into its long suspended but not proscribed rights."—I. 319.

"At this moment the elections for a new Parliament were going forward in Great Britain, and the electors every where exacted, as a declaration of their principles, a public approval of the Revolution of July. There was not a candidate, whether ministerial or opposition, who, before soliciting the votes of his fellow citizens, did not find himself under the necessity of making a pompous eulogy of the heroes of the Barricades. I will quote some fragments from those speeches as among the most characteristic traits of that period.

" "I am fully persuaded," said Mr Brougham, in the Palace-Yard at York, "that if it became necessary, the same hands which you now raise up for the choice of your representatives, would be ready to combat with as much energy as the French. That neighbouring nation offers you the glorious example of its efforts in the sacred cause of freedom. After having been for long your enemy, it has now become your rival in the career of freedom: your history has become its own. Roused by the weight of an intolerable oppression, it has risen in its might, and, like your ancestors, chased from the throne the tyrant which disgraced it. I am fully confident that that nation, after having inflicted on its ministers such a punishment as will for ever prevent others from following their example, will re-enter into the state of repose from which it was roused only by intolerable oppression, and will manifest as great moderation in its triumph, as it has evinced vigour and courage in its resistance. May France and England henceforth ever regard themselves as inseparable friends, and strive only to maintain peace inviolate between them!"

"Finally, the *contre coup* of July overturned the Tory administration, and produced the happy fermentation which has precipitated the success of the Reform Bill, so long the object of contest in the British Parliament." I. 314—317.

The "intolerable oppression" which Mr Brougham here describes as the exciting cause of the French insurrection, is now admitted by *Lafayette's aide-de-camp* to have been "all the practical liberty which is enjoyed in Great Britain."\*

The repose to which he prophesied France would return after their glorious triumph, has been signalled by,

1. The great revolt in the streets of Paris in October 1830, when 30,000 heroes of the Barricades inundated the Palais Royal, and which overturned Guizot and the Doctrinaire Administration, established after the Revolution of July.

2. The great tumult in December 1830, on account of Polignac's trial, when the Citizen King tottered on the verge of destruction, when the administration of Lafayette was overthrown, and the cannoneers of the

\* *Sarrans*, Introduction, p. 15.

National Guard were disbanded for sedition.

3. The disgraceful tumult in February 1831 in Paris, when the Archbishop's Palace was sacked, and the image of our Saviour torn down from every church, and the cross from every steeple in Paris, and the National Guard for two days refused to act against the populace rioting in uncontrolled power.

4. The vehement fermentation on the fall of Warsaw, which again brought the revolutionary throne to the verge of destruction.

5. The terrible revolt of Lyons produced by the famine of the workmen, in which 6000 of the National Guard joined the populace, and which was reduced only by Marshal Soult and the Duke of Orleans, after operations lasting fourteen days, at the head of as large an army as fought the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse.

6. The revolt at Grenoble, where the National Guard again joined the people, and which was crushed only by the whole military force of the surrounding departments.

7. Inferior insurrections at Nismes, Marseilles, Arras, Bordeaux, &c., so numerous as to be past enumeration.

8. The dreadful rebellion on occasion of Lamarque's funeral, on 5th June 1832, when Paris was again for two days the scene of massacre and bloodshed: when the victorious Baricades were again encircling the Tuileries, and which Lafayette's aide-de-camp admits were only conquered "by a greater number of armed men than were arrayed against Prussia or Austria, at Jena or Austerlitz."

9. The proclamation of a state of siege and martial law in Paris for three weeks: the imprisonment of 1500 persons: and proceedings against the press so numerous, that one paper alone has reached its *sixty-second* prosecution.

Such have been the consequences of the triumph of the Baricades, and such the "*repose*" to which Lord Brougham prophesied France would return after the glorious rebellion which overturned a government, affording, by Sarrans' admission, *all the practical liberty which is enjoyed in Great Britain*. It was probably the signal fulfilment of this prophecy,

and the extraordinary accuracy with which the consequences of revolutionary triumph had been predicted by him at the Palace-Yard, which led this exalted personage to lend his aid, when in possession of power, to the continuance of the "happy fermentation" which has precipitated the success of the Reform Bill.

Lord Brougham's wishes have been fulfilled, and a close alliance has been struck up, since the accession of his party to power, between the reforming and the revolutionary kingdoms. The motives of this alliance are given by an English writer, whose able work on the Gallomania is prefixed to this article.

"Lord Grey is for the French alliance, because he has gained office by the influence of French principles, because he is forced to adopt a contrary policy to his predecessors, and because, in short, he is pledged by his whole life to the Gallic interest. But Lord Grey must know that an alliance between England and France is, in the long run, impracticable; their permanent interests are incompatible—from national passions and prejudices, if from no other reasons. The career of both nations is therefore at a stand-still. It is the part of Lord Grey to further the interests of France; and it is the part of Casimir Perier to take care that the efforts of the English minister are unavailing. In the present state of affairs, the alliance between the two countries is perfectly insignificant; a mere neutralization of all action; an empty phrase, to keep in the respective ministers, and to maintain in power two parties, who have attained that power by accident, and not by principle. But where England has suffered, and suffers deeply, is from the first vigorous and national efforts of the *Mouvement* in Belgium, before they were paralyzed by the half measures of the successor of Necker; which an English minister should never have rested till he had repaired. And what have our Ministry done to counteract this fatal effort? Even for the withdrawal of the French troops we are indebted to the Times newspaper, without whose reiterated menace, there is little hope that Lord Grey would have insisted on this step. There is, in fact, no real object in the alliance, beyond the personal interests of the ministers; both talk of a commercial treaty, and both are well aware that even that subordinate object is a mere delusion.

"A commercial treaty!—with a coun-



try in a state of revolution, torn to pieces by violent factions, each of which can only gain power by pursuing a policy diametrically opposed to its predecessors—a country challenged by the claims of three antagonist dynasties, and threatened, amid the shifting splendour of these evanescent crowns, by the armed phantom of a republican president—a country where the most solemn institutions of the state are daily changing, where property is insecure, industry paralyzed, credit impaired; where all is experiment, and nothing experience—a commercial treaty with such a country, instead of a mature and durable arrangement based on the recognised interests of two states, can only be a temporary expedient to prop up the false and flimsy existence of confederate intriguers.”

Let us turn to M. Sarrans for an exposition of the principles and designs of the revolutionary party in France, with which, in the fulness of our democratic transports, we have contracted so close an alliance.

“A numerous party in France held with reason, that a monarchy born in three days of the sovereignty of the people, could not long co-exist with the old dogmas of legitimacy which the Restoration had revived in France. That party believed that the decisive moment for the glory and security of the country had arrived; and that the interests not less than the spirit of a monarchy, *founded on an act destructive of the spirit, equally as the letter, of the treaties of 1814 and 1815*, evidently were to let the revolutionary spirit take its full swing, *clear off, as far as the Rhine, the ignominy of these treaties*, and provoke an entire change of the public system of Europe, the work of violence, the result of unnatural alliances, and which could never bind the oppressed people, after they had obtained the means of delivering themselves from the yoke.

“As to the faith due to treaties, the partisans of war observed, that it was *a horrible corruption of words to make them the instrument of oppression and ruin*: they cited all the wars which those who invoked the faith of that of 1815 had undertaken, to avoid the obligations which it had imposed. What, said they, did Austria make of all the treaties concluded with the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire? How has England observed the treaty of Amiens, or Prussia that of Presburg or Tilsit, or Russia the treaty of Vienna, which gave to the heroic Poland the shadow of nationality and freedom?

“The partisans of war could see no security or endurance for the revolution of July, but *in an assemblage of revolutionary perturbations*, which should tear asunder all the bonds established by the treaties of 1814 and 1815; they could not see how the monarchy of July should be bound to ratify the spoliation of Landau, Sarre, Louis Chambery, and Huningen. In their opinion, France should make itself as strong by its alliances as by its own weight; and for allies it should look, not to the great powers, but to the secondary states, whom it has taken under its ægis since the wars of the reformation in Poland, Belgium, Sweden, and Denmark, the independent members of the Germanic body, *the freemen of every country*. Finally, that party recollecting with pride that France had in all ages lent its aid to the oppressed in every part of the world, loudly demanded that it should *advance its popular principles to the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the southern slopes of the Alps*; and that there exhibiting itself as an arbiter, it should guarantee to the people who wished to be free the power to become so, and to those who preferred absolute power the enjoyment of their chains.

“Such was the system of exterior policy which the supporters of the revolution of July ardently invoked. Whether it would have been attended by all the desired effects, I know not; but this much is certain, that the overthrow of the most ancient throne in Europe, *the unexpected return of England to a liberality for her excessive*, the insurrection of Belgium, the prodigious combat of Poland, the convulsions of Italy, the movements of Switzerland, the quivering of Germany, and the patriotic reminiscences of Spain, seemed to announce that the hour of the liberation of Europe had struck; the rest was in the hands of Providence.”—I. 321—323.

Our English author describes in forcible terms the manner in which this system of propagandism was acted upon by the French Revolutionary Government.

“Immediately after the events of July—I adopt the present phraseology of the Great Nation itself, which has at length, by universal consent, dropped the “*three beautiful days*,” which are now only heard of in the flowery speeches of the honourable member for Calne—it was the first object of Louis-Philippe to be recognised by the European governments by any means; and his great instrument to achieve this consummation, was what is

called *Propagandism*; a favourite system with the French, and flattering to their national vanity. Emissaries were despatched to every country, to assist the French agents already there, in stirring up the people in favour of the recent revolution,—to Spain, to Poland, to Belgium, to Italy, to the Rhenish provinces, to England, and, above all, to Ireland. Louis Philippe himself expended, from his private purse, large sums in these operations,—for a prudent man, like him, no common sacrifice. Recently M. de Pagès, a member of the *Mouvement*, avowed that a committee had been formed in Paris to revolutionize Spain; and within these few days, the eldest son of the prime minister, M. Perier *filz*, has been announced or denounced—I really do not know whether it was meant for praise or blame—from the tribune as one of its members; and his former ardent conduct has been critically contrasted with his present frigid demeanour. The subscriptions of Messrs Sebastiani, Guizot, and other public men of that class, for the same purpose, were not only promised, but even paid. Lord Palmerston, no doubt, could defend all this, (and he seems much readier to defend French measures than his own,) on the principle of non-intervention. But at that time, perhaps, non-intervention was not a serious idea, as it is at present.

“It is known that the new sovereign also held regular communications with Mina in Paris. That restless chieftain was permitted to raise troops in the capital of France, who were sent to Bayonne, and whom the French ministry at length permitted to be captured, on a tacit understanding with the court of Spain that the recognition should take place. ‘If you will not recognise, these men are your invaders—but if you will recognise—done—they are your prisoners and your victims.’ Agents, with considerable sums, were hurried off to Belgium and the Rhine. Lafayette and others were authorized to communicate with Menotti in Northern Italy. The revolution in Belgium, long prepared by previous intrigues, the revolt in Poland, the insurrections in Germany, the risings in Italy, extracted an unwilling recognition from the alarmed and basied courts of the Continent. What might have taken place in our own country is uncertain. The imitation of the fires of Normandy already spread consternation throughout half England; the state of Ireland was very alarming; even the peace of the metropolis itself was seriously threatened. Whether France influenced these disorders by more than

her example, I cannot take upon myself to say; but a new incident rendered further conspiracy, whether French or English, unnecessary.

“The Doctrinaire Clique of England, excited by the success of the Doctrinaire Clique of France,—a success, let us always remember, occasioned by the energy of their dupes, the Republican party,—determined to agitate for themselves. They were joined by the Ultra-Tories, who played the same fatal game here as the party of the Royalist Defection in France, and at the very outset of the Parliamentary campaign succeeded in expelling from the councils of their sovereign as independent, as honest, and nearly as able a minister as ever swayed the destinies of the country. Louis Philippe had been already recognised; the accession of a liberal English ministry relieved him from all further anxiety. Then commenced a sentimental alliance between the hereditary foes, so close, so intimate, so minute, as to be really ludicrous.”

Some months ago the existence of this system of Propagandism, on the part of the revolutionary government of France, would have been obstinately denied by our Reformers. Let us hear Lafayette’s aide-de-camp on the subject.

“The great events of July,” says Sarrans, “seemed to Lafayette to decide the fate of Spain. The moment was decisive for both countries: Lafayette felt it, and wished to connect the cause of France with that of the neighbouring people. He thought that, while this would wash out the stain of the armed intervention of 1823, it would at the same time relieve us of the necessity of maintaining, in case of war, 30,000 or 40,000 men on the Pyrenees, to prevent Ferdinand and the Carlists from exciting insurrectionary movements in the south of France. The power of the Barricades, as yet insulated in its usurpation, and not daring to hope for the tardy and unwilling recognition which it has since received, *thought seriously of fomenting in other states commotions similar to those to which it owed its existence in its own.* In fact, *the system of Propagandism was adopted and secretly executed by the council of Louis Philippe.* This fact, once for all, I will establish as a warning to governments in all countries and the edification of their subjects.”

“It has been said, that, immediately after the revolution of July, a number of the Spanish constitutionalists voluntarily flocked to Paris. That is not correct;



the greater proportion of them, from absolute penury, had not the means of moving from the places where they were residing; and they did not quit them but at the secret invitation of the French government. Following out this system, all the Spanish refugees assembled in Britain were called into France—Valdes Lafro, Navarelle, Ingladu, and all the other revolutionary chiefs known for their steady opposition to the government of Ferdinand, in the beginning of August 1830, received passports at Paris on the demand of the subprefect for the Pyrenees. Two hundred refugees of the same nation, disembarked at Havre, were organized in detachments commanded by Spanish officers elected by themselves, and directed to Bayonne and Perpignan, with written directions of route, containing allocation of pay, and all the other indemnities given by the government to French troops on their march. It was the same at Calais, Boulogne, and Paris.

“Montalivet and Guizot, the French ministers, established a point of assembly for the Spanish committee, in which it was agreed that *they should for appearance sake make false depots of arms on the Spanish frontiers, that is, depots of useless and worn-out arms, and that they should be denounced to the agents of police, who should seize them; while on the other hand they should religiously respect the real depots.* This was accordingly done at *Marseilles and Bayonne.* The French government contributed largely to the million which was collected by the Spanish committee; and it was on the security of government that Calaz, the Spanish banker at Paris, advanced 500,000 francs. It was with the tacit authority of government that the agent of the committee at Marseilles embarked men and arms for General Torrijos. Orders were publicly sent down to Marshal Gerard to disperse the Spanish refugees who were assembled on the Spanish frontier; but, on the other hand, the French marshal enjoined Mina to be as slow as possible in obeying the orders; and, in fact, it was owing to that delay that the divisions broke out which proved fatal to the patriot cause. Guizot had an interview at midnight with Ingladu, the old aide-de-camp of Torrijos, when he put into his hands the 190 four-guinea pieces destined for Colonel Valdez, who was established with his depot at Ustaritz. All the Parisian volunteers who fell into the hands of the Spaniards after the invasion took place, were furnished *feuilles de route*, by order of the subprefect of Bayonne. Finally, the French crown gave

100,000 francs to aid the success of the Spanish revolutionary expedition, and that sum was converted into two letters of credit of 50,000 francs each, of which one was given to the unfortunate Torrijos.”—Sarrans, II, 33—35.

It is well when, from the animosity of the Revolutionists at each other, the truth at length comes out. Sarrans and Lafayette are so enraged at Guizot and the doctrinaires, for not following up more vigorously the system of Propagandism, that they in their zeal reveal facts damning to both. Here we see fully confessed from Lafayette's aide-de-camp, that, before the throne of the Barriades was well cooled out of the revolutionary furnace, three weeks after the revolt of July, they were intriguing underhand to overturn the Spanish monarchy; and we see to what pitiful and disgraceful shifts they were reduced to conceal their design.

Of the efforts of Guizot, and the revolutionary government of France, to revolutionize Italy, the following account is given by the same authority:—

“Cassimir Perier,” says Sarrans, “has alleged in his place in Parliament, that the insurrection in Italy broke out without his concurrence. That is true in this sense, that he shrunk from any open support of the insurrection which he had created in that country, and that he did not dare to support by force of arms a form of opinion so favourable to France, as had sprung up among our neighbours on the other side of the Alps. But the Minister has lied (*menti*) in the face of France and the world, when he affirmed that he had been always a stranger to the revolutionary movements of the Peninsula, and that he had promised nothing, guaranteed nothing, to the Italian patriots. With respect to Italy, as with respect to Spain, the system of Propagandism entered into his original policy.

“That which the new monarchy did for the Spanish Constitutionals, it did also, though more timidly, for the Italian refugees. A great number of them were secretly moved to Lyons, and other points on the frontiers of the Alps; pecuniary succours and other assistance was afforded; arms in large quantities were assembled, *all with the perfect knowledge of the government.* A Central Committee was established at Lyons, and another at Grenoble, all under the sanc-

tion of the French government, from whence it openly carried on operations under the protection of the civil and military authorities; in fine, Louis Philippe having written in vain to the late King of Naples, and his young successor, to draw them into an alliance with France, and seeing that his counsels would not be attended to but with the aid of revolutionary movements in his states, General Pepé, the well-known Neapolitan patriot, was invited to present at the Palais Royal the project of a constitution, which was transmitted to the Neapolitan people.

"It was in the middle of these preparations that the insurrection of Modena, and afterwards of Bologna, broke out. The patriots of Central Italy, entreating no doubt whatever of assistance from France, but wishing to ascertain to what extent they could depend on its support in the event of attack, sent deputies to Paris to make sure of the conduct of the government, in the event of an armed intervention on the part of Austria in the affairs of Modena and the Legations. These deputies received, in several interviews with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a formal and reiterated promise that France would not permit that the troops of the Emperor should cross their frontiers, and that if a single Austrian regiment should enter the Legations, a French army should instantly cross the Alps. Lafayette, to whom the Italian Deputation was also addressed, and who appreciated more than any other the abyss into which a false confidence would precipitate the Italian patriots, repaired to M. Sebastiani, and conjured him to make known in that respect the intentions of the Cabinet, and received the same protestations which had been made to the deputation. It was upon the faith of these guarantees that the insurrection of Modena and Bologna broke out, whose results, skilfully conducted, might have put at our disposal the whole moral and physical force of Italy."—Sarrans, ii. 37—39.

"Austria comprehended at once the consequences of this situation of the Peninsula. The richest gem in its diadem was at stake. Lombardy threatened to follow the insurgent example of Central Italy; Piedmont was already convulsed by the insurrection of Parma; the Imperial troops could hardly restrain the fermentation of the Austria-Italian provinces, from the Lake of Como to the Lagoon of Venice. The Cabinet of Vienna knew well that the presence of a single French battalion to the south of the Alps, would throw all Italy into a conflagration."—II. 41.

We select these as examples of the insatiable spirit of Propagandism, by which the French, as every revolutionary party, is animated; of these falsehoods and subterfuges to which they have recourse, and the tremendous danger to the conterminous states, and every government which protects existing institutions, from their exertions. Had these facts been published in this country, they would have been set down as the fabrications of some furious Anti-reformer; yet they are the deliberate avowals of Lafayette's aide-de-camp, called forth by the indignation experienced by the revolutionary party in France at the check on the system by the resistance of Austria and Russia, and the firmness of Perier's administration.

M. Sarrans has not told us what were the efforts of the Propagandists to revolutionize Great Britain, because their endeavours have proved successful, and such disclosures might compromise their friends in this country. But we have no doubt that the time will come when these intrigues also will be unveiled by some of her revolutionists enraged at a doctrinaire; and when the present democratic state of the British Empire will be found to have been the result of French intrigue and Propagandism, far more extensive than that which was directed against Italy or Spain.

Such are the principles and avowed designs of the revolutionary party in France, into whose arms this country has, with an infatuation almost unparalleled, thrown itself. They openly reject the authority of treaties; proclaim their resolution to regain the frontier of the Rhine; to send their victorious legions to the south of the Alps, to revolutionize all the minor states of Europe, and restore, by the aid of revolutionary divisions in others, and revolutionary passions among themselves, the ascendancy of the Great Nation. And England, the rival and conqueror of France; England, the head of regulated freedom; England, the liberator of Europe from Gallic oppression; England, the birthplace of Nelson and Wellington, is joined in close alliance with a state professing and glorying in such projects! Of all the insanities which occasionally afflict na-



tions, that arising from political fanaticism is the most irremediable.

It does not afford the slightest palliation for this conduct to say, that we are the allies, not of the war party in France, but of the French government, which professes to moderate such extravagance, and has hitherto, by the firmness of Cassimir Perier, and the resolution of Louis Philippe, succeeded in the attempt. We have seen that the French ministers, Guizot and Sebastiani, with Louis Philippe at their head, were, the first three weeks after the Revolution of the Barricades, to begin this system. And, even supposing it is now abandoned, who can calculate on the continuance of such a system in France for three months? Placed as it is on the edge of a volcano, who can guarantee the existence of the present dynasty, or the continuance of councils of even tolerable moderation for any length of time? Impelled to war and revolutionary conquest by a powerful war party, embracing all the most ardent and desperate characters in the kingdom; incessantly bounded on by a reckless revolutionary press, whose very existence is agitation, and whom no law or power can coerce, how long will the bayonets of Marshal Soult be able to avert the catastrophe? Let but the army take the lead; let a few regiments declare for the Rhenish frontier, German conquest, and Italian plunder, and the government of Louis Philippe, like a ship without a rudder, will drift before the wind.

And what can contribute to fan this vehement flame, and revive the morbid passion for aggrandisement so strongly in France, as the consciousness of the alliance and support of England? That these two veterans in war, like the Douglas and the Percy together, may be confident against the world in arms, is the trust of the violent and the revolutionary in both countries. Supported by England, the French revolutionists hope they will be able to convulse and overthrow the authority of government in all the lesser states in Europe. Supported by France, the English revolutionists trust they will succeed in spreading their insane projects of innovation as far as the waters of the ocean extend. The injustice and aggressions of both countries are encouraged by

the belief of support from the other. If the accumulating torrents of French ambition shall break its barriers, and again inundate Europe with its waves, it is to the disgraceful and infatuated support of England that the world will be indebted for the catastrophe.

But have we done nothing in conjunction with France, to revolutionize and oppress the adjoining states? Let Belgium answer; let Portugal answer; let Poland answer. We have not indeed assailed the greater states; we have not sent our revolutionary emissaries to Russia, or Prussia, or Austria, but what have we done to Portugal and Belgium? With the insolence of a tyrant, and the cowardice of a bully, we have assailed our old allies the weaker states, because we had not the courage to strike at the nobler game. We tremble to think in what colours our conduct will be painted in the page of history. Let us see in what manner similar measures are spoken of in time past.

There was a time when Great Britain, bought by French gold, and seduced by French mistresses, united in alliance with Louis XIV. for the oppression of Holland, and when the French arms advanced to Antwerp at the same time that the English fleet made sail for the Scheldt. Of this time, *this disgraceful time*, Mr Hume thus speaks:

"Notwithstanding this rigorous conduct of the court, the presence of the Dutch ambassadors excited the sentiments of tender compassion, and even indignation, among the people in general, especially among those who could foresee the aim and result of those dangerous counsels. The two most powerful monarchs, they said, in Europe, the one by land, the other by sea, have, contrary to the faith of solemn treaties, combined to exterminate an illustrious republic: what a dismal prospect does their success afford to the neighbours of the one, and to the subjects of the other! Charles had formed the triple league, in order to restrain the power of France; a sure proof that he does not now err from ignorance. He had courted and obtained the applauds of his people by that wise measure; as he now adopts contrary counsels, he must surely expect by their means to render himself independent of his people, whose sentiments are become so indifferent to him. During the entire submission of the nation, and dutiful behaviour

of the Parliament, dangerous projects, without provocation, are formed to reduce them to subjection; and all the foreign interests of the people are sacrificed, in order the more surely to bereave them of their domestic liberties. Lest any instance of freedom should remain within their view, the *United Provinces, the real barrier of England, must be abandoned to the most dangerous enemy of England; and by a universal combination of tyranny against laws and liberty, all mankind, who have retained, in any degree, their precious, though hitherto precarious, birthrights, are for ever to submit to slavery and injustice.*"

At this time there was a Chancellor on the English woolsack, at once an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, and a philosopher; who aimed at celebrity in every department, and has left philosophical works indicating the vigour and power of his mind. Of this eminent man, the following character is given by the same masterly hand.

"Lord Ashley, soon after known by the name of Earl of Shaftesbury, was one of the most remarkable characters of the age, and the chief spring of all the succeeding movements. During his early youth, he had engaged in the late King's party; but being disgusted with some measures of Prince Maurice, he soon deserted to the Parliament. He insinuated himself into the confidence of Cromwell; and as he had great influence with the Presbyterians, he was serviceable in supporting, with his party, the authority of that usurper. He employed the same credit in promoting the restoration; and on that account both deserved and acquired favour with the King. In all his changes, he still maintained the character of never betraying those friends whom he deserted; and whichever party he joined, his great capacity and singular talents soon gained him their confidence, and enabled him to take the lead among them. No station could satisfy his ambition, no fatigues were insuperable to his industry. Well acquainted with the blind attachment of faction, he surmounted all sense of shame; and relying on the subtilty of his contrivances, he was not startled with enterprises the most hazardous and most criminal. His talents, both of public speaking and private insinuation, shone out in an eminent degree; and amidst all his furious passions, he possessed a sound judgment of business, and still more of men. Though fitted by nature for beginning and pushing the greatest undertakings, he was never able to conduct any to a happy period; and his eminent abilities, by reason of

his insatiable desires, were equally dangerous to himself, to the prince, and to the people."

Of the motives which led the famous administration, of which Shaftesbury was the most powerful member, to engage in this infamous alliance, the following account is given by the same historian.

"The dark counsels of the cabal, though from the first they gave anxiety to all men of reflection, were not thoroughly known but by the event. Such seem to have been the views, which they, in concurrence with some Catholic courtiers who had the ear of their sovereign, suggested to the King and the Duke, and which these princes too greedily embraced. They said, that the great error or misfortune of his father was the not having formed any close connexion with foreign princes, who, on the breaking out of the rebellion, might have found their interest in supporting him; that the present alliances, being entered into with so many weaker potentates, who themselves stood in need of the King's protection, could never serve to maintain, much less augment, the royal authority; that the French monarch alone, so generous a prince, and by blood so nearly allied to the King, would be found both able and willing, if gratified in his ambition, to defend the common cause of kings against usurping subjects; that a war, undertaken against Holland by the united force of two such mighty potentates, would prove an easy enterprise, and would serve all the purposes which were aimed at; that, under pretence of that war, it would not be difficult to levy a military force, without which, during the prevalence of republican principles among his subjects, the King would vainly expect to defend his prerogative; that his naval power might be maintained, partly by the supplies, which, on other pretences, would previously be obtained from Parliament, partly by subsidies from France, partly by captures, which might easily be made on that opulent republic; that, in such a situation, attempts to recover the lost authority of the crown would be attended with success; nor would any malecontents dare to resist a prince fortified by so powerful an alliance; or if they did, they would only draw more certain ruin on themselves and on their cause: and that, by subduing the States, a great step would be made towards a reformation of the government; since it was apparent, that that republic, by its fame and grandeur, fortified, in his factious subjects, their attachment to what they vainly termed their civil and religious liberties."



Disguised under different names, and pursuing in appearance the most opposite objects, the motives which tempt men from the plain path of duty, and cause them to sacrifice the honour and interest of nations for a momentary desire, are at bottom always the same: Selfishness, ambition, the desire of power, the passion for extinguishing their rivals, are the ruling principles in all cases. The now execrated ministers of Charles II. brought on an alliance with France against Holland, in order to extirpate the Whigs, to confirm and strengthen the royalist interest in Great Britain, and crush a nation whose steady and tranquil freedom was an eternal reproach to their arbitrary designs. The ministers of William IV. entered into a similar alliance to extirpate the Tories, to confirm and strengthen the democratic interest in Great Britain, and crush a nation, whose steady and tranquil freedom was an eternal reproach to their innovating designs. Political ambition assumed the guise of royalist devotion, in the first case; it appeared under the mask of the love of freedom, in the second. In both, an alliance was formed contrary to the real interests of Britain, disgraceful to her national character, a stain upon her colours, and a blot which her historians would willingly tear from her annals. To accomplish the first, the seduction of French beauty, and the corruption of French gold, was liberally applied to an amorous and prodigal monarch; to bring about the second, the illusion of French democracy, and the corruption of French principles, was liberally instilled into an impassioned and reckless people. Neither could have been carried into effect, had not the honour and justice of Britain been under a temporary cloud; in the first case, occasioned by the corruption infused by Charles into the English nobility from the French court; in the second, by the poison instilled into the English multitude by the contagion of the French people. Both placed Great Britain in that false position from which there is no escape, but by sacrifices great in proportion to the disgrace that has been incurred; the War of the Succession, with all its burdens, was the natural and inevitable result of the as-

cendant given to France in the Low Countries by this alliance, in the time of Charles II.; a war as bloody and as costly yet awaits her, if she is ever to redeem the consequences of a repetition of the error, in the days of William the Fourth. The triumphs of Marlborough eclipsed the intrigues of the Cabal, and washed away the stain from British annals at the commencement of the eighteenth century; happy if a second Wellington should arise to efface the darker blot which has been fixed upon her fame in the disastrous days of the nineteenth.

But if the alliance with France against Holland has ever since been deemed so disgraceful and impolitic, even when entered into in the days of Charles II., when the consequences of French ambition had not as yet been experienced in Europe; when the power of Louis XIV. was only beginning to be felt, and the British nation was yet reeking with the blood shed in the desperate sea-fights with Holland; when the time had but lately passed when Van Tromp affixed a broom to his mast-head to sweep the Channel, and De Ruyter had carried the torch of destruction into the arsenals of the Medway; what shall we say to the alliance contracted for the same tyrannical purpose, in the time of William IV., after the fatal effects of the *first* alliance had been so clearly demonstrated; after twelve campaigns, and an universal war, the triumphs of Blenheim and Ramillies, of La Hogue and Oudenarde, the genius of Marlborough, and the sword of Eugene, had been required to expel France from that Flanders to which her armies had found entrance during the *unnatural* alliance of her monarch with Great Britain? What shall we say to the destruction of the barrier fortresses, erected to curb the experienced ambition of France after the triumph of Waterloo, when a similar act of insanity, on the part of the Emperor Joseph, had opened only forty years before the gates of Europe to French ambition, and prepared the march of Pichegru and Dumourier to Brussels and Amsterdam? when the advanced post thus acquired by France in the salient angle of Flanders, had proved destructive in the days of Napoleon, as in those of Louis XIV.,

to European freedom, and given them an ascendant which it required a war of twenty years, and the united effort of all Europe, to overturn? when the gates, opened by the demolitions of Joseph, were only closed by the triumphs of Wellington, and the march to Brussels, led by an almost unbroken series of victories, to the capture of the Kremlin?

Of all the delusions which deceive mankind on this momentous subject, none is more deplorable than the idea now so generally prevalent, that because England and France are both democratical governments, therefore their interests must remain for ever the same; and that a league between states possessing such liberal institutions is the obvious policy of both, to resist the encroachments of despotic monarchies. Are we then prepared to bind England to the French revolutionary system, and stand or fall with the fate of the great parent Democracy? Is the English nation, now in the tenth century of its existence, to take its station in the lee of French anarchy, and "its little bark attendant sail" on the fortunes of the leader of revolution? Has England, the conqueror of Napoleon, fallen in a few years under Whig domination so *very low*, that it is obliged to take shelter, like the Cisalpine or Batavian Republic, under the wings of the Great Nation? And are we to peril our future fate, by embarking our once stable institutions on the same perilous stream which has, within a few years, shipwrecked every people who have committed themselves to its guidance?

Farther, supposing the democratic institutions of France and England to be established on the most immovable basis, and that the world is to be regenerated by their example, is that the slightest ground for supposing that the present forced alliance between them is to continue? Do Republican states never engage in hostility? and is the existence of democratic institutions a sure gage of eternal alliance between rival powers? Have our rulers forgot the Thirty Years' War between Republican Athens and Republican Sparta? the three desperate contests between Republican Rome and Republican Carthage? the fierce animosity be-

tween Republican Genoa and Republican Venice, Republican Florence and Republican Pisa? or the desperate sea-fights between Cromwell and the Dutch Commonwealth? Contests between republics have, in every age, been fiercer and more lasting than between monarchies, because they rouse the passions, and affect the interests, of a greater body of people. The indolence of a court, or the change of a sovereign—the charms of a mistress, or the weakness of a minister, always soon terminate the military career of monarchies; but a fierce democracy is for ever the same. The world has been frequently overrun by a conquering sovereign, but a few generations have always witnessed the fall of his dominion. The democratic ambition of Rome kept it in chains for five hundred years.

Republican France, therefore, and Republican England, will be yet more desperate and bloody rivals than ever were monarchical France and monarchical England. And when this is the case, what will our children say to the sacrifice of the Belgian barrier? What to the creation of a revolutionary power in Flanders, the advanced post, which has, in every age, enabled the French armies to penetrate into the heart of Germany? What to the alienation of our old and steady allies in Holland, who have stood by England in prosperity and disaster for nearly one hundred and fifty years? The marriage of Leopold with the daughter of the French king, is a matter of little importance. We do not hold our Ministers answerable for the marriages of kings; the real evil is the establishment of a *revolutionary throne in Belgium*. What they are really answerable for is the marriage of Flanders to democratic France.

From the moment that the throne of the Barricades was by our aid established at Brussels, the evil was done. It signified nothing who was put on the throne: the gratitude of princes is proverbially short, and their recollection of past benefits seldom lasting. Being a revolutionary monarch, he was necessarily identified with the revolutionary regime, and leant for support on revolutionary France. Interest, self-preservation, necessity, all bound him to the Palais Royal, the focus of revolution,



by their enduring cords. When the Dutch endeavoured to regain their dominions, he necessarily applied for aid to the Tuileries. With French ascendancy in the Low Countries he must stand or fall. He is as much identified with the great nation as Jerome or Louis was with the Emperor Napoleon; and we have the satisfaction of having given that important outwork to its revolutionary power.

What we *should* have done to avoid this catastrophe is perfectly obvious. We should never have put a sovereign on the throne of Belgium, or guaranteed to him its revolutionary dominions. Non-intervention was the principle for which the French and the revolutionary party in Europe contended; non-intervention should have been the principle on which we should have acted. We should neither have interfered to aid the King of Holland against the Belgians, nor the Belgians against the King of Holland. We should have let them fight it out between themselves. A clear stage and no favour, should have been our principle. The result has proved what would have been the consequence of such a policy. The fumes of the Belgian revolt were soon dissipated; all persons of property and education became sensible of the desperate evils it had brought upon the country. The revolutionary rabble fled before the armies of Holland in two pitched battles, and Brussels was on the point of falling into the hands of its lawful sovereign, when the arrival of the French army and the *English fleet* stayed their advance. The Belgian Question was about to be solved in the most natural and effectual of all ways, by the submission of the rebels to their lawful sovereign, when the forces of the two great democratic powers interfered to prevent such a result, and keep alive that festering wound in the heart of the European family. And this is the justice of Britain, this the faith of treaties, and this the revolutionary understanding of the principle of non-intervention!

Following out our favourite plan of bullying the smaller powers, and selecting such of our ancient allies for destruction as are too weak to resist the injury, we have next turned our arms against Portugal! Por-

tugal, bound to us by two centuries of the closest alliance: Portugal, which stood by us when the fires of Massena were seen from the towers of Lisbon. Portugal, the theatre of Wellington's glory. We say, turning our arms against Portugal, because, can any body doubt that Pedro's fleet and army is supported and equipped by the confederated efforts of France and England? Half his army is composed of disbanded English soldiers; English officers compose his staff; his forces are openly recruited for in the Thames, and the Radical press openly boast of the number of ardent young men who are daily setting out in steam-boats to join his Revolutionary Standard. His army at Oporto is said to cost L.12,000 a-day. Whence comes this money? It is not from his own resources; for Revolutionists, when not enriched by plunder, are never remarkable for their command of money. Is it France, or England, or both, that are at the charge of this crusade, for the purpose of Propagandism? We have already shewn from Sarrans how anxious the government of Louis Philippe were to spread the spirit of revolution in the Peninsula; and having failed in shaking the edifice on the side of the Pyrenees, they are now inserting the wedge on the side of Oporto.

The object of the piratical expedition of the French against Portugal, which Great Britain winked at and encouraged last autumn, is now sufficiently obvious. It was to clear the way for Don Pedro and the Revolutionary squadron from the Azores, that the attack on the Portuguese fleet, declared by the Whig Crown lawyers to be no violation of the law of nations, took place in August 1831. The circumstances of that act of robbery may be forgotten. We shall recall them to our readers.

Two French subjects were seized in Portugal for infringing the laws of that state, and insulting a priest in the performance of high mass, and punished by the Portuguese authorities. The French say they were unjustly punished; the Portuguese stoutly deny the fact. Let it be conceded to the Revolutionists that the punishment was unjust, what did the French do? They sent a fleet to Lisbon, which, *without declaring war*, anchored off Fort Belem, and

demand satisfaction for the alleged injury in half an hour. On the elapse of that period, they sailed straight into the harbour, still *without declaring war*, and seized the whole Portuguese fleet, which was not strong enough to make any resistance. The Portuguese government made the most abject submission, subscribed all the conditions required of them by France, gave the required indemnity to the alleged injured individuals, and having done every thing that was required, naturally desired the restitution of their fleet. But no: the revolutionary fleet held fast its prey; it sailed back to Brest, *not only* with the whole satisfaction demanded by the French government, but *the whole Portuguese fleet*, which they had contrived to pick up in the course of their voyage. All this was done *without any declaration of war*; and it was declared *perfectly legal* by our Whig rulers, the same men who had held up the expedition to Copenhagen as the most shameful violation of the law of nations, even after it was known that a secret article in the treaty of Tilsit had devoted that fleet to the invasion of Britain, and that Russia was charged with the immediate execution of the decree!

The nature of the present contest in Portugal is totally misunderstood by the British public in three fundamental particulars.

In the first place, it is always assumed by the revolutionary press that Don Miguel is an usurper, and that the title of Donna Maria, as the daughter of the elder brother, is indisputable. But this the Portuguese lawyers, *proceeding on the constitution of their country*, and the precedents of their history, deny. They assert that, by the law of Portugal, when a Portuguese king accepts a foreign crown, his right to the throne of Portugal ceases by the very fact of that acceptance; that the father of Donna Maria had accepted the crown of *Brazil before her birth*; that he could not communicate inheritable blood to the crown of Portugal to his daughter, any more

than the Pretender could convey a right to the English crown after the Revolution of 1688; and therefore that the legal succession opened to Don Miguel, as the next heir whose birth was prior to the forfeiture of the crown for the elder branch by that circumstance. As we are not Portuguese lawyers, we cannot determine whether this opinion is well or ill founded. It is enough to say, that it is the opinion of the Portuguese bar, and that their law being a matter of fact to us, must be judged of by their opinion.

In the next place, whether Don Miguel is the legitimate King of the Portuguese or not, one thing is perfectly clear, that *he is the king of their choice*, and this title it is difficult to see how the English King, whose title stands on the Revolution of 1688, which excluded the elder branch of the Stuarts, or the French monarch, who stands on the Revolution of the Barricades, which excluded the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, can with any consistency refuse to acknowledge. Don Miguel has been now for five years in possession of the crown of Portugal, and during all that time there has been no sort of attempt on the part of the Portuguese to displace his authority: on the contrary, they stood by him when put to the ban of all Europe; they remained firm during the great convulsion of 1830, which overturned so many thrones in Europe, and they are still perfectly faithful to him, though Don Pedro, with a gallant band of foreign adventurers, has been for six weeks in possession of Oporto, under the open and avowed countenance both of France and England. The attachment of the people and the army therefore to their present ruler has been effectually put to the test; and we should be glad to know on what principle of international law the right of choosing their own sovereign, and expelling an obnoxious though elder branch of their dynasty, belongs to France, England, or Belgium, and not to the Portuguese people.\*

In the third place, the real nature

\* These principles are not in the least inconsistent with what the Tories have always maintained in regard to the French Revolution. They never denied to the French or Belgians the right to choose their own sovereign; what they object to is the spirit of propagandism which they send forth for the revolutionizing other states, or any interference by others *in favour* of a revolutionary dynasty.



of the contest between the rival Portuguese princes is still left undecided. It is the contest between revolution and order which is going on round Oporto; between an adherence to the institutions of their country, and the sacrifice of their all on the altar of insane political innovation. The constitution of Don Pedro, drawn up in a fortnight by British diplomatists, and with which Mr Canning was so highly displeased, from its revolutionary character, is as ill adapted to Portugal as that of Spain, on which we enlarged in our former Number,\* was to the other kingdoms of the Peninsula. Totally unadapted to its circumstances, habits, or attachments, it is supported only by the revolutionary rabble, who in all countries are desirous of changes to better their fortunes. The Portuguese know, by woful experience, what this revolutionary band are preparing for them; the confiscation of the church—the overthrow of all their institutions—the annihilation of the public debt—the sacrifice of their religion; all this was going on amongst them, when the revolutionists got the ascendancy in 1822; and already within the narrow precincts of Don Pedro's dominions at Oporto, the same system has been recommenced; the clergy being expelled, and regiments cantoned in the convents. The Portuguese, therefore, with reason, consider the present contest as not one between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, so much as between order and anarchy, peace and revolution, tranquility and industry, and democratic spoliation. It is said Don Miguel is a tyrant; whether he is so or not, we do not know, because we have no sources of information regarding him but the false and polluted revolutionary press; but this much is clear, if he is a tyrant, *what must have been the experienced tyranny of the democratic government which Portugal, ten years ago, so gladly embraced, when, to avoid falling again under it, they prefer his dominion?*

Unprincipled as their conduct has been in regard to Portugal, the measures of the two great democratic states, in regard to Poland, have been still more atrocious.

That Poland was instigated to revolt against its Herculean neighbour, by the French Propagandists, and the contagion of French democracy, may be considered as certain, and is not denied, but, on the contrary, gloried in by the French themselves. M. Sarrans repeats it with exultation again and again in his work. Now, had they not been literally infatuated by the revolutionary mania, they must have seen, that to stir up the brave Poles to revolt against the power which Napoleon, at the head of the banded force of Europe, was unable to subdue, at the distance of 400 leagues from France, was to expose them to certain and inevitable destruction. France, how willing soever, could have given them no sort of assistance, because, to get at them, she required to penetrate through all Germany; and it was not to be supposed that the nation which overthrew Napoleon at Leipsic, would submit to be quietly walked over by the successors to his ambitious designs. Nothing, therefore, could be done to aid the Poles. Supposing the revolutionary arms to have met with as great a flow of success as they did at the commencement of the first Revolution, they could not have reached Poland for many years. The war broke out in 1792, but it was not till 1807, *fifteen years* after, that their arms, even under the guidance of Napoleon, got to the Vistula.

Greater or more rapid success could not by possibility be looked for, considering the immense increase of military strength which both Prussia, Austria, and Russia had received by their extraordinary successes at the close of the war. But if it took the French this long period to penetrate through Germany, even under all the excitement of the first revolution, and all the genius of Napoleon, what possible chance was there of success to the Poles? How could a little state, possessing 4,000,000 of inhabitants, without any mountains, and only a few fortresses to strengthen it, maintain its ground in the middle of the three great military monarchies of Europe, who could pour a million of men into its devoted soil? The thing was obviously out

\* See No. 198, Spanish Revolution.

of the question; and yet it was clear that if France made any movement to relieve Poland, these three great powers would instantly have combined to crush her, and Warsaw have been assailed at once in front, flank, and rear, by a Russian, Austrian, and Prussian host. It was perfectly impossible for the Revolutionists of Europe therefore to have saved Poland; and this being the case, the stimulating of that unhappy people to revolt against Russia, was nothing less than deliberately sacrificing a heroic race to evident and unavoidable revenge.

The subsequent conduct both of France and England to this unfortunate people, was, if possible, still more unpardonable. The moment that the Polish revolt broke out, the governments of France and England, seeing the desperate and hopeless struggle in which they had got themselves involved, should have warned them in the most earnest and emphatic terms, that they could render them no assistance, and that they must make the best terms they could with the Imperial Autocrat. Instead of that, what did they do? England did nothing on the part of her government to undeceive them as to the promises of aid which were *incessantly held forth by the Revolutionary press*; but allowed them to continue the struggle in the constant hope that an armed interference would take place in their behalf. At the moment of their greatest need she bribed Russia with £5,000,000, which was no longer a debt of the nation, in order to induce that power to wink at the establishment of a revolutionary throne in the Netherlands, and the total demolition in that quarter of all the provisions of the treaty of 1815. By so doing, she not only furnished her with the means of carrying on the contest with the Poles, but afforded a precedent of the violation of that treaty, which was too readily taken advantage of by the Imperial government, as a ground for an entire abandonment of all the stipulations in favour of the nationality and independence of Poland by the treaty of 1815. Thus England has *triply* wounded Poland, by not instantly warning her to make an early submission to Nicholas; by furnishing her enemy with the funds

requisite for her subjugation; and lastly, by giving him a precedent of the violation of the treaty, containing the stipulations in her favour, which rendered all subsequent remonstrance at the overthrow of Polish independence out of the question.

The conduct of France in the agony of Poland, was equally culpable. The French government has been solemnly accused by the Polish leaders of having deceived them by promises of support, which never were, and never could be, rendered; and induced them, by these assurances, to continue the struggle, and even stand the horrors of assault, long after they had been offered an indemnity, and fair terms of capitulation, by the Russian Emperor. On this subject, M. Sarrans furnishes some important details.

“ ‘We reposed,’ said Czartoriski, ‘on the noble feelings and wisdom of the cabinets of these two powers (France and England); and, trusting to them, we did not avail ourselves of our resources, external and internal, as we might otherwise have done. To gain the approbation of these cabinets, merit their applause, and gain their support, we have not departed from that strict system of moderation, which has paralyzed our efforts, and kept back many who would otherwise have supported us. But for the promises of the cabinets we could have struck a blow that might have proved decisive; but we were led to believe that it was necessary to temporize, to leave nothing to hazard, and we now know, that nothing but trusting to hazard could have saved us.’

“ ‘On this point,’ says Lafayette, ‘I demanded explanations from the Polish Legation, and this is the answer which they sent me:—

“ ‘That it was the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France who induced us to dispatch a messenger, on the 7th July, to Warsaw, whose travelling expenses he defrayed; and that the object of that envoy, as M. Sebastiani informed us, was to induce the Polish government to hold out still for two months, because that time was necessary for the negotiations.’

“ ‘THE GENERAL KNIAZIEWICZ L.  
“ ‘PLATU.’”

*Sarrans*, ii. 255, 256.

The truth therefore has at last come out. Not contented with having stimulated the Poles to engage in a hopeless revolt, in which they could by no possibility render them



any assistance, the Revolutionary government actually induced them by fallacious promises to *hold out two months* after the Russian troops had surrounded Warsaw, run all the horrors of an assault, and debar themselves for ever from those favourable terms of capitulation which were offered by the Russian General. On whom then do all the subsequent miseries of Poland rest? Clearly on the Revolutionary party of Europe, who first stimulated them to a hopeless revolt when they could render them no assistance; then urged them to protract a desperate struggle by the delusion of aid or negotiation, and finally abandoned them, without either the one or the other.

From this sickening scene of revolutionary recklessness, ambition, and treachery, we turn with pride and satisfaction to the conduct of the Conservative Ministers of Great Britain to that gallant people. Unpraised by the Revolutionary press; unsupported by the Revolutionary fiction, while yet assailed with obloquy by all their journals, and the objects of execration to all their adherents, Lord Castlereagh silently and firmly did more for Poland at the Congress of Vienna than all Europe had done for two hundred years. He boldly demanded the restoration of their independence, fronted the imperial lion in the very scene of his triumph, and when the want of support from the other powers, and the overwhelming strength of Russia, rendered the attainment of that object impossible, he obtained for them such a constitution, and such a recognition of independence, as was amply sufficient, even on their own admission, to have secured their happiness. What they have since complained of, is not that the constitution and independence secured to them by the Congress of Vienna was defective, but that it was not fully given to them by the Emperor Alexander.

And of the blessings conferred on Poland by the Constitution thus purchased for them by England, tempered with the firmness of the Russian rule, ample evidence is afforded by the extraordinary resistance which they made to the whole power of Russia in the late war. In all their former wars, during the days of their

independence, they had uniformly been unsuccessful; and in 1794, in the days of their tumultuous freedom, Suwarrow, with 40,000 men, conquered the whole country, and stormed Warsaw, in three weeks. Yet in 1831, Poland, though now reduced to 4,000,000 of inhabitants, withstood the whole power of Russia for *nine months*. Nothing can demonstrate so clearly the *rapid strides in firmness, stability, and national power*, which it had made in the short period from 1815 to 1830, as the extraordinary difference between the stand which this remnant of Poland made under Skrzynecki, and the resistance to invasion which it had offered in any former period of its history to Russian aggression. And this opening germ of prosperity, this consolidation of the national resources—this moulding of its ancient anarchy into the form and the stability of a durable state, brought about by the wisdom and humanity of the British government in 1815, has been totally destroyed, and the remains of Polish independence blown to the winds, through the recklessness, insanity, and perfidy of the Revolutionary party in Europe in 1830. But this is the leading characteristic of the two parties. Real freedom, practical improvement, public happiness, sprung up silently and unnoticed under the Conservative rule. Anarchy, desolation, and wretchedness, signalize the reckless administration of the Revolutionists. The one coercing the passions of the people, make them prosperous, happy, and free, amidst the vituperation of the noisy supporters of democratic power; the other, giving vent to all their extravagances, reduce them to agony, starvation, and slavery, while the world is resounding with the triumph of Revolutionary ambition.

Poland, the favourite theme and favourite race of the democratic party throughout the world, affords, if its history were properly understood, the most decisive proof of the terrible effect of the passions with which they distract mankind. Six hundred years ago it was the Russia of the world; stretching from Smolensko to Ulm, and from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and embracing within its vast domains, be-

sides the whole old kingdom of Poland, now containing 16,000,000 of souls, the whole Ukraine and Crimea, Courland, Livonia, all Prussia, Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, and great part of Transylvania. The Russians were then an obscure tribe of Asiatics, beginning to emerge from the Ural mountains. Twice Moscow was captured by the Polish armies, five hundred years before the irruption of Napoleon. What, then, has melted away this mighty dominion? What powerful solvent has dissolved the conquerors of the Roman empire, and reduced the owners of one half of Europe to the condition of slaves to an Asiatic power? The answer is to be found in the words of John Sobieski, their greatest hero and wisest sovereign. "*The insane ambition of a plebeian noblesse* has reduced Poland to the dust; has in every age paralyzed her efforts, and distracted her people; and will, ere forty years are over, sweep her from the book of nations."—*Salvandy, Hist. de la Pologne.*

It is this fatal spirit of democracy

which in every age has rendered unavailing all its high and heroic qualities; has palsied the arm of its Jagellons and its Sobieskis, and rendered the most powerful monarchy of Europe at the dawn of civilisation, the perpetual prey of every weaker state in its vicinity. The ruin of Poland from first to last has been the work of the revolutionists: its history for six hundred years has been an incessant struggle of national heroism against the anarchy of democracy, and it now exhibits a melancholy and eternal monument of the dissolving effects of that ardent principle, when not tempered by the firmness and stability of Aristocratic institutions. And it is while mourning that wreck of heroism and virtue; while contemplating the overthrow of a gallant people, under the incessant action of democracy, that the revolutionists of our day are stimulated to fresh efforts to spread the same ruinous system through every other state. Such and so incurable is political fanaticism.

#### THE YELLOW LEAF.

BY DELTA.

The year is on the wane—the blue  
Of heaven assumes a paler hue,  
And when the sun comes forth at morn,  
Through melancholy mists forlorn,  
Awhile he struggles, ere his beam  
Falls on the forest and the stream,  
And then, 'tis with a feebler power  
He gilds the day, and marks the hour!  
Scathed are the mountains and the plains  
By sweeping winds, and plashing rains,  
And both that wintry look assume,  
Which speaks to us of wither'd bloom,  
And vanish'd beauty; roaring floods  
Are grown from tiny streams; the woods  
From the fresh emerald green are grown  
To yellow sere, and sullen brown;  
And all things which the eyes survey,  
Speak to us only of decay!

But yet no hour more sweet than this,  
More perfect in its tranquil bliss,  
Could man of heaven desire; the light  
Of eve is melting into night,  
And from her eastern shrine, where lie,  
Pillow'd upon the soft blue sky,  
A wreath of snowy clouds—the rim  
Of the white moon about to swim



Her course of glory ; all around  
 The scene becomes enchanted ground ;  
 The stream that late in darkness stray'd,  
 The forest late so black with shade,  
 Are lighted up ; and lo ! the hills  
 A flood of argent glory fills—  
 While even—far off—the murmuring sea  
 Is seen in its immensity,  
 A line of demarcation given  
 As 'twere between the earth and heaven !

In gazing o'er a scene so fair,  
 Well may the wondering mind compare  
 Majestic nature with the strife  
 And littleness of human life !  
 Within the rank and narrow span,  
 Where man contends with brother man,  
 And where, a few brief seasons past,  
 Death is the common doom at last,  
 What find we ? In our hour of need,  
 The generous thought, the liberal deed—  
 Or in prosperity, the kind  
 O'erflowing of congenial mind ?  
 Ah no ! instead of these, to Woe  
 Is ever given another blow ;  
 A drop to Misery's cup of gall ;  
 To Error's feet a farther fall ;  
 And, where 'tis least expected, still  
 Grows up Resentment, or Ill-will—  
 Envy has poison, and has power  
 To wither Friendship's brightest flower ;  
 And Love, too oft a gilded dream,  
 Melts like the rain-drop in the stream.

But Nature grows not old ; 'tis we  
 Who change, and not the flower or tree—  
 For years, as they revolve, renew  
 The faded with reviving dew  
 And genial heat, until as bright  
 Earth rises on the startled sight,  
 As when enchanted Adam's eyes  
 The emerald groves of Paradise—  
 And shower'd the new-made sun his beams  
 On spangled plains, and crystal streams !

Oh could we let the heart retain  
 Its glow, and dash away the stain,  
 Which sins of others, or our own,  
 Have made its tablet white upon,  
 Then might we feel that Earth is not  
 Entirely an accursed spot ;  
 That gleams of Beauty, sparks of bliss,  
 Flash oft athwart Life's drear abyss ;  
 That, from the poison cup of Woe,  
 A balm of healing oft may flow ;  
 That round the heart are twisted ties  
 To keep us good, or make us wise ;  
 That Duty is the Polar Star,  
 That leads to peace, though from afar ;  
 And to the pure in heart are given  
 Visions, whose resting-place is Heaven !

## A NEW BALLAD OF THE NEW TIMES,

ENTITLED—"LORD JOHN AND THE PEDLAR;"

*Showing how Boniface provided a Reform Dinner, and who ate it.*

TOM POTTS, he was a Pedlar bold,  
 A Pedlar bold was he,  
 If he was'nt as wise as the Ministry men,  
 "I know," quoth he, "nine is'nt ten,  
 And that's enough for me."

Tom Potts could count without his thumbs,  
 Nor find them in his way,  
 And the budget he carried upon his back,  
 He had'nt a bit of shame to unpack;  
 And that's more than some can say.

He counted no chickens before they were hatch'd,  
 And knew that eggs were eggs:  
 So he trudged the country up and down,  
 And, Fortune smile, or Fortune frown,  
 Tom Potts was on his legs.

Ulysses too was a tramping man,  
 Yet he punish'd the Suitor Sots:  
 They took him but for a beggarly thief,  
 And flung at his head a shin of beef—  
 But who would so use Tom Potts?

For he had a very sure friend at Court,  
 By whose excellent rhet-o-rick,  
 He show'd off his wares from town to town,  
 And if seldom knock'd up, he was never knock'd down,  
 And that was a good Crab-stick.

Now, there was a fair at Bridgewater town,  
 To Bridgewater town came he.  
 He was wont to put up at the Lamb and Lark—  
 He as well might have look'd for a pin in the dark,  
 For the diel such a sign saw he.

Reform had been busy at Bridgewater,  
 And had turn'd it upside down,  
 With its beggarly mobs, and radical chimes,  
 And had daringly set up new "*Signs of the Times*,"  
 And with tri-colour daub'd *The Crown*.

*The George* was turn'd into a *Will o' the Wisp*,  
 And *The Lamb* grinning over the way  
 Was changed into *The Wolf*, and *The Saracen's Head*  
 Was whiten'd and shaved, like a calf newly bled,  
 And set up again as *Lord Grey*.

There was Cobbett supplanting Bishop Blaize,  
*The Lord Harry* was up for *The Mitre*,  
 And Russell, Lord John, in effigy hung,  
 And backwards and forwards he creakingly swung,  
 As if nothing could be lighter.

And out of his mouth there came a great scroll,  
 And the words were in letters of gold,



"*The Bill, The whole Bill, nothing else but The Bill.*"  
 "What ho," quoth Tom Potts, with right good will,  
 "For once I will make bold."

Tom Potts he stepp'd into the house,  
 And his pack threw down on the floor,  
 And cried "Mr Landlord, your notions and mine  
 Exactly agree, so for once I'll dine  
 Like a King, if I never dine more."

Then Boniface rubb'd his hands with glee,—  
 And the dinner was quickly drest;  
 Tom Potts sat down to a capital meal,  
 A duck and green pease, and a fillet of veal,  
 And two quarts of the very best.

Tom Potts he ate, Tom Potts he drank,  
 Tom Potts he drank his fill,  
 The landlord beside him took off his glass,  
 And cried, "Here's to Reform"—"The Bill—may it pass."—  
 Tom Potts replied—"It will."

"The Bill, oh 'twill brew us all good ale;  
 The Bill will both brew and bake;  
 The poor man no longer shall slave for bread,  
 But find a plum-pudding under his head  
 As soon as he shall wake."

"No doubt, no doubt," the Pedlar cried,  
 "'Twill be a glorious day;  
 And 'twill be in truth a glorious Bill,  
 That to every man shall give his fill,  
 And leave 'the Devil to pay.'"

Then Tom Potts he took up his pack,  
 And Boniface he did stare,  
 Quoth he, "Friend Pedlar, not so fast,  
 There's somewhat to pay for this repast,  
 Ere we shall yet be square."

"Pay!" quoth the Pedlar, "a pretty to do,  
 Pr'ythee look at thy liberal sign;  
 There 'tis over thy door, and creaking still,  
 '*The Bill, The whole Bill, nothing else but The Bill;*'  
 So 'tis on the Bill I dine.

"'Tis legibly writ—'Nothing else but the Bill,'  
 Not a rap get you from me,  
 With your *items* and *schedules*, and as for Lord John,  
 Let him hang there in chains, like a ninny, and con  
 His lesson of A, B, C.

"I'm plain Tom Potts, and no learned clerk,  
 Yet I'll venture good advice—  
 Discard your Lord John, he has cozen'd you once,  
 And i'faith I shall count you the veriest dunce,  
 If you let him cozen you twice."

On this the Pedlar walk'd out of the House—  
 And turning about on his heel,  
 Made a bow to Lord John as he swung in the breeze,  
 And cried, "Thank you, Lord John, for a duck and green pease,  
 And an excellent fillet of veal."

## OUR BOROUGH.

BY THE DEAN OF GUILD.

## CHAP. I.

WHEN we heard in our town the rumour of the Duke's resignation of the Government, we were greatly smitten with a consternation, for we had no doubt that it was an event that would be very soon followed by consequences, the nature of which was alarming to think of; for it was clear to the meanest capacity, from the signs of the times, that the Whigs would get the upper hand; and as they had been long currying favour with the Radicals, no man could conceal from himself, that they would, to serve their private ends, give them head-ropes enough to work meikle mischief. It was not, however, thought expedient in our Council, that we should be overly forward in declaring what might be required of us to do, for although the majority were very firm government-men, there were among us some that had been considered for years as quiskous in their politics. Thus it came to pass, that the Tories, in a prudent spirit of humiliation, sat holding their tongues; and their opponents, fearful that the news were too good for them to be true, said nothing. So, that by our own free will, without having any communion on the subject with one another, we came, as it were, to a resolution to abstain from the borough business, till there was some certainty in our prospects, for surely it was a sore trial to honest men, who had all their lives upheld the King's Government, and who had often and often declared that they considered the din anent reform but as the routing of black cattle, to be put to a necessity either to abdicate their power, or to turn their coats.

But although we did abstain from the Council-chamber, there was a frequent and furthy intercourse by ordinar between us all; and a speaking concerning the monstrous crisis that had overtaken our national affairs. The Provost's Leddy held a great tea-drinking, at which we and our wives were all present; and the

whole week there was a going and a coming among the bailies and councillors to one another's houses in the evening, that denoted trouble among us. I trow the toddy was not spared, and some of us stood greatly in the need of it, to keep up our spirits, for there is nothing in the life of man, in authority, so vexatious as to have a public charge, and know not what to do.

On the Sunday, the minister was in the poopit, a weighted-down man, and delivered a most pleasant discourse, which had a great effect on all present, especially on Past-Provost Taigle, who was with the whole corporation that day in the magistrates' laft. Poor man! he was, indeed, heavy laden, and sat with his eyes shut, every now and then lifting his right hand and letting it fall in a serious conscientious manner. We were all greatly edified by the contrite way in which he kept time. It was clear to be seen that his foresight discerned something that had not kithed to the observation of men that were reputed to be of more understanding; but we remembered the words of Scripture concerning babes and sucklings. In short, a man with half an eye might have guessed from what he saw, that we had a terror upon us, as if the latter days were about to come to pass.

At last the post came in on the Monday, and all our fears were, without being ended, put to quiet. The Duke and the whole tot of his party were out; his Grace, and every respectable man of them were, it is said, seen coming out at a back door of the palace, with their napkins at their face, a sight most piteous. Sir Robert Peel was the only one who had not a napkin, but he had a green fan, through the spokes of which his watery eye was seen glinting like a blob of dew on a cabbage blade in a May morning.

As they were coming out at the back door, the Whigs were seen going in at the front. They walked



seemingly with a sober demeanour, but it was all sham; they were there who saw them poking one another on the sides with their fingers in jocundity, for their hearts were full of ecstasy; and the Lord Chancellor was said to be snuffing the north-east wind, and pretending not to discern the Lord Advocate, and yet he gave him a funny kick, just as much as to say, "Hurrah for the Blue and Yellow, we're the boys!"

But what happened in London in those days I shall not attempt to describe, for the newspapers have been most particular about it—my task is only to record what came to pass among ourselves, and how we were constrained to enact the part we did, and may still be obliged to do—until the Whigs are long enough in office to comport themselves as right officials, who, whether they are of the Whig or the Tory seed, soon grow alike. Indeed, the persuasion that sooner or later this must come to pass, is one of our greatest comforts under the present calamity, which rash, witless, and inconsiderate spirits call Reform.

When it was quite clearly ascertained that the rightful government of the Tories was clean broken down, and their adversaries seated in the power and glory of their places, we, as it were of a natural accord, held a meeting of the Provost, Bailies, and Town-Council, in the clerk's chamber, to consider what part we should then play in the tragedy that was under rehearsal. It happened to be a wet and blustering night, but we nevertheless had a full meeting, and a solid and serious crack anent the signs of the times.

Fast-Provost Taigle, with his usual prudent diffidence, was of opinion that we ought to wait a little before we took any step, but Bailie Thummut was most contrary, and said, striking the table with his neive, "that we would be disgraced to the end of the world, if we did not stand by our creed.

"Have not we," said the Bailie, "been, since the memory of man, most true and loyal subjects, and shall we now make ourselves no better than apostates—for what? only because the Whigs, who have been a little better than rebels and traitors from the beginning, have by

a whisk usurped the seats of honour. We will not, gentlemen, for we have seen, not many years bygone, how when, with the suppleness of evil spirits, they slippit into power, that the grace of God was withheld from them, and being found nought in office, auld George III.—he was a King! it will be lang till we see his like again—with the help of Lord Eldon, sent them a-packing with their tails atween their legs. Gentlemen, this uproar is but a fit—my advice, which I give with the help of natural sagacity, is to stand on our own feet, till we see how the rest of the nation incline, and then, if it be prudent, we can conform to the times, but if we shilly shally, or go over prematurely, we'll get no advantage."

"To be sure," replied the Town-treasurer, Mr Birl, "what the Bailie has been saying is very much to the purpose; for if we go over at once to the side of the adversaries, and they are soon sent about their own business, we will be in a comical dilemma, neither the Duke, nor any of the Tories, who are the natural rulers of the kingdom, will put much faith in us again. I am waiting till we see the upshot of this anarchy and confusion; for, gentlemen and my Lord Provost, let us not mistake mere wet leather for a plaster. This is the beginning of a Revolution, and if we do not set a stout heart to a styne brae, the babe unborn may rue the day!"—

"My Lord Provost," cried Counsellor Capsize, starting from his seat, and interrupting Mr Birl, "this is most obnoxious doctrine. If we wait till the nation have declared their conversion, where will be the merit of our coming in like wally-draigles at the end of the pick? No, my lord and gentlemen, depend upon't if we do so, but of small value will then be deemed our adherence. My voice is for an immediate declaration of our unalterable principles, and if it please Heaven to make a change back to the old condition of things, no doubt it's in the power of Providence to let us see what we should do, and to open our eyes to a clear discernment of our own interests, for I am not one of those who think that an honest man can have any other object in his politics than the promotion of his own

interests, along with the interests of the borough or community whereof he is a member." —

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried Bailie Sterling, rising with a red face and an angry eye, "can I credit my hearing? Surely we're by ourselves, to speak this open blasphemy. I'll no allow't, I will not allow't; we're here for the benefit of the public, and have no privilege to mint aught anent our 'dividual interests. We're here a part of his Majesty's Government, and have no right in any matters of government, to make our public trusts subservient to our private ends. Our task is to see that the laws are enforced; that's our duty as magistrates. My corruption, gentlemen, rises when I hear it said among us as magistrates, that we may turn our power to an advantage to ourselves. Gentlemen, it is rank sedition to say this, and therefore my opinion is, that we only see the laws executed. If we will mangle politics, let us do so as private persons; but it's not our duty as men in authority to do so. We have no authority to do so; I say we have no authority. What are we here, but seven men, and no wiser than our neighbours in a national sense? As men, we are free to talk nonsense, as becomes our natural infirmity; but all that we have been saying this night, is thrashing in the water, and a raising of bells" —

The worthy Bailie had not, however, proceeded farther, when Mr Sleekie rose, and waving his hand across the table to make him hold his tongue, said smoothly,

"My Lord Provost, this is no doubt a trying occasion, and the more it is so, the more it behoves us to ca' canny; but, without offence, I would say to my fervent friend there, that it's no consistent with a sound policy to expect that one is to rule seven of us."

"My Lord Provost!" exclaimed Bailie Sterling—"and am I to be domineered over by seven fools, merely because they think themselves seven golden candlesticks? They may be so, for aught I know, but where are their lights?"

"Really, Mr Sterling," said the Provost, in his quiet, well-bred manner, "ye must not speak in that way—I cannot allow you, because it's

contrar to good order.—Mr Sleekie, you may proceed."

"I have not much to say more," was his sedate answer; "but since there has grown up a heat in the blood of some of us, I would move that the sederunt be adjourned."

"I second that move," cried Mr Birl, the Treasurer, "for it's very ripe and evident that we're no unanimous; but we may take up the debate in the morning; for, although it's not most convenient for us to leave our trades in the course of the day, this is a time of terror that may well call for an exception; and, therefore, I second the adjournment till eleven o'clock the morn."

Thus it came to pass, from less to more, that we did adjourn till next day, for clear it was to be seen, that the element of strife was among us, and no good could come of lengthening our argol bargolling at night—so we skail'd.

It's a thing well known, that, from an ancient date, (if not before the Union,) it has, for a convenience, been the practice in our town to have a secret way of doing public business. This has commonly been by a hidden covenant between certain ruling members of the corporation, whereby, whenever there was a lawful council, that came to no conclusion in their differences, the aforesaid members went to some one or other of their houses, after an adjournment, and there, over a tumbler of toddy, talked rational on the affair, and determined how the thing wanted should be brought about. This was particularly the case when a new man was to be brought, by death or accident, into the Council, or when it was befitting to nominate the Provost or Bailies, or, in short, any other officer in the borough, whose qualifications required a previous consideration. This Privy Council, as it was called, consisted of the elect members of the corporation; and after the controversy in the Town Council just rehearsed, they adjourned to my house, to take the subject we had been pater nostring in the clerk's chamber into a more discreet handling.

It would be a needless defluxion of time, to relate what took place at the Privy Council we held that night, because the result will be seen in



the proceedings of the Town Council, which took place next day. But the courteous reader cannot fail to see the straits that the nation was brought into, that we should be so obligated as to have three Councils in little more than twelve hours. One, a common nocturnal; another, a conclave in my house; and the third, a solemn legislature, held in the Town Hall, at the noon of day. Suffice it to say, for the present, that we continued our deliberations till it was fur in the night; at last the toddy operated to its natural effect, and we separated ayont the twelve, with great cordiality. I well recollect, that Mr Sleekie, who was one of the Sanhedrim, gave me a very friendly squeeze of the hand, when he wished me good-night, and I could see that there was a tear in his eye as he did so, which was no doubt a token of his sincerity.

But no wonder that state secrets break out from the cabinet of kings, for even ours, and we were true honest men all, did not bide long in abeyance. In the morning my wife rose afore me, and she was not long a-foot, when I heard the voice of Mrs Birl in the passage, conversing with her about what would be necessary for a journey to London, and how she intended to go: But my wife, though very prudent in the main, was not to be trusted with the business of the commonwealth, and she was in consequence as much non-plushed, I could hear, by the questions of Mrs Birl, as if she had been an idol dumb,

“ Which blinded nations fear.”

But no sooner had Mrs Birl departed the house than she came ben to me and said,

“ What’s this, gudeman? are ye going to London, and taking Mrs Birl and the Provost’s leddy, and no me? This is not political justice, as I have heard you often say. What for would ye be guilty of such iniquity?”

By this I needed no interpreter to tell me that either the Provost or Mr Birl had betrayed the secret that was not to be mentioned before it was confirmed by an act of sederunt in the Council Chamber; I however said nothing, but enquired, in a dry manner,

“ What is the woman saying?”

“ Oh, maybe you’re no to be permitted to go yourself,” cried the mistress; “ and in that case I have no right to complain; but it’s surely a terrible thing that the elect of the Council should be going in a deputation to see the King, and the Dean of Guild no permitted to go with them. I’ll no believ’t. So ye may as weel, gudeman, make a clean breast, and tell me all about it.”

Now I never could thole to be so questioned by the mistress in this pugnacious manner. So I told her to mind her householdry; but if she would gallant away to London, she could not ride a doucer gelding than her own spinning wheel. She was not, however, to be put off with a flea in her lug like this, but sat down in a chair by the bedside, for I was not yet up, and said, “ It does not look well for a married man to be shining away at London, leaving his rightful wife sitting like an ashypet crouching within the fender at home. And, gudeman! to be plain with you, if it’s a reality that ye’re going to London town, I’ll go too, though I should be strapped on your shoulders like a packman’s wallet.”

I had always a dread of my wife when I heard her so cool and condumacious, but I had some regard for my promise of secrecy, and so I said to her fleecingly, “ Dinna be overly outstropolous—by and bye, I may tell you something that will be news when ye hear’t; but just let me be for the present, for I have a matter of mind to do before the Council meets this forenoon, that cannot be put off without an inconvenience. Go away, and let me think.”

Then she exclaimed, “ I could wager a plack to a bawbee, that this story of a cavalcading to see the King, with the Provost’s leddy killyreeing in the van, is no without a solidity. A Council yestreen in the Tolbooth! A clishmaclavering to the dead o’night here! And another sprosing of the Council by day! Gudeman, dinna deny the fact to me—but I have my own fears. God’s sake! I hope it’s no in agitation to do any thing to the prejudice of our gude King, whom I have heard you speak of as if he were a nonsuch, better than Solomon?”

But although I was tried in this manner for a long time, I was dure

in my determination not to speak of what might come to pass; so I got up, and dressing myself in good order, was in time for the Council.

The Provost having taken the chair, and the rest of us being seated round the table, he rose, and with a composed countenance, spoke to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen, after giving the best consideration in my power to what passed among us last night, and seeing that we are placed in a very difficult predicament as to our loyalty and principles, I have thought, and would now submit, gentlemen, to you, that we have no choice, in this momentary state of affairs, but to send, under the name of a deputation, certain wise and judicious men to London."

"And what are they to do there?" cried Mr Sterling, who was not of the Privy Council.

"Their business will be to congratulate the King's Majesty on his accession to the throne."

"That ought to have been thought of sooner," replied Mr Sterling. "But"——

"No doubt," said the Provost; "we had, however, no apprehension that we were in such peril; and in seeing the King they will have their ears open, and will hear something of what's going on. By the word they will send us, we shall know how to regulate ourselves, for really, gentlemen, we live in an unco time, and what's to come to pass, no man can tell."

"And who have you thought of, my Lord Provost, to send on this important business?" said Mr Sleekie, looking round to me with a pawkie curl in the corner of the eye.

"Upon that head," replied the Provost, "it would ill become me in this chair to dictate; but surely Past-Provost Taigle will not refuse to be one of the deputation?"

It was not intended he should, but it was thought, that for policy, he should have the offer, it being well known to us all, that as he was not a man of legerity, he would not accept it. It happened, however, that his wife's brother had come home with a fortune from India, and that the offer to be sent to London free of expense, was a fine thing for him and

his wife; and accordingly he rose and said,

"My good Lord Provost—greatly am I indebted for the good opinion that my fellow-townsmen entertain of me, and of my small talents."

"No more than they deserve," said I.

"And, if there is any way in which I can be useful to the community"

——  
"Hear, hear!" cried every member of the Privy Council.

"You may command my good will and best endeavours, but"——

"No, no—no buts;" and great clamour.

"I was only going to add"——, he rejoined, "but you must take the will for the deed—I will do my best."

All present looked aghast, and were as silent as it was possible for astonished men to be; for no one present ever feared he would consent to go, so that the members of the Privy Council sat dumfounded, and those who had a suspicion in their thoughts, were just wonderfully diverted to think of the accident; nor was the matter mended by Bailie Sterling getting up and assuring the meeting that they could not have chosen a more judicious representative. Some that were there fell back in consternation, to be so taken by a side-wind, unexpectedly. However, the case was in good hands, for the Provost nodded over the table to me, which was as much as to say, "Well, let this mishap pass for the present."

But the perplexity did not end here, for Bailie Sterling, a quick, true-hearted man, stood well in the good-will of us all, as a conscientious man, though nobody, a minute before, would have thought him fit to be put on such a delicate situation. However, what he said about Past-Provost Taigle softened the auld man's heart, and he, rising again, proposes that Mr Sterling should be another of the deputation. "I cou'd-na," said he, "make choice of a man more to my own heart for a colleague; and since you have made me your first choice, do me the favour to appoint likewise my excellent friend." And appointed he was.

All the Privy Councillors looked abashed—the whole plot was



overtumed, and what was to be done?

Luckily, as I have said, the Provost in the chair was not a man to be easily disconcerted. An adjournment was the only expedient that could save us. But how was that to be brought about? In a less cunning hand we were ruined, but having him, we were in the end tri-

umphant, for presently he complained that the air of the room was close, and bade a window be opened; then he said he was all-overish, and at last he began to strain and bock. "It's the Cholera," cried all, with one voice, and the room was soon cleared of those who were not in the secret, and we then adjourned into another chamber.

## CHAP. II.

HAVING been thus disappointed in the ploy of a deputation to London, by the manœuvre described, which was no doubt a machination, there was not a member of the corporation that did not feel himself, all the rest of the day, in a state of uncertainty and tribulation. Those of the enemy's camp not expecting such a result, were afraid, not knowing what to make of it, that some hidden danger was in their triumph; and for our side, we saw that the whole affair was just a nonsense, and would not be productive of any good, there being neither common sagacity nor a right understanding among those who made themselves cock-sure of the jaunt. But towards the afternoon we grew more composed, for the Provost, a regardful man, sent round one of the town-officers to tell us that we would be glad to hear it was not the Cholera which made him so dangerous. "In short," said Sunday, as the town-officer was called by the weans, in sport, "he has just had a touch of the molly-grubs, which the ledly has pacified with rhubarb and brandy, and he'll be weel enough at night."

Those that had discernment among us, were at no loss how to construe this message; and I accordingly went by myself, about eight o'clock, to his house, for I was very much consoled to hear the Provost had but suffered from a false alarm, and would, in the end, be the better of his dose of physic.

Going at eight o'clock, I found Past-Bailie Drivel there before me, who, though an old man and sorely failed, was not without a name for corporation business. He had heard who had been named for the deputation, and in what manner, and was, like every body of common sense,

demented that it should have been so.

"But thanks be and praise," said he, "when we spoke anent it, the sederunt has been no sederunt at all—no minutes have been written out—the Provost's calamity put a stop to the business, and he has only to plead—which he can well do—that he was not in a capacity to preside, and therefore the meeting must stand a *dies non*, as it is called in the Latin language, in which these words signify no meeting at all."

"Really, Bailie," said the Provost himself, as he sat in his easy-chair with his wife's shawl over his shoulders, a cod behind his back, and on his head a clean white cotton night-cap, "Really, Bailie, ye have thought my very thought—for, as sure as death, I was in no condition to argol bargol with any body, and ought—so great was my all-overishness—to have dismissed the Council before we came to the vote, and now that I think on't, the whole affair passed as a matter of course, without coming to a vote at all—it was just a kind of a hear and say."

"Na," said Mr Drivel, "if that's the case we're all safe yet. Ye must just insist on making a *dies non*—and if I were you, and you had my experience, I would have no meeting at all—but say that it was an unregularity altogether."

"But if we make a new 'lection for the deputation, the Reformers may again come on our blind side, and play another souple trick."

"Ah, Provost, ye must not let them—just there where ye sit, in all the parapharnauly of a patient at death's door—send word to the Town Treasurer, that although Providence has been pleased to take you from your duty at this time; yet it

has left you your head, and therefore as the business to London cannot wait, ye will dispatch the Dean of Guild forthwith on your own responsibility—ordering him to be supplied with money. And what's to hinder you, Mr Dean of Guild," said he, turning to me, "when ye're in London, to write down to us that ye cannot do without help, and then we'll send up to you those we know will be agreeable? Odd's sake, Provost, it was a very convenient stroke of policy to fall sick of such an out-strapolous malady as the cholera, so nicely in the nick of time."—And Bailie Drivel rubbed his hands with fainness.

Just as we were thus soberly discouraging, another of the Council came in. He was one that we were not quite sure of, for on more than one occasion we had seen in him a leaning to the Radical side—and we could not divine what had brought him, for the Provost, as he afterwards told me himself, had most particularly directed Sunday to call only on our own friends. But it turned out that Mrs Canny, the councillor's wife, being vogie that her gudeman was in the way to be a bailie, always gave Sunday a dram when he came with a message on town business, and the pawkie bodie none doubting his reward, thought he could not do better than take the blithe tidings of the Provost's recovery to her door. Howsoever, the Provost fell into a low fit soon after Mr Canny came in, and as he could not carry on the discourse, particularly anent the town business, and the intruder was not on a familiarity with him, we soon got rid of that thorn in the flesh, and Past-Bailie Drivel with me, we stayed behind.

Presently the Provost brightened up, and bade us make another tumbler, and Mr Drivel, as he was brewing his, and brizzing the sugar with the mahogany bruizer, looked out over his tumbler from aneath his brows, and said to the Provost with a pyet's eyes, "I have heard brandy commended as a medicine for the cholera."

"So have I," said the Provost, "and if our friend the Dean of Guild doesna think it will do me harm, I dare say I could take a thimbleful."

"Harm!" cried I; "far be sic a thought from me—it's a medicine—and surely a medicine ought to do you good."

Whereupon he drew his tumbler towards him, syne the gardivine, and made a cheerer that would have shamed to paleness the water of a tanhole.

"Eh! what am I about?" said he; "but, Bailie, ye say that brandy's good for the cholera?"

"If ye hae't," quoth the old man, again rubbing his hands, as if the palms had been kittly, drawing his under lip shavlingly over his upper, with a keckling kind of a laugh, that was funnier to thole than an advocate's pun.

Being thus restored to our ease and composure, though we did count on some others of our party coming in, we had a solid crack anent the signs of the times, for the London paper of that evening seemed to speak very ominously; no longer giving us that heartening to stand out against the reform which behoved an organ of the Government to do.

"Aye," said the Provost, "that is a sign! things are come to a pretty pass now. We are really cast upon an awful time. The nation's in a boiling confusion. Scum, pease, and barley are all walloping through ither. It is full time that we were on our posts; when, Dean of Guild, will ye be in a condition to go? Our hearths and altars are at stake."

"The ashes of our ancestors," cried Bailie Drivel.

"All that's dear to us," said I.

"Yes," replied the Provost, with solemnity, "all is at stake, and the man who will not make a stand in this monstrous crisis, is a very worthless person."

"But in what way," cried I, "is the stand to be made? I am ready."

"So am I," said the Bailie.

"The Radicals are up! the Whigs are up! and the Tories are crying for the mountains to fall on them," said the Provost.

In short, we all worked ourselves into a consternation, in so much, that before old Bailie Drivel was half done with his toddy, his heart filled full, and the tear rushed into his eye in a very pitiful manner. But still we had between hands some sober conversation, and agreed



among ourselves, that before manifesting at that time any change, or shadow of change, in our councils, it behoved me to set off for London, and write the Provost what was the

signs and aspects of the times in London. And, accordingly, after a very serious sederunt, we parted for the night, and I went home to my own house.

### CHAP. III.

MRS GABLES, my wife, was a person of a particular temper; by some opaqueness of intellect, she never could discern at first the use or good of any thing whatever. I mind well on our wedding night, she made an objection to go to her bridal bed, because, as she said, she did not ken the use of it; and that comicality has aye staid about her sinsyne; and has so worked upon me, that I really stand in awe of her, when I have anything extraordinary to mention, for fear she make owre great an obstacle. Thus it came to pass, that as it was late, when I bade gude night to the Provost, I was in hopes she would have been gone to her bed before I got home, but I was disappointed, for there she was, sitting up for me, a thing by common, and which was a very great surprise. But it seems, that Mr Drivel being with us, his wife had called on mine, and had told her something of the deputation to London, which Mrs Gables was just out of the body to hear about.

"And so, gudeman," says she to me, when I went into the room where she was sitting by the fireside, her feet on the fender, and the candle needing snuffing, "what news is this? It's no my opinion, go to London who likes, that you ought to go, especially as they say, anarchy and confusion are riding upon a Revolution there. The Gude preserve us! what would ye say if they put up a gulyteen? Na, gudeman, I'll ne'er give my consent for you to run into sic a jeopardy."

I answered her as well as I could; and having long discerned that she was easiest managed when spoken to with a serious solemnity, as became the head of a house, I gathered my brows in a very awful manner, and added,

"No doubt, my dear, what ye say is well worth a consideration; and if this mission was a matter that rested with me, ye may be sure I

would have had a pleasure in hearing the advice of one so well able to give me the very best."

"Nane of your fleechings, Robin; ye're just fou', and taverit, and that's what has put it into your head to gar you think ye can blaw wind in my lug. But, is it true that there is to be a grand procession of all the Town Council, in post chaises to London, to give the King an advice anent the Reform Bill? Poor man, he's no out of the need o't. Surely, you that's been a king's man all your days, will never change now?"

"No, no, my dear," said I, "we have more discretion. Ye see, the case is this—that constitution, of which our corporation has so long had hesp and staple, is thought to be in need of a reparation; but there is an unco difference between a reparation and a reform; and it behoves us to look weel to that point before-hand—no that we have any idea of going over to the Whigs in the business; but you know we must be very circumspect."

"Megstie me, gudeman," cried Mrs Gables, "are ye speaking of ganging o'er to the Whigs? you that was such a desperate Tory. I'll no alloo't—I'll ne'er consent to that."

"My dear, I never intimated any such intention."

"Don't say so—don't I know you, Robin, better than you do yourself? and don't I see the intention lying like an ill-coloured sediment at the bottom of your heart? If a' the world should be a weather-cock, Robin, sooner than turn a Whig, I would rust into inveteracy as a Tory. It would be a brave gale that would turn me."

"Mrs Gables, there is no need to be so vehement. If the public good calls for a change, that change must be made; and, my dear, what know you about Whigs or Tories that you should speak so?"

"Oh, Robin! what's that ye're saying? Do I not ken that a Whig

is no better—ay, no better than—a yeard tead—and a Tory, is not he a magisterial man?”

“Well, well, let us not quarrel about it; but at an early hour the morn, I must be looking for the Glasgow mail, for if there be a seat, I intend to go by it to London.”

“No possible! gudeman! but I will have an explanation.”

“By and bye; but considering what time I must be up, we ought to be in our bed—Come”——

“I’ll no move from this seat till you have told me all about it.”

“Een’s ye like, Meg Dorts,—sit you there, and for all the turn you have in hand, ye may do as well without a candle—so I’ll take this one with me.”

“Ah, Robin, when wine is in wit wavers—A wee drap makes you as dure as a door-nail. But I’ll say no more this night about your town’s-jaut to London; for although I’m no an inch wiser concerning it than when I first began to howk the truth out of you, I ken my part, and will submit.”

Whereupon, notwithstanding her condumacious speech, she came with me to bed; but no sooner was I in, and aneath the blankets, than I considered with myself that it was expedient to fall sound asleep; for she was speaking horrid nonsense, as women will do that talk politics; nevertheless, though I gave a great snore to make her understand my condition, it had no other effect on her than to turn her discourse on herself, instead of on me, which she did straightways, by saying on hearing me snore—

“Poor man! a wee drappie soon gets the upper hand of his weak capacity, but I must counsel him in the morning.”

And so it came to pass, for she waukent before me, and giving me a knudge in the ribs with her elbow said, “if ye’re really intent on going with the Glasgow mail, it is time to rise. But, Robin Gables, I doubt this jaunt is going a gray gate, or running a raim-race.”

“My dear,” I replied, getting up at the same time, “I thought aye ye had more public spirit, than to put yourself as an adversary to your gudeman in a work of this consequence—deed, Jenny, if there be not

a stand made now, or a concession, for we must do the one or the other, it’s all over wi’ us.”

“But what are ye going to do with the King at London—I would like to ken that? Surely he’s not in such straits yet, as to need the support of such windlestraes? though it is my sincere opinion, that if he puts faith in the Whigs, he’ll soon be brought to a morsel.”

“My dawtie, but ye have a bad opinion of the Whigs.”

“Is’t no natural, gudeman, considering what I have heard of them, and their doings?”

“And what hae you heard?”

“Heard! did not you tell me yourself, when you got into the Council, that Whigs were most abominable, without a right principle, and save among those of their own way of thinking, they were not to be trusted? Think ye that I can broo folk so perfidious and blackhearted?”

“Far be it from me to egg you to do so—but, Jenny, what makes you so complaisant to the Tories?”

“Ah, are not ye one, my dear gudeman? and is it no my duty, as a wedded wife, to love and obey you? Besides, are not the Tories of a genteler degree—wha but them has heretofore been the magistrates of the land, getting their sons sent to Ingy as cadies?” &c.

“True, but don’t you expect the Whigs will do the same with their gets, when they have places to give?”

“No doubt, it’s natural they should; but I would not lend them a helping hand—Keep them down when ye have them down. What will ye say if they get the mastery? For my part, I’d sooner flee to where never one kent me, than yield an inch to them, far less strengthen them with my aid.”

In some discourse to this effect we passed the time till breakfast was ready, which, as soon as I had swallowed, I went to the Provost to get his instructions, that I might be prepared by the time the Glasgow mail came up. And going to the Provost, I found him up and sitting in his polonasy dressing-gown at his scrutoire, with a writing before him, and a certain sum of money, Bank of Englands, several sovereigns, and a bunch of his own bank guinea-notes at his elbow.



"Come away, Mr Gables," said he, "Come away—we live in sore times, that do not allow us our natural rest. Being a thought feared that ye might oversleep yourself, and that we might not have time for a right confabbe afore the mail came up, I was just putting down with the scrapple of a pen a word or two that might be seasonable; but since ye're there, it would be a work of super-erogation to continue it."

Then he laid down his pen, and taking off his spectacles, and turning his chair round to face me, he continued—

"We have not time to waster; so I'll begin and be even-down with you. Ye'll make your best ettle to be in London as soon as possible; then ye'll call on the Member for our district, and ye'll hear what he says anent the Reform. As he was always a true Government man—indeed had he been otherwise, he ne'er had been there—ye'll discern by the leaning of his discourse how the wind blows; for if ye find him against the great measure, say nothing, but let me know, and I shall then instruct you by course of post. But if he's what they call a bit-by-bit, ye may be pretty sure it's all over with the Tories, and may thereupon open your mind freely; but if he's desperate and inclined to be a radical, I'll no say ye may meet with a puzzler, but the chief thing that you are to do is, to see how the land lies."

I told the Provost that I would exert my very best sagacity, for we had a great stake.

"There is no doubt of that," said he, "yet by a prudent handling ye may do much. But now what I am going to say is a profound secret between ourselves."

"You may depend, Provost, on my discretion."

"Well, Mr Gables, supposing you are thrown into a perplexity with what the member says, ye must then in a canny way try to get the ear of the Duke"—

"The Duke! no possible!"

"It's true, though; and as faint heart never won fair leddy, just go to himself and tell him what ye have come from our borough for; and as it's no in his nature to give either a crooked or meandering answer, he'll

let you know what he thinks—which, if it be what we all fear, then go to the lad Brougham,—they have made him a lord, set him up!—and let him know, that we, seeing the great advantage of Reform, are in hopes that there will be a way of bringing it about, no overly much to our particular detriment, for that although OUR BOROUGH is no just so populous as Glasgow and some other Scottish towns, it is yet a very creditable place, and would do much to serve a man of his great talons."

"Ah, sir!" said I, "ye're, Provost, a far-sighted man. I hope we're not in such desperation."

"But if we are, the best defence is to be well prepared. Ye'll then step in cannily to Mr Hume, and have some politic discourse with him. I would not just neglect Mr Holmes, even though ye find matters in such jeopardy. But, above all things, be sure and see Mr Place the Clothier, and with his help and creeshy handling, ye'll see Lord Grey himself, though it should be in the dead hour of the night."

Just as the Provost was thus summing and wintering to me, our serving lass, Meg, came panting like a pelloch to tell me that the coach was coming; whereupon the Provost made an end, and taking up the notes and gold, put them into my hands.

"These," said he, "is what will maybe do for the jaunt. The Bank of Englands and the sovereigns are for after ye have passed Carlisle; but the notes of our ain bank circulate that length, and ye have of them what will do for the first part of the road in the going, and the last part in the coming; and I can only say, for a parting word, the motto of our borough, 'Ca' canny, wi' the Lord's help.'"

Having then given my acknowledgment to him for the money, as if I had received it from Mr Birl, the treasurer, I posted home, where the goodwife had the portmanty at the door ready, and the coach having changed horses at the inn forenent, in the nick of time I reached it, and was off before Mrs Gables had time to give me a word of solidity, as she called it, though I saw by her eyes that she had much to say.

## THE CYCLOP OF EURIPIDES.\*

*Dramatis Personæ.*

SILENUS.

*Chorus of SATYRS.*

ULYSSES.

CYCLOP.

## ACT I.

SILENUS—*Chorus*—ULYSSES.

SILENUS. I've borne a pretty tolerable share  
 Of troubles, Master Bacchus, and still bear,  
 Thy poor old tutor, all for love of thee.  
 First, when the nymphs, that nursed thee, thou didst flee,  
 And mountain-home, driven frenzied by the rage  
 Of Juno. Then, again, when thou didst wage  
 War with the earth-born giants—in the advance  
 At thy right foot stood I—and thus, and thus—  
 Through shield and paunch mighty Enceladus  
 I smote—aye, slew—with mine own very lance.  
 What do I dream! Why, Bacchus saw the spoils,  
 And now the fullest measure of my toils!  
 For since, for thy more distant banishment,  
 Juno the Tyrrhene thieves against thee sent,  
 I and my sons, in thy predicament,  
 Turn voyagers to seek thee—at the helm  
 Sat I, as pilot, through the watery realm,  
 They at the benches, and, with tugging oar,  
 From the dark sea the white foam bravely tore.  
 And now, when we had nigh to Malea† run,  
 There rose a foul wind blowing from the sun,  
 That drove us to these rocks of Ætna here,  
 Where dwell the Cyclops in their caverns drear,  
 The one-eyed cannibals, and progeny  
 Accurst of Neptune, “the stern god of sea.”  
 One of this horrid race hath made us slaves,  
 They call him Polyphemus, so that now,  
 'Stead of our glorious orgies, my poor knaves  
 Of sons and I must to this cormorant bow.  
 My sons, themselves young simple things, must keep  
 The younglings of his flocks by mountain's side;  
 Whilst I must fill his water-butts, and sweep  
 His floors at home, and busily provide  
 The impious suppers for his beastly maw.  
 And now must, with this paring-shovel, claw  
 And cleanse the ground from offal and foul sherds,  
 To welcome home my master and his herds.  
 What, ho! I see my sons tending their flocks—  
 Holloa! what mean ye thus, ye senseless blocks,

\* It should be Cyclops, but I follow Pope as my authority for Cyclop, finding it more quaint and suitable to a translation in rhyme. The division into acts, though incorrect, I have adopted from Musgrave's edition, from which this translation has been made.

† Malëa. Euripides.



With your vile mimicry and wanton dance,  
Such as ye heretofore were wont to prance  
With amorous Bacchus, when ye tripp'd before  
Pandering the way to Dame Althea's door?

*Enter SATYRS.*

*1st SATYR.*

Whisht, ho! Master Goat, come hither,  
Thou pride of the flock of an ancient stock,  
For thy beard and horn'd head agree,  
Both in thy pedigree.  
Why art thou scampering over the rock  
Thou knowest not whither?  
Come hither, come hither, come hither—  
Or think'st thou, forsooth,  
This air not serene, this herbage not green,  
Though soft to thy feet and sweet to thy tooth?  
Here, here, too, so cool to thy liver,  
The whirlpool water, that foams in the river,  
Stands close to our cavern,  
Drawn quietly off  
Into cistern and trough;  
Come back, my good Horney, come back to thy tavern,  
And taste a sweet drop:  
Hark! the kids, too, are bleating to give thee good greeting,  
This dewy slope offers fresh verdure to crop:  
Come back, come back,  
Beardy-boy, nimbly, thy feet in the track  
To fold and to pen;  
Or a stone at thy head shall make thee hop  
To thy master's den,  
The wild mountain goat-herd,  
The villainous dotard,  
And monster of monsters, old Cyclōp.

*2d SATYR.*

And you there, too, sweet Mistress Ewe,  
Come home, come home, come home,  
It is no longer time to roam;  
Thy children small, thy lambkins call  
For their suppers of milk as they bleat in the stall,  
Where long they've been sleeping,  
And fain would be creeping  
Under thy full-laden udder, sweet Ewe.  
Sweet Ewe, sweet Ewe,  
Come back to thy stall,  
They bleat and they call,  
And 'tis time from the hill ye withdrew, withdrew,  
'Tis time from the hill ye withdrew!

*3d SATYR.*

Alas! and ah me!  
Alas! and ah me!  
O here is no Bacchus,  
No revel, no chorus,  
To shout out Iacchus,  
Behind and before us;  
No nymphs with their thyrses  
And mystical verses,  
To dance round thee, Bacchus,  
With shoutings uproarious,  
Tympanums glorious;  
Round sweet-flowing fountains,  
That gush from the mountains,

No dew-dropping vine.  
 Ah! no, nor is this a  
 Blithe vineyard of Nyssa,  
 Of nymph-loving Nyssa, all fragrant with wine.  
 4th SATYR.

Iacchus, Iacchus—  
 Oh then to have seen us  
 With white-footed maiden,  
 All singing to Venus,  
 And dancing to measure—  
 O, Bacchus! O, Bacchus!  
 O, where art thou now?  
 Thy yellow locks shaking,  
 O, where, where art thou?  
 While I nor thy pleasure,  
 Nor pains, am partaking;  
 I, once thy attendant,  
 Good fellow, and friend;  
 Now, wretched dependant,  
 Slave, bondman, I tend—  
 Vile service—these goats,  
 As their pasture they crop,  
 Meanly clad in their coats,  
 (Ugh! how filthy this hair,)  
 As the livery I wear  
 Of the villain—old Cannibal—vile Cyclōp.

SILENUS (*advancing*). Silence, my sons, and bid the tending slaves  
 The flock collect beneath the rock-roofed caves.

SATYRS (*to attendants*). Away—but what is't moves thee, Father?

SILENUS. Mark,  
 Close by the shore I see a Grecian bark,  
 'Tis a stout crew, and Captain seeming brave—  
 And lo! they make their way to this our cave—  
 And empty baskets round their necks are hung  
 For victual perhaps—and water pots are slung.  
 Oh! wretched strangers, little do they know  
 Where, or to what a restless host they go;  
 Or they would find it best to keep aloof,  
 Nor speed to this inhospitable roof,  
 A treat for Polyphemus' teeth to gnaw—  
 He need but gape, they drop into his maw.  
 But, silence—from themselves we now would learn,  
 Whence are they, and why hitherward they turn,—  
 And would in Ætna's flames their fingers burn.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

ULYSSES. Could ye, good sirs, inform us of fresh spring,  
 Or stream, for water, which our thirst demands;  
 Or would you, for good price, provisions bring—  
 For much they need it, to our hungry bands?  
 These Satyrs round the cave remove all doubts—  
 Sure Bacchus hath some city hereabouts.  
 I will this aged gentleman address.

SILENUS. And ask us whence we are—I thee no less—  
 Whence art thou, what thy name, good stranger, say?

ULYSSES. Ulysses, and of Ithaca; my sway  
 The Cephallonians own.

SILENUS. Ah! welladay,—  
 I knew a chattering fellow of that name,  
 Of the shrewd race of Sisyphus.

ULYSSES. The same.  
 But, prithee, use some better courtesy.



SILENUS. Whence reach you this our coast of Sicily

ULYSSES. From Ilium and the Trojan war I roam.

SILENUS. What, couldst thou not then find the straight way home?

ULYSSES. Storms drove us hither, such was our mishap.

SILENUS. We're both of us, then, caught in the same trap.

ULYSSES. Wert thou, too, storm-cast hither?

SILENUS. In sad truth,

When I pursued the Pirates that the youth

Fair Bacchus stole.

ULYSSES. Say then what land is this,

And who inhabit it?

SILENUS. Yon mountain is

The summit of Ætnean Sicily.

ULYSSES. And where the city, for no walls I see?

SILENUS. No city here—nor yet do mortal men

Like thee inhabit it.

ULYSSES. Is't all a den

Of savage beasts?

SILENUS. Savage, indeed; for here

The houseless Cyclops dwell in caverns drear.

ULYSSES. Who rules them, or is't a Democracy?

SILENUS. Rule them! they tend their flocks and wander free,

And nobody cares here for nobody.

Small heed take they of rule, nor much of law.

ULYSSES. Plough they and sow?

SILENUS. Not they, they fill their maw

With milk and cheese and mutton.

ULYSSES. And no wine

Pour'd in rich juices from the ample vine!

SILENUS. None,—why I'd not give thank-ye for their land.

ULYSSES. How like they strangers,—are their manners bland?

SILENUS. Like them! they think them excellent when fresh.

ULYSSES. What, are they cannibals and eat their flesh?

SILENUS. None ever came here but they ate them up.

ULYSSES. Ate them!!

SILENUS. Aye, bones and all, so well they sup.

ULYSSES. Where is your Cyclop now? Is he within?

SILENUS. Abroad, and filling Ætna with his din

Of hunting dogs.

ULYSSES. How shall I save my skin,

And quit—

SILENUS. That point I little apprehend:

But, pray, Ulysses, use me as your friend.

ULYSSES. Sell us provisions, for we need them much.

SILENUS. We've nought but meat, I told you—

ULYSSES. Even such—

Hunger is not of dainty appetite.

SILENUS. We've milk, too, and whey cheese—

ULYSSES. Then expedite,

For we must strike a bargain while 'tis light.

SILENUS. Pay you in cash, true coinage and well told?

ULYSSES. The currency of Bacchus is my gold—

Wine, for no gold have I.

SILENUS. Wine, did you say?

The very thing I've long'd for many a day.

ULYSSES. 'Tis Maron's gift, and luscious, bright, and soft.

SILENUS. Him! whom I've dandled in these arms so oft?

ULYSSES. The very son of Bacchus.

SILENUS. In the ship?

Or hast it with thee?—just to touch one's lip.

ULYSSES. Look at this skin, old man, this holds the wine.

SILENUS. That skin! 'twould scarcely wet this mouth of mine.

ULYSSES. Fear not, there's plenty, and all foaming bright.

SILENUS. Thou speakest of a fountain of delight.

ULYSSES. Shew us thy fountains, and taste this unmix'd.

SILENUS. P'faith, good rule—Taste ere the price be fix'd.

ULYSSES. Together with the skin I've brought a cup.

SILENUS. Come, let me judge on't then, and drink it up.

Pappax—Oh, rare, delicious, beautiful!—

ULYSSES. Beautiful! hast thou seen it, then?

SILENUS.

Thou dull!

I judge of wine's best beauty by the smell.

ULYSSES. Taste it, mere words its merits poorly tell.

SILENUS. Babai—I dance, for Bacchus strikes the note.

ULYSSES. Does it not gurgle sweetly down thy throat?

SILENUS. Aye, to my very fingers' ends and nails.

ULYSSES. Here's coin besides for thee.

SILENUS.

Wine—wine by pails,

All wine, no coin.

ULYSSES. Go bring the cheese and lambs.

SILENUS. I'll do it—goats, kids, lambkins, and their dams—

Nor do I care one fig for Polypheme.

Let me but drink of this most precious stream,

For one such cup I'd barter all the flocks

Of all the Cyclops. From these very rocks,

Why, let them cast me to old Neptune's brine,

So that I once were drunk with glorious wine,

To smooth this rugged wrinkled brow of mine.

Who will not drink, when wine is to be had,

Aye, and make merry too, is doubly mad.

Come, let me take this skin about the waist,

And see how well we waltz it thus embraced.

You'll swear the partner suited to my taste.

And Polypheme, go hang, the stupid lout,

With his one eye, and let him weep it out.

[Exit SILENUS.]

\* *Chorus SATYR.* Master Ulysses, come let's chat a bit.

ULYSSES. You are my worthy friends, and it were fit.

SATYR. When you took Troy, seized you not Helen too?

ULYSSES. Aye, and the House of Priam overthrew.

SATYR. You spared that dainty Mistress Helen's life?

And took, no doubt, the minikin to wife,

You and the rest of you. For nought she cared,

The wanton jade, or whom, or whose, she shared.

She could that coxcomb Paris scarcely see,

But she must stand in breathless ecstasy,

Faint at his trinkets, galligaskins, legs,

Leaving her Menelaus, good man, to moan,

And curse the hatching day of Leda's eggs.

Oh! would the jilting sex had ne'er been known,

Except perhaps a few, for me alone.

*Enter SILENUS, with provisions.*

SILENUS. Here, Prince Ulysses, you and yours may cram,

For here's an ample store, here's kid and lamb,

Cheeses and whey—here, take them and escape,

But mind—the bargain'd liquor of the grape.

ULYSSES. Alas, alas, here comes the Cyclop! where,

Where shall we fly to? we are lost!

\* Musgrave gives this dialogue to Ulysses and Silenus; but Silenus had evidently gone out for the truck scheme.



SILENUS. There, there—  
The cavern—this way—haste, and quickly get  
Within.

ULYSSES. What, catch me in the very net?

SILENUS. Fear not, the rock has holes wherein to hide.

ULYSSES. Not so; the ghosts of Trojans would deride,

If we should fly one man, that did not yield,

When Phrygian thousands press'd around our shield.

If death be ours, the fame we've dared to win,

We dare to keep.

SILENUS. Numskulls, get in, get in!

## ACT II.

### CYCLOP, SILENUS, ULYSSES, Chorus of SATYRS.

CYCLOP. Out of the way, begone, ye rascal rout,

What's all this noise and idleness about?

What Bacchanalian bruitings have we here?

Silence! Expect ye Bacchus to appear,

With his loud clanging brass, and deafening drums?

Not he your old, but your new master comes.

How fare the flocks, where are the kids, thou knave?

Hast thou all safely stored within the cave?

Where are the lambs, poor things? upon their knees

Sucking the ewes? Hast thou well press'd the cheese

In the rush baskets? speak, thou caitiff, quick,

Or soon I'll beat thy brains out with thy stick;

Speak, idiot, or this fist thy thick skull breaks,

And sends thy tears about thy blubber'd cheeks.

Look up, not down.

SATYR. Up, up; e'en up to Jove;

I see Orion, all the stars above.

CYCLOP. Is dinner ready?

SATYR. If thy teeth be so.

CYCLOP. The cups all full of milk?

SATYR. Aye, long ago;

So full that you may guzzle a whole cask.

CYCLOP. Sheep's milk, or cow's milk, or is't mix'd, I ask?

SATYR. E'en swallow any thing you like, make free;

Sheep's milk, or cow's milk, any thing, but me.

CYCLOP. You in my belly! horror, if I had,

Your capering antics there would drive me mad.—

What, ho! whom have we here so close at hand?

Thieves, robbers, then, it seems have reach'd this land.

So, they would steal my lambs, I see here bound

With twigs together lying on the ground?

These vessels, too, of cheese—and thy bald head,

Old fellow, looks with blows much swollen and red.

SILENUS, (*who had been rubbing his forehead to make it appear as if he had been beaten.*) Alas! I'm all a fever with their blows.

CYCLOP. Whose? who hath fisticuff'd thee thus?

SILENUS, (*pointing to Ulysses.*) Why those,  
Cyclop, because I would not let them steal.

CYCLOP. Knew they not I'm a god? but they shall feel  
I am.

SILENUS. I told them so, but still they beat  
And bruised me, and in spite thy cheese would eat;

Took out thy lambs, as now you see, and swore

They'd bind you to a beam, till you should roar;

And through your single eye, the villains bragg'd

They'd draw your entrails out, and have you dragg'd,  
Laid on your back, well flogg'd; and raw and sore  
Would carry you aboard, then put from shore;  
And in some foreign clime they'd sell you, blind,  
Or let you out to move huge rocks, or grind  
Their corn in mills, or do as you are bid  
On other service.

CYCLOP. Oh! the villains did?  
I'll trounce 'em—quickly sharpen up the knives,  
Heap on fresh fagots—I'll soon have their lives.  
My cook shall roast 'em, O the merry souls!  
And serve them to me fresh from off the coals.  
We'll lay aside what else is in the pot;  
Your common mountain fare now suits me not.  
I've had enough of venison and such food,  
And lions also, till I've thinn'd the wood.  
Long since I've tasted chickens of this brood,  
And now have longing teeth for human flesh.

SILENUS. The flavour will be sweet that comes so fresh,  
After long abstinence. Diet's good to change.  
Of late no strangers come within your range.

ULYSSES. And now, good Cyclop, hear the other side.  
Being in want of victual, to provide  
Our ship withal, we reach'd this cove of thine,  
And this old man here, sold for draughts of wine  
Your goods, these lambs and cheeses you behold:  
We willing bought—and he as willing sold.  
Nor was there violence used—Now being caught  
In this his knavery, take his speech for nought,  
He does but lie —

SILENUS.

Go hang thee!

ULYSSES.

As I ought,

If thou didst not do this.

SILENUS.

What I, what I?

Oh! how this wicked world is given to lie!—  
Cyclop, by Neptune, thy sweet sire, I swear,  
By Triton, and by Nereus, and the fair  
Calypso, by the nymphs, all Nereus' daughters,  
Sea-gods, and fish—by all the sacred waters,  
My gentle Cyclopickle, Lord and King,  
And most loved master—if I did the thing—  
May—may—these sons of mine here wretched die,  
Dear as I love the darlings, if I lie.

Chorus SATYR. Hold, hold, with mine own eyes I saw thee sell

The man the goods, and if not truth I tell,

This, my dear father, gentle Cyclop, kill;

But prithee, do not to these strangers ill.

CYCLOP. Ye lie—I'd rather good Silenus trust  
Than Rhadamanthus self—he's far more just.  
But I will question them—Whence is't ye come?  
Speak out, say, what's your country call'd?

ULYSSES.

Our home

Is Ithaca; storms drove us here from Troy.

CYCLOP. Then are ye they that did that town destroy?—

ULYSSES. E'en so.

CYCLOP. 'Cause Helen chose to go astray,  
Ye straying after her all lost your way,  
And to Scamander run, to Ilium post—

ULYSSES. We did—with wretched toil to all our host.

CYCLOP. A vile affair indeed, that thus for one  
Lewd woman, all ye Greeks to Phrygia run,  
And burn the town, to be yourselves undone.



ULYSSES. The gods decree—throw not on mortals blame—  
 Now we, great Cyclop, thy protection claim;  
 Thou noble son of an all-glorious sire,  
 Great Ocean's king, be just, allay thine ire;  
 Thy friends we are, as friends we seek thy cave,  
 And it were base thy jaws should be our grave.  
 We ever have revered thy father's name,  
 King Cyclop, and built temples to his fame.  
 Throughout all Greece—as the Tænarian Port,  
 The Malean Promontory, the resort  
 Of sacrificing suppliants—and the rock  
 Of Sunium, that from its marble block  
 Pays to Minerva many a silver vein.  
 And did we not the insult and disdain  
 Cast on all Greece, by Phrygia well repay,  
 And to our honour wipe the stain away?  
 Whereof you share the glory, since you dwell  
 In Ætna's, Grecian Ætna's cavern'd cell.  
 Turn then, good Cyclop, to sweet intercourse  
 With human kind; us suppliants, whom the force  
 Of tempests hath thus cast upon your cliffs,  
 Kindly receive, with hospitable gifts,  
 As food and raiment—not with horrid gash,  
 Stick us on spits, and then thy huge teeth gnash,  
 As thou wouldst toss us down into thy paunch.  
 'Tis time the wounds of widow'd Greece to stanch:  
 Enough of Greeks have fall'n by Phrygian blade,  
 Enough of widows, and of orphans made,  
 And hoary fathers of their sons bereft—  
 And if you take the wretched remnant left,  
 And roasting them, make guilty festival,  
 What hopes remain? forbear the cannibal  
 And impious appetite—an evil gain  
 Is worse than loss, for it engenders pain;  
 Good Cyclop, such voracious thoughts restrain.

SILENTUS TO CYCLOP. Take my advice, the spit's the thing—the spit—  
 I'd roast that fellow—eat him bit by bit,  
 Especially his tongue—and get the knack  
 Of speechifying—you'd become, good lack!  
 A wondrous orator with such a clack.

CYCLOP TO ULYSSES.\* Thou insignificant wretch, the wise  
 Have but one god, enjoyment, that they prize;  
 All else are sounds—mere words, and empty lies.  
 And for thy temples to my father built—  
 Curse on 'em, and your prate of impious guilt!  
 'Tis stuff, and nought to me—for what care I  
 For Jupiter, though all his lightnings fly?  
 Nor know I but I'm quite as great as he;  
 I heed him not—nor is he aught to me—  
 For mark me, when he pours his torrents down,  
 This rock's the shelter to protect my crown;  
 And here quaff I whole casks of milk, and feast  
 On a whole roasted calf or other beast.  
 Then am I warm and merry as I sup,  
 And shake my clothes for mirth, my belly up;  
 And † as my drum-like paunch I gaily pat,  
 I bid Jove thunder, if he can, like that;

\* *Ἀνδραπισκε.* Homer describes Ulysses as shorter by the head and shoulders than the other chiefs; perhaps allusion is here made to that passage.

† *Πέπλων.*

*Κεῖνα Διὸς βρονταῖσιν εἰς ἔργον κτυπῶν.*

And when the Thracian Boreas sheds his snow,  
 The skins of beasts around my limbs I throw,  
 And light my fire, and feel nor cold nor dearth.  
 Besides, what think you, even the proud earth,  
 Whether she will or no, must needs produce  
 Pasture to feed my cattle,—for whose use,  
 But for mine own? Not to make altars smoke,  
 That greased and lazy deities may choke.  
 Fools sacrifice to win their maudlin nods,  
 I to myself and sovereign paunch—  
 This belly is the greatest of all gods.  
 I do no earthly thing but eat and drink  
 Day after day—to those who dare to think,  
 Wisely is Jupiter the bliss supreme.  
 Hang care, and hang the wiseacres who dream  
 Of tricking off with quaint and silly laws  
 Your dream of human life. I break no straws;—  
 So, caitiff, will I surely eat thee up.  
 But that thou mayst not blame me on the score  
 Of hospitable gifts—before I sup,  
 I'll give thee this huge pot, 'twas heretofore  
 My sire's, to stretch thy limbs in—a fine bath.  
 And when this fire, I likewise give thee, hath  
 Made thy most honourable limbs to boil,  
 Then thine own fat shall 'noint thee 'stead of oil.

[Exit CYCLOP.

ULYSSES. Alas, alas! the Trojan perils o'er,  
 And dangers of the sea, upon this shore  
 That I should fall within this monster's reach,  
 This heartless Cannibal! O Pallas, teach,  
 Teach me, Jove's daughter, to escape this snare!  
 'Mid thousand deaths at Ilium thou wert there—  
 Help now in greater need; and thou, most bright,  
 That dwellest ever 'midst the stars in light,  
 Jove, guardian of all hospitable right,  
 Look down, or thou hast lost thy power and might!

[Exit ULYSSES.

*Chorus of SATYRS.*

## 1st SATYR.

Cyclop, Cyclop; bustle, bustle,  
 Cyclop of enormous maw,  
 Open wide thy monstrous jaw;  
 Boil'd and roast these strangers' flesh—  
 All is ready—smoking fresh—  
 Off the coals; now gnash and gnaw,  
 And with thy smashing grinders scraunch  
 Leg and shoulder, blade and haunch;  
 Ribs, too, roast in skin of goat,  
 Cotelettes en papillotte.

## Bustle, bustle.

Thy lips engulf, and lick and lap,  
 Gobbet gravy, and fat flap.  
 Plunge in grease thy grizzly muzzle,  
 Gobble, gormandize, and guzzle.—  
 Brother, brother, secret be,  
 We'll steal the bark for thee and me.

## 2d SATYR.

Aye, and from this monster flee.  
 Hence this dismal cave and floor,  
 Dripping thus with human gore,



Where the cruel Cyclop lies,  
 And to himself doth sacrifice,  
 His paunch, his god, to idolize !  
 Let us flee this savage beast,  
 That dares on suppliant strangers feast ;  
 Delights the savoury steam to snuff,  
 And on their quivering flesh to stuff ;  
 And, roast or boil'd, with grinders grim  
 Gnaws and tears them limb from limb.

## ACT III.

ULYSSES.—*Chorus of SATYRS.*

ULYSSES. O, Jupiter, what horrors have I seen,  
 More like some horrid tale of fabled dates,  
 Than this world's action !

SATYR. What is it you mean ?  
 Hath then the Cyclop feasted on your mates ?

ULYSSES. First two, the fattest of them all, he eyed,  
 And poising in his hand, the weight he tried.

SATYR. How could you bear the sight ? O wretched men !

ULYSSES. We scarce had reach'd the middle of his den,  
 His fire he kindled ; with whole trunks he strode  
 Of the huge oak, perhaps three waggon load,  
 And piled them on the hearth, and then around  
 The blazing fire he strew'd upon the ground  
 His bed, made of the silvery pine-tree's boughs—  
 And brought his flagon, having milk'd his cows—  
 It might perhaps about ten Casks contain ;  
 And next his ivy goblet, which, to drain,  
 Were monstrous by appearance to decide—  
 It must be four ells deep by some three wide ;  
 And then upon the fire his caldron laid,  
 And all his spits prepared, whose prongs were made  
 Of hawthorn boughs, not of the polish'd blade.  
 And now all ready, this most impious cook  
 Of Hell, two of our crew firm grasping took,  
 (The infernal villain whistled all the while,)  
 And slew them merciless.—

SATYR. The butcher vile !

ULYSSES. And cast one headlong to his boiling crock,  
 And, whirling round the other by the leg,  
 Dash'd out his brains against the pointed rock,  
 As on a basin's edge you'd break an egg ;  
 And, cutting off the solid flesh to broil,  
 The rest he threw into his pot to boil.  
 Now I, tears flowing from my eyes, draw near,  
 And to the Cyclop minister, while fear  
 All others trembling in their corners kept,  
 Like frighten'd birds, where cowering they had crept,  
 Pale, pitiable, breathless. Now the wretch,  
 With my friends' flesh stuff'd to the gorge, the bloat  
 And ugly villain, 'gan himself to stretch,  
 Threw himself back, and belch'd from his foul throat.  
 And now a rare device enter'd my brain,  
 Inspired—for, pouring out from the pure vein  
 Of Maron a full goblet to the brim,  
 Much tempting, with these words I gave it him.  
 " See, Son of Neptune, what rich juices flow  
 From grapes, that in our Grecian vineyards grow."

He, gorged with his foul feasting, the full cup  
 Received, and at one gulp he drank it up,  
 And, lifting up his hands, cried, "Stranger mine,  
 Thou hast administer'd a draught divine,  
 Excellent service to such savoury meat."  
 Seeing him pleased withal, another treat  
 I furnish'd him, (and with good hope expect  
 This wine the monster's ruin will effect,)  
 And then he sang, and, as he sang, I pour'd  
 Cup upon cup, till he the louder roar'd.  
 His very entrails, now well warm'd with drink,  
 The discord made my weeping comrades shrink,  
 While every corner of the cavern rang  
 With dissonance, as the swill'd Cyclop sang.  
 On this most stealthily I quit the cave  
 That you may learn the means yourselves to save  
 With me;—but would ye quit this impious stall  
 Of the inhospitable fiend, for the bright hall  
 Of Bacchus, and our Grecian maids withal?  
 Your father there approves what I have plann'd,  
 But is too dull to act, his mind unmann'd  
 With senseless, impotent ebriety,  
 Glued to the cup of sensuality,  
 Like the caught bird, his wings all clogg'd with lime;  
 But you, for you are in the very prime  
 Of lustihood, may seize this happy time,  
 And change this surly scoundrel for the kind  
 And gentle Bacchus.

SATYR. O that we could find  
 Hope of that blessed hour to quit his gripe,  
 For long 'tis since we've heard the merry pipe!  
 But how escape?

ULYSSES. Hear, then, the plan is ripe.  
 And thus will I revenge me on the wretch,  
 And give you liberty——

SATYR. Your purpose sketch,  
 For it were sweeter of his fall to hear  
 Than Asiatic pipings to our ear.

ULYSSES. He, in the exhilaration of his drink,  
 Would to his brother Cyclops' caverns hie,  
 To make like festival.

SATYR. Oh then you think  
 To catch him unawares, and trundling by  
 In stupid unconcern, to push him down  
 From the high cliff above, and crack his crown,  
 And slaughter him?

ULYSSES. Not yet my scheme you hit;  
 'Tis one of nice deceit, and better wit.

SATYR. I've heard your skill therein, and credit it.

ULYSSES. I will exhort him strongly to abstain  
 From this intent, nor let his brothers drain  
 The precious draughts that he had better keep  
 At home, and make him glad by drinking deep.  
 Now he on this advice will stay within.  
 When with the potent draughts his brain shall spin,  
 And sleep o'ercome him, will our scheme begin.  
 Mark now, there lies within the cave a limb  
 Of a large olive-tree; this will I trim,  
 And sharpen with my sword, and pointed make,  
 And lay it in the fire; and when the stake  
 Is burnt, I'll bear it hot and glowing bright,  
 And blazing, to the socket of his sight



In middle of his forehead, and apply,  
And turn it there, till I've burnt out his eye.  
As when a busy shipwright turns and flies  
His auger in a beam, whirling it flies,  
Twirl'd with a double thong, and bores throughout—  
So will I scoop the Cyclop's eyeball out.

SATYR. Shout, shout, I'm mad for joy—O noble plan!

ULYSSES. Then you, my crew, and even the old man,  
Embarking in the ship, with double band  
Of rowers, speedily we quit this land.

SATYR. May I, as in such sacrifice were fit,  
Touch this most blessed stake, and handle it—  
And whirl his eye out? I would e'en partake.

ULYSSES. 'Tis well advised, for heavy is the stake.

SATYR. Fear not, I'll turn it at a good round rate,  
E'en though it were an hundred waggons' weight.  
Let me but exterminate this Cyclop pest,  
And smoke his eye out like an hornet's nest.

ULYSSES. Be silent now, ye know what ye must do;  
Be, when fit time arrives, obedient too,  
To me the sole contriver of this plan.  
Nor would I 'scape alone, though now I ran  
Unnoticed from the cave, but save no less  
My crew from that foul monster's impious mess.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

CHORUS.

1ST SATYR.

Oh who will be first,

Oh who will be first,

Oh who will be second, be second,

(For he not the worst,

But as brave as the best shall be reckon'd,)

The handle to take,

The handle to take,

Of the red-hot stake,

Of the sight-burning pole,

That we'll twirl in the hole

Of the eye of the Cyclop accurst, accurst,

The eye of the Cyclop accurst.

2D SATYR.

Hist—hist

Within, within.

What discord, what din!—

'Tis his drunken song

As he staggers along,

With his dissonant roar,

Mad drunk to the door

Of kitchen tavern,

The mouth of his cavern.

O soon thine exuberant mirth we'll prune,

And make thee sing to another tune.

But let us cajole,

Cajole, cajole,

By flattery soothe him,

By flummery smooth him,

The fellow's as blind as a mole, a mole,

The fellow's as blind as a mole.

The star in his forehead

That now blazes horrid

Will be soon nothing more than a hole, a hole,  
Will be soon nothing more than a hole.

## ANACREONTIC.

Blest is he that without measure,  
From the fountain-head of pleasure,  
Lying loose, and at his leisure,  
Quaffs the vine's delicious treasure.  
Cup to cup in friendly blessing,  
Perfum'd o'er, sweet nymph caressing,  
From her polish'd neck repressing  
Truant locks that court his dressing,  
Shining locks that round his finger,  
Gold-entangled, love to linger—  
Break off, break off—give o'er, give o'er,  
Hear ye the voice, "Ope wide the door."

## ACT IV.

CYCLOP, SILENUS, ULYSSES.—*Chorus of SATYRS.*

CYCLOP (*drunk.*) Agh! agh!—I'm full, I'm full, of the wine, the wine,  
Oh the juice of the glorious vine;

Sparkling, foaming!

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming."

Tender morsels, glorious potion!

Thus I roll as in an ocean,

Laden deep, and belly sated,

Like a ship of burthen freighted

To my belly's upper planks, oh—

Good to feel the liquor drank so

Sweetly, sweetly gullet tickling

To my very fingers trickling!

O may ne'er the copious stream end,—

Ne'er may this delirious dream end!

How pleasantly this grass around us waves,

To merry-making, and soft beds compelling;

I will go seek my brothers in their caves:

Here, stranger, bear this wine within my dwelling!

*Chorus. SATYRS.*

Master, how thy glistening eye

With bright beams doth glorify

All it looks on—graceful gesture!

Light enfold thee as a vesture—

Let the flambeau round thee wave,

Like bridal nymph in dewy cave,

That soon with glorious hand shall spread

A burning chaplet round thy head.

ULYSSES. Cyclop, be well advis'd, and learn from me  
The nature of this Bacchus.

CYCLOP. What, is he  
This selfsame Bacchus, thought a godhead then?

ULYSSES. The greatest for delight to mortal men.

CYCLOP. Thus then, I hiccup him, to cast him out.

ULYSSES. He never injures any.

CYCLOP. Much I doubt!

How is't a god should choose such domicile

As a vile bottle?



ULYSSES. Place him where you will,  
He is of easy habits.

CYCLOP. And no pride!

A god! and put his body in a hide!

ULYSSES. If sweet the wine, why of the covering think?

CYCLOP. I hate the skin, from wine I'll never shrink.

ULYSSES. Stay then at home alone, enjoy the drink.

CYCLOP. What, to my brothers not a drop to spare?

ULYSSES. T'enjoy confers more honour than to share.

CYCLOP. Aye, but 'tis better to partake with friends.

ULYSSES. Such entertainment oft in quarrels ends.

CYCLOP. Quarrels, forsooth, who dares that game begin?  
Though I were drunk, canst tell me, who would win?

ULYSSES. They who drink deep most wisely stay within.

CYCLOP. Why, what a fool to hate good fellowship!

ULYSSES. The wise, when drunk, keep close, lest they should trip.

CYCLOP. Speak thou, Silenus, thou shalt be the judge.  
Forth, or at home?

SILENUS. I would not have thee budge;  
Enough, good Cyclop, for I'll be thy guest.

CYCLOP. This flowery-spotted grass should needs be prest.

SILENUS. And 'tis sweet drinking in the noontide heat:

So let your huge sides find a grassy seat.

CYCLOP (*lying down*). There—Ha! why shift the cup behind?

SILENUS. I do it,

Lest any here should take a fancy to it. (*Takes the cup again.*)

CYCLOP. Down with it, sirrah; here—'tis my belief,

Thou wouldst a private swig, thou wouldst, old thief.

(*To ULYSSES.*) Come, master stranger, tell us, what's your name?

ULYSSES. Nobody—an it please you I would claim  
Some special boon.

CYCLOP. Thou shalt, my best repast  
Of all thy company, I'll eat thee last.

ULYSSES. A noble and most hospitable gift!

CYCLOP *to SILENUS* (*caught drinking*). Hold, hold, again by stealth!—  
how dar'st thou lift—

SILENUS. I, I—'Twas Bacchus, if aught's done amiss;  
He saw my beauty, and would steal a kiss.

CYCLOP. 'Tis best not love the wine that loves thee not.

SILENUS. Dost thou not think me wondrous fair?

CYCLOP. Thou sot,  
Pour out the wine, and give me a full cup.

SILENUS. Were it not best to temper it?

CYCLOP. Pour up, pour up,  
Pure; give it as it is: I'll take it down.

SILENUS (*drawing back the cup*). What! give it thee before thou hast thy  
crown!

I'll teach thee how to wear it—and taste it first. (*aside*).

CYCLOP. O thou of all vile cupbearers the worst!

SILENUS (*aside*). Excellent wine!—Now wipe thy mouth, and smile.

CYCLOP. Come, come, my lips and beard are wiped and clean.

SILENUS. Now gracefully upon thy elbow lean,  
And quaff it thus—but prithee, do not think  
I more than sham—to teach thee how to drink. (*Drinks.*)

CYCLOP. Hold, hold—here, stranger, free me from his craft;  
Be thou my butler.

SILENUS (*aside*). What a glorious draught!

ULYSSES. I take the office, Cyclop, with good-will;  
The wine acknowledges my hand and skill,  
And sparkles praise. Drink now, but spare your speech.

CYCLOP. That's a hard task for those who drink to reach.

ULYSSES. Take then the cup, and to the bottom drain,

Spare not as long as life or wine remain;  
Who die of drinking a new life attain.

CYCLOP (*having drunk, smacking his lips*). Pappax, there's wisdom in the  
very stick

Of this same grape!

ULYSSES. And wondrous rhetoric.  
'Tis a wise maxim too, much meat much wine.  
The belly deeply drench'd, you may recline  
In safest slumber; if one atom be  
Unmoisten'd of the whole anatomy,  
Bacchus would burn you like a wither'd weed.

CYCLOP (*drinks*). Gu, gu, the tide of joy flows in with speed,  
And my soul floats in't. Heaven and earth do run  
And jump together, mingled into one,  
And whirl'd about. I see the very throne  
Of Jove, and all their merry godships, grown  
Familiar, nod me from their starry zone.  
Now may the foolish Graces round me smirk,  
I'm proof against them; the nice handiwork  
Of pouring wine out be my present need;  
I'm Jupiter.

SILENUS. Then I thy Ganymede,  
To bear thy cup; prepare thy lips to smack.

(*Runs off with the cup.*)

CYCLOP.\* Hold, hold there, Master Ganymede; come back,  
Or from Jove's service will I make thee pack!

(*Staggers after SILENUS.*)

ULYSSES (*Crosses the stage to look after CYCLOP, and returns.*)  
Now then, ye Satyrs, noblest bacchanals,  
Buried in sleep within, the Cyclop falls;  
And soon will from his filthy maw disgorge.  
The stake within lies smoking in its forge;  
And nought remains, but that we now burn out  
The monster's eye. See ye be brave and stout.

SATYRS. Oh, we are adamant, hard rock—no fear  
Of us. Be quick, ere old Silenus hear.  
All is prepared and ready in the cave.

ULYSSES. Hear, God of Fire, Lord of the flaming wave  
Of blazing Ætna—Vulcan, hear, and save.  
Quench with thy burning aid this Cyclop's sight;  
And Sleep, thou offspring of all-shadowing night,  
Fall in deep power upon the monster's brain,  
Nor leave Ulysses and his wretched train,  
After long woes and all the toils of Troy,  
To this accursed villain to destroy,  
Who man devours, and dares the gods blaspheme;  
Or Jove's great might is but an idle dream,  
And Chance the only god that reigns supreme.

#### Chorus of SATYRS.

The pincers shall grasp,  
The pincers shall grasp,  
With their iron-tooth'd clasp,  
And the sinews shall stretch  
Off the neck of the wretch  
Who dares eat up his guest.  
His far-blazing eye  
Shall he lose by-and-bye;  
The fire it shall burn out its nest, its nest,  
The fire it shall burn out its nest.

\* A slight liberty has been here taken with the original, for evident reasons.



Enormous the pole,  
 Enormous the pole,  
 That lies plunged in hot ashes;  
 And Maron, good soul,  
 In his eye as it flashes,  
 Bewilder his brain,  
 While he's roaring with pain.  
 Iacchus, Iacchus,  
 Oh soon may I follow  
 My ivy-crown'd Bacchus,  
 Through mountain's deep hollow,  
 And vine-cover'd top,  
 And blessed and brightly  
 Beam day, when I lightly  
 Shall bound from this prison, this cave, this unsightly  
 Black den of the vile Cyclop, Cyclop,  
 Black den of the vile Cyclop.

## ACT V.

## ULYSSES—SATYRS.

ULYSSES. Hush, hush, good Satyrs, silent keep your tongues;  
 Ope not your mouths; breathe softly through your lungs.  
 I would not have you wink, nor sneeze, nor spit,  
 Lest mischief happen to us, ere we hit  
 The Cyclop's eye, and burn it out with fire.

SATYR. Silent! our jaws are closed, we scarce respire.

ULYSSES. Now then within, and hold the burning stake;  
 'Tis now well lighted.

SATYR. Is't not best to make  
 Selection, and appoint who first shall bear  
 The fiery brand, that we the toil may share?

2d SATYR. I—I'm too short here, standing at the door,  
 To reach his eye.

3d SATYR. And I'm exceeding lame.

4th SATYR. That's just my case, for I am sadly sore  
 A-foot; and the curst cramp upon me came,  
 A-standing here.

ULYSSES. Cramp, standing! Fly then—shame,  
 Shame, cowards!

SATYR. I'm stone blind, good master—I—  
 Some dust, or ash, has got into my eye.

ULYSSES. Shame on ye, cowards, and your sorry help—  
 When ye should fight, like curs, ye do but yelp.

1st SATYR. Is it because I've pity on my back,  
 And give not up this chine to bruise and thwack,

And teeth to be beat out, you call me slack—  
 And this discretion you call cowardice?

But list—I know a charm, that in a trice  
 Will send the pole into the orifice

In the forehead of the Monocule abhorr'd,  
 And poke the eye out of its own accord.

'Twas taught by Orpheus, the wise Mage, and is  
 Most good and sure.

ULYSSES. I long suspected this;  
 But now I know you. I go seek my crew.

But since your hands this peril would eschew,  
 Throw out the exhortation of your voice,

'T encourage your true friends.

SATYR. We take that choice;

And since there's little danger in't, rejoice. [Exit ULYSSES.]

## Chorus of SATYRS.

Hem—hem—hem—We clear up our throats;  
And thus we set off to high notes.

Drive it in—

Drive it in

To the socket—and then

Whirl it round till it spin,

And reach, as you turn it,

His eyebrow, to burn it.

His eyeball infest—

His eyeball infest.

And poke it, and smoke it,

And teach him again not to eat up his guest.

Bore away, bore away,

Till the Shepherd of Ætna roar with pain,

Draw, draw, and away,

Ere, madden'd with anguish, he catch you again.

CYCLOP (*within.*) Woe, woe, I've lost my eye, my eye, my eye!—  
'Tis burnt to ashes.

SATYR (*aside.*) Raise that pean high,  
Old Cyclop, for there's music in the cry.

*Enter* CYCLOP, ULYSSES, &c.

CYCLOP. Ah! woe is me.—Ah! woe is me—lost, lost!

Ye sha'n't escape, but rue it to your cost.

Ye vilest of vile wretches, here I stand,

And at the cavern's mouth stretch either hand;

An I but catch you, ye curst villain crowd!

SATYR. What is it, Cyclop, makes thee roar so loud?

Thou look'st most foul and smoaky 'bout thy jole;

What! hast fall'n drunk, thy face against a coal?

CYCLOP. Nobody did it.

SATYR. Nobody then mind.

CYCLOP. Nobody blinds me.

SATYR. Then thou art not blind.

CYCLOP. Would thou wert so!

SATYR. Why? nobody's unkind.

CYCLOP. Sirrah, you mock. Where's Nobody? Go, see.

SATYR. Nobody! nowhere—where else should he be?

CYCLOP. Learn, sirrah, then, the scoundrel stranger's he;  
He gave me drink that floor'd me—basely threw.

SATYR. Ay, wine's a wrestler, and a shrewd one, too.

CYCLOP. Now, by the gods, but tell me where they are,—  
Escaped, or yet within?

SATYR. In silence, there,

Grasping the obscure shade of the rock, they stand.

CYCLOP. Then tell me, for I'll have 'em, on which hand?

SATYR. Upon the right.

CYCLOP. Here?

SATYR. Close against the rock,

You'll catch them.

CYCLOP. (*dashes his head against the rock.*) Foul on foul, that horrid  
knock

Has split my skull.

SATYR. There—now they slip away.

CYCLOP. You said this way, not that.

SATYR. No—here, I say.

CYCLOP. Where?

SATYR. Now they're turning round you on the left.

CYCLOP. Alas! you mock me, thus of sight bereft.

SATYR. Mock! No, not I. Here, 'fore you, stands the man.

CYCLOP. Wretch, art thou here, then?

ULYSSES. Not within the span



And compass of thy hands, thou Cyclop fell;

Ulysses knows to guard his person well.

CYCLOP. Ulysses, didst thou say? 'Tis not the same!

ULYSSES. My parents, Cyclop, gave to me that name:

How couldst thou dare to make that impious feast?

And didst thou think me senseless, less than beast,

To see thee, unrevenged, my friends destroy,

I, who had burn'd the embattled towers of Troy?

CYCLOP. Now comes that ancient prophecy to light,

That told me I through thee should lose my sight

On thy return from Troy. It told beside,

That punishment, when due, should thee betide,

Toss'd on the sea full many a restless day.

ULYSSES. I spurn thy prophecy, and seek the bay;

And, mark me, with both eyes I see my way.

Straight I'll embark on the Sicilian wave,

My country reach, and all these comrades save.

CYCLOP. Wilt thou!—for still can I ascend this rock

Though blind, and with my vengeance still pursue;

Tear from the cavern'd mass th' enormous block,

And crush to atoms thee and thy curst crew.

SATYR (*to CYCLOP, as he is departing.*) We too would take the liberty to sail

With this Ulysses, and leave thee to wail.

We would serve Bacchus in his pleasant grange,

And so, old Monster, would our service change

For freer quarters, and a wider range.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### THE THREE ROOKS.

"Should I show respect to a magnificent Cathedral, by prohibiting the use of the brush and shovel, lest the *vermin* should be disturbed, and the filth removed?"

*Speech at the Reform Meeting.*

"In six weeks there shall not be a church standing in the land."

*Vide Davis's Trial—Bristol.*

#### SCENE FROM THE "BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES THE YOUNGER.

##### *A Rookery—Cathedral Close.*

##### *Enter a terrified ROOK—*

FIRST ROOK. Caw, caw.

SECOND ROOK. Where hast been with thy croaking maw?

FIRST ROOK. Caw, caw,

Where have I been?

SECOND ROOK. What hast thou seen?

FIRST ROOK. The Council unwash'd, unholy, unclean.

SECOND ROOK. What doing, say,

Are they met to pray?

FIRST ROOK. Caw, caw,

Not they, not they—

No—they're casting an evil eye,

And a sordid look on our nests on high;

And vow to fell our whole domain,

These the seats of our ancient reign.

SECOND ROOK. Caw, caw.

FIRST ROOK. They rage and they fume

O'er the figures of Hume,

And the lip they outshoot

At holiest things, and uplift the black list,

And roar, as they grin and clench the fist,

"The axe to the root, the axe to the root."

SECOND ROOK.

Caw, caw.

FIRST ROOK.

And there they sit, and there they count

The gross amount,

With measure and rule and a summing book,

To the very chips—

Caw, caw, brother Rook.

THIRD ROOK.

Oh, oh, is it so?

Then mayhap, brother Rook, they little know,

How we torment the damned souls,

As they wing their way

From their houses of clay,

On their pinions of sin as black as coals.

FIRST ROOK.

All, all that have dared—

SECOND ROOK.

Or with hungry fingers the gain have shared—

FIRST ROOK.

To smite and defile

The smallest thing of yon godly pile.

THIRD ROOK.

Yes, all transform'd to Daws,

And we maul and we peck,

Till of their crimes not a single speck

Is left for our purgatorial claws.

SECOND ROOK.

Some we have had for a thousand years,

Yet still they are as black as ink;

Go, brother Rook, and caw in their ears,

Till they stare and think.

FIRST ROOK.

Caw, caw,

The powers of darkness are now in might,

They threaten to quench the holy light;

The altar is doom'd, and each sacred thing—

SECOND ROOK.

The crosier, the mitre, and crown of king.

THIRD ROOK.

Caw, caw.

SECOND ROOK.

And this our grove—how good to see

Yon orphan troop, by charity

Led up that solemn walk, while all

Those elm-trees tall—

FIRST ROOK.

To cut them to very chips, they swore—

SECOND ROOK.

Bow to a reverential arch,

Their tops before those children's march,

With their looks demure to the holy door;

Caw, caw.

FIRST ROOK.

I heard them conspire,

And swear to pull down both altar and crown;

And the carved work and gilded roof

To burn with fire;

And to let in the Beast, to tread all with his hoof

In the clay and mire.

SECOND ROOK.

Caw, caw,

Alas! the awe of these ancient groves

No longer can charm.

FIRST ROOK.

They envy the Parsons the fishes and loaves,

And swear the Church is the people's farm—

SECOND ROOK.

And the rents are their care—

THIRD ROOK.

And robbing our nests to keep their own warm—

FIRST ROOK.

Is more their regard than fasting and prayer.

SECOND ROOK.

Caw, caw, let them beware—

THIRD ROOK.

Though they boast and display

Their tri-colored banners, we'll tear them away.

SECOND ROOK.

And the babbling old Friar of "Orders" Grey.

FIRST ROOK.

Caw, caw, let them beware.

THIRD ROOK.

For we can torment

The souls that are sent,

OMNES.

Though Heaven should find us nests elsewhere—

Caw, caw.

*[Exeunt, with a Caw of determination.]*



## REVOLUTIONARY INROADS.

*The Bank—The Corn-Laws.*

EVER since the Reform Bill broke down the barrier of the Conservative interests in the state—ever since Schedule A opened a fatal breach in the old rampart which stayed the waves of revolution—we have never ceased to predict, that all the great interests of the country would speedily find themselves assailed; and that, deprived of the shelter of that steady bulwark, they would all experience the utmost difficulty in saving themselves from destruction. All our warnings were lost. In vain we assured the capitalists, that it was not for the bare honour of a victory that the Reformers made such prodigious efforts to agitate the land; in vain we pointed out to the farmers and landowners, that a speedy repeal of the Corn Laws would involve them in inextricable difficulties. We might as well have spoken to the winds. On went many of the London merchants, heading or joining in the revolutionary cry for Reform, the dupes of the designing men who had already marked them out as their victims. On went the farmers, swelling from the rural districts the cry already raised from the cities for that great change, which was so soon to paralyse all their exertions, blight their industry, and flood them by a ruinous competition with foreign states. With a blindness which would be incredible, if it had not been witnessed, the county electors joined in the cry for reform—the sheep followed in the track of the wolves who were preparing to devour them—and an immense majority of the county members were returned in the revolutionary interest.

By the aid of these respectable but deluded allies, the victory was gained, and its consequences now begin to develope themselves. The whole great interests of the empire—the very men who united in the cry for Reform, are in consternation anxiously waiting which is to be first led forth to the sacrifice. The fundholders, the merchants, the landowners, the farmers, the West India proprietors, are all devoured by secret disquietude, and anxiously awaiting the

first votes of the reformed Parliament, which are to determine their fate for ever.

The Bank of England has been the first object on which the tempest lighted. The first gales of Reform have lowered its stock from 212 to 179. It was worthy of an innovating administration to select, as the first victim of the new system, the greatest and most important establishment in the country,—the fountain of wealth, the heart of commercial activity, the centre of that fine-spun, but gigantic system of credit, which sustains all the industry of the empire, and which cannot for a moment cease to beat, without the shock being felt to its farthest extremities. One would have thought, that even the Reformers would have hesitated before they touched the wheels or impaired the activity of so mighty a machine, especially when the terrible catastrophe of 1825 was still fresh in the recollection of every man in the country; but nothing that has been done, it would seem, is to regulate their conduct. All the lessons of experience are lost upon their minds; utter contradiction to all former maxims of government is alone to be selected as their rule of conduct; and because every Conservative administration has hitherto respected the sanctity of this great source of credit, they have published it to the world, and thrown the funds and debts of the Bank of England as a morsel to be worried, during the next six months, in every pot-house and gin-shop of the empire.

We do not propose to enter into any examination of the great and complicated questions involved in a renewal of the Bank charter. To them, at some future period, we shall direct the attention of our readers. The point at present requiring consideration is the extreme and irreparable injury inflicted, not so much on the proprietors of Bank of England stock, as the general credit of the Funds and the Empire, by the *unnecessary, premature, and imprudent disclosure of the whole concerns of the Bank*, which has taken place by

the publication of the whole evidence regarding it, at a time when Government had no plan to bring forward on the subject; and the nation was shaken by the well-founded apprehension of interminable innovations, in consequence of the ascendancy of the democratic party.

Commercial credit is a thing so delicate, so sensitive, that it can only bear complete examination and exposure in days of high prosperity and general confidence. In such circumstances, such publicity may be attended with no disadvantage, sometimes even with benefit; but whenever there is the least suspicion or doubt in the public mind; whenever men's minds are anxious and agitated, and a sombre anticipation of the future pervades the nation, the publication of the details of the situation of any great commercial establishment is fraught with the very worst consequences. It uniformly, accordingly, has been the practice of Government on such occasions, when a Parliamentary investigation was deemed necessary to satisfy the doubts of the nation, to have the evidence taken and the report drawn up by a secret committee, and nothing divulged to the nation but the general results arrived at by able men competent to understand the subject. This was the course pursued by Mr Pitt in 1797, and its expedience and necessity is so obvious, that any illustration of the subject would be worse than useless.

Take the most flourishing banking-house in Scotland, or the greatest commercial establishment in England, at a period of their most unquestionable solvency, but of doubt, agitation, and alarm in the public mind, and let their whole affairs be published in the newspapers, and all their partners subjected to a rigorous and searching examination, universally spread through the land, and what would be the consequences? Would it not produce such doubts, misgivings, and anxiety among the unthinking multitude, incapable of understanding the subject, *but perfectly capable of being infected by a panic*, as would speedily either lower their stock, or occasion such a run as would render them insolvent? The affairs of every great mercantile establishment are so complicated; its debts, if set off on paper

against its assets, always appear so formidable, that there is no chance of their escaping either serious injury or bankruptcy if such a publication were to take place. The maxim, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is nowhere more applicable than in such cases. When the public see a Bank constantly paying every demand which is presented to them, they conceive an exalted and indefinite idea of its resources, which in truth constitutes its *credit*, and in the general case prevents any run from taking place upon it; whereas, if the slender stock of *ready cash* from which these payments are frequently made were published, the whole establishment would instantly be overwhelmed. It appears from the evidence now published, that in 1825 the cash in the Bank had dwindled down from L.14,000,000, its amount in 1823, to L.1,000,000; and that, if the run had continued a few days longer, the Bank, and with it the national credit, would have gone. Can there be the least doubt, that if the state of the Bank's affairs had been published to the world in 1824 and 1825, and the rapid diminution of their stock had been made known to the unthinking multitude, the run would have begun much earlier, and have speedily led to the fall of that great establishment? Such is the peril, the *enormous peril*, not to the Bank merely, but the credit of the country, and of every merchant, banker, and trader it contains, of that unnecessary publication of its affairs which has recently taken place, and of which the first effect has been the late unprecedented fall in the value of its stock.

How has this evidence got into the public prints? It is styled, "Report of the SECRET COMMITTEE appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Bank." Had not Ministers the appointment of that committee, and the entire control of all its proceedings? Might they not have prevented any part of its evidence from being printed or getting abroad, at least until the subject was ripe for legislative discussion, and they had a plan ready to propose in the next session of Parliament? What is the *object* of this premature and *apparently* unnecessary exposure? Is there any ulterior object in view? Do they intend to appoint com-



missioners, *Whig Commissioners*, their own creatures, to manage the affairs of this great fountain of credit, and thereby give themselves as great a control over the *fortunes and solvency of every mercantile or trading man in the kingdom*, as the East India Commissioners, in 1784, would have had over the fortunes of every man in Hindostan? Are they preparing a measure which will take the crown off the head of William IV., as effectually as that monstrous abortion of Whig arrogance would have dashed it from the brows of George III.? Strange reports are in circulation on the subject; and if they prove well-founded, we promise that we shall not be the last to wield the pen against so monstrous an offspring of their Reform triumph.

The first *consequences* of the premature and unaccountable publication of the affairs of the Bank, are apparent in the extraordinary fall in the value of their stock. What its *ulterior* consequences may be, we cannot determine; but that these disclosures have *seriously and needlessly affected public credit*, there can be no doubt. If the credit of the great paymaster of the nation—the fountain of credit—the dispenser of the dividends, is shaken, what inferior establishment can deem itself safe?

This loss to the Bank, and blow to public credit, was as unnecessary as it was injurious. The fall has taken place in the value of their stock, mainly from the *mere fact of publication*, independent altogether of any thing *really* existing in the affairs of the Bank to justify such a depreciation. If, in this moment of anxiety and alarm, the affairs of any private bank, even the *most flourishing*, were to be exposed in like manner to public gaze, and the veil which covers the interior of the sanctuary to be torn away with as rude a hand, consequences just as ruinous to its credit would ensue.

We acquit Ministers of any intention to shake the credit of the Bank, although, in all probability, the present exposures have in view some great change favourable to Whig ambition, in the mode of its administration. Their conduct in this particular is founded upon exactly the same principles as their conduct in the Reform Bill; they are following a

phantom more perilous to the nation, though less wicked in itself, than the most deliberate intention to ruin its affairs could be. This phantom is the belief on which they constantly proceed, that the people are now so enlightened, that they are adequate to the discussion of *every subject, however difficult or intricate*. They are so intoxicated with the support they have received from the multitude on the Reform Bill, that they deem no question too difficult for their determination, none too important for their discussion. Satisfied that they were the most competent judges of the whole fabric of government, and the expedience of democratic additions to our once mixed constitution, from the support they received from them on that question, they have now resolved to throw out to them the great and intricate monetary system of the kingdom for discussion; and, before long, we may perhaps have the cry ringing in our ears—“*The Whig Commissioners, the whole Whig Commissioners, and nothing but the Whig Commissioners.*” The days of runs and panics—of public delusion and public insanity—of a people running headlong down the gulf of perdition, are, in their estimation, for ever passed. The press they hold never deludes, but constantly enlightens the minds of the lower orders; never panders to their passions, but always supports their reason; never leads them to act hastily or perniciously, but always soberly and wisely. This principle appears clearly in their examination of Mr Rothschild; and an admirable rebuke have they received from the practical sagacity and good sense of that great financier.

“Do you think there would be any disadvantage in the Bank of England being required to publish from time to time an exact account of the whole of its transactions, which should include a statement of the whole of its public and private securities, deposits, the amount of banknotes issued, and also the amount of bullion held by the Bank?—I think it would be a dangerous plan for this country.

“Is your apprehension of danger limited to a disclosure of the amount of bullion?—I think it would be a party business. Suppose the Bank published at one time that they had L.10,000,000 or L.12,000,000 of gold, and suppose at the end of the next six months they had

only £9,000,000 of gold, and after another six months only £7,000,000, *people would be alarmed, and there would immediately be a run upon the Bank for gold.*

"Suppose the effect of publicity was to make the Bank keep in its possession a regular amount of bullion?—Then you must stop the issue, and say, as soon as you find you have only £5,000,000 of gold, you must issue no more. I think it is much better that the Bank should not tell the public what gold and what silver they have.

"Supposing that, in the operations of commerce, the bank-note maintained its full value in gold, what should induce individuals under ordinary circumstances to go to the Bank to get gold?—We are not all alike; *many persons would be frightened,* and would go to the Bank and get a great quantity of sovereigns to lay them by.

"Supposing persons saw, from the periodical publication of the Bank affairs, that by comparing the deposits and other liabilities of the Bank with the amount of public securities and the amount of their bullion, the Bank were perfectly solvent, and their means greatly exceeded their liabilities, do not you think that the knowledge of that fact would tend to prevent any alarm?—A great many people do not read at all; if they hear there is a great deal of gold fetched from the Bank, they will all run, *like a flock of sheep,* and fetch their money out.

"Do not you think that if persons like yourself, of intelligence and wealth in the metropolis, shewed entire confidence in the ability of the Bank of England to meet all its demands, that would tend to discourage the alarms of ignorant people?—*No, it is not possible;* we may do all we can, but when people get frightened, one fetches his £10, and another his £20, and the middle class of people will all fetch out their money.

"Supposing the rule of the Bank is to keep one-third of the amount of their liabilities in bullion, do you think it possible that any alarm of that kind could endanger the drawing out of the whole stock of bullion?—It will not endanger the Bank, but it will endanger the commercial business. Suppose the Bank has £30,000,000 altogether, and they have £10,000,000 of gold, and suppose that from the £10,000,000 of gold there are £6,000,000 or £7,000,000 taken out, *if I was a director myself, I should be frightened,* and afraid of stopping payment, unless I had a paper in my pocket, signed by the government, saying, you have no occasion to pay in gold.

"Why should the drawing out of the gold derange commerce?—Because the

gold can only be drawn out by carrying in bank-notes. Suppose any London banker has 100 customers, and they have balances of £500 or £1,000 each, and they determine to have a large quantity of gold at home, they draw their balances from the banker, and the banker finds that instead of having £500,000 he has only £100,000. Then that banker has other customers who want discounts, and when they come to him for discounts, he cannot afford them; then those customers go to the Bank, and the Bank says, 'If we give these discounts we shall be obliged to issue bank-notes, those bank-notes may be fetched away again, and gold demanded for them, and we cannot go on upon this principle.' Then those people that want to buy produce have not the means, and they must stop from shipping; and the man that buys bills on 'Change, when he gets no bills in return for them, does not buy any more bills on 'Change, and stops gradually the whole machine.—And who are the persons who have the gold?—It is not the large monied men, but the middle classes, *who are the first to take alarm.*

"To what extent do you think it possible that a combination of four or five individuals, acting together, could draw money from the Bank of England, for the purpose of distressing or breaking the Bank?—I do not think any body can do it; suppose there are five people that have got a million sterling, they can take their own money, but they cannot take any more, and they will soon be tired of that, because they will not get any thing by it.

"Therefore, in case of a publication being made by the Bank, you do not think the Bank would run any risk of being distressed by any combination of individuals?—No, I do not think any persons would be so mad.

"You do not think that there is any other ground of apprehension than that which would arise from individuals holding £10 or £20 or £50 notes, who, in a time of great alarm, would press for gold for the purpose of hoarding?—Certainly.

"That is the only objection you think that applies to the publication?—A publication that was only read by individuals *sensible enough to understand it,* would have no bad effect; but the danger would be with the lower classes of people, that would read wrong statements in the newspapers.

"Although the public might feel alarmed at first, when they became habituated to this publication, do not you think that the good sense of the upper classes of society, and the intelligent and wealthy per-



sons, would operate upon the lower classes, and prevent any evil?—No, I do not think it could.

“Suppose there was a tendency to run, and that the wealthy and intelligent merchants of London met together, and declared that they were ready to take the notes of the Bank of England; that they were ready not to press for payment of their notes, and explain to the public, that if the Bank was insecure, the whole national Exchequer was insecure also; do not you think that a declaration of that kind would tend to allay any alarm?—It might do for that time, but a man would say, ‘What occasion have I to believe Mr Rothschild, or any body else?’ The little shopkeepers, and people of that kind, do not stop to enquire, but they say, ‘I will get my money while I can; if I wait another week I may not get it.’”

From these questions, it is perfectly manifest what Government are driving at with the Bank. They want to have periodical states of its affairs published, in imitation of what is done in *France*. When the great parent Democracy does any thing, we, a little subservient republic, must of course follow the example. The following questions shew from what quarter this extravagant idea was adopted:—

“Does not the Bank of *France* publish periodically an account of the whole of its transactions, including the amount of its bullion?—Yes.

“Do you know what amount of specie is kept by the Bank of *France*, in proportion to its liabilities?—I believe that the Bank of *France* has 250,000,000 in silver. I think they have outstanding a third part of this sum in bank-notes, that is, supposing they have L.6,000,000 sterling in specie in their coffers, they have L.2,000,000 sterling of paper in circulation.

“Do you now know whether the Bank of *France* are thinking of issuing paper for 100 francs?—No, it is not the case; they do not do it, because there have been so many forgeries made in the 500 franc notes.

“Have they had it under discussion?—They have.

“Was the fear of forgery the chief cause of their abandoning it?—Yes, I believe so.

“Do you know what is the practice with the banks in the United States, with respect to the publication of their accounts?—I am sorry to say that I cannot tell.

“Is it the practice of the Bank of

Prussia, or any other banks on the continent, to publish their accounts?—No.

“In those banks, does not the amount of notes bear a very small proportion to the whole circulation?—They have a very small quantity of bank-notes out; but they have a very small quantity of silver, too, in the Prussian Bank at Berlin. The whole amount is 3,000,000 of dollars.”

Here we see that it was from the great fountain of democracy that the idea now instantly acted upon, of publishing an account of the whole transactions of the Bank of England, was adopted. They totally overlook the vital fact, that the Bank of *France* issue no notes under 500 francs, or L.20, equal to L.30 in this country, and consequently are not exposed to the same danger of a run, to which any establishment must be liable, which, like the Bank of England, has a great quantity of ten and five pound notes constantly in circulation. They totally forget that, as Mr Rothschild said, a panic and run always begins with the small traders, holders of five, ten, or twenty pound notes, and consequently that a bank which, like the Bank of *France*, issues none under what, in this country, would be L.30 notes, runs comparatively little risk. They overlook altogether the immense difference between a bank like the Bank of *France*, which has only its own obligations to look to, and one like the Bank of England, which is the pillar of credit to the whole country, and is compelled, in any moment of alarm, to support all the branch establishments and country banks, who, on such a crisis, are more or less pressed from one end of the kingdom to the other. They totally forget the enormous difference between the commercial business, the boundless paper credit, and the stupendous money transactions of England, and the comparatively trifling amount of business which takes place in Paris, not the seat of any export trade, and where the middling classes have long been accustomed to an exclusively metallic circulation. All this they totally forget; but because the great parent of Democracy publishes the transactions of the Bank yearly, therefore they hold that we, their first-born and dutiful offspring, must, without delay, do the same; and, suiting the action to the word, they instantly com-

mence with the publication of the whole evidence taken by the *Secret Committee*, and thereby lower the value of its stock to a most alarming degree.

It is evident, therefore, on what principle Government are now proceeding, and by what delusion they are actuated; and it is equally plain, that unless this system of consulting the mob and the journals on every subject, even the most abstruse, is put an end to, there is no peril to which this great commercial country may not speedily make up its mind to submit. This delusion is the more dangerous, that it is so flattering to the multitude, from the vast opinion which it seems to imply of their capacity, and their perfect adaptation to the high duties of government, to which, under their democratic leaders, they are speedily to be called. Like the practised seducer, our democratic leaders flatter the popular mind, by consulting them on the most abstruse and perilous questions, because they know that, to mobs equally as to fragile beauty, that species of flattery, being that to which they are least accustomed, is often the most powerful; and in the one case, equally as in the other, they will, after having blindly and unintentionally, but certainly, consigned them to perdition, abandon them to their fate.

Neckar, the "Lord Grey of the French revolution," and the Girondists and philosophers who first had the lead in its progress, were actuated by precisely the same infatuation as to the unlimited extent to which the popular reason could be trusted on any subject. "My father," says Madame de Staël, "I must admit, erred in the exalted opinion he entertained of the intellectual powers of the people. I myself was long of the same opinion, and thought that if truth was presented in language sufficiently forcible, it could not fail of obtaining universal assent. I have lived to see that we both were in error." The Girondists fell into precisely the same error; they trusted continually to the intelligence, good sense, wisdom, and virtue of the people, whom they had praised for the possession of these qualities, until they really believed that they enjoyed them; and they went on blindfold, appealing to their support, and

inflaming their passions, to obtain their support against the Royalists, until at length their allies became their masters, and the sublime and enlightened people led them out to the scaffold.

We cannot enter at present into the details of this great question, which will be enlarged on in another article in an early Number. We shall revert to it at a future period, when the intentions of Government, in this particular, are more fully developed.

But the Bank is not the only interest in the country which is threatened by the revolutionary tempest. The Corn Laws, the landed interest, are also at stake; and, according to present appearances, there is every likelihood of the nation being subjected to a series of evils, as great and more lasting than those which flowed from the disastrous act of 1819.

It is usually supposed that the farmers and the landlords are the persons chiefly interested in the Corn Law question, and that the interests of the merchants, manufacturers, and holders of commodities, are on the other side. There never was a greater or more deplorable error. The farmers will be ultimately the *least sufferers* by their repeal; the parties who will really be injured are the nation, and the whole class of merchants, traders, and shopkeepers, whom it contains. This will startle many of our readers; before they reject the proposition, let them answer the following arguments:—

A great reduction in the price of grain is the obvious and important boon held forth, by the advocates of a repeal of the Corn Laws, to the mercantile and industrious classes of the community; and it is in the belief that it will be attended with this effect, that the measure is so strongly advocated by the revolutionary press. Let it be conceded for argument's sake that this effect will follow, and attend to its consequences upon the farmers, the landowners, the debtors in the state, the holders of commodities, and the nation.

If the price of grain is lowered to any considerable extent, as a third or a fourth, by the repeal of the Corn Laws, or such a modification of them as amounts to a repeal, the *first* effect of course will be, that great



part of the land of the state will be thrown out of tillage, and that the farmers will be totally unable to pay the rent which they undertook on the supposition of a different scale of prices. Great embarrassment will of course arise from this; those who have the misfortune to hold of hard and unfeeling landlords, who will not make the required reduction in rents, will gradually have their capital squeezed from them, or, if they have no capital, be reduced at once to ruin; while those who are more fortunate in their superiors, will at once obtain such a reduction as will leave them in the same relative situation as before. As the majority of mankind, however, are harsh and unfeeling, it is much to be feared that the greater part of the farmers will be hardly dealt with; that a large portion of the agricultural capital will be destroyed; and that before landlords everywhere discover that it is in vain to strive against the change, multitudes of industrious tenants will be reduced to beggary.

The manufacturers and shopkeepers will say—and do say—that this does not affect them—that their interest is to buy food as cheap as possible; and that the projected change is likely to be as beneficial to them, as it is injurious to those who have been so long enriched at their expense. Whether *that* will be the case, we shall immediately enquire; but supposing they obtained the full benefit arising from the change, will there be no set-off arising from the decline and suffering of the agricultural classes? If it be true, as Mr Smith long ago affirmed, that the internal trade of every nation is the principal one on which its prosperity depends; if the agricultural class are the greatest and best customers of the commercial, how is it possible that a great and serious blow can be struck at the landed interest, without reacting most extensively and powerfully upon the commercial? To suppose that this will not be the case, is to suppose that shopkeepers are to thrive amidst the decay of their customers—lawyers amidst the decline of their clients—or physicians amidst the extinction of their patients.

Upon the *landholders*, however, the proposed change promises to be

more disastrous in the long run than on the tenantry. The tenant may succeed in getting a reduction of rents: but will the landlord be able to effect a similar diminution in his burdens? Will the holders of mortgages, heritable bonds, or other securities over land, abate in their demands for interest, because the sources from which the landlord is to pay them have been diminished? Because the landlord's income is reduced from L.1000 a-year to L.750, is that any reason to suppose that his mortgager will come down from L.500 a-year to L.350? The thing is notoriously and avowedly out of the question: in truth, the opposite effect will rather take place; because the increasing embarrassments and difficulties of the landed interest, by rendering additional loans necessary, will tend rather to increase the advantages of the money-lender, and enable that class to augment the rate of interest paid by the insolvent or labouring owners of the soil. Every body knows the embarrassments and burdens of the landed proprietors, and how immensely they have increased within the last ten years, from the great change of prices consequent on the bill of 1819. *A repetition of the blow*, from a similar reduction of prices consequent on a repeal of the Corn Laws, will level most of them, already staggering, in the dust, and effect, in the end, as great a change in the holders of the landed property of the kingdom, as the arms of William the Conqueror made in the Saxon proprietors of the southern, or those of Robert Bruce in the native landlords of the northern part of the kingdom.

Of all this the Revolutionists are fully aware; but they constantly affirm that the interests of the *other* classes of society will be benefited by the change; and that the injury to those dependent on the soil, is only the termination of the unjust monopoly which they have so long enjoyed at the expense of the state. Here, too, they labour under a great and a grievous error; the proposed change will not, in the end, benefit them *in the slightest degree*; on the contrary, while it deludes them by a temporary and fleeting benefit, it will entail upon them a great and lasting evil.

The wages of labour are necessarily dependent on the price of grain,

and therefore it is IMPOSSIBLE that the condition of the labouring poor can be permanently improved by the greatest possible *permanent* reduction in the price of grain. We say *permanent* reduction, because there can be no doubt that the condition of the labouring poor is rendered more comfortable *for the time* by such a reduction of the price of grain as arises from the accidental plenty of a particular year, while it is proportionably rendered worse by such a temporary rise, arising from temporary scarcity. But no reduction in the price of grain, which is permanent and sure through a *course of years*, can in the end improve their condition, because the immediate effect is, that the money-wages of labour fall in the same proportion. When wheat is 70s. the quarter, the wages of the labourer are 2s.; if it comes down to 35s. his wages will fall to 1s. per day, and what the better is he? Can he command a greater portion of the necessities or conveniences of life than he did before? Clearly not. On the contrary, he is *just where he was*, in so far as the price of grain is concerned, while he feels the full and unmitigated effect of the decline in the fortunes of his agricultural employers or customers, in the sale of his goods, or the employment which he receives.

This truth, abundantly evident on general principle, has been placed beyond a doubt by experience in every part of the world. So far is it from being true that *permanent* low money prices of grain are the usual attendants on a high state of public prosperity, that they are the invariable concomitants of a very great degree of public suffering. During the latter years of the war, wheat was at 120s. the quarter, and universal activity, affluence, and prosperity, filled the land. Since the Bill of 1819, its average price has been 69s., and general anxiety, distress, and suffering have been universally experienced. In Ireland, wheat, potatoes, and every species of grain, are fully a third cheaper than in England; but the misery of the Irish cottar, who labours for 4d. or 6d. a-day, is proverbial. The Polish peasant, where wheat is at 25s. the quarter, is so indigent, that he never tastes any part of the ample harvests of that grain which are floated down the Vistula to more

opulent states. In Hindostan, where grain of every kind is about a *twelfth* part of what it costs in Britain, the labourers are so poor that they never taste any thing more costly than rice and water. In America, where provisions are comparatively dear, they live every day on butcher-meat, butter, and eggs. The same law of Nature, which makes the rents of land fall in the end with the price of grain, will make the wages of labour sink according to the same standard. It is as impossible to strive against the one as the other.

But while the people generally cannot be in the end *in the least degree benefited* by any fall, *how great soever*, in the price of grain, what *must* be the effect of such a change upon the prices of commodities, and the fortunes of all those who deal in buying and selling them; in other words, upon the whole manufacturing and trading classes? Clearly a *continued depression of prices*, precisely similar to that which, with such disastrous effects, has followed the change of the currency in 1819. If wages, the greatest component part of the price of commodities, fall; if the home-market for the sale of manufactures declines with the fortunes of the agricultural classes, how is the price of every commodity in the market to be prevented from *following the same course*? It is evident that the price of all articles of commerce must *steadily fall*; that is to say, the declining state of markets, which has been attended with such wide-spread suffering since 1819, *must continue*. Every holder of commodities will constantly find them growing cheaper on his hands; every merchant who buys goods will be obliged, if he keep them any time on hand, to sell them *cheaper than he bought them*.

This is the effect, the well known effect, which has followed the bill of 1819, because, by changing the value of the currency, it lowered the money wages of labour. On what principles can it be contended that a similar consequence will not attend a similar reduction of wages, arising from the Corn Laws being repealed? And it is therefore to continue for many long years, and increase that sickening state of lassitude, depression, and gloom, in which a continued fall of prices has involved all the commercial and trading classes for



the last ten years, that the agricultural interests are to be ruined, the farmers distrained, and the weight of mortgages and landed burdens rendered insupportable. Mr Smith has said that the advancing state of prices is the cheerful; the stationary, the moderate, and the declining, the melancholy state of human affairs. It is into the last deplorable state that the efforts of the Revolutionists are fast driving all the great interests of the community; and they are doing so at the very time when the nation has for ten years been suffering under a similar state of depression, arising from a similar innovation!

Lastly, let the effect of such a change upon the *public revenue*, and the payment of the interest of *the debt*, be considered. If the price of grain fall a third, it may be relied on that the income of every man in the kingdom will fall a third, and *the income of the nation itself fall a third*. This is quite clear. Now, how is the revenue to be paid? How is the interest of the public debt to be discharged, under such a reduction of the money resources of the nation? Is it not obvious that the nation must stagger, and at last fall, under the increasing weight of the public debt, and the increasing deficiency of the public income, just as the landlords must stagger, and at last fall, under the increasing weight of their private debt, and the increasing deficiency of their private income? And it is, therefore, to this awful and calamitous result—to this *ne plus ultra* of revolutionary recklessness and ruin, that the nation will be *necessarily conducted*, by the delusive and seducing cry of cheap bread, thrown out to a people already suffering from its cheapness, and their own consequent depression.

The only benefit which is likely to counterbalance all these disastrous circumstances is, that by a fall in the price of grain, and consequently of labour, the market for our manufacturer in foreign states may be augmented by diminishing the cost in money of their production at home. This is perfectly true; but is such an effect either desirable or necessary? Is it desirable to augment our already stupendous manufactures, or encumber a state, already reeling un-

der the vast increase of that interest, with additional multitudes? Is it necessary? Is it not, on the contrary, well known that the perfection of our machinery, the advantage of our capital, the division of labour in our manufactories, and the length of credit which our export traders can give, have throughout enabled them to withstand and beat down the competition of foreign states? Is it not notorious, that the cost of producing our manufactures has, in many instances, fallen in the last twenty years to a *fifth or a sixth* part of their former amount, from the application of steam machinery? And is it therefore necessary, for the sake of any interest in the state, capable, by the aid of machinery, of effecting such a rapid and apparently endless reduction in the cost of production, to inflict a lasting wound on the agricultural and landed interest, to whom nature has denied the power, by similar expedients, of making such a reduction?

The repeal of the Corn Laws, therefore, would permanently injure all classes of the community, without benefiting any.

How then, it may be asked, is a measure, fraught with such calamitous results, in any danger of being passed? The answer is obvious—it promises an *immediate advantage*; and this immediate advantage is obvious to the millions, while the ultimate and certain danger is seen only by the hundreds. Every one knows the benefit of buying bread cheap; the permanent effect of a lasting reduction in the price of that article, in a state burdened, both nationally and individually, with heavy debt, is evident only to men of sense and education—in other words, to one in a thousand. This is the usual course and never-failing resource of the Revolutionists: they delude the people for their own purposes with a change, whose *first* consequences are obvious to the many, while their *last* are intelligible only to the few; and thence the terrible danger of such innovations, how destructive or ruinous soever in the end, being adopted, if not resisted, by the most strenuous and united efforts of all the higher and more enlightened classes of the community.

## LYRICS OF THE EAST.

## No. I.

*The Bedouin's Song of Home in a Distant Land.*

LET me depart—let me depart  
 O'er the hills and the plains afar;  
 From your halls of pride to the Desert wide,  
   Where the tents of my people are.  
 Boast not to me of your stately bowers,  
   Where the rose and the lily bloom,  
 Of your raiment wrought with a thousand flowers,  
   In the craftsman's curious loom.  
 Boast not to me of your cities old,  
 Of your harems rich with gems and gold;  
 For the dungeon deep, 'neath the gilded dome,  
 Where the tyrant reigns, is the Captive's home.

Dearer to me—dearer to me  
 Is the roof of my father's tent,  
 And the frugal fare made sumptuous there  
   By the magic love hath lent.  
 Your fountains gush from their marble urns,  
   Like a star that is hurl'd to earth,  
 And the musk and the fragrant aloe burns  
   In the bowers of your wanton mirth.  
 Dearer to me is the incense sweet  
 Of the wild herb crush'd by my camel's feet;  
 Dearer to me than your fountain's swell,  
 Is the flow of the Desert's lonely well.

The wine-cup red—the wine-cup red  
 May madden to guilt the soul;  
 But with strength and life, and with gladness rife,  
 Is the draught from the herdsman's bowl.  
 Here chime the lute's and the tymbal's sound,  
   And the maid of the rolling eye  
 Floats in the dance with her locks unbound,  
   And her white arms toss'd on high.  
 And the young and the graceful minstrel-boy  
 Wakes his light harp with a theme of joy;  
 And the banquet groans with rare viands here,  
 An altar of pomp and of princely cheer.

Let me depart—let me depart,  
 From your halls that with porphyry gleam—  
 For the sigh of the breeze from the tamarisk trees  
   Doth steal o'er each sense like a dream.  
 The voice of the youth, when he sings of love,  
   As he doth in a soft strain now,  
 It saddens my soul like the plaint of the dove,  
   When she mourns on the Erak's bough.  
 I pine for the Desert's pastimes free,  
 For my fawn-eyed maiden's laugh of glee—  
 Again o'er the sand-hills the chase to lead  
 With my shining spear and my bounding steed.

C. G. G.



## No. II.

## THE VOICE OF THE WILDERNESS.

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" And an echo answered, "Where are they?"

*Arabic Manuscript.*

Where are they—where are they? the lovely, the brave!  
Have they melted from earth like the foam from the wave?  
I cried, as I sought their dark homes in despair,  
"O where are my friends?" and a voice answered, "Where?"

The palm-tree that shaded the sports of our youth,  
Still rear'd its tall form like a pillar of truth;  
The fount flash'd as bright in the summer-noon glare,  
But they who rejoiced in its flow were not there.

Where are they—where are they? No welcome I found—  
The spirit of solitude brooded around;  
Yet all look'd so tranquil, familiar, and fair,  
I could have believed the departed still there.

But, ah! when I called them in tones they once loved,  
No step o'er the sod of that lone valley roved;  
And a voice, it was Echo's, from regions of air,  
Replied in wild accents, "Where are they, O where?"

C. G. GODWIN.

## LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

The Sunbeams, fellow revellers,  
Go out to play together:  
They be the favoured travellers  
That, high or low,  
Where'er they go,  
Aye make their own good weather!  
What though they now be tarrying  
Away among the shadow,  
That, in cold gloom, is burying  
Our greenwood here and meadow;  
And round our hills and valleys, is  
A prison chill and black;  
Yet have they built them palaces  
Of gold upon its back,  
With roofs of rainbow trellises,  
Out of the drifting rack!—  
O high and happy Family,  
And favour'd as you are,  
That, from the Father-glory, be  
Permitted to the mystery  
Of the extremest star—  
World-sentinelling warriors,  
That pitch your purple camps  
About the Night's black barriers,  
And from her prey  
Fright her away,  
Ye watchmen of the Universe! with ever-burning lamps—  
O far-carousing brotherhood,  
That round the steaming earth,  
To drink the dews are gathered—

In glee benign,  
 To drink the wine,  
 That, in her liberal mirth,  
 The ripe star yieldeth sweet and strong—  
 Oh who can lonely be—  
 Oh who can feel alone among  
 Such noble company?

From her bleak hemisphere, each planet's Night  
 Sighs, "I am lonely—I am all alone;  
 In utter solitude my vacant cone  
 Flies through the infinite assault of Light;  
 That, swift and subtle, circumscribes my flight  
 To the vague shelter of my rolling throne—  
 But that I clasp, from dewy zone to zone,  
 In constant maintenance of solemn right.  
 Thus round the heavens, unwearied in the war,  
 Circuit on circuit endless have I run;  
 Protending patient, from the shielding star,  
 My dim defiance on the baffled Sun—  
 Many, alas, and far-remote we are;  
 But ere Creation's inroad we were One.

"And still without Creation, One remains;  
 One mighty Mother. We, her brood forlorn,  
 Fulfil our exile ever since the morn  
 Of her defacement with Light's primal stains;  
 Since Sun and Satellite, in whirling chains,  
 First swung their torture through her bosom torn;  
 And comets on their roving frenzy borne,  
 Shot past in new extravagance of pains.  
 Yet still, beyond the blazing wanderer's quest,  
 Beyond the constellated sphere's array;  
 Dreamless of Us her children, here, oppress'd  
 With circumscription of incessant Day;  
 The venerable Darkness lives away,  
 Wrapt in her own dread majesty of Rest—  
 Rest, rest—alas, there is no rest for me;  
 Though to a weary world I be its giver:  
 By summer and by spring, from land to sea,  
 The flaming persecutor clips me ever—  
 When will the silver bow exhaust the quiver?  
 When will old Darkness come and set me free?  
 Mother, O mother, when wilt thou deliver  
 Thy lone child from this fiery agony?—  
 Quiet, O quiet, when shall I be lying  
 Nowhere within thy peaceable void again,  
 Evermore drifting down in solemn slumber,  
 Where never star dived through the empty main,  
 And Silence hears his own voice only crying—  
 Shout, Freedom, for the fall of Sound, and Shape, and Number!"  
 Which of the host of Heaven—  
 Which of the noble Archers of the Light—  
 Far-smiths of the Night,  
 To whom the abyss is given,  
 From side to side, a mark for their encircling aim—  
 Shall, from his radiant tower,  
 Send down a voice of power—  
 A voice of rolling spheres, with thunderous acclaim—  
 And to the melancholy Nothing cry,  
 "Darkness, despair—for I shall never die!"



None.—

Neither Star nor Sun ;  
 Nor Comet from the outer waste returning.—  
 Comet, and Sun, and Star,  
 Death's heritage ye are !  
 Here, here, the immortal Light of Life is burning !  
 Here in the conscious soul,  
 That, from its divine dwelling,  
 Looks out upon the whole ;  
 Around, below, above ;  
 And, with the pride of nobler virtue swelling,  
 While blessing sun and planet as they roll,  
 Makes very Darkness Light, from pole to pole,  
 By glorious strength of universal love.

STANZAS BY A LADY.

No, no, the gayest Festival can charm, can please no more,  
 Weigh'd down by breathless gloom the heart wing'd buoyantly before ;  
 Even music, though triumphantly it pierces earth and sky,  
 But brings fresh trouble to my heart ! fresh tear-drops to mine eye !

Bright shapes with flowering coronals—that move to gladdening sounds,  
 All graceful through the mazy dance, with joyous fawn-like bounds,  
 They but remind me that the youth hath melted from my heart,  
 That midst life's scenes of revelry the mourner hath no part.

Oh, sickening unto me the light of pearls, the sweep of plumes,  
 A burdening weight upon the air the breath of burnt-perfumes,  
 The artificial glance and speech, the exaggerated smile,  
 While with a haughty mournfulness my deep heart swells the while,

And pictures gorgeous sunshine kindling sudden splendours round—  
 And high triumphant harpings, thrilling with sea-like sound,  
 Whilst thou, O ! darkly sweeping Night, art exiled then and thence,  
 In thy dusky and thy cloudy pomp too searchingly intense.

But Night ! Imperial Night ! Thou'rt lovelier unto me  
 With those clouds, like hyacinth-wreaths, o'er heavenshower'd beauteously,  
 In thy silence, in thy grandeur, in thy boundlessness of gloom,  
 Than the dancers' sounding hall, or the draperied Palace-room.

Through forest arches would I stray, in thy proud ark enshrined,  
 Where every leaf thrills harp-like to the rushing of the wind ;  
 Or by the deep sea wander with a strange and strong delight,  
 Where the majesty of waters meets the majesty of night.

I love thee in my deepest heart, thou all-defying main,  
 I love each reeking weed that midst thy treasure cells hath lain,  
 The storm-crash, or the breathlessness of thy moonlighted shore,  
 When not a breeze doth float, would pierce a musk-flower's scented core.

When the dim slumberous billows, all tremulously glistening,  
 Come noiselessly along, as if to holiest music listening ;  
 Oh ! joy of joys ! to leave the world, its vanities and woes,  
 And dwell with liberty of soul in nature's rich repose !

E. S. W.

## ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ALTHOUGH the present times are not "brisk" in affairs of politics more than of merchandise, and the slaughter of partridges occupies the attention of our Parliamentary people more than the settlement of Europe, still it may not be amiss, nor altogether superfluous, that an old friend should send you some plain remarks, as well on the things that be, as the things that be not visible, in the political world.

With regard to Foreign Affairs, we continue to proceed in that course of unexampled generosity to our most formidable rivals, which, according to the vulgar notions of the olden time, would have been called horribly foolish, if not traitorous; but, thanks to the enlightenment of these days, no less than to our highly prosperous condition, which enables us to afford these things, we now labour with all our strength to uphold and increase the power and influence of France and Russia, the beneficial effects of which policy will no doubt be duly appreciated by those who live twenty years after this, and who will probably be saved all the trouble which it now takes to uphold the British flag in so many places, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Bay of Bengal. It must, however, be admitted, as a slight drawback upon the pure generosity of the feeling of our liberal Ministers toward Russia, that there is good reason to believe it is all for the sake of France, for which their affection is so prodigious, that too much cannot be done to afford proof of it. People of old-fashioned opinions may be found here and there who maintain, or "threep," as you more emphatically say in Scotland, that our neighbours, the French, are at this moment, and have been any time these two years, more deserving of kicks than compliments from us—that they have not only plunged themselves, but every other country where their political emissaries have penetrated, into disturbance and distress—that peace and prosperity have fled wherever the political pestilence of their jacobinical doctrines has unfortunately found its way—and that

we ourselves have suffered much more from them since August 1830, than we did in all the war from 1794 to 1815; but the liberal Ministers and newspapers are gifted with a different sort of vision, and the English are patted on the back, while they build up empire not only for Louis Philippe, king of the French, but for all that respectable gentleman's family. We have insulted and injured the brave and steady Dutch, and the House of Orange, for no perceivable practical purpose, but that of conferring favours upon the House of Orleans. We have dichotomized the Netherlands, bribed Russia, and sacrificed Poland, to make Louis Philippe's daughter Queen of Belgium, and to make France at no distant period "France to the Rhine." We have stood by in silence, while France committed robbery in the Tagus, beneath the walls of Lisbon. We have seen that flag waving in insolent superiority *there*, (alas! that we who remember twenty years ago, should live to record it,) which our liberating arms tore from the Peninsula. We have permitted armaments (such as they were) to be fitted out in the Thames, amid the eager applause of the Government press, to join revolutionary outcasts from all parts of Europe, in an invasion of the Portuguese; and all for what? To make Louis Philippe's son, the Duke de Nemours, King of Portugal, by his marriage with Donna Maria, which is to take place as soon as she has a kingdom for her dowery. That is, however, I believe, not very likely soon to happen; for notwithstanding the very Irish description of neutrality adopted by the British Ministry, which seems to consist in shewing all the favour which they dare shew to one side, it does not appear very likely that an invader, who sticks fast at the point where he lands, for want of power to get any farther, will turn out in the end a conqueror. Moreover, the cause is not that of Donna Maria or Don Pedro, but that of Jacobinism; and such it is felt to be throughout the *whole* Peninsula. The territory to be conquered is not Portugal merely, but



the whole country from Bayonne to Lisbon—from Corunna to Carthage, and this, as the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult can testify, is no easy matter. If the views of the King of the French be not, however, ever so successful in the South as they have been in the North, it is not the fault of our liberal Ministers; and at all events they have done pretty well for him in the Mediterranean, by giving money to consolidate the kingdom of Greece, in which the Sovereign power is to be upheld by French troops. This convenience in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, forms an agreeable *pendant* to Algiers in the western, which latter, from the uncereemonious *taking* ways of the French, has turned out to them a very profitable affair in more ways than one. It is to be hoped that Louis Philippe will in his modesty abstain from asking us for Gibraltar, while Lord Palmerston holds the portfolio of Foreign Affairs; for I doubt not, that in his extreme desire to cultivate the friendship of France, he might, assisted perhaps by the Right Honourable Mr Thompson, discover some very liberal reason for not any longer going to the expense of keeping that fortress in British hands.

I learn from "a sure hand," that revolutionary Propagandism has received an effectual check in the German states, and though it may still squeak a little, in some parts about the Rhine, it has no chance of unsettling these watchful governments. How Metternich and the other German fellows must laugh if they ever see our Times and Chronicle, and the speechifications at the "Crown and Anchor"—an odd designation, by the way, for a public manufactory of revolutionary speeches, "whole-sale and for exportation."

So much for Foreign Affairs. At home we have for consideration the Bank and the Currency—the Church, English and Irish, chiefly the latter *for the present*, and other Irish affairs of much heat and importance, not including a multitude of murders; and we have the working of the Reform Bill, which is very curious and diverting to the lookers-on who do not take it seriously to heart, and prodigiously perplexing to the functionaries who have any thing to do with it. The Elections, if it ever

comes to that without another Bill, will present the most extraordinary and ridiculous aspect of uncertainty and confusion that ever was seen. The gross folly of attempting so many changes at once, even though as changes they were unobjectionable, is now sufficiently obvious. I certainly do not envy the returning officers; such of them as are partisans, will return whom they like best; those that are most discreet, will probably return all the candidates in a lump, and leave it to an Election Committee to decide "who's who." Hume says there will not be enough of clear undisputed returns to form the Election Committee. I think that is very probable, though Hume is generally in the wrong; but if so, the disputants may try one another, and settle the affair after the fashion which I have seen in what is elegantly termed "the Sister Island." When a parcel of people come to a Priest in Munster to state the circumstances of a quarrel, and pray judgment, and he happens to be in a humour to see the "sport," or to think, as he sometimes does shrewdly enough, that a little beating to both parties might not be amiss, he merely says "Be my sowl, my good people, ye must *settle* it among ye;" whereupon a tremendous fight takes place, and when the contending parties have got enough, they set off again to their work, or their idleness, with the point in dispute just where it was before they began. You do not now hear so much about the blunders, and difficulties, and disfranchisements found in the Bill, for the revolutionary newspapers have had a hint to keep quiet upon these points, which at first they noised abroad very freely, and the newspaper press is fearfully monopolized by the Movement party; but these difficulties do not the less exist, and, as soon as the inspecting barristers have made their circuit, we shall know more about the real state of the registered constituency. Nor is it in this particular alone that the work of *suppression* is carefully attended to. Our freedom of the Press is certainly the most abused freedom that the world ever saw—falsehood is diffused—truth is withheld, and by the operation of the system, the public not only do not know what is actually taking place, but the contrary

of what is happening is impressed upon them as the truth. The Tories are undoubtedly much to blame for this; it is very much *by them*, that this press which they see and know to be every day disseminating lies through the country, is supported, and it seems impossible to rouse them to a proper sense of the resistance which should be made to such a system; but they will doubtless find it out by-and-bye, when it will be perhaps too late. The reaction through the country in favour of Conservative principles is wonderful, and if the Tories manage the spirit now rife throughout the land properly, the country will be safe enough yet, and the Reform Bill be brought into a reasonable shape.

What think you of the Bank question, and the little episode of the Currency therewith connected? Doubtless you hold up your hands in horror; but you ought not, for, as I mean to shew you, the facts and the discussions which have lately been poured forth by the London newspapers upon the subject, are very entertaining. It was certainly rather a fearful "through-putting" of the Bank, (we have no English phrase so good as this,) to sift its most secret concerns before a secret Committee of the House of Commons, and then to cast the whole evidence forth to the public gaze, to be tortured, misrepresented, and lied upon by the *Times*, and relied upon only by the few who take the trouble of going patiently through and considering the evidence. The evidence, every man of common sense and fairness will admit, covers the Bank people with glory—such glory as belongs to men of business who manage mighty and difficult transactions in the most trying times, with honesty, coolness, discretion, and *success*. Whatever may be thought of the Bank system, of the privileges granted to it, and the duties and responsibilities imposed upon it by law, no reasonable man can deny, that these privileges were exercised, and these duties discharged, in one word—*admirably*. The evidence in detail, though given in the newspapers, has been, I fear, not nearly so generally read as the scandalously garbled and partial accounts of it given by the enemies of all existing public establishments. The Whigs would like a government job in place

of the Bank, which would furnish places to another relay of their hangers-on, and therefore they strive, *per fas aut nefas*, according to their accustomed plan, to run it down; but whoever reads the evidence, will think better of the management of the Bank than they ever did before. In many parts of it, there is, as I have hinted, an interest quite apart from the political question which it concerns, an interest personal, or patriotic, which affects our sympathies.

I had often heard, from men who did not care to tell with much minuteness the circumstances which they knew, about the great panic of December 1825, obscure hints of the awful state of monied men in London during that period. I had heard of persons whose name would have been a fortnight before received on 'Change as good for a quarter of a million, or more, walking about for three successive nights, unable to go to bed or to be still, and dreading the day which was to renew the uproar, and the crash of credit all around them, and which might probably crush themselves. I had heard of men who never were agitated before, marching up and down their pay-rooms, with unsufficient thousands heaped around them, and praying, like Wellington, while the doubtful carnage of Waterloo raged before him, that "night would come;" but I never heard or read any thing upon the events of that frightful time that impressed me more than the evidence of Mr Richards, who was Deputy-Governor during the panic, and who appears to be, from his evidence, an extremely quiet matter-of-fact man, detailing, with naked simplicity, and without exaggeration, the circumstances as they occurred. The Physician, from whose Diary so many scenes of vivid, personal, and domestic interest, have been given in *Maga*, scarcely describes any thing more striking than the following, which is very nearly in the words taken down by the short-hand writer, from the evidence of Mr Richards. "I think it must have been in the autumn of 1825 that the Bank began very seriously to contemplate what would be the result of the speculations, and of various circumstances that were going forward; that increased in October and November, when there continued to be a very



great demand for gold, which I think had begun about April, and I believe is advanced down to the first Saturday in December. Not only the Bank, but I believe every man's mind connected with the city, was in an extreme state of excitement and alarm. I think I can recollect, on the first Saturday in December, having come home after a very weary and anxious day from the Bank, receiving a visit from two members of this Committee, and one of our bankers of that class, at my own house, stating the difficulty in which a banking-house, near to the Bank, was placed. I will not assert it, but I believe they had gone so far as to take care of the clearing of that house that evening, so as that it might fulfil its engagements. The object of that visit was to ascertain what would be my views upon the subject. I was called upon because the *Governor was particularly connected with the house of Pole and Company, by marriage and other circumstances of relationship.* After speaking upon the subject for some time, I was pretty sure that I could answer for the firmness of the Bank, and I ventured to encourage these gentlemen to hope that, upon any thing like a fair statement, the Bank would not let this concern fall through. It was agreed that on the following morning (Sunday), we should meet as many Directors as I could get together, with the three gentlemen who had called upon me, at the house of one of them, and that in the meantime some eminent merchants, friends of the house, should also be called to the meeting to assist with their opinion. We so met, and after hearing all the facts which were collected in the first instance by the bankers and the merchants present, the Directors authorized their chairs to say that assistance should not be wanting. It was agreed that three hundred thousand pounds should be placed at the disposal of Pole and Co. the next morning, for which the Bank was to receive, and did receive, as securities, a number of bills of exchange and notes of hand, and over and above, a mortgage on Sir Peter Pole's property, which was to ride over the whole. During that week, I believe the attention of every man was directed much more to the state of that house, than to any thing else.

They fought through it till Thursday or Friday pretty manfully; and about that time, from a conversation I had with a gentleman, a partner in the house, I was led to fear that it might fail; however, it was fought on till Saturday evening, and I believe their position was then such, that without the assistance of the same eminent individuals who had taken part before, that clearing would not have gone right. Sunday passed, and on Monday morning the storm began, and till Saturday night it raged with an intensity that it is impossible for me to describe; on the Saturday night it had somewhat abated. The Bank had taken a firm and a deliberate resolution to make common cause with the country, as far as their humble efforts would go; and on Saturday night it was my happiness, when I went up to the Cabinet, reeling with fatigue, to be able just to call out to my Lord Liverpool, and the members of his Majesty's Government, then present, that all was well. That was, I believe, on the evening of Saturday the 17th of December. Then, in the following week, things began to get a little more steady; and by the 24th, what with the L.1 notes that had gone out, and other things, people began to be satisfied; and then it was, for the first time in a fortnight, that *those who had been busied in that terrible scene, could recollect that they had families who had some claim upon their attention.* It happened to me not to see my children for that week."

The same witness was asked whether he was apprehensive, during the week he mentioned, that the Bank would not be able to continue its payments? The answer is striking. "*It looked exceedingly suspicious.*" The Bank had determined, as it ought to have done, to pay its last guinea, and it would have done so; but by one of those happy circumstances, when Saturday evening came, the tide receded, and I was able to assure his Majesty's Government that it was all well, and the tide turned from that moment. Another such week, and the country would not have stood it; in my humble judgment, the Bank could not have stood it, though we had gold coming."

He is asked, "At what period, du-

ring the year 1824, did it first occur to the Bank, that there was danger in the state of trade in the country?"

"I cannot positively fix any particular period, because it is not upon my mind; but it was impossible, that men acting upon the principles that the Directors of the Bank do, could ever look with any satisfaction upon the wild schemes that were going forward at that moment. No man, with any thing of an ordinarily regulated mind, could fail to feel the greatest alarm upon that subject. There were a great many of us who had never witnessed such events. We might have heard of the South Sea bubble, but I do not know that any man ever expected to live to witness a repetition of any thing of that sort. I can answer for myself, that it never had entered into my contemplation; but my habits and views are remarkably quiet, and are no test of other people's."

It is this very quietness of the natural disposition of those engaged in such a financial storm, that makes the matter so appalling. The soldier and sailor are prepared for the dreadful tumults and extremities to which their way of life is liable; but that the tranquil sons of trade should find the world of wealth and credit heaving and bursting beneath their feet, and the best "houses" tumbling around, like venerable trees before the rushing storm, must indeed be dreadful.

The Government of that period appears to have behaved quite as badly, as, from all we have learned of the men since, we could be prepared to expect. It is clear, that both by their financial operations, and their extravagant announcements of extreme prosperity, they were very instrumental in bringing about that wild career of speculation which had its terrible *denouement* in the panic of 1825. But when that crisis came, they most pitifully shrunk from undertaking the least responsibility to avert the crash which, in all human probability, awaited the Bank of England. They refused to make any Order in Council for a temporary Bank restriction, when applied to upon the subject, and actually advised, (the suggestion is said to have come from Mr Huskisson,) on the 17th December, that the Bank should stick up a notice that they would be able

to pay in gold on the 1st of February! This plan they thought "might restore confidence, and answer the purpose!" Pretty Ministers these for the government of England at such a time! If the Bank had been equally foolish in that period of excitement and terror, the extent of calamity that would have followed defies calculation—all commercial confidence would instantly and inevitably have been annihilated—the country would have been one dismal and despairing wreck. But the Bank Directors knew better—"they deliberated very seriously upon it, and they came to the conclusion that they could not affix such a notice; they were not perfectly satisfied that by the first of February they might get gold sufficient, and till their minds were clear upon the subject, they acted at least an honest part, by not pledging themselves to that which they did not see their way to perform, and upon that ground it was declined."

The deliverance of the country at this period appears to have been absolutely providential; the danger went as far as it could go—to the very verge of ruin, as if to be a warning and a lesson, too fearful and too important ever to be forgotten; but almost within the jaws of destruction, we were saved by a sudden halt—a "turning of the tide," more unaccountable than the storm of distrust which had raged so furiously.

Of all the testimony given before the Bank Committee, none is of comparable interest, upon the general subject of Finance, with that of Mr Rothschild. The mighty Capitalist became absolutely poetical in describing the financial greatness of this country; and, like the other evidence to which we have adverted, the impressiveness of the important truths which he developed, was greatly heightened by the extreme simplicity and plainness with which he stated his views, and the reasons upon which they were founded. One of the most disagreeable things in the world is a financial quack—a man who involves matters that ought to be as plain as the multiplication table, in the obscurity of terms which he calls scientific, because they are used in books, and not in business, and are the significations of perplexed notions, or doctrines assumed without



proof. Such a man should always be suspected of ignorance, for he who has distinct ideas will express them plainly—or of conceit, which makes a man love to shew his learning in out-of-the-way terms. In the one case he is unfit, in the other unworthy, to be listened to. It is very worthy of remark, that all the important people—the men of first-rate standing in the money trade, who gave their evidence to the Bank Committee, gave it in terms which any plain man might perfectly understand. A Mr Easthope, and others of

smaller account, much vaunted by the liberal newspapers, talk a language which they and their confederates may understand, but which is to plain mercantile men quite unintelligible.

Mr Rothschild's panegyric on England was, as I have said, quite poetical—let us compare it with a snatch of *Jemmy Thomson's*, and you will find, that though the muse of the "*British Virgil*" be the more harmonious, in grandeur of conception the great Capitalist is not far behind. Let Thomson lead the way—

"Happy Britannia! where the Queen of arts  
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad  
Walks unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime,  
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks, thy valleys float  
With golden waves, and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless, while roving round their sides  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,  
And property assures it to the swain,  
Pleased and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art,  
And trade and joy in every busy street  
Mingling are heard: Even *Drudgery* himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
The Palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour hum, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind,"

It is to be recollected that this was carefully written, and carefully revised; now take Rothschild's extempore effusion, as the short-hand writer has set it down,

———— "Left to itself,  
This country is the greatest in the world.  
For the whole universe it is the place  
Of settlement. The wants of India, or  
Brazil, are settled here. If iron be  
From Sweden brought, which costs a thousand pound,  
We manufacture it, and straight it sells  
For thousands ten. If from America  
You bring the cotton wool, at threepence cost,  
Or sixpence by the pound, it too is wrought,  
And by our means quadrupled in its price.  
Thus, if events be left to flow their course  
Unshackled, the exchange with ev'ry land  
Must needs be in our favour, and indeed,  
If it were not that from the Continent  
We corn take sometimes, and take sometimes wine,  
And sometimes lend them money, I don't know  
How they upon the Continent could live."

Mr Rothschild seems to be decidedly in favour of a more abundant currency than under our present *golden* system we can have, and his opinion cannot but add great weight to the general impression of the public upon this point, which will doubtless before long produce some important change. The liberal Press, and particularly the *Times* newspaper, which has attempted some fight in favour of the Bank-note restriction, has floundered most deplorably in the attempt, and its opponents have been proportionably successful in the battery of reasoning and ridicule which they opened upon every blunder or mistatement that the *Times* and its fellow-labourers advanced. The *Standard* has surpassed itself, and I cannot refrain from quoting one passage, which I think has been seldom equalled in newspaper writing.

“What really constitutes the wealth of a nation? Is it merely the gold in the usurer’s chest? Is it not rather the cities, the towns, the colonies and fleets, the manufactories and warehouses, the useful mines, the mercantile marine, the roads, navigable rivers, canals, arts, instruments of production,—in short, the conduits of gain, proper and peculiar to that nation? Now we ask any impartial man, whether, of these constituents of national wealth, we owe more to gold and silver, or to paper money? Was it gold or paper money that built two-thirds of modern London? Was it gold or paper money that built the commercial docks of London and Liverpool? Was it gold or paper money that conquered and consolidated our Indian empire? Was it gold or paper money that built the warehouses and manufactories of Birmingham and Manchester?—that planted the Thames, the Wear and the Tyne, the Medway, the Avon, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde, with those forests of shipping, to be conceived only by him who has seen them, and which *did* fourfold outnumber all the shipping of the world? Was it gold or bank-notes that brought to light the mineral treasures of Staffordshire and Worcester—that intersected our country with roads, and canals, and railways, and rendered navigable nearly all our rivers? Is it to gold

or to bank-notes that we owe the developement of the powers of the steam-engine, the power-loom, and a hundred other inventions, which, if we had been left with the same instrument of advancement, would have kept us as we were in 1815, in arts, manufactures, and wealth, a century before every other nation in the world? These questions must undoubtedly be answered in favour of a paper currency.”

To me, I confess, it seems a matter so plain and certain, that a greater abundance of money, such as paper can alone supply, is the thing necessary for giving activity to the wondrous powers we possess of producing wealth, that argument and eloquence appear almost superfluous upon the subject. No doubt, some security should be provided by law against the insolvency of banks of issue, and the consequences of “great panics;” but this being done, let us have the money, and that with no stinted hand. Without it, down—down—we must go;—we cannot get on, and pay the taxes, with prices and profits so wretchedly low as they are at present, and have too long been. We may pare, and economize, and cut down, without prudence, without mercy, and without justice; but it will never do—it is beginning at the wrong end—it has a tendency to make matters worse, by increasing the stagnation and distress, and it renders the great, uncomeatable burden of the interest on the debt more grievous, both positively and comparatively. In vain we cripple our warlike forces, and submit to injury and degradation to avoid war—

“Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,  
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ.”

Unless we give life and vigour to our resources, by a greater abundance of money, we must gradually sink beneath heavy taxation and unproductive trade.

I have already alluded, in this somewhat too rambling letter, to the altered state of public feeling throughout the country, and the decided turn in the tide of politics, in favour of Conservative principles. This is proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by circumstantial evidence, positive and negative, in all quarters—by the bitter complaints of the Revolutionary



party—as well as by the successes which, in almost *every* instance of exertion and activity, have rewarded the Conservative candidates. In Kent, Essex, Cambridge, Dorset—in every place, county or city, where the Conservatives have taken the trouble of seeking success, they have found every reason to expect it, notwithstanding the violence which threw them out at the last election; but I wish I could say that there was a corresponding energy and devotedness on the part of the men whose highest duty and interest it is to take advantage of this returning tide, and obtain a House of Commons which will not labour, like the last, to upset all the institutions of the country. I do not so much mean, that there is not a sufficient zeal for the good cause, or perception of the high importance of the returns to the future Parliament, as that the practical and methodized exertion which impresses the public mind is not undertaken as it should be. Almost every thing is in these days determined, not by the public sentiment, considered as the preponderating opinion of the mass who think, but by the public sentiment expressed and manifested in such a way, that the whole society feels it to be a living and an acting thing. What signifies it, that a thousand gentlemen are quietly in their own homes satisfied that we have been running a most pernicious course, leading to national harm and ultimate ruin, if a hundred, who hold opposite opinions, go forth, and make their opinions known, and by newspapers, and other means of affecting the popular mind, urge revolutionary doctrines upon the multitude? Of what moment is it, that almost every gentleman one meets connected with the county of Middlesex, laments the disgrace of the county being represented by one of the most ignorant, offensive, pernicious, and contemptible of all the Radicals, yet no one stands forth to put himself to the trouble and expense of grappling with this nuisance? Nor is this backwardness confined to Middlesex alone, though the evil and the disgrace are there the most conspicuous; I could point to twenty counties in England, where, at this moment, an active intelligent proprie-

tor, of Conservative principles, would be almost sure of his return, if he set about his canvass in time, and went among the people, and spoke to them as he ought; but the tenantry of these counties never hear of politics but as they are perverted through revolutionary channels, for the Tories do not take the pains to inculcate any thing else upon them.

It is very well that official men should not put themselves before the public beyond what their official position does for them; but men who are out of office, and who expect to attain office again, in a state so popular as ours must be under the Reform Bill, should take some pains to keep the public thinking about them and their political views. Of the late Cabinet, except one or two who are engaged in election canvasses, we hear no more than if they were dead. Not even in the publications which are by some assumed to be under the influence of the late Cabinet, do we hear any thing about them. This must be their own fault, for if they took the interest in impressing their views and opinions upon the public at large, which I humbly think they ought to take, since it is upon the impression made on the public at large that every thing now depends, they might, and they would find means, as the Whigs did when out of power, to let the public know, aye, and by no means to forget for a single day, what they thought the public ought to think. Upon this question of the Currency, which the public have of late been so actively considering, and with the determination of which Sir Robert Peel's political course must be necessarily very closely linked, I have watched every channel through which it was at all probable his opinion might be given to the public, and I think I can almost venture to say, that in the discussion of the subject by the press he has taken no part. Now, when he comes down to Parliament with an admirable speech upon the question, he will be for all practical purposes too late, because the public mind will be already made up upon the matter, and their determination, whatever it may be, the Parliament and the Government must follow, or resist with great difficulty, and in the midst of general

discontent. I mention this by way of illustration. Would it not be much better that Sir Robert Peel should *now* throw into the scale the weight of his arguments, and to assist the determination of the public mind, than contend with it, or give in to it, after it has been formed?

It is for the Philosopher in his retirement to speculate upon what ought to be the relative positions of governors and the people governed, and how the connexion might best be arranged for the benefit of the whole; but the Statesman should deal with affairs as he finds them; he should manage the powers which he finds in existence, so that the least evil and the most good may happen to his country. It may be wrong that what is called public opinion should be so powerful in this country—that the expression of general sentiments, so liable to error, should have the power to make and unmake laws and governments, but so it is. How then is public opinion to be—not governed, for that is impossible, but mainly influenced for good or for evil? Just by the means which the Whigs and Radicals use to a very large, and the Tories to a very small extent. Public exertion by the leaders of the party, with word and pen—by speeches in Parliament, but not in Parliament alone—by intercourse, as much as possible, with intelligent men of all classes—by encouragement of the things in which the bulk of the people take an interest and a pride—and, above all, by the press. Reading of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, if not of other things, has become almost to every one a necessary of life. If the things given to be read are impregnated, as for the most part they are, with political principles unfavourable to the civil and religious institutions of the country, it is no

wonder that these principles should prevail, and that from their prevalence all the political evils which we suffer from should flow. The especial business of the Tories, then, should be to spread abroad reading of a different description, for which they take but slight pains, while they very considerably encourage, in various ways, the very publications which are rooting their influence out of the land.

We hear still of divisions in the Tory party; but I really believe that there is none productive of any very marked consequence upon political affairs. It is not because they are divided by dissimilarity of political views that they do not work together; but it is because they have not yet learned as an Opposition to conduct their business properly, and with systematic combination. Practice in conducting an Opposition, as the Whigs can tell, will not enable men to conduct a Government without numerous misadventures, the result of inexperience. Neither will practice in Government, as the Tories ought to have discovered by this time, enable them to manage an Opposition to the best advantage. Whether they are likely to have abundance of time, in that position, to learn better, I shall not prognosticate, but here, in London, the contrary opinion seems generally to prevail. Be that as it may,—in Government or in Opposition,—we Tories, I trust, will do our duty, not finding fault with one another,

" But playing manly parts,  
And with true English hearts  
Stick close together."

T. W. H.

LONDON, 15th Sept. 1832.



## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΑΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;  
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*  
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*The Boudoir at Buchanan Lodge—beautiful Moonlight chequering the influence of a couple of Argands—NORTH and MULLION at work—the Round Table covered with MSS., Proof-sheets, new Pamphlets, &c. &c. &c. The large Ebony inkstand, and a Tappit-Hen, with her Chicks, occupy a central position. The melodious warbling of Nightingales in the Medora Shrubbery is distinctly audible.*

NORTH.

Well, I think I've pretty well combed out this fellow's tangled sentences, however. 'Tis wonderful how few people can write grammar. Not one man in a thousand seems to have the slightest notion that it may signify just *every thing* whether he puts *but* in a particular place, or *for*, or *and*, or *since*, or *however*, or *notwithstanding*. Confound their puzzled pates!—and half of all this would be avoided, if they would only be contented to write as they talk. Oh!—a curse of all curses on the ambition of fine writing! What lots of good sense have been strangled in the birth for the sake of rounding a paragraph! My dear, your progress in the art has been remarkable, but you have still much to learn, or rather, I should say, to unlearn.

MULLION.

Most sensible of that am I, my dear sir. The great rule I *try* to keep before me is Voltaire's—Always be sure, before you write any thing, that you have a perfectly clear idea of what you want to say.

NORTH.

A good rule—but by no means of universal application. There are many moods of the mind in which one appears to compose, and in fact does compose capitally, without having any thing like distinct notions beforehand of what one's about. After walking up and down my room for half an hour, with my cigar in my mouth, thinking of all sorts of things in the heavens and the earth, and the waters under the earth—friends long since dead and buried—places once familiar, that I shall never put mortal eye on again—books *in posse*—bores *in esse*—last summer's butterflies—Chateaux en Espagne, no matter how high or how low—Suddenly the cigar's out, and by a natural instinct, as it were, I place myself at the table and begin writing. What suggests the first sentence? Probably the title-page of a book lying uncut on the desk. What the next? Of course some turn in the first sentence

which suggested itself during the operation of penning that—and so on—a long series of little minute dovetailings, in fact quite spontaneously evolving and enlinking each other, down to the end of the sheet. By this time the mouth begins to feel uneasy—I pick another cheroot from Cotton's last box, and walk up and down *reverie-ing* as before. Presently I take the sheet I had covered with my fine Roman hand from the table, and read it over. What the devil is this? I never meant to say any of these things when I sat down to write. Here are observations which, if I had heard them from *your* lip half an hour ago, I should have pronounced *new*—thoughts of which, if they had ever entered *my* sensorium, pineal gland, or whatever the bit is, half an hour ago, I remained entirely unconscious, until the very moment they were oozing in ink from my fingers' ends? Where did they come from? What brought them out? What are they worth, now that they are there? Here, now, is my own lucubration of this morning.

MULLION.

For God's sake don't tear the paper, Mr North!

NORTH.

Not I—I'll wait and look at the thing after breakfast first. Meantime, you may take my word for it, that one-half of the books in this world, or, at all events, of the *articles*, compose themselves. Come, have you polished your pebble, Mordecai? Heigho! let's bundle all into the Balaam-box for the present, and finish our *Magnum* quietly. The labourer is worthy of his hire. Come, put away the dirty linen.

MULLION.

*Tres volontiers*. I'm sick of the very name of this coxcomb Babbage. Such a cold, dry, prig it is!—So intensely ignorant, too; hang me, if I don't think his calculating machine could have turned out something quite as edifying.

NORTH

The man seems to be not a bad calculating machine himself—Babbage rhymes to cabbage, to be sure. Here's the same rubbish ejected first as Lectures at Cambridge, then as articles in an Encyclopædia—and now, forsooth, a book, a treatise—with a head of Friar Bacon (could he find no Brazen Head nearer home?) on the title-page, and the paragraphs numbered, for the sake of ease to the unborn *citator*, I presume—yes, numbered, I see, to the very last page of the blarney, as pompously as the Pandects.

MULLION.

You had better take him in hand yourself, or ask Tickler to revive his Series of Letters to Eminent Literary Characters—the job is not for me—the figures disgust me so consumedly, that I can't muster merriment, which is all it deserves, for his argumentation.

NORTH.

How much more agreeable a subject of contemplation is this fine old boy of a cobbler! Hand me the last Bull again. Aye, here it is.—(*reads*.)

“Died lately at Bradfield, near Manningtree, aged 82, PAUL LITTLE, of that place, shoemaker. The deceased was a man of eccentric manners—a dabbler in politics—and a staunch adherent of the Blue party. He always prided himself on his unflinching Toryism and loyalty to his King; and although Bradfield is thickly studded with Tory and High Church partisans, none were more zealous in the cause. Some of the opposite party were to be found who would argue politics with, but it was ineffectual to attempt to turn, the village cobbler. He was a strict observer of the birthday of his late Majesty George the Third, and the 4th of June always found him sitting in his parlour, in an old arm-chair, dressed up fancifully with laurels and other evergreens, with a brown jug of mild ale before him, out of which he had, for nearly half a century, quaffed to his Sovereign's health. Like most True Blues (or at least what most True Blues would like to do) he had saved a little money, and accordingly he left a will, in which, among other directions for his funeral, he ordered that his coffin should be painted blue, which his executors complied with. He also left behind him the following epitaph, written by himself, to be placed at the head of his grave, leaving a space for the insertion of his age:—



'Here lies Paul Little, to give him his due,  
When he was alive he was a True Blue,  
And loved a moderate drop :  
His age was eighty-two, and no more ;  
Of shoes he made in *one shop*,  
Fourteen hundred score !' "

Here, now, was a cock of the right feather. Fill your glass ! THE MEMORY OF PAUL LITTLE !

MULLION.

The Memory of LITTLE ! The "moderate drop" of mild ale finishes the picture. I would have gone fifty miles to take a pipe and pot with this worthy, Mr North. A great moral lesson, sir.

NORTH.

Any thing good in this month's Magazines, Mullion ? How does Thomas the Rhymer get on ?

MULLION.

Exceedingly well—much better than when he was with Colburn. The eternal puffing of quackery enjoined on Campbell in those days, had evidently weighed down his spirits. Now he's drawing in couples with such a dashing fellow as Marryatt, 'tis another affair ; and with Moore, he'll carry every thing before him in his own way. But Marryatt himself is enough almost to bear the concern through. A capital writer, sir—beats the American, Cooper, to shivers—he's only second, in fact, to Tom Cringle.

NORTH.

That's high praise, I promise you, sir. Cringle, indeed, is a giant.

MULLION.

By-the-bye, I haven't read his new MS.

NORTH.

Would it be a bore for you to let me hear it while I smoke a cigar ?

MULLION.

With all my heart. I'll look for it immediately—But, sure, I hear something—Hark ! isn't that a carriage ?

NORTH.

Hum—I believe it is. Who the deuce can be coming to bother us at this time o' night ? Come, Mullion, jump out, and see that nobody's let in, unless it should be Timothy, or some of the Elect.—(*Exit MULLION.*) I wonder what sets Tickler in motion at such hours. By eight o'clock I thought his long legs were pretty sure to be folded for the evening—but he's one of the indescribables, and ever was, and ever will be, as unintelligible to himself as to other folks.

*Enter MULLION.*

Gadso ! Mr North—This beats cockfighting. Here's The Advocate come in full fig to canvass you for your second vote in Auld Reekie. John had the sense to tell him you were particularly engaged, but should be immediately informed of his arrival. He's in the library—do you wish to see the spark ?

NORTH.

Who's with him ?

MULLION.

He came alone in his chariot—but there's a Jarvie chokefull of his little Parliament-house jackalls in the rear. They have been beating up all the outlying voters between this and Preston-Pans, it seems. I suppose we need not have in those animals ?—they seem rather fuddled, too, John says.

NORTH.

I'm extremely happy to receive his visit,—but the state of my health is so delicate I can't possibly see much company ;—in short, he may come in, and welcome, if he will shake off his tail. (*Exit MULLION.*) Well, this is an odd fancy ! Can the callant really suppose it possible ? No—no—it can't be—'tis of course a mere form—a piece of civil routine. And yet, some people have such a—*Nous verrons.* Here he comes.

Enter JOHN MACKAY.

The Lord Advocate!

NORTH.

Some more glasses, John. (*Exit MACKAY—enter JEFFREY.*) My Lord Advocate!!!—delighted to see you. I thought you had quite forgot the way to the old Lodge—come, (*they embrace,*) how well ye look, after all those cursed stories about sinking health and so forth in the blasted newspapers! Why—save a little sprinkle of the grizzle—you're not altered a whit, I protest. I wish I had your receipt, man. Sit down—sit down.

JEFFREY.

'Pon my word, Mr North, you appear to me to carry your years as bravely as any man. Here you are, at the old work, I see—the Bramahs and the bottle always in requisition! (*Enter MACKAY with glasses, and exit.*)

NORTH.

My dear Lord, be seated; my secretary won't come back—take his chair. I had been scribbling all the afternoon, and was just about to compose myself with a little of poor Johnny Brougham's *fifteen*. Will you let me help you, for Auld Langsyne, to the maidenhead o' a Tappit Hen? You are now entitled, you know, to claim the *droit du Seigneur*.

JEFFREY.

Ha! ha! *merci*. I have the honour to wish health, and wealth, and length of days to the redoubtable—Capital stuff! a perfect *bouquet*!

NORTH.

And here's health, wealth, and length of days to your father's son, and every good thing besides that's really for your good. Ay, this is the right sort—and a bin that had been quite overlooked—so much the better for us both this blessed day! Fill again, my dear Lord!

JEFFREY.

Superb! exquisite! nonpareil! Aye, aye, 'tis your quiet way of life, and keeping good hours, and sanctifying them with such libations as these, that has preserved you so marvellously. Why, you scarcely look older to me than you did when I was a boy at your knee.

NORTH.

Aha! No flattery! There spoke the candidate! Ha, ha, ha!

JEFFREY.

Why certainly, my dear sir, it is in that capacity I have taken the liberty of calling on you at such an unseasonable hour as this. There has been a good deal of literary sparring in certain quarters for some years back, but I hope no personal hostility on either side; and as things now stand, I really thought you would have every right to be offended if I did not take the opportunity of requesting a little of your support and countenance on this occasion. I know very well, of course, that you signed the requisition to Mr Forbes Blair, but as his seat is now safe enough, I presume I may ask you to split your vote in my favour, with at least as much chance of success as any of the other Liberals in the field?

NORTH.

Meaning Mr Abercrombie and Mr Aytoun?

JEFFREY.

I have heard of no other; and your own party seem to have dropped all notion of starting a second competitor.

NORTH.

My dear Lord Advocate, I have no sort of acquaintance either with the unwhille Chief Baron, or this Mr Aytoun; and if no other Tory offers, and I split my suffrage at all, you may certainly depend on its being in your Lordship's favour. And that's as much, I think, as you could expect me to say, *hoc statu*.

JEFFREY.

Why, I don't exactly know what to say to that, Mr North. But perhaps ere we finish our claret we may understand each other a little better. 'Pon honour, I believe there is no man whose views have been more misrepresented than mine. 'Tis my belief, that if you could read me aright, you would not refuse me a fair claim to this very epithet you so hug and cherish as



your own peculiar property. I feel and know that if any man living be in heart and mind a *Conservative*, 'tis your humble servant, Francis Jeffrey.

NORTH.

Ex-Editor of the Edinburgh Review, author of a Bill for amending the Representation of that part of the United Kingdom, called Scotland, and principal law-officer in these parts, under Charles Earl Grey, Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Sir James Gibson Craig of Riccarton, Baronet?

JEFFREY.

Adsum.—But why the Sir James? Come, a truce to your fun, my good friend, for once.

NORTH.

O, if he really be not the viceroy over you, my lord, I beg your pardon. Men in the quiet walks of life are like enough, no doubt, to be misinformed.

JEFFREY.

Yes, indeed, Mr North; there is a vast mass of misinformation and misrepresentation too now afloat, and I have suffered from it during this canvass more than I could ever have permitted myself to anticipate.

NORTH.

Is it possible?

JEFFREY.

Hang it! yes—Byron says in his sarcastic vein, that what the Romans called the *Bellua multorum capitum* has fortunately in this country no head at all; but I am taught by severe experience, that it has a fair allowance both of ear and tongue, notwithstanding. I have been an ill-used man, North—I have indeed.

NORTH.

Ill-used, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY.

A continued succession of annoyances—a perpetual running fire of the disagreeables!—As your friend the Arch-laker sings,—

“Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief!”

NORTH.

Well, I'm sorry to hear you say so—fill another bumper, however—and take an old man's word for it, that this world is a very good world, as worlds go, nevertheless, and I sincerely wish neither you nor I may ever have any experience of a worse one.

JEFFREY.

Oh! you old quizz!

NORTH.

Quite serious, my dear—Ups and downs, no doubt, there will be in every man's course of life, but by the time one reaches middle age, as far as I have observed, our contemporaries settle into something wonderfully like a just notion of us in the main; and I'm sure I may say, without flattery, that few persons of his class and station have had more reason, on the whole, to be satisfied with the ultimate impression than the present Lord Advocate of Scotland.

JEFFREY.

I can't suppose you speak one way and think another; but seriously, my good sir, I don't find myself at all situated as you seem to fancy. I have many kind personal friends—without that what would life be worth to any man? and there is a considerable class of the middling order that appear to regard me warmly enough; but somehow, there it stops. I can't feel that I stand, either with Parliament or with the public at large, in any very enviable position, and there are whole divisions of the body politic that decidedly scout me *in toto*.

NORTH.

The mass rarely comprehend real merit of any kind—that I admit.

JEFFREY.

That's not all. You can't, now, imagine it to be a very agreeable thing

for a man of my tastes, attainments, habits, and pursuits, to discover in the course of such a business as this, that in my own native city, to whose European celebrity I have so largely contributed, I am considered with about equal hostility by the bulk of the upper orders—the wealth, the talent, the accomplishment, the good society of the place, and by all but a ludicrously trifling fraction of the people.

NORTH.

My dear Advocate, folk of your persuasion deal wholesale in misnomers. How often have I warned you all that no good could come in the long run, even to yourselves, of this confounded nonsense, begging your pardon, of dropping out of your vocabulary the good English word *populace*? The *people* of Edinburgh are among the *elite* of the earth—her *populace* have always been what you now begin to suspect them of being; and I, for one, knew them just as well when you were in your first corduroys, man, as you are likely to do by the time of Aytoun's chairing.

JEFFREY.

They really seem disposed to cut both Abercrombie and myself for this noisy spouter, of whom no human being ever heard good, bad, or indifferent, until now, and considering what both Abercrombie and I had done for the public——

NORTH.

Eh? What?

JEFFREY.

What we had done for the public, I say——

NORTH.

I should like a *précis* of *that*, before I strengthen my pledge.

JEFFREY.

Come now, my dear Mr North, 'tis all very well to turn out a bigoted Monthly Magazine, if that sort of thing suits the swallow of the Tory *Bellua*—but here, talking as private gentlemen over a bottle of Lafitte, can you positively mean to insinuate that neither Abercrombie nor your humble servant have established any substantial claims on the general favour and confidence of our contemporaries?

NORTH.

I by no means wish to insinuate any thing, my dear Lord Advocate, only I'm an old man, and memory begins to shake a little sometimes, even while the other faculties of mind, as well as body, continue steadyish.

JEFFREY.

Come now, North, drop gammon!

NORTH.

*Sans persiflage*, then, Jeffrey, if you ask me what 'Squire Abercrombie has done in the sort you allude to, my answer must be *non mi ricordo*.

JEFFREY.

Why, is it possible you should have forgot that James Abercrombie was for twenty years on end the great Parliamentary advocate of a Reform in the Scotch borough representation?

NORTH.

No; but, if I recollect rightly, during all those twenty years the Edinburgh Review was the steady, unflinching, and, I must add, the very able and effective opponent, and merciless vituperator, and cruel derider, of the whole scheme of Parliamentary Reform; and I am, therefore, at a loss to comprehend why Mr Abercrombie by advocating, and my Lord of Brougham and you by denouncing, the same thing, at the same period, should all three of you have been founding equal claims to the gratitude of the same set of persons.

JEFFREY.

Poh! Brougham and I knew very well what we were about.

NORTH.

The devil you did!

JEFFREY.

Yes! yes! It was our object to prepare the public mind at large for liberal ideas in general, and in the meantime to discountenance so sweep-



ing a thing as Parliamentary Reform, until we should feel that our doctrinal seed had had leisure to spring up, and its fruits were white unto the harvest. Abercrombie, perhaps, differed from us as to thinking the time *was come*, while we only in our mind's eye saw it, and *sotto voce* hailed it, *a-coming*. And why might not he have been well employed in keeping what could be said in favour of the thing before people's view, although Brougham and I were still better employed in refreshing the old armament of doubts as to the same subject, in the hope and expectation of a sure hour for drawing up in right earnest the curtain of a new scene political?

NORTH.

Pleasant, but wrong, I fear, my dear Lord. But to keep to Mr James Abercrombie. Didn't he go to Canning in 1827, one of the very first of your congregation, and give in his adhesion to that Government, on the express conditions, 1mo, that he, Abercrombie, should thenceforth throw Reform overboard *in secula seculorum*; and, 2do, that he, Abercrombie, should receive, first opportunity, a good fat place from George Canning?

JEFFREY.

*Non mi ricordo*. There were a number of oddish things done on all sides about that time—I certainly gave in no adhesion to Canning's Government myself.

NORTH.

Why, as neither Advocate's nor Solicitor's gown were just then vacated, I don't exactly see in what way you could have been called for to signify either your personal adhesion, or the contrary. I believe the Whigs of the Parliament House, generally, were more cock-a-hoop for the first day or two after hearing of the break-up, than they appeared to be when the extent of the changes was ascertained. But your Review sided with Canning, if I remember, pretty distinctly—quite as much so, indeed, as could well have been expected to do him any good; for, of course, if you had been to wheel right-about at once, you must have lost a part of your influence with your readers; and, in short, poor Canning's Reform-Republishing, and Catholic-Claim-Cushioning Government would have been openly detected in the fact of—buying Punch. Meantime, I suspect, I must consider you as admitting, substantially, what I suggested as to this Mr Abercrombie's proceedings at that crisis.

JEFFREY.

Why, he might be tied up a little through his connexion with Devonshire House. It was, you know, a great object with George IV. that the Duke should play Chamberlain under Canning.

NORTH.

No doubt—and because the King (God rest him!) who detested Reform, wanted Canning, who despised and abhorred Reform, to be supported by the rotten borough votes of the Duke of Devonshire, who was never, I'm told, capable of comprehending what Reform meant, the great and consistent advocate in Parliament of Scotch Reform was bound, in duty to the Scotch people, whose suffrages he on that ground alone now claims, to put his principles as to Reform into his pocket, rather than—hum!—

JEFFREY.

Rather than embarrass, by individual pertinacity, as to a particular detached question, the general objects and views of the great party to which he belonged.

NORTH.

With submission, my dear Lord, let me finish my own sentence,—rather than give up a rotten borough seat in the House of Commons, and L.2000 a-year of lawful money of these realms—both of which the said patriotic gentleman then held, *durante bene placito*, of the Solomon of Chatsworth.

JEFFREY.

You forget yourself, dear Mr North, when you use language like this. But—to pass my amiable, and really not altogether unintelligent friend, the Duke—James Abercrombie is a younger brother; and, somehow, he had never got on at the bar. And, really, when a man has a wife and a rising

family, Mr North, it is only *humanum* that he should occasionally act as to money matters in a manner not *ex facie* reconcilable with the most stoical theory of independence. But this I merely throw out as a hint, which, in candour, I know you will admit the possible weight of. What my friend Mr Abercrombie's conduct and motives at that delicate juncture actually were, I can't by any means pretend to say.

NORTH.

You can't? that's something!

JEFFREY.

No—but I have an intimate conviction that he is a worthy, honourable Whig, who, with whatever temporary errors of judgment he may be chargeable, has through life had the objects and interests of the party sincerely at heart. This suffices for me, personally; and if you desire more explicit information, you will of course have a public opportunity of catechising the culprit himself at the hustings.

NORTH.

Not so fast, my dear Lord. Why should you feel anywise nervous about my scrupulosities touching this fortunate political adventurer? You approve, also, of his *acceding* to the Duke of Wellington, and receiving, from the great Titan of unholy Anti-Reform, the high and lucrative sinecure, as it is now, I see, called, of the Chief Baronship of the Scotch Exchequer? Upon what grounds did the hero of Scotch Reform take that £4000 a-year?

JEFFREY.

I believe the bottle's with me. My dear sir, we are conversing as men of sense and candour, capable of transposing in our fancy's eye the relative position not only of individuals, but of parties.

NORTH.

To be sure—to be sure—

JEFFREY.

Now, suppose it had been generally felt at Brookes's that the chances of a complete subversion of the Tory Government were tremendously endangered by the fact, that most of the influential places in the internal as well as colonial administration of authority, were in the hands of the steadfast out-and-out adherents of the dominant sect; and that, with the view of gradually relieving the Whig Party of a portion of this particular species of obstacle, it had been resolved that certain individual members of that body should, to a certain extent, modify the external shew of their personal procedure, to the end of getting themselves fixed in influential posts of the order alluded to, thereby immediately and permanently providing for themselves and the families for whose welfare it was their first and most sacred duty to provide, and at the same time securing, in the end, the attainment of a general object, judged important to the interests of a great party, who desired power, mark me, not from any dirty hankering after pelf, not at all, but from really and truly the purest and most patriotic motives—

NORTH.

Hah! hah! hah! ha! ha! Pass the claret.

JEFFREY.

Beg pardon—Supposing all this to have been the case, will you, my dear Mr North, just have the directness to imagine the whole position of the two parties reversed at the time in question, and say honestly that if *TORIES* had acted as in my hypothesis *WHIGS* did act, you would have felt disgusted with your own corporation, as over-lax and ultra-Machiavelitish in its course of tactics, or permitted yourself to hold in any hopeless abyss of suspicion the individuals who had so devoted themselves to a specific branch of their party's service?

NORTH.

The heroic Curtil of the horrid gulf of Sinecure!

JEFFREY.

Pooh, pooh!—Come, answer fairly.

NORTH.

You began as a poet, my Lord Advocate, and will always have a lively



fancy. I'm a plain, prosaic, if not dull man; and must freely confess myself altogether incapable of following the airy flight you have so ingeniously traced for my earth-bound wing. Thank God, however, there's one subject we are sure to agree about—to wit, that, as our bottle's out, it is most meet, fit, and necessary, that we, penitent sinners, should have another of the same.—(*Rings, &c.*)

JEFFREY.

Amen! I should be concerned to offer any opposition to so orthodox a motion.—What, must I have this pucelage too? Well, well.

NORTH.

HONEST MEN AND BONNY LASSES! It's a gude auld toast.

JEFFREY.

HONEST MEN AND BONNY LASSES! So you're still the same man in all things?

NORTH (*Sings.*)

AIR.—*Je ne veux la mort de personne.*

Grands yeux bien noirs et bien piquans,  
Oreille ou poitrine rôtie,  
Petite bouche, belles dents,  
Cervelle grasse et bien farcie,  
Taille légère, bons gigots,  
Sein de lis, langue délectable,  
Jambe de mignonne, pieds de veaux,  
Voilà ma maitresse, et ma table.

JEFFREY.

What a pipe! One stanza more!

NORTH.

Why the devil didn't ye come in time for dinner?—(*Sings.*)

A table on compose, on ecrit,  
A table une affaire s'engage;  
A table on joue, on gagne, on rit;  
A table on fait une marriage;  
A table on discute, on résout;  
A table on aime, on est amiable.  
Puisqu'à table on peut faire tout,  
Pourquoi, mon cher, quitter la table?

JEFFREY.

You are the most incomprehensible of mankind! Years are as nothing upon ye! Out or *in*, all's one with you! Well, I can't but honour the genuine old Tory, ever true to his friends and his flask, in hopeless heresy good-humoured, in hottest hostility humane, whose worst brickbat is a bottle of Bordeaux, his only *practical* tyranny no skylights! But there's no denying it—you were meant to be one of us.

NORTH.

Not I.

JEFFREY.

Yes, but you were; and if you had joined, we should have known how to appreciate you.

NORTH (*Sings.*)

There was a jolly miller once  
Lived on the river Dee,  
He work'd and sung from morn till night,  
No lark more blythe than he.

And this the burthen of his song  
 For ever used to be—  
 I care for nobody,—no, not I,  
 If nobody cares for me.

JEFFREY.

But we should have cared for the jolly miller, man—Don't ye see what we do for our friends, now we have the wherewithal?

NORTH.

Oh! that's it! I should have had ere now the honour and glory of a ribbon of the Guelph, and Sir Christopher North might have walked out of a room, perhaps, before Sir John the Leslie. Why the mischief, then, have none of the dons among ye taken the watch-ribbon yourselves? Why did Brougham not get Mackintosh, or Rogers, or Hallam, or Moore, or Shee, or Shiel, to hansom it?—or why, in God's name, did he not sport it himself? Why is Lord Holland—or why are *you*, or Sidney Smith, or even Miladi's Atheist, at this hour without it? By avoiding the concern yourselves, have not you, the prime Quacksalvers, done your best to mark it as a miserable sign of menialism for your *Merrymen*?

JEFFREY.

Pooh! pooh! I wasn't thinking of such fifth-rate trumpery for you.

NORTH.

Nor I for myself, my dear. The late King, God bless his bones, asked me more than once to be a Grand Cross of the old Bath—and once to be a Privy Counsellor—and I declined both offers. If I had had a son to inherit Strath-North, and had been in those days tempted with a revival of the peerage we so foolishly forfeited in the Fifteen, I don't know what I might have said; but certainly any thing under that sort of touch would never have flattered me—and most certainly *that* would not flatter me or any sane Christian *now*.

JEFFREY.

God bless me! You talk as if the Peerage were not worth the having. Are you serious?

NORTH.

Never more so in my life, talking of this present moment. Why, you don't mean to hum me at my own fireside as to that matter?

JEFFREY.

I protest I don't understand you the least in the world. In what possible shade or degree has the dignity of the Peerage been diminished in our hands?

NORTH.

In *your* hands! The question answers itself. Fill your glass, my Lord.

JEFFREY.

The question answers itself! What, in the name of wonder, can you mean?

NORTH.

Every thing that's mean.

JEFFREY.

The bottle's with you again. Come, speak plainly, old boy; no riddles *inter pocula*!

NORTH.

Well, of all faults in the world, I never expected to be charged with a want of plain-speaking! If you will have it *a la Readingmadeasy*, every fool sees that Brougham and the rest of your clique have humbugged the Devonshires and Lansdownes, and so forth, most illustriously, and made them, the ninnies, the instruments of roturier spleen to knock down the noblesse, which, 'tis my belief, will not rally again in my time, or even in yours. Why, you have not used one *serious* argument all through this affair, that, if pursued to its legitimate conclusion, is not as fatal to the peerage, as an independent branch of the legislature, as it has already proved, by your own story, to their influence in St Stephen's.



JEFFREY.

Not at all. You have quite mistaken us. We have made that part of the Peerage which entertains rational views of what is due to the people, far more powerful in every respect than it ever was before. Between ourselves, my friend, the manipulation of the Schedules was magnificent; and besides, it was not our fault that the King would not let a Whig majority be created in the Upper House itself this year, and there is every reason to hope that that may still be managed.

NORTH.

And *that* would strengthen the Peerage?

JEFFREY.

Yes. There's nothing can strengthen such a body, in the midst of an enlightened age like the present, but making it sensible that its only legitimate part is to watch the signs of the times, and ratify the decisions of the public at large.

NORTH.

Strengthen indeed! Do you mean merely strengthening their tenure of the domains of their ancestors, *your grace* and *your lordship*, and the right of walking out of a drawing-room before you and me, and being seated at dinner high up among the dull feathered and flounced dowagers, while plain esquires have the felicity of flirting lower down with the bonny blooming skelpy-limmers,

“Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy?”

If this be all, I understand you—but even so I think you wrong, and that those boobies have been bamboozled still, for depend upon it what's sauce for a goose will do well enough for a gander, and the latter end of Grosvenor Square will be even as the latter end of the Faubourg St Germain, as indeed has often been distinctly predicted in your Review. Do you remember Brougham's speech about the Peers, at the dinner you, his cronies, gave him here in Edinburgh, when he came down after the Queen's trial?

JEFFREY.

Ah! he was much excited at that time, and no doubt said some rather broad things; but the fact is, Brougham never seriously disliked the institution, and, now he is a Peer himself, seems, if I must say so, to attach indeed rather more importance to the concern than one would have expected of him.

NORTH.

Aye, I liked his getting himself hooked on to the old Barons of Triermain! Very well, Brougham is a man of ancient and respectable pedigree, as we all know, and now he's a lord, very likely he'll forget his Brandenburg House theories, and do all he can for the order; but my opinion is, that it is no longer in his, or any body's power, to undo the mischief that the set he originally belonged to had among them managed to do—before he was belorded, or ever dreamt of being so.

JEFFREY.

It will last our time.

NORTH.

There's the old story. Recollect how Segur describes the liberal *Grand Seigneurs* of 1786. “We were lost,” he says, “in a dream extremely flattering to our personal vanities. We fancied that by clever management we might reconcile the expression of *philosophical* opinions, with the maintenance of our own dear *privileges*, which the real *philosophes* of all things abhorred, and had sworn to exterminate. At all events, we made sure of being able, by appearing to join the new sect, to mitigate the rapidity of its movements, and if we could not ultimately avert the downfall of our *order*, create at least such a diversion in its favour, as might prolong its existence in ease and splendour for the period of our own generation.” I have so often read the passage that I think I can repeat it pretty exactly. Well for your fine friends, under their gilded canopies, if they had weighed that same in August 1830!

JEFFREY.

After all, institutions of every kind must be altered and modified according to the wants and wishes of successive ages. Your Grand Seigneur of the present time carries the same title that his ancestor did in the days of Elizabeth or James, but no more fills the same sort of place in our social system, than a modern half-crown will buy what a half-crown did in the days of "King Stephen, worthy Peer." Perhaps fifty years hence there will be Dukes, Marquisses, and so forth, as unlike in essentials even to our contemporary magnates, as the present Earl of Warwick is to Guy of the iron kettle, or his grace of Norfolk to

"High-souled Surrey, darling of the Muse,"

and yet extremely comfortable personages, and discharging many important functions with considerable benefit to the community. Thank God! the principle of property is very sacred in the eyes of our countrymen of all classes.

NORTH.

Of all classes that have a tolerable share of it, I admit; but are you serious in thinking that you and your friends have not given it a confounded shake in the opinion of certain other classes?

JEFFREY.

Why, if I must speak *latiné*, the idea of gravely discussing the question of Parliamentary Reform, with men who could describe the boroughmongers as about to be deprived of *property*, in the proper sense of that term, always appeared to me absolutely ridiculous.

NORTH.

Perhaps. But it had not done so to either the English or the Scotch Judges of any preceding twelvemonths in our history, and the long unbroken series of their decisions on the subject had, however absurd, so completely settled the matter in the opinion of individuals and corporations, that nobody hesitated about investing what you will admit was *property*, *i. e.* money, in the purchase of that which you will not allow to have any right to be called *property*.

JEFFREY.

Why, it was *their* business to consider the nature of the affair, before they took any such steps.

NORTH.

Yes, and I believe they gave it what they considered the best possible sort of consideration. That is, they considered the Sages of the Long Robe, before they risked their cash. For example, I am informed that Sir Thomas Denman happened to be one of the lawyers that examined the title-deeds of Gatton, when that estate, two-thirds of whose value in the market consisted in the borough, was purchased but three or four years ago by the guardians of a minor Peer, Lord Monson, as a better thing for his tiny Lordship, when he should come of age, than L.160,000 in the three per cents. He has now the house and park—and a copy of schedule A. Again, it is said, whether correctly or not, you can answer, that, when the Trustees of one of our Scotch Hospitals wanted to invest in real property, even more recently I believe, the amount of a legacy bequeathed to them for the maintenance and education of an additional score or two of orphan children, they took the advice of counsel learned in the law on the concern, and bought a handful of *superiorities*, under the professional sanction of a gentleman now holding a very distinguished station among the crown officers of this part of his Majesty's dominions.

JEFFREY.

I have no recollection of being consulted in that affair; it may have been so, however,—and, at all events, there can be no doubt I have been engaged in hundreds of cases, where we argued for Superiorities as *property* INTER CAIUM ET TITUM. No doubt as to that. But 'tis another affair when the question comes to be one INTER CAIUM ET QUIRITES: this sort of property, if you must call it so, was vested in the individual, to be used not for his own advantage, but *pro bono publico*. The condition failing, the tenure



drops; and the moment the injured party, The Public, comes into court, the law, silent as long as that party did not appear, speaks out—and things are restored to the *status quo ante pactum*.

NORTH.

I should like to hear L'Amy on all this. Meantime, just apply your doctrine. King Henry VIII., after robbing the monasteries, on the ground that they had not used *their* properties *pro bono publico*, gave, of course with the view of securing its being held in all time coming for the benefit of the *Quirites*, a certain ex-monastic manor to the reformed ancestor of a certain reforming Duke now in *rerum naturâ*. He at the same time created a borough on the same manor, at the express request of the same ancestor, but no doubt with the same liberal view as to the use to be made in all time coming of the votes in the House of Commons thus initiated. Now, it having been discovered that the said votes had sundry times been employed for the mere personal advantage and worldly lucre of the heirs of the said ancestor, his liberal successor of course has nothing to object when the public comes into Court, and demands the abolition of the said borough. "Quite right!" he says; "I give it up with great satisfaction to myself—I was in fact always of opinion that I had no sort of right to keep such a borough."

JEFFREY.

Sir, Posterity will do justice to the noble persons you sneer at.

NORTH.

To be sure—to be sure. But let me go on. Now, suppose a time to come when our friend, Mr Public, may choose to walk into Court again, and call another suit—alleging that the manor had been perverted even more egregiously than the thereto appended Franchise—that whereas, when Henry, VIII. of blessed memory gave the soil, he understood the owner and his successors were to live constantly or habitually thereupon, spending its produce among its inhabitants, and superintending their physical and intellectual condition, under a solemn sense not only of moral duty, but of legal obligation; nevertheless these personages had entirely neglected this duty and obligation, scarcely ever seeing the said manor, dwelling hundreds of miles off, consuming its rental in voluptuous pleasures, in cities the very names of which were new and strange to the said poor husbandmen of the said manor; and that therefore the manor could not, either by a Brougham, a Shadwell, a Lyndhurst, or a Tenterden, be considered as the *property* of its existing lord, but that his tenure thereof ought to be *absque morâ* pronounced cass, null, and determined for ever—and the annual proceeds in all time coming of the said manor, applied for the purposes originally contemplated by the most religious and gracious King, Henry VIII. Suppose all this to happen, and to happen not in the case of one hereditament, but of many thousands, say of *all beyond a certain yearly value*,—what, I ask, is the Court to do? Will the Denmans and Abercrombies of that not impossible time, be minded *ament* that question, as they have been as to the recent one *inter Caium et Quirites*? and will the Duke of that day be as hearty a reformer as he of the day that now is?

JEFFREY.

I beg your pardon—I really believe I've filled twice—Why, Mr North, you certainly put a—a—a rather puzzling case, that is, I mean to say, a case that might seem puzzling to a person of limited information. But the fact is, you assume throughout that it is for the public advantage that landlords should be resident on their estates; whereas, my worthy friend, it has already been over and over again demonstrated by Professor Macculloch, in the Review, that it signifies not one straw to the tenantry and husbandmen of any manor on the face of the earth, whether the proprietor thereof ever sets a foot on its soil or no: that, for example, whether the Duke of Devonshire spends the rental of the Blackwater at Lismore, or in Naples, is of no more importance to the farmers and cotters of that beautiful valley, than whether the same Duke dines in a white neckcloth, or, as he at present chooses to do, in a black one. It is only on the supposition that you never read, or have entirely forgotten, the capital and con-

clusive arguments of my friend Macculloch on this subject, that I can at all account for your presenting such a case as this as a *pendant* to the borough one.

NORTH.

Very well. You admit, then, that if ever the public were to be so brutally negligent of Professor Macculloch and the Edinburgh Review, as to hold generally the doctrine on this point so triumphantly demolished by these authorities, the said public might be very likely to "come into Court" with such a case as I ventured to suggest for your consideration?

JEFFREY.

But to suppose such a Time—such a Public! I wonder you never speculate on the decline of the cotton manufacture, when we take back to the tattooing.

NORTH.

I suppose you also admit, that if ever such a Pictish Public should disgrace such a tattooing Time, and bring such a case into Court, the Court would be bound, however, to entertain it—to hear the pleadings of the parties?

JEFFREY.

Considerable deference should always be shown to public opinion. A fair discussion of the question would very soon settle it on its right footing, and the ignorant plaintiff, being enlightened, would bundle up his papers, and withdraw, with a suitable apology for having occupied the time of the Bench.

NORTH.

Your professional phraseology may perhaps embarrass you on this occasion. For *Bench* read a House of Commons elected by universal suffrage and by ballot; and for *Plaintiff* realize to your lively imagination all that heterodox part of the population, who do not believe in the inspiration of Macculloch—in *arms*. Happy defendant, whose only demurrer shall be a Lord Chamberlain's wand in one hand, and a number of the Edinburgh Review in the other!

JEFFREY.

You make no allowance for the progressive, and now rapidly progressive, march of intellect. 'Tis this indeed that lies at the bottom of all the Tory pseudo-arguments on the great questions of the present time.

NORTH.

Come, now, are we to understand, that when the March of Intellect has progressed for a few years or *Sessions* more, the result will be, that if you were to shut up Craigerook, Sir Alexander Keith to shut up Ravelstone, John Hope to shut up Granton, Tom Allan to shut up Lauriston, and so forth for two miles round, the poor old bodies about Muttonhole would be either quite as sure of a flannel petticoat, or a glass of blackstrap in case of need, as all the world knows they are at present—or in that exalted state of illumination that they would be, in case of a six weeks' black frost or a cholera, more anxious about the Scotsman's last extract from Macculloch's last article, than about any such dirty material objects as their backs or their bellies?

JEFFREY.

You always run into personalities, my dear sir. Why should you fix now on my own particular neighbourhood?

NORTH.

Simply, my dear lord, because I presume you know better about it than Macculloch did about Ireland, which he had never set his ugly pins upon, when he served up the crambe recotta of his absenteeism *demonstrations* before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Condition of the Irish Poor.

JEFFREY.

Personal again! Fie! Fie! Why, you're as bad as your Magazine.

NORTH.

Like man, like Mag. But I'm sure I meant nothing uncivil. Come, you know in your heart, now, that I had always a sincere liking for you. I



think your system all wrong, rump and stump, that's certain; but I know you are a good-hearted, well-disposed man, and only led astray in your public doings by submitting to the dictation of a parcel of animals utterly inferior to you in every sort of intellectual grace, but unhappily as much superior in brass and impudence, and all the coarse qualities that carry people best through the tug and tussle of actual sublunar humbug. You were grossly imposed upon when you suffered your Review to be the vehicle of the dull, dismal nonsense of that porridge-brained botherer, which, if it had produced any effect on the public, except getting him scorned, and yourself laughed at, must have gone near to drive the Irish people to actual despair. No wonder your Review never got over that beastly blunder, in which cruelty and stupidity were equally mixed; and that you, my dear Lord, were well pleased to get out of the concern at the first convenient opportunity thereafter ensuing. Fill your glass!

JEFFREY.

You and I will never agree as to Political Economy, I see. 'Tis at best a dry subject; and, perhaps, you may never have bestowed much time thereupon. Let's stick to politics proper, where we are both at home—'faith, this bottle's near out too. As for Macculloch, I perceive you have a strong personal prejudice against the man; so it's no use telling you, that whatever you and your ultra coteries may think or say, he is at this moment one of the most influential persons in the empire, and likely to have more hand in settling the great questions now afloat, than all the Tories in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed.

NORTH (*rings*.)

Another bottle, John.—O yes, I know all that. 'Tis no secret that Political Economy is no longer to be considered as a separate mystery, lying apart from what you say we had better stick to, Politics proper. The real politics, henceforth, will be all Political Economy; and the real politicians, the doctors of that science. Blessings on them! The Tithe Question, the Poor-Law Question, the Corn Question, the Indian Question, and the West Indian one—they are all to be settled, for our sins, according to the sage saws of Poulet Thompson, and Peter Macculloch, and Java Crawford, and half-a-dozen young lordlings whom you have stuck down in Downing Street, to transfer from eighteenpenny pamphlets to official foolscap, gilt-edged and skewered down with green ribbon at the corners, the *verba magistorum*. Yes, yes, *cuique in sua arte credendum est*! But you've lost one great card of this pack, I hear. 'Tis said Whateley has come over to us AS TO CHURCH PROPERTY, since Lord Grey transmogrified him into an Archbishop, in reward of his demonstration of the non-divine origin of the Christian Sabbath.

JEFFREY.

You have been naming some of what I used to consider my best hands; and really now, are you not, you Tories, a sadly unreasonable set of people? Why, you had every thing your own way for half a century on end nearly; and having, as you must admit, failed to make this country what such a country ought ere now to have been, here are you, man and mother's son of you, grumbling at the notion of any thing so out of the course of nature as that we poor Whigs, Economists, and so forth, should have, if it were but for a matter of two short twelvemonths, the opportunity of manufacturing laws and archbishops after our own fancy! Why won't you let us have something like a fairish trial? Your system ended, all the world acknowledge, in a cruel bad state of things. Why not possess your souls in patience for a little, and see what's to be the upshot of ours? In equity, in honour, in charity, by every sanction to which enlarged minds owe respect, you are bound to be quiescent witnesses of the grand series of experiments, on which we have as yet barely entered.

NORTH.

I know very well that I have no claim to the title of Philosopher. I am, I must confess, altogether unable to shake off many prejudices, which younger, and of course wiser, men have long since discarded *in toto*. Age, they say, is naturally a coward; and maybe that's the whole secret. But, in

truth, I—damn it!—I do, my Lord,—I do abhor experimental cuttings and carvings upon the body politic—ay, although the knife were a Weiss's, and the hand that directed it a Liston's. But here's a junto of jolter-headed empirics, and they have found instruments as coarse, as they themselves are rash—as the *subject* is sensitive.

JEFFREY.

Come, your own government was far more liberal than you as to some things. Several of these same empirics were not a little in request in Downing Street, even before your head-quarters were shifted to another part of the town.

NORTH.

Our head-quarters! Ah! my dear Lord, you have me there. 'Tis indeed but owre true a tale, that we had taken enemies within our lines. Had it not been so, our Turres Veteres might have cost you as much trouble as ever the Torres Vedras did Massena.

JEFFREY.

Well, what would you be at? Tory pleases you not, no, nor Whig neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

NORTH.

I don't like a Whig, *quâ* a Whig, but I must own I have even less affection for a Whiggizing Tory. What signifies it to me what set of individuals are in the enjoyment of salary, pension, patronage? Some set must have them, and, considered merely as individuals, it is very likely yours are every whit as amiable as their predecessors. What I have seen, and would fain hope to see again, is a government, no matter for the name it may bear, acting in calm contempt of cold-hearted theorists on one hand, and of hot-headed riotists on the other, upon the principles to which England owed her greatness, and to the violation of which, from August 1822 down to this present jollification, we have owed nothing but a regular series of declension in every thing that goes to constitute the true health, as well as wealth, of a great naval, and commercial, and agricultural, and, let me add, Christian empire.

JEFFREY.

You seriously wish to see us recurring to the old system of Navigation Laws, and Prohibitory Duties—re-establishing the Protestant Ascendency in Ireland—upholding the East India Company in the China Trade, and the West India Planters in the Slave Trade—re-enacting Castlereagh's Six Acts at home—re-adhering to the Holy Alliance abroad—a fresh crusade to re-re-store the Bourbons—and the indefinite prolongation of corn from the tight little islands, and timber and sugar from Sir Howard Douglas's own dear American colonies?

NORTH.

'Tis true 'tis pity, and 'tis pity but 'tis true. I am even the old-world animal you scarcely allow a place in the corrected catalogue of Mammalia!—Shall I tip you a chaunt?

JEFFREY.

Any thing more agreeable could not have been suggested.

NORTH.

You shall judge. (*Sings.*)

AIR.—*Come bother their buttons, quoth Tom o' the Goose.*

THERE were times, my Lord Jeffrey, between you and me,  
Rather blither than those we are likely to see;  
When plain folks went to church, loved and honour'd their king,  
And our hard-working farmers heard nothing of SWING.

No groans then were given for Tithes, Taxes, or Rent,  
The rich man look'd kindness, the poor man content,  
And though war raged without we were deaf to its din,  
Midst the heart-cheering hum of our treddles within.



There was work on the shore, there was wealth on the sea,  
Abroad there was glory, at home there was glee ;  
Men stuck to the counter, the shop, and the loom,  
And laugh'd at the ravings of Cobbett and Hume.

But our Solons in place have found out, it would seem,  
All this wealth was a burden, this comfort a dream ;  
Our homes must be left for the hustings—God wot !  
And Happiness turns on a franchise or not.

Look after your Till was the rule till of late,  
But now 'tis, look after the Till of the State ;  
Even our Schoolmaster's ta'en such a fancy to roam,  
You will never by chance find him flogging AT HOME !

Time was when we drank to the health of our King,  
But now we've discovered that isn't *the thing*—  
That our rulers henceforth should have nothing to do—  
And the mob should be monarch and ministry too !

Time was when the Mace or the Sword of the Law  
Kept the good man in safety, the scoundrel in awe ;  
Now law must to brickbats and bludgeons give place,  
And burning a town throws new light on the case.

Are we richer, or better, or happier now ?  
Sits life with its troubles more light on our brow ?  
Does plenty flow in with the " Minister's Plan ?"—  
Does Man look more kind or more loving on Man ?

Is the Hum of our Engines more loud ? Do we see  
More ships in the harbour, more ploughs on the lea ?  
Will flags and processions pay weavers their hire,  
Or a vote lay a log on the labourer's fire ?

Oh ! not—till the spirit of change shall be laid,  
Till the limbs re-acknowledge the rule of the head ;  
Till each honest Reformer shall stoop to the art  
Of reforming his own rotten borough—THE HEART ;—

Till banish'd Religion and Faith shall return,  
And bright in our bosoms old Loyalty burn,  
Till Labour and Confidence walk side by side,  
And Reverence sit in the place of Whig Pride ;—

Will the clouds of distress that o'ershadow our sky,  
Like mists of the morning, break up and blow by ;  
Our tumults, our terrors, our sufferings cease,  
And Plenty come smiling, sweet daughter of Peace ! (*Lights a cigar.*)

JEFFREY.

Superbly sung ! inimitable ! But am I to take all this for the *bona fide* sentiments of my venerable bass ?

NORTH.

In prose or in verse, (though these fairish stanzas are none of mine, my Lord) in sobriety or in civilation—I am the same Kit, and these are my dogmata. Put them in your pipe and smoke them.

JEFFREY.

Well, 'tis amusing, however. (*Lights a cigar.*) To speak fairly, my worthy old friend, I should almost as soon have expected to find myself discussing a third bottle of claret with the Homo Caudatus of Monboddo !

NORTH.

Well, I don't despair of having a tolerable tail yet. There's Lord Grey himself now—why, before the French rascals made this row of theirs, and the Duke was turned out, he himself had shewn pregnant symptoms of an

inclination to join me. He made a capital speech in the House of Lords upon the Currency, and another on the Corn Laws—for both of which, if I remember, your Review skelped him soundly, and perhaps, although he has been obliged to cushion his orthodox notions as to some points, until he began to feel himself warm in his seat, now that he has carried his Reform Bill he may find leisure and courage to deserve another of your jobations—or rather, I cry ye mercy, of Macvey's.

JEFFREY.

Impossible, my dear sir, impossible. The Government are just as much pledged *now* to emancipate blacky and wheat, and tea and timber, as they were a couple of years ago to demolish Old Sarum, and enfranchise Wapping. You must e'en make up your mind to what's inevitable.

NORTH.

'Tis a Christian duty, my Lord. You begin, then, with the Corn?

JEFFREY.

You throw out a Vesuvian whiff! Macculloch is clear for that.

NORTH.

Aye, and he's a Galloway laird too, I've heard—no doubt

“a fair domain,

If purple heath were golden grain.”

JEFFREY.

Poh! Lord Milton, who has better things to look after than a moor farm in Galloway, is just as clear for the change as the Professor.

NORTH.

I can better understand a man with a fifty thousand a-year estate being willing to see such an experiment tried, than the same conundrum finding its way into the deep brain of your moderate landholder—and I take it for granted you're not going to work without carrying your own portion of the Squirearchy along with you. I wonder what *they* expect.

JEFFREY.

As far as I have observed, there's a very general impression both among our country gentlemen and their farmers, that if the tithe were got rid of, the Corn Laws might be abolished without any very serious risk either for rents or profits.

NORTH.

If that's the view in favour with your agricultural supporters, we may expect, I presume, to see the Church Reform run neck and shoulder with the corn affairs?

JEFFREY.

Have you read Lord Henley? See what Peel's brother-in-law, and a judge of the land, and an earnest disciple of the godly, says on this subject.

NORTH.

Aye, I've seen all that, and perpended it too. He means well, no man better, I dare say, and his pamphlet is written with extraordinary ability. You may well plume yourselves on having got such an ally. If he sees you safe to Hounslow, you'll reach Windsor without much trouble. But don't flatter yourself that Lord Henley speaks his brother-in-law's creed as to this business. I can tell you, if you calculate on that, you are a good league out of your reckoning. Peel knows he made one mistake—and he's not the man to err twice in the same direction.

JEFFREY.

I wonder that you, a stanch Presbyterian as you call yourself, should be so much concerned for the possible rending of the rochet!

NORTH.

Presbyterian as I am in Scotland, I should have been a sterling Episcopalian, I warrant you, had the lines fallen to me on t'other side of the silver Tweed. We have got our own system here, and no wise man would wish to see it tampered with *now*. They have theirs, and so far from wishing to see it changed to be nearer our pattern, I confess, if I were to countenance any change in such things at all, it would be in the contrary line, my Lord.



JEFFREY.

What! patronise the shovel-hat here? are you in earnest?

NORTH.

Not I—but I'm free to say I had rather, if I must choose between two changes, see a sprinkling of mitre here, than an abolition, or even an humiliation of it yonder.

JEFFREY.

Don't be alarmed. We sha'n't go to work quite so sweepingly as you seem to anticipate. Modification, not abolition, is our motto both in church and state.

NORTH.

Doubtless—but at that rate it will be some time before the squires and the farmers have the full enjoyment of that grand innovation, which is to enable the latter to compete on equal terms with the serfs of Pomerania, and the former to be as sure of the chariot and pair as an Earl Fitzwilliam, if you leave him his land at all, is of his coach and six.

JEFFREY.

I have understood the Pomeranians are a very comfortable peasantry.

NORTH.

Not a doubt of it—I know them and their country well—and the English farmer will learn by-and-bye to be very comfortable too, with a pig-stye for a house, a sheepskin for a jacket, and sour cabbage for a dinner. To walk barelegged in wooden shoes hardens the muscular system, and, in point of fact, a man with the *Plica Polonica* may be considered as independent of a hat.

JEFFREY.

Ha! ha! 'tis very possible that both squires and farmers may be obliged to come down a peg or two. I admit all that, though there's no use telling them so just at present. But what can be done? The manufacturing towns are the repositories of the intelligence, the activity, and above all, of the physical strength of the nation; and we must do what those places consider necessary for their comfort. We have no choice.

NORTH.

That's honest, however. The agricultural population, nevertheless, still outnumbers the operative, three to one, at the least—and I have yet to learn that the manufacturer is, generally speaking, of more importance in the scale of intellect than the squire, or even the laird; or that the activity of the most strenuous weaver exceeds that of his cousin,

“Albeit his name be Roger,  
That drives the groaning cart,”—

or that, if you come to physical strength, one

“Brawny, bainie, ploughman chiel”

of the old cut, would think he had earned another cog for his supper, by having adorned the pericranium of the President and Committee of any ‘Mechanics’ Institute that ever the Gorbals rejoiced in, with as many bumps of osity and isitiveness as ever delighted a turnipologist in a tour through Sweden.

JEFFREY.

The agriculturists are a scattered generation—the upper ranks of them proud as Lucifer, on their little dunghills; and the lower, I mean in England, in a brutal state of mental obfuscity. They read little that can tend to enlighten them either as to the theory of government, or the true doctrine of wages and profits. They have more pleasure in some old ballad, now, of Robin Hood and Little John, than in the most elaborate demonstration of an economical problem. They have more respect for a crumbling cathedral than the neatest factory that ever diffused population and occupation through a district lying within the oolitic range. They spend their winter evenings over Fox's Martyrs, and such like trumpery, well calculated to nurse and keep warm their great grandmothers' horror of Lord Peter; crazy high-flying lumber about the Grand Rebellion—for so, in spite of Nu-

gent and Macauley, they still will call it; the Hymns of Bishop Ken, the homilies of Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Buchan's Domestic Medicine, the Lamentable Tragedy of Arden of Feversham, Histories of the Peninsular War drawn from English sources, and the annual prophecies of Francis Moore, physician;—are these the people you compare, as to intellectual rank and condition, with the liberal and well-informed mechanics of our great marts of industry and ingenuity—

NORTH.

Who abominate a cathedral, or even a parish church, discuss in debating clubs, much *a la* Speculative, whether Cromwell or Bonaparte was the purer patriot, take in the twopenny numbers of the Philosophical Dictionary, consider the Corn Law Rhymes as better poetry than the Cettar's Saturday Night—have been used to reverence no Book of Books quite so highly as that which gladdens human optics, according to Byron's profane description—

“In healing wings of saffron and of blue.”

JEFFREY.

Personal again, North. But I protest I can scarcely hear what you say, for these scoundrels under the window. That infernal hurdy-gurdy!—how come you to let the ragtag and bobtail into your pleasure ground?

NORTH.

We seldom steek our yetts here—'tis a pleasure to me to see the bit weans puin' gowans on the green—But these, I suppose, are some of the gentry that have been drawing your lordship's carriage through the village.

JEFFREY.

Devil a bit did any of them drag my carriage, I can tell ye. For God's sake, turn out the ragamuffins. They'll split my head with their squawling—There again!

BALLAD-SINGERS (*without.*)

“The Whigs think they are grand and great,  
But O! they're proud and idly gaudy,  
How much unlike the manly gait  
Of Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie!”

CHORUS OF TEN-POUNDERS.

“O my charming Union Laddie,  
Our meet and graceful Union Laddie:  
What man would e'er a Whig compare  
With Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie!”

NORTH.

There's a good tenor among them—hark again.

BALLAD-SINGERS.

“The Whigs humbug and speak ye fine,  
Though in their hearts they scorn and hate ye,  
But Aytoun is the genuine,  
'Tis he's the proper clean potaty.”

CHORUS OF TEN-POUNDERS.

“O my charming Union Laddie,  
My sweet delightful Union Laddie;  
No paltry sham, but the real yam,  
Is Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie.”

JEFFREY.

This is really too bad—why—Mr North, I say—

BALLAD-SINGERS.

“Then when the Parliament's dissolved,  
Which it's said 'twill be before November,  
With heart and soul we've all resolved  
Aytoun he *shall be* the people's member.”



## CHORUS OF TEN-POUNDERS.

"O my charming Union Laddie,  
My darling comely Union Laddie;  
A plumper vote we'll each allot,  
To Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie."

## JEFFREY.

Was ever such ingratitude! Confound this canaille!

MULLION (*from the window above.*)

I say, you honest carle with the hurdy-gurdy—and you, my fine fellow in the leathern apron, the old gentleman of the house is in a very feeble way, and you'll clean worry him if you go on at this rate. Come now, my good lads, here's a gold sovereign to drink Mr North's health at Lucky Mac-Learie's, and so be off with you all, bag and baggage.

## BALLAD-SINGERS.

God bless your honour—God bless his worship! we wadna hae inconvenienced him for the saul o' us, if we had kenned he was onywise waikly.

## FIRST TEN-POUNDER.

We'll drink the auld gentleman's health wi' all the heart i' the waurld. Tell him, wi' oor best coompliments, we war only serenauding "the unfortunate clause."

## SECOND TEN-POUNDER.

We hae nae objections till a Tory, gif he be's a gude landlord, and a friend to the puir. Maister North's character's weel kenned, and we houp he'll see mony a blythe day yet.

## THIRD TEN-POUNDER.

What! is this CHRISTOPHER's policy? he's a grand auld cock. Can he aye tak his horn at a Noctes yet?

## MULLION.

Aye, my braw chiel, it will be ill indeed wi' him when he canna do that—wheesht—(*sings.*)

Mynheer Van Dunk,  
Though he never is drunk,  
Sips his brandy and water gaily;  
He quenches his thirst  
With two quarts of the first,  
To a pint of the latter daily—  
Singing, Oh! that a Dutchman's draught could be  
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. (*bis.*)

There now, I've given you stave for stave—good night, and joy be wi' ye a'—Now, don't meddle with the Lord Advocate's carriage, you little tinkler!—

## HURDY-GURDY.

Come awa, ye ne'er-do-weels! Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! North and Noctes for ever; hurrah!

## JEFFREY.

Had I not reason to say that I am an ill used man?

## NORTH.

Thus it is, you see, my friend. Modification's your motto—but Abolition outbids you. Hear glorious John!

"O had'st thou been content to serve the crown  
With virtues only proper to the gown!  
O had the rankness of the soil been freed  
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed!  
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land;  
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,  
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.  
Almighty Crowd! *that* shortens all dispute,  
Power is its essence, wit its attribute;

But thou, nor those thy faction's arts engage,  
 Shall reap the harvest of rebellious rage.  
 Insatiate as the barren womb or grave,  
 When flattery pauses, shall *that* cease to crave?"

JEFFREY.

So you are willing to identify yourselves with the Tories of Charles the Second's time?—thank ye.

NORTH.

No more than you to identify yourself with Achitophel—but human nature's human nature still, and as sure as Cromwell plucked the bauble from before Lenthal, we shall ere long see some out-and-outer union-man replace even on the Woolsack your illustrious friend, who now

"Bends the black brows that keep the Peers in awe,  
 Shakes the full-bottomed wig, and gives the nod of law."

Hang me—if this Aytoun carries his election, I see no reason why he should despair of being Advocate as well. 'Tis all on the cards.

JEFFREY.

Psha! The Radicals could never make a government. They are well enough in their own place; but depend upon it we shall know how to keep them there. Now we've bought off Hobhouse, there's scarcely a man of any talent left among them.

NORTH.

Of talent? Can you sincerely dispute the extraordinary talents of Daniel O'Connell, or Richard Shiel, or Joseph Hume, or, for you need not limit your glance to those already in the house, of such people as the editor of the Examiner, or your old antagonist and victim the Bone-grubber?

JEFFREY.

Why, as there's no doubt the Church goes bodily in Ireland, I'm not in the least afraid of Shiel, who is a gentleman in all respects, and will, that job over, gradually melt into our own temperature. O'Connell, if he goes on at this rate, will get his neck into a noose, and there's an end of him! Joseph Hume is a wealthy man, and besides wants a baronetcy, and perhaps we may think of office in his case, which he would no more refuse than did "my boy Hobbio." Fonblanque I admit to be a very able fellow, and much regret I didn't find him out a few years ago, to nail him to the Edinburgh Review, where he would have been more useful than even Tom Macauley, I suspect. He too, however, is a gentleman, and, therefore, however he may foam away just now, I don't despair of seeing him veer round on a seat at the Board of Control, or the like, some pretty morning. As to Cobbett—his influence is no longer what it was. He never recovered, though I say it, the lashing I gave him in the Review. His Register no longer brings him L.60 a-week, which I think it was at one time proved to do in the King's Bench—he is not in any very formidable degree of credit *hodie*—and Cobbett's aging now.

NORTH.

As to the matter of age, I believe he may be half-way or thereabouts between yourself, my dear Lord, and your humble servant—who has not yet lost all his teeth. Whether his Register has fallen off in the article of sale within the last twenty years, more or less than other periodical works of eminence, the Edinburgh Review for example, I can't tell—all such concerns are subject to fluctuation. But, without at all disputing that your capital article, which you have so much reason to remember with pride and satisfaction—perhaps indeed the very ablest out of mere literature that ever dropped from your goosequill—without disputing that that most admirable paper did its work at the time, and for years kept Cobbett at low water, in quarters where he had, before it appeared, begun to make considerable demonstrations—allow me to ask your Lordship, whether you preserve any very exact recollection of what the principal practical *giste*, bearing, purpose, substance, tendency, and so forth, of that highly important, truly patriotic, eminently satisfactory, and splendidly eloquent exposé in the Edinburgh Review, then dominant, really was?

JEFFREY.

I preserve but a slight reminiscence of the course I adopted in my shew-up



of the old scoundrel. The object generally was neither more nor less than to convince the people of England that William Cobbett was, though a vigorous sort of lampooner, an inconsistent politician, and, in the midst of noisy pretences to patriotism, almost to exclusive patriotism, the advocate of doctrines in essence diametrically hostile to the true interests of the mass of the community. I believe I established my points too, and that you do me merely justice in saying, that I severely damaged the ragamuffin in many quarters where he had begun with his cursed blarney to make something like an impression.

NORTH.

All great authors are modest, and their modesty is in nothing more conspicuous than in the imperfect recollection which, after the lapse of a few years, they occasionally retain even of their own chefs-d'œuvre. You really don't remember, then, the prime argument, I mean material, of your *Philippic in Cobbettum*?

JEFFREY.

Not I, my dear North. I'm not like the old quiz in the play, who was always reading "Uncle's own works."

NORTH.

The last man in the world that any body would suspect of it. Come, now, fill a huge Homeric bumper of red wine, rich and blameless—that's the thing, thankye—and know that your immortal article, all but the headpiece, which was flourish, and the tailpiece, which was ferocious abuse, consisted of a clear, logical, analytical examination, and triumphant, philosophical, unanswerable refutation of the then current arguments for Parliamentary Reform; of which same identical arguments your Lordship's speech in the House of Commons, in seconding Lord Johnny Russell's great motion of the first of March 1831, was, whether well or ill received in St Stephen's, a really brilliant, compact, and nervous resumé, rifacciamento, and hash.

JEFFREY.

This cigar is impracticable—*Peut-être*—but you'll admit, that what might be absurd THEN, might possibly be, notwithstanding, a very fair argument NOW!

NORTH.

Of course—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Here's the box—please yourself. I am not recalling this fact with the slightest intention of disparaging the arguments which you proved to be worthless when you were a man of forty, and proved to be golden gospel at the riper age of fifty-nine—no idea so preposterous could ever have entered my brain. No—I was not thinking of any trashy *argumentum ad hominem*—a thing I despise, though you, by-the-bye, did not, when you, on that very occasion, reproached Cobbett with having been at an earlier period of his life a protégé of Wyndham, and a trumpeter of Pitt. No—I was not adverting in *invidiam* to your Lordship, but only in *terrorem* to the public—the populace—what you call the people—in short, these same huzzaing Ten-Pounders—or rather the nine-pounders, and the seven-pounders, and the five, and the three, and the two, and the one, and the *no*-pounders, who being all in their opinion as wise men, and as valuable citizens as any Ten-Thousand Pounder within the four seas, must, of course, be presumed to have studied the Edinburgh Review *ab initio*, and not unlikely to be now comparing the articles of its golden age, with your Lordship's Parliamentary speeches of 1831, quite as unceremoniously as your Lordship did Cobbett's Registers of 1807, with Cobbett's Porcupines of 1794.

JEFFREY.

Why, the public of the time you allude to approved of my article, and the public of last year took a much more favourable view of my Speech than the House of Commons seemed to do—so that I am somewhat at a loss to follow you.

NORTH.

Have patience, my dear Lord Advocate—Tell me now, however what is your real opinion of Cobbett as a writer?

JEFFREY.

Poh!—Extremely clever, but unconscionably coarse—terse, but tautological—great nerve, but no variety—occasionally humorous, but never

witty—with not one glimpse of power over either the gentler or the loftier passions of our nature, possessing certainly a brutal coal-hammer energy for stirring up the slumbering ferocity of the clodhopper—the Swift of the Chaw-bacons—perhaps the Tyrtæus of the Rick-gang—the worthy champion of the Ballot-Box and the Sponge.

NORTH.

The Ballot Box and the Sponge!! Cobbett, or no Cobbett, those twain will go together.

JEFFREY.

What, do you tremble even for the per cents? My dear Mr North, we've not finished our third bottle!

NORTH.

I believe your Lordship holds a good deal of stock?

JEFFREY.

Why, yes,—I believe I may have somewhere about L.60,000 in the three per cents; but, to be sure, *you* won't consider that as a heavy stake. You're Cræsus, I know.

NORTH.

Sixty thousand's a sum not to be sneezed at as times go. I had about as much in that book two years ago, but I thought it as well to sell out, and have now invested it, one-half in Russian debentures, and t'other in American Canal Shares. I am now endeavouring to get rid of my land in Kilkenny, and mean, if I can find a purchaser, which I doubt, to put the proceeds into the Bank of Amsterdam. 'Tis an old rule not to have all one's pullet-sperm in one basket. I have a fair estate, you know, in Ross-shire, and that, with this little *rus in Urbe* here, my old pew in the Greyfriars, and so forth, I think quite enough to retain in that particular creel which your Lordship will, ere long, have to defend *totis viribus* against rather more Egg-fanciers than Mr William Cobbett.

JEFFREY.

Psha! Haven't I told you already that Gridiron's quite gone by? He's not the old Hector now, man—as I said before, we did his business in the Edinburgh.

NORTH.

Most certainly—to my mind nothing could be more conclusive—but wasn't it of the Ten and No-pounders we were talking?

JEFFREY.

Well, and what if it were so? Confound Cobbett! *He's* in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

NORTH.

Not a bad location for a lover of dry bones, Lord Advocate—but to be serious. The severest thrashing ever Cobbett had was, it is admitted on all sides, your article against his Reforming Registers. Now, if one puts oneself into the position of a No-pounder, and considers that your Lordship's best speech in Parliament was neither more nor less than a translation of those same Registers out of the old-fashioned *English* of Daniel Defoe and Dean Tucker, into the more elegant *British* of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, how is it possible not to suspect that the No-pounder may be inclined to say to himself, "Come, old Cobbett's now allowed to have been in the right o't for once?"

JEFFREY.

My dear Mr North, must I again remind you that the times were totally changed?

NORTH.

My dear Lord, 'Tis not me you're to deal with—'tis the No-pounder—the very patriot that has just been splitting our ears with this Aytoun, who, I humbly presume, will be worthy to tie Cobbett's shoelatch on the same day that his predecessor George Brodie draws a character fit to be printed on the same page with one of Clarendon's.

JEFFREY.

You quite forget The Bill, North—your No-pounder's *no go*, man.

NORTH.

I'm not sure that he'll turn out to be *no come*, though.



JEFFREY.

Well, well, make your best of your beast. Hollo! another magnum Scheduled!

NORTH.

One more, then?—or shall we have a cheerer?

JEFFREY.

You were always celebrated for your whisky. I don't mind trying a tumbler, ere I start.

NORTH (*rings.*)

That's right. I have some prime stuff from Mull at present on the tap, and I'm glad to see you have not been Englified out of this at least. (*Enter MACKAY, with tray, &c.*) Put your thumb where I'm to stop. Another lump of sugar? I've lemons in the house, if you would like a touch of the acid, my Lord.

JEFFREY.

No, thank ye—my stomach won't stand that sort of thing now-a-days. This is a superb elixir, my friend.

NORTH.

And now I'll mix another for myself. (*Sings.*)

Foin de ces gens que tout depite,  
Qui veulent singer Héraclite!  
Leur système n'est pas le mien,  
Car je ne m'attriste de rien.

Dans son inevitable trappe  
Si bientôt la mort nous attrappe,—  
Si nous devons mourir demain,  
Mettons-nous gaiement en chemin.

JEFFREY.

Euge! Euge! Here's true High Church Philosophy for you!

NORTH.

High Church or Laigh Kirk—let's have naething against John Barleycorn. But *revenons à nos moutons*. What were we upon?—Aye, aye, Cobbett.

JEFFREY.

Sink the old monster—finish your song, my hero.

NORTH.

By-and-bye. What I wanted to ask you was, whether it never struck you as a possible case, that, Cobbett being now ascertained to have been in the right in the main as to *the* great question of our time, the fact of his doctrine on that head having ultimately obtained so signal a triumph over that which, down to the eleventh hour, was yours, might have a tendency to buttress him up as to other points? He has, after all, a confoundedly pithy style of urging his heresies on the vulgar ear; and I'm sorry to say, I can fancy him turning this *rattery* of your Lordship's to some account, when the Ballot and the Sponge come to be on the table as prominently as we have of late seen Lord Durham's blessed Schedules. As to the Corn question, he will work you the devil's own delights, I calculate.

JEFFREY.

I have given up reading his trash for years past—What's his plan as to the corn?

NORTH.

Why, he's not of the opinion of the squires and farmers you spoke of, that our agriculture could stand its ground fairly against Poland, if the tithes were but put on a diminishing regimen. He has a deeper notion of the difficulties of the case, and suggests a bolder course.

JEFFREY.

Would he kick out the actual incumbents? What a savage!

NORTH.

Rather more than that. He says to the Chaw-bacons—Here's a little island containing a thousand acres, on each of which acres more or less, a sturdy

clodhopper can easily raise as much as clothes himself, his wife, and five children, in comfortable drugget, and fills their bellies three times a-day with whacking rashers, and huge slices of wheaten bread, and deep draughts of milk and beer. They, however, take it into their heads that it would be a fine thing to turn one of their number, his Joan, and little Jacky, and so forth, into a gentleman, a lady, and so on. They, therefore, squeeze themselves into narrower compass each family of them, in order that a hundred acres may be at their command whereupon to build an elegant house for the future squire, enclose a park, a garden, &c. &c. &c. and establish him there *en Seigneur*. They then bind themselves to give him thenceforth at Ladyday and Lammas, each man of them, a certain proportion of the product of his own industry—say one-half.

JEFFREY.

What a theory of the origin of rent!

NORTH.

Most absurd—but hear him out. Presently the squire's second lad, Jem, grows up, and the squire makes a scholar of him, and these excellent clodhoppers are seized with a strong desire to have Jem planted among them as a parson. 'Tis a shame that so fine an island should be the only one that has not a single shovel-hat upon it, and Parson Jem they will have. So they pare off another fifty acres for a Rectory glebe, and 'tis agreed that over and above the monies paid at Lammas and Ladyday to the old squire, the value of every tenth sheaf, pig, and so forth, shall be in all time coming paid with like regularity to Jem; and the squire is delighted, and Jem is overjoyed, and sits down in the Rectory fully determined to remain all his days among these good clodhoppers, unless he is offered a glebe of sixty acres, and more sheaves and pigs, in some other island. Now mark, quoth Cobbett, the result. Before these doings, it had been an old custom for a great man called a king to send every year into the island, and claim of the people a certain number of *sheaves*, which they freely admitted he had a good right to, because he kept a ship with armed men on board expressly for the purpose of guarding their island, and preventing any black-guard fellows from other islands coming and pillaging their fields and barns for them. But presently when the king's messenger comes, it begins to be found a matter of some difficulty to get the sheaves together for him; and by-and-bye, after much consideration, it occurs to the poor people, that perhaps this difficulty may be connected in some way with their indulging themselves in such expensive luxuries as a squire and a parson, and from less to more, it gets to be generally the opinion about the place, that the only plan will be to turn the squire into a clodhopper like themselves again, and send Jem away to some island where the folks can afford better to keep up the shovel-hat. This, concludes the patriarch, is the whole secret. England is this little island. The squire is the whole body of lords and gentlemen, and Jem's shovel-hat stands for every thing from what they call the Bishop or Archbishop of Canterbury down to Parson Trulliber, my next door neighbour at Barn-Elms, Surrey.

JEFFREY.

And you think so meanly of our countrymen as to fancy that stuff like this can go down with them? What! reduce the whole population to a base level of mere animal wants and wishes? Banish all the grace of manners, the elegance of leisure, the stimulus of ambition, the humanizing influences of religion, morality, science, and literature? My dear sir, this is a sort of Utopia that will never find many to covet it!

NORTH.

I hope not; but only when you write THE ARTICLE smashing it to pieces, and abusing Cobbett up hill and down dale, for inventing such a pestilent bundle of trash, and wondering that he should be able to sell even a weekly dozen of pamphlets filled with such beastlinesses, what will his answer be? You railed at me just as bitterly a few years ago for saying that there was no good came of boroughmongering, and that to call that sort of thing *property*, was an insult to common sense, and yet you have lived to get yourself turned from Archy Constable's paragraph-nibber into a Learned Lord, with five



thousand a-year, public money, simply and entirely by coming round to my opinion, and shouting out that boroughmongering was as bad as Babylon in the Revelation, and that a man might as well pretend to property in the moon as in the tree of Sarum or the mound of Gatton. Wait a little, good clodhoppers, this fine fellow has turned once—do you continue to show a fixed resolution to get rid both of parson Jem and the squire—and he'll turn again. He's a clever gemman at bottom, and can see how the wind sits as well as another.

JEFFREY.

Come, you'll admit that if old Cobbett sports such nonsense as you have been talking about, he is quite alone in doing so. The liberal press is all right, as to the necessity of guarding sacredly the rights of property.

NORTH.

Begging your Lordship's pardon—the two honestest and perhaps ablest of your own sect's newspapers are much nearer Cobbett's way of thinking than your Lordship's. The Morning Chronicle sees no property in titles, and is clearly of opinion that the little island would do very well without the squire too. The Examiner openly proclaims war against both Jem and his papa—and not very covertly against a higher incumbent still. The Westminster Review is written by the same people, I perceive, and preaches the same doctrines.

JEFFREY.

None of these, I am sure, ever talk of the sponge?

NORTH.

No—not yet—at least not very distinctly—but when Jem and the Squire begin to be alarmed, perhaps *they* may suggest that the sponge would answer the clodhopper's purpose quite as well as what these folk do now talk of—at all events they might be ready to lend a hand, in case they were deprived of their present situations, in making your sixty thousand pounds in the three per cents look blue, with as little ceremony as you have already exhibited in turning my ancestral parchments in *comitatu de Ross* into the sere and yellow leaf.

JEFFREY.

If this sort of thing goes on, the country's done for. But at all events, you will never blame me for what I never anticipated—do not now anticipate—and if it ever should happen, would have as much reason as yourself to deplore?

NORTH.

I'm close on eighty—and sha'n't see probably even *your* play out, far less the afterpiece. But if my ghost should chance in those days to revisit the glimpses of the moon, I'm sure it could be with no disposition to blame any person of your Lordship's excellent natural character, and sincere, however mistaken zeal, for the service of your country and your kind. I might perhaps laugh a little at the ex-Duke of Devonshire—but really, really, I should be much concerned about your three per cents.

JEFFREY.

Come now, North, 'tis easy for you to stand by and laugh or groan, as the mood suggests, at what's going on—but what would you do if you were in my position? What in God's name can I do?

NORTH.

I don't just see why I, that gave you so many warnings not to get into this scrape, should be called upon to help you out of it, either by tongue, or pen, or poker; but one thing I should imagine is plain enough—namely, that you should no longer neglect wholly and entirely your personal duties as chief law-officer for Scotland.

JEFFREY.

What? prosecute citizens for the over free expression of honestly maintained political opinions?

NORTH.

I don't say that—but surely, if you really lament, and would fain arrest, the progress of sayings and doings directly hostile to the very principle and essence of social order, you ought not to suffer the Scotch newspapers to

revel week after week in the luxury of coupling the government you make a part of with the cause of anarchy.

JEFFREY.

What is it you're looking for?

NORTH.

O, I've got it. 'Tis only the last Dundee newspaper. Will you do me the favour to put on your spectacles and read this report of a public dinner held last week in that fine city? There—begin with the Chairman's speech on proposing the healths of his Majesty's Ministers.

JEFFREY.

The Chairman? Who is he?

NORTH.

Just the same most respectable Mr Christie, citizen and banker! that was chairman of your Lordship's committee in Bonny Dundee, at the time when you stood against Donald Ogilvie. Read, my Lord, read.

JEFFREY (*reads*.)

"THE CHAIRMAN.—'The next toast is, Earl Grey and his Majesty's Ministers.' May they never forget or undervalue the power of the millions by whom their patriotic exertions have been rendered effectual. May they never forget that the measure of Reform they have accomplished, is only the first of a series of inroads which the people of Great Britain and Ireland are determined to make on institutions dictated by the spirit of feudalism, despotism, or *aristocracy*. In order to save time, and not to trench on the liberty of speech and special privileges of the gentlemen who are to follow, I shall merely hint at certain inroads, which I have no doubt the British people are determined to make on existing institutions. We all know that the declaration of Wellington against Reform hurled him from power. Earl Grey's administration succeeded: and being based on public opinion—being supported by the good-will of the millions—he has withstood the fiercest assaults of a desperate faction. On a late occasion, the enemy enjoyed a momentary triumph, which made them almost frantic with joy; but their joy was short-lived. (Cheers.) Although the King would have bestowed his confidence on Wellington, he found out that the people were differently minded. Yes, the majesty of the people never appeared to more advantage than on that occasion. When the King said aye, the people said no. (Cheers.) The British lion was roused and shook his mane. The voice of the people had no equivocal meaning; it was this—*restore Lord Grey's administration, or a Republic may be the speedy result*—(Hear! hear!)—A CONSUMMATION WHICH WE ARE DESTINED TO SEE AT NO DISTANT DATE! (Great cheering.) The very significant hint was timeously taken. Earl Grey and his colleagues were brought back to power upon the shoulders of the people, and with their support and assistance carried the Reform measure. But what is Reform? Why, it is *only and simply the means to an end*. It is only an instrument put into our hands wherewith to work out our political salvation. I trust, by means of it, we shall operate a cure for many evils; for, be it remembered, our just grounds of complaint are neither few nor small. And it is only by comparing our vicious and wasteful government with a good and a cheap one, that the enormous disparity will appear. *Does the measure of Reform give us that which we want?* I say, no—the Union responds in the negative. (Hear, and cheers.) Compare the allowance to the chief magistrate of the United States of America, of L.5000 a-year, for performing efficient services—(cheers)—with the allowance given to ours of L.500,000 a-year, I shall not say for what! (Hear, hear.) The divine rights of kings, the privileges of aristocracy, and other fine things, are now well understood; and, along with *his Grace of this*, and *my Lord of that*, must soon come to an end, (Hear, hear,) as must also the law of entail and the law of primogeniture. They must soon cease, and these little alterations will work wonders. (Loud cheers.) It is only the Radicals who will bring about a radical remedy of all these and other grievances. (Loud cheers.) There are no such things on the other side of the Atlantic. The profitable labourers in the national vineyard, the thews and sinews of the empire, who have too long been the victims of misrule, will,



by-and-bye, triumph over the unprofitable, the useless, the unproductive labourers, the illustrious, the noble, the reverend, and right reverend, military, civil, and diplomatic tax-eaters of these kingdoms, who will soon be called to account. (Loud cheers.) I beg to propose Earl Grey, and the rest of his Majesty's Ministers."

NORTH.

A magniloquent money-changer, my Lord!

JEFFREY.

This will never do!

NORTH.

Why, nothing the better, my friend, for coming from the very gentleman whom, when you wanted to sit for those boroughs, you were but too happy to have for your own chief *presidium et dulce decus*.

JEFFREY.

Oh! Christie, Christie! Wherefore art thou Christie?

NORTH.

This it is, my dear Lord, that gives treble authority to what this banker, this would-be Lafitte of Dundee, thinks fit to say on such subjects, upon such an occasion; and this it is also which perplexes your Lordship's present position, ties up your mighty hand, and stands between the Guardian of Law and Order and the prompt and vigorous discharge of the most important duties of his high, responsible, and not ill-paid office!

JEFFREY.

I certainly must consult with my Deputies on this subject!

NORTH.

Your Deputies!—Why, you know very well that the most intelligent and active of the set was employed diligently on your Dundee canvass—lived all the while under this seditious, if not treasonable, spouter's roof—and probably got joyous with him every evening for a week on end, in the most hearty intercommunication of political sentiments.

JEFFREY.

That's an old affair, now.

NORTH.

Yes; but would it not be rather awkward if the Banker, being hauled before our friends Mackenzie and Meadowbank, to answer for his insurrectionary diatribes, were to defend himself by sticking into the witness-box half a score of worthy fellow-citizens who had all partaken, in the course of that memorable canvass, of the patriotic punch-bibbery of the Panel and the Prosecutor?—who, not being very much accustomed to share the confidential intercourse of the powers that be, might perhaps have retained, with Boswellian accuracy, every grave saw and *modern instance* that chanced to drop, then and there, from the oracular lip of your Lordship's Bailie-bamming, and, peradventure, bowsyish Depute?

JEFFREY.

Hang the Banker!—I wonder what he wants.

NORTH.

Aye, find that out; and if he has a son at the bar, be sure you make him your next Depute—and probably that will be chemistry sufficient to decompose his bile. And don't be afraid of people's saying this is truckling. You will only be walking in the steps of your betters. The two first very good things that Brougham had to dispose of, after attending to family duty, were given to Daniel Whittle Harvey, the ablest perhaps, and till then the most indefatigably ferocious of the hip-and-thigh heroes in the House of Commons, and a brother of Mr Barnes of the Times. Disdain not the example of your "guide, philosopher, and friend."

JEFFREY.

Oh! North, North! If you knew but the miseries of patronage, you would not rub me in this line! What with Would-be Deputies, and Would-be Sheriffs, and Would-be Judges, and—could you believe it?—Would-be Lord-Advocates, the Lord have mercy upon us! I'm bothered entirely—life's a burden.

NORTH (*Sings*.)

"Oh! what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!"

You regret, in short, the old easy days of Craigcrook and the Blue and Yellow?

JEFFREY.

*Ex profundis.* O, North, I was never meant for this sort of thing. I really can't tell you whether the Edinburgh part of the job, or the London one, be the worst! *Here*, nothing but the eternal claim-claim-claiming of hungry on-hangers, old, young, and middle-aged, God knows which of the three the most horse-leechy, relieved by mad ebullitions of mobbery, which I cannot, dare not, meddle with! *There*, that weary House, with its diabolical outwatchings of the bear, and that Peel, and that Croker, and that Sugden,—and that O'Connell, and that Hume, and that—

NORTH.

Sadler, for sixpence! He's blowing Macauley to atoms, I see, in Leeds!

JEFFREY.

Where the mischief did that fellow learn to speak? He's an orator, sir, a real orator, and is doing us more damage among the new constituencies than all the Radicals put together.

NORTH.

That's your sort. Stay you in a little longer, and you'll see who will be the *Friends of the People*! So, the Tories, for all their sins and stupidities, do contrive to give you a little trouble, both in and out of Parliament, after all?

JEFFREY.

It was a sad misfortune that we had nothing for it but setting Brougham on the woolsack.

NORTH.

Why, if I remember, the Times and Chronicle both predicted, at that juncture, that the Lord Advocate of Scotland would fill Brougham's place in the Commons. But I suppose it takes some training to be a master of any sort of mountebankery?

JEFFREY.

Had I gone up twenty or thirty years ago, my friend, I feel that I should have done something—But now—now—'tis out of the question. If you were to take Peel or Croker, and bid them tilt with Peter Robertson or me in the Jury-Court, they could not look more like fish out of water, than I feel myself when I glance my eye across that box-built table, and see their calm smiling visages.

NORTH.

If the Tories Ultra, and the Tories Moderate bring their now pending negotiations to a really satisfactory conclusion, and Peel raises the banner blue next spring at the head of a firmly compacted band, whose line has been distinctly traced beforehand, as to every important question likely to be started—if Field-Marshal Peel, I say, opens the campaign in this style, with such a second in command as Croker, such generals of division as Chandos, Hardinge, Vyvyan, and Murray—such quarter-masters as Inglis and Sadler, and such a provost-marshal as Sugden—and such an army as, even the Ministerial prints now admit, we are like to take the field with—and such a confounded enemy in *your* rear as the Radicals proper will then assuredly be—it is to be confessed that you may have some call to pick your marches.

JEFFREY.

Our only hope, to speak frankly, is now in your disunion. If that continues, we shall play one section of you against the other this day, and both sections against the radicality the next, and thus get through. And, thank God! such is still the general anticipation, as far as I could observe, at Brookes's.

NORTH.

Well, we've got our Brookes's too, it seems, now—better late than never—and as to our continuing (if we are so now) *disunited*, I can only say, that if we do, we deserve to be damned, and had better make up our minds at once for Tophet and Gehenna!



JEFFREY.

The Ultras don't like Peel—that's the hitch—that will be our salvation.

NORTH.

Why, the Ultras, not being idiots, can probably see just as well as you Whigs and Radicals have already done, that there is but one man fitted by talents, acquirements, station, and temper, to lead our troops with perfect certainty of success; and that one man being, I presume, quite capable of understanding that the most ingenious of generals is little without a willing army in the day of battle—is it very unnatural to conclude, that two parties, each so necessary to the other's efficiency, and each equally zealous, mind, to trample the common enemy into perdition, may, somehow or other, bring disputed specialties to a rational compromise, *inter se*, and act thereupon—until, at all events, *you* evacuate the citadel? I guess not, my good Lord Advocate—and I think, to all appearance, the only man in the Cabinet, whose brains would be much worth out of it, guesses pretty nearly as I do. Well, with £5000 a-year to play with—to say nothing of James and William so snugly placed—and the House of Lords for an occasional canter, Harry Brougham might contrive to pass a pleasant enough evening of life's troubled day!

JEFFREY.

Aye, and Brougham Hall is such a charming thing. You've no notion how he's been improving. 'Tis a perfect paradise!

NORTH.

A sweet situation—and, as your favourite Poet says,

“Those pleasant walks on Emont's side!”—

But I'm thinking of yourself, man. 'Tis a pity that Chief Baronship's dished—it would just have suited you. Charles Hope seems as fresh as a daisy—Boyle puts out his leg yet like a fugleman! Well, if a Double Gown drops between and Christmas, you had better just put your pride in your pocket.

JEFFREY.

I needed that hint, I suppose! Oh! North! however we may be progressing as an entire nation, there's no doubt you Tories of the old Belhaven breed have too much reason for saying that our Mother Caledonia is getting her sails sadly out of the wind. I confess, I myself can't help sometimes regretting that this should be so—but 'tis probably a lingering prejudice of boyhood—perhaps I ought to say at once, a provincial hallucination.

NORTH.

Don't be ashamed of it, my dear Jeffrey—while I at least am your Father Confessor, dread no heavy penance on that score.

JEFFREY.

We've knocked up the Excise-board, and the Customs-board, and the Court of Exchequer; and the Parliament House itself is losing every year some more of those prizes that used to attract the upper orders. I wish to God these things could have been gone about less rapidly and sweepingly; but the upshot will no doubt be good in the main.

NORTH.

Whether the upshot be mainly good, or, as I expect, entirely evil, there can be no doubt we owe these mutations purely to the doctors of the Whig *Sapientia*; and I am sometimes tempted to think that some of them may already be beginning to repent of having on certain occasions permitted themselves to forget that they were Scotchmen before they were Whigs. The tone of society in Edinburgh has been sinking damnably since you first knew it.

JEFFREY.

No doubt of that. None of the nobility have houses here now. Every third, indeed, that can stand the expense of three months in London, thinks it quite necessary to cut Auld Reekie. But how to help this? One can't say “thus far and no farther” to London.

NORTH.

But London will by-and-bye say “thus far and no farther” to England;

—as for Scotland, good-bye to that auld sang. The only things that at all counteracted the natural influence of the change of the seat of government are now disappearing *a vue d'œil*, and your children, for I have none, will see Auld Reekie rank below Manchester in all other respects—as much as she already does in the two articles of population and wealth.

JEFFREY.

What do you anticipate for us?

NORTH.

A confounded Babylon of what Sir John Sinclair calls “Educating Individuals,” and their respective knots of sucking Economists—a Capital, in short, no longer heard of, except as a sort of overgrown Academy—a Bar, to which nobody that can afford a gentleman’s education will ever dream of bringing up his son—a Bench of poor fifth-rates, only fit to record the *rules* of Westminster Hall—and a new order of Lord-Advocates, not unworthy to begin with Bobby Thomson, Sheriff as yet of Air, or Jemmy Ivory, now Depute to your Lordship.

JEFFREY.

You must have some young Stover about you, that crams you with Outer-House tittle-tattle. I wonder you listen to such stuff, North.

NORTH.

My dear Jeffrey, I care as much about the whole concern—as you do who are to be the corporals in Don Pedro’s seventh regiment of Caçadores,

—“*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;  
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,  
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est;  
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri  
Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli.  
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quàm munita tenere  
Edita doctrinâ Sapientum templa serenâ,  
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
Errare atque viam palantes quærere vitæ,  
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore  
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*”

O miseras hominum mentes! ô pectora cæca!”

Come, my dear Advocate, another tumbler? Do!

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

JEFFREY.

Think of those poor posters—well, one small eke—but no more of the thorny places. Come, North, you promised me a song—you’re in sweet voice to-night.

NORTH (*sings.*)

AIR—*The Ploughboy.*

When I was a mere school-boy, ere yet I’d learned my book,  
I felt an itch for angling in every little brook;  
An osier rod, some thread for twine, a crooked pin for hook,  
And thus equipped I wandered by many a bubbling brook,  
Where Prickle-backs and Minnows each day I caught in store,  
With Stone-loaches and Miller’s-thumbs, such brooks afford no more.

’Twas thus the tiny Angler

With crooked pin for hook,

Would shun each noisy wrangler

To fish the murmuring brook.

JEFFREY.

Sweet and simple—do go on, my dear North, you awaken a thousand long forgotten dreams of innocence.

NORTH (*sings.*)

Then next I bought some farthing hooks, and eke a horse-hair line,  
An hazel rod, with whalebone top, my playmates to outshine,  
With which I soon aspired to angle with a float,  
And when I could not fish from shore, I tossed it from a boat;



Thus Roach, and Dace, and Bleak I took, and Gudgeons without end,  
And now and then a Perch would hook, which caused my rod to bend :

Come join in chorus.

And thus the little Angler,  
Pleased with his line and hook,  
Would shun each noisy wrangler  
To fish the murmuring brook.

Very well, dear Advocate, you've a pretty treble.

Bream, Chub, and Barbel, next I sought, their various haunts I plied  
With scoured worms, and cheese, and paste, and twenty baits beside ;  
With hooks of *Kirby-bent* well chose, and gut so round and fine ;  
By slow gradations thus I rose, to fish with running line ;  
A multiplying *Winch* I bought, wherewith my skill to try  
And so expert myself I thought, few with me now could vie.

CHORUS.—Thus still the little Angler,  
With rod, and line, and hook,  
Would shun each noisy wrangler  
To fish the murmuring brook.

My mind on Trolling now intent, with live and dead snap-hook,  
I seldom to the rivers went, but Pike or Jack I took ;  
Near banks of bullrush, sedge, and reed, (a dark and windy day,)  
And if the fish were on the feed, I rarely missed my prey.  
If baits be fresh and proper size, no matter what's the sort,  
At Gudgeon, Roach, or Dace, they rise, with each by turns we've sport.

So now a dexterous Angler,  
With rod, and line, and hook,  
I shunned each noisy wrangler  
To fish the murmuring brook.

Is that enough, now ?—well, well—

And now to cast a fly-line well, became my earnest wish,  
I strove each sportsman to excel, and cheat the nimble fish.  
Now, Trout and Grayling I could kill, if gloomy was the day ;  
The Salmon, too, against his will, beside my basket lay.  
Now, Fly and Palmer could I dress, Aquatic insects too ;  
Their various seasons I could guess—their uses well I knew.

Yet still, a Master Angler,  
With rod, and line, and hook,  
I shunned each noisy wrangler,  
To fish the murmuring brook.

Now, the finale !

So, now to close this charming scene, which none but sportsmen feel,  
Be sure you keep the Golden Mean, nor arm your heart with Steel ;  
The fish with moderation take, and to the Fair be kind,  
And ne'er with them your promise break, but Virtue keep in mind.  
So, Wives and Sweethearts now let's drink, let each man fill his glass ;  
And may we never speak or think, to disconcert our Lass !

Then when our lines are all worn out,  
And feeble bends the hook,  
They'll ne'er forget the Angler  
That angled in the brook.

JEFFREY (*sings.*)  
“ They'll ne'er forget the Angler  
That angled in the brook !”—

Perfect! I wonder if my hand has quite forgot its cunning. Jove! how I should like to stroll somewhere about the Highlands with you for a week, having vowed with oaths sublime, North, ere starting, never to talk politics, and no books with us but a Don Juan in your pocket, and Wordsworth's Ballads in mine!

NORTH.

How charming!—I'm afraid you won't go with me just my first excursus, though, for you must know I've made every thing right and tight in the way of business, and proceed to-morrow morning for the best of all fishing districts, to my fancy, in Braid Scotland—but our lines would be apt to get entangled just at present in that quarter.

JEFFREY.

To-morrow morning?—Why, 'tis now near one, I swear!

NORTH.

Aye, aye,—but no day dawns on me before I've had a round o' the clock, I can tell you.—(*Sings.*)

And I'm off with the morn  
At thy call, Donald Horne,  
To give NOVAR a lift 'gainst that dangerous man:  
Dear in private to North  
Is the courteous SEAFORTH,  
But in public we'll powder his wig if we can!

JEFFREY.

Come, come, no Ross-shire politics! Well, I must leave you at last—you'll split your Auld Reekie vote, now, this time? Come do, that's a brave old buck—Shew an example of liberality for once to your disciples.

NORTH.

The Lord *Ordinary* takes that *ad avisandum*. Good-night, my dear Lord Advocate—good-night. *Au revoir—vare!* (*Exit* JEFFREY.) Why, the evening has slipped away like a knotless thread—(*Rings—Enter* MACKAY.) John, carry ben the cold sheep's-head—and, hear'st me, bid Bauby scollop some oysters—and, I'm saying, let Mr Mullion know the coast's clear—and be sure you have the plotty ready.—(*Exit* JOHN.) Poor Mor-decai has been cheated o' his liquor. The laddie will be starved.—(*Sings.*)

After which I make sail  
For the regions of Traill,  
If again, as a Whig, he for Orkney contend;  
Though I love him of old,  
It shall never be told  
I deserted a Tory to pleasure a friend.

*Enter* MULLION.

Monsieur, est servi!

[*Exeunt.*]



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCI.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

## TRADITIONS OF THE RABBINS.

FROM the latter part of the second century, the Jews have had public collections of their glosses and comments on the Holy Scriptures. Subsequently to that period, some of their chief writers employed themselves in forming collections of the extraordinary stories and enigmas under which they represented the national opinions. Those stories were probably nothing more than rude contrivances to make the high truths of Scripture popular. Others were more culpable contrivances to conceal from the rising generation truths which they deemed the lower ranks not worthy to receive; and others were the mere extravagance of a degraded imagination, sometimes revelling even in images of impurity, sometimes rambling into the follies of heathenism, and in all instances profanely disguising, or utterly disregarding, the majestic verity of the Word of Revelation.

It is not our purpose, in this paper, to enter into Jewish controversy; or to touch upon theology as a science. Our object is simply to collect some of the curious features of traditions, which, in the early ages of Christianity, occupied a chief part of the

studies of the Jewish people; which, on the revival of literature, engaged the attention of the most profound scholars of Christendom, and which form a large portion of the study and belief of the Jews at this day.

In all systems of law, whether delivered by God or man, there will be tradition, from the nature of the case. There must be explanations of facts, ceremonial and doctrinal, which can find no room in the simple declaration of the law, but which are the direct work of reason and human convenience, operating upon the law. There must also be historical facts, tending to illustrate both ceremony and doctrine, altogether incapable of being embodied in the formal and limited declaration constituting the law. The suggestions, also, of men of acknowledged learning or sagacity, will, as in the case of human law, naturally pass into something of the shape of authority, even in divine things. If the Christian could obtain the true tradition of the familiar converse of St Peter or of St Paul, or any of the leading doctrines of Christianity, he would justly treasure it as of high importance, though he would with equal justice rank it

as inferior in point of authority to those distinct and public elucidations of the Christian doctrine, which they have given to us in these Scriptures, which are declared to be, each and all, "written by the inspiration of God." It is not improbable, that the strong tendency of our nature to respect traditions of this order, the probability of our being unable to separate the false from the true, in times so remote, and the obvious ruin which must result to the purity of the inspired doctrine, by its being even accidentally mingled with the untrue tradition, have been the reason why Providence, in its care of Christian truth, has not suffered any tradition of the apostolic language to remain. All that has been derived to us from those illustrious followers of our Lord, has been delivered in formal instruments, utterly removed beyond the hazard of [that even which springs up, in process of time, in all oral communication. Yet nothing can be more singular than that such memorials have not transpired, and even abounded. The familiar discourse of the Apostles must have been felt as a "treasure of wisdom;" their opinions upon the more mysterious points of the Christian doctrine, and even the habits of their lives, their personal aspect, down to the very relics they wore, must have been topics of the most interesting enquiry to the multitude of remote converts, who justly regarded them as the direct heralds of the God of truth and immortality. And there must, on the simplest calculation, have been a vast quantity of doctrinal knowledge poured out from the lips of those servants of Heaven, of which no record remains in the written page. For two entire years St Paul preached at Ephesus.

There were occasions on which he seems to have given the whole day, probably by a *miraculous* exertion of mind and frame, to preaching. In a life prolonged to old age, his ministerial labour was incessant. What measureless value would not the world now place upon a volume of the sermons of St Paul to the Pagans? What upon a volume of those profound explanations of the Jewish Scriptures, which were his perpetual toil and triumph in every city,

of a pilgrimage which lasted a life? With what matchless interest would not the record be invested, which authentically described the dying hours of the two hallowed leaders of the new Church of the Spirit,—the feelings of St Peter, when he was at last summoned to shew that he was not ashamed of the sufferings of his Master, or the glowing loftiness of St Paul's powerful intellect and sensitive heart, when every hour told him that he approached but so much the nearer to his reward, when his spirit must have been cheered, elevated, and magnified by thoughts beyond the reach of human nature; and his eye contemplated the opening wonders of that world of splendour and power to which he was instantly hastening? yet, of those heart-affecting and exalting junctures, not a record remains. We have the bare fact, and no more; not a syllable of authentic recollection is left to our delight, our wisdom, our gratitude, or our consolation. Yet there must have been thousands in that day, and tens of thousands in the days that followed, to whom the slightest trait of such times would have been a treasure beyond all price. Even in the instance of Him whom it is irreverence lightly to name, we have no answer to the innumerable questions which a natural interest would instinctively prompt, but which, from their being left without the hope of an answer, we must believe to be unsuited to Christian wisdom. The single idle attempt at preserving a resemblance of those august features, has been shewn long since to be a vulgar presumption, and the portrait and letter to King Abgarus are notoriously apocryphal.

Why the veil should be so deeply dropped over, what might be almost termed the indulgence of a sacred homage, can be accounted for on no other principle than that, in the ways of Providence, no superfluity is suffered. It will be found, that where the knowledge sufficient for our use is given, but little is given to our curiosity. In the especial case of Revelation, it seems expressly intended that no room should be left for fancy, no temptation offered to the tendency of the human heart to exaggerate, pervert, and colour; for, in the su-



preme law of the present and the future, all should be clear, definite, and documentary. The command of the Divine Legislator should be delivered free from all embarrassment of the passions, prejudices, or imaginations of man.

From the beginning the Jewish religion strikingly differed from Paganism in the religious instruction of the people. The Pagan priest was simply a servant of the rites of his worship; and the popular knowledge of religion appears to have been left to chance. The ceremonial was captivating to the popular taste. The fables on which, in some instances, it was founded, but which, in the majority of instances, were fabrications of later times, for the purpose of accounting for the ceremonial, borrowed as it was from Oriental sources,—Indian, or even Jewish,—were suffered to float vaguely through the popular memory; but of religious instruction, in our sense of the word, no trace is discoverable.

The Jewish priest was at once a servant of the temple, and a teacher of the people; he performed the sacrifices, and he instructed the community. The provision for this double service exhibits the same wisdom which distinguished the whole divine code. As no man with many occupations can sustain any one of them well, the Jewish priest was a man of a peculiar tribe, with an exclusive occupation. In Judea the priesthood was a *profession*. In the lands of Roman Paganism, the priesthood was communicated to a multitude of men busied in all the pursuits of public life. We find the lawyer Cicero a priest—the warrior Cæsar a priest—the Emperor Augustus a priest. Neither politics nor profligacy were impediments to the public display of the sacerdotal functions, and the direct and constant officials of the temples were probably engrossed by the actual duties of a remarkably toilsome and intricate ritual. But as man cannot live without food—and the Jewish priest was prohibited from the usual means of industry—a portion of the public property was set apart, by the command of the great Donor of all property, for the maintenance of his

religious servants and service. The tenth of the produce of the land, in corn, fruit, and cattle, was the proportion which the divine wisdom thought fit to allot for the Levites. A proportion which, we may observe, was actually larger than their natural share as one of the *twelve* tribes, and very considerably larger still, if we recollect the comparatively small number of the tribe. Larger still, if we recollect, that even in the midst of the other tribes, forty-eight cities were allotted to the Levites, with portions of land, *glebe*, attached to each of the thirteen appropriated to the priests. And thus, a property which our march-of-intellectage pronounces to be incompatible with justice, national prosperity, the rights of the community, and even the integrity and usefulness of a clergy; in other words, incompatible with the will of God, was actually possessed three thousand years ago, in the midst of a flourishing community, by a national priesthood, and in a government expressly framed by the decree of God, and directly administered by himself as its temporal sovereign.

Among the purposes of allotting the Levites and the priesthood (who were all Levites, but of the family of Aaron) the forty-eight cities scattered through the portions of the other eleven tribes, was that of *teaching* the people the statutes of their religion, which was their law. Of the 38,000 Levites above twenty years old, while 24,000 were allotted for attendance on the sacrifices, 6000 were appointed for *judges*, another word for interpreters and teachers of the religious code. But, in point of fact, the whole leisure of the priesthood, in their absence from the immediate duty of the Temple, where, of their twenty-four *courses*, or classes, but two attended in the month, seems to have been occupied in studying, interpreting, and communicating the divine law.

But when Judea began to exhibit the apostacies of the various profligate systems of worship on her borders, the Divine Wisdom met the evil by another system of resistance. The popular degeneracy was to be awakened by the appearance of men gifted with extraordinary powers;

the race of Prophets was sent to Judea, and a long series of denunciation, miracle, and preternatural *teaching*, commenced. The direct purpose of the Prophet was to reclaim the living generation from their apostacy, and the purpose was sustained by those effusions of divine light, which enabled him to declare the future, in its aspects of both ruin and glory. One great object undoubtedly was, to furnish the unborn generations of the Gentile world, and partially of the Jewish, with evidences of the mission of the Messiah; and this the Prophets have done in a succession of strains, that throw human genius entirely into the shade. But if their promises of glory were addressed to us, their predictions of ruin were, almost in every instance, addressed to the generation among whom they lived, or to their immediate descendents. They predicted to the family on the throne, that their peculiar line should be extinguished; they came closer still, and declared to the monarch himself his own ignominious fate by some arrow of the Syrian, or dagger of the Jewish conspirator. They came closer still, and predicted the issue of the alliance of which the ink was scarcely dry, or of the battle for which the swords were already drawn. But these national prophecies were only to inculcate more vigorously the moral, that a nation unjust to its God, inevitably breaks down its own strength. The Prophet was a *teacher*. And, down to the age of the Apostles, the teaching was held to be so much the distinguishing feature of his character, that it finally appears to have almost superseded his office of prediction. The Prophet of the Acts and Epistles is almost wholly a *preacher*. But, as the Divine Wisdom adopts the course of nature, wherever it can be made suitable to his purpose, even the gifts of the Prophets were not left to the mere work of miracle. The man was prepared for the reception of the divine gifts by all the means that human discipline could supply. The schools of the Prophets, in the time of Saul and Elijah, seem to have possessed a crowd of pupils, prepared in the general knowledge of the law, and the various intelligence es-

sential for their effectually exercising their ministry among the nations. But these Prophets, in their schools, were, on the authority of Scripture, consulted at intervals by the people, and carried on the system of instruction.

After the Babylonish captivity, Israel assumed a new aspect. Its direct intercourse with Heaven ceased—prophecy came at rare intervals, until in Malachi it was altogether closed. A new race of teachers now entered upon their task; the Scribes and Doctors, as public teachers and interpreters of the religious code. The ground of this change seems to have been chiefly, that the growing intercourse of the nation with the more active and intellectual races of mankind, the Greek and Roman, had a tendency to render their national mind more capable of discerning truth for itself. And, in all instances, it is a law of Providence to do nothing by miracle that can be done by human means. But the dominant evil of the national character was pride; and the Scribes began to assume those distinctions of Rabbi, which are so deeply reprobated in the New Testament. They also, in imitation of the schools of the Prophets, established large assemblages of pupils. The famous Hillel, a Babylonian Jew, who came to Jerusalem in the time of Herod the Great, is said to have sent into the world a thousand scribes; of whom their Chroniclers say, with an exaggeration which amounts nearly to profaneness, that thirty of them had made such singular progress in the knowledge of holy things, as to be worthy of bearing the divine glory that shone on the face of Moses; and that there were thirty more for whom the sun should stand still, as for Joshua; with a crowd of inferior enlighteners of mankind. We possibly may trace in the insolent vanity of such pretensions, a part of the bitter animosity and jealous carping of the Scribes and Lawyers recorded in the Christian record. It must have doubled the irritation of men pampered with professional superiority, and feeling their character dependent on their continued display of learning, to find themselves baffled and taught, at once exposed and enlightened, by



one of the multitude, a being who made no pretensions to learning, who had laboured in none of their boasted schools, and yet who exhibited a knowledge which altogether extinguished them in the eyes of the people.

But among the earlier Scribes were many holy men. Simeon, the son of Hillel, is supposed by Light-foot (*Horæ Talmud.*) to have been the Simeon who acknowledged the birth of the Messiah. Gamaliel, the teacher of St Paul, was the son and successor of Simeon. On the fall of Jerusalem, when the feeble remnants of the nation began to assemble once more, a great school of the Scribes was founded at Joppa under Jochanan; and this school rose so rapidly, that, under the famous Rabbi Akiba, it is said to have reckoned four-and-twenty thousand students.

The age had come, when the long course of providential protection was to end, and Judea was to be delivered over to her captivity. The first direct evidence of the coming ruin was the adoption of the Heathen philosophy. The three great sects of Greece found their counterparts among the degenerate Jews; and the Pharisees adopted the Stoic philosophy, the Sadducees the Epicurean, and the Essenes the mystical and self-mortifying Pythagorean. This first corruption of the divine purity of their religion, was judicially followed by a corruption which totally precluded recovery. Within a short period, the Mosaic code was almost buried under the Traditional. And this fatal innovation resulted from three sources; primarily, from the efforts of the sects to reconcile the dictates of revelation with the fantastic opinions of their new leaders in science. Thus, Pythagoras lent them his pre-existence of the soul, and his transmigration; Anaximander, his extravagant theories of the existence of beings in other worlds; Aristotle, the notions of the actual animation of the stars; and Plato, the whole romance of his spiritual creation, his demons, with their birth and ranks, their pleasures and their faculties. The attempt to reconcile these visions with the solemn reality of the Divine Law, succeeded like all the attempts of the feeble defenders of revelation in our

day. The truth was lowered and levelled to meet the falsehood, until the distinction was lost, and the falsehood finally absorbed the truth.

Another source of the traditions was the rash and unhallowed attempt of the Jewish Doctors (affirmed to be of the Great Synagogue, after the captivity of Babylon) to rectify the popular conduct, by heaping the law with human observances. From this arose that "washing of cups and platters," which is so strongly stigmatized as a substitute for religion by our Lord. The ceremony became historic, and invention was let loose to make a tale for its foundation. Superstitious rites were rapidly multiplied; each new leader laboured to distinguish himself and his sect by more rigid and various observances; the original burdens of the Mosaic law were increased by the extravagance of those wilful ascetics; the spirit of the law was perverted; ritual took the place of virtue; and the Jew of our Lord's time became at once the most burdened and the most licentious of men, the most perpetually toiling through a task of nominal righteousness, and the most contemptuous and negligent professor of the true purposes of the Mosaic covenant.

A third and later stage of the corruptions was the attempt to collect from all sources the comments and remembrances of the Jewish interpreters of the Scriptures. It is remarkable, that, as the Jews began to degenerate, their declared homage for the Scriptures began to rise into a feeling little less than idolatry. This consciousness of national decline might have naturally made them more anxious to retain the great charter of their people; those immortal records, which gave them at once a purer code, a higher origin, and a higher destiny, than the noblest wisdom, birth, or fate of the Gentile world. But this veneration was the birth, not of their piety, but of their pride. The Jew nurtured his reverence for the Scriptures as the proof to himself and to mankind that he was the true descendent and the true inheritor. He worshipped the letter, he abandoned the spirit; he invented fantastic meanings for every syllable he neglected the

meaning of the precept; and in the full working of this blindness and bigotry, this desperate disregard of the divine will, and this haughty assumption that he was its only possessor, plunged himself into the full violence of a revolt, which tore up his nation like a forest before the whirlwind, and covered his heart and intellect with an ignorance, a depth of Egyptian darkness, which not all the changes, visitations, and providences of almost two thousand years, have been able to penetrate with a single ray of understanding.

For a century after the Christian era, those memorials of comment and tradition were suffered to take their way among the people, and trust to the popular zeal for their preservation. But the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the consequent dispersion of their race, seemed to the Jewish elders to demand some more permanent resource for the preservation of memorials which they now looked upon as the only inheritance of their fallen people. In the reign of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the sayings of the *Chakanim* (Wise Men), of the *Tannaim*, or oral Doctors, and the general traditional rites, were collected by the Rabbi Judah, the head of the Sanhedrim, and of the school of Tiberias; a man so eminent among his people, as to bear the name of *Hakkodosh* (the Holy). This work was for the purpose of a complete decider of all the perplexed questions of Jewish legislation, combined as all that legislation was with religious observances. Its six parts comprehended, Cases on the Distinctions of Seeds in Agriculture; on the Public Festivals; on Women and Matrimonial Law; on Commercial Suits; on Offerings of the Altar; on Purifications. It was thus intended for a complete Jewish *Ductor Dubitantium*. The composition of this laborious work occupied about half a century. It appeared in A. D. 180; and was called *Mishna* (the *Repetition*), as containing the opinions, traditions, and glosses of all the Jewish authorities, from Moses (whom the Jews reported to have received some of them even in the Mount) down to the fall of Jerusalem.

This work was received with high

admiration by the Jews, now scattered finally through the world. It fed their prejudices; and they honoured it, as a revival of their law, which, however, it perpetually contradicted; and they honoured its author, as a successor to Moses, whom, however, his fame seemed practically to supersede. But a few years diminished this popular admiration. It was discovered that this great clearer of doubts had only increased their number; that its decisions were only a compilation of all the conflicting authorities; and that, instead of lightening the burden of the student, the Mishna itself might occupy the study of a life. It was pronounced to be at once prolix and narrow, feeble and obscure. Those defects were to be relieved only by a new Comment on the Commentary. About the third century, in the reign of Dioclesian, this Comment appeared, under the title of *Gemara* (the *Complement*), from its being presumed to complete the body of tradition. It was the work of Rabbi Jochanan, aided by two Rabbis who had studied under the author of the Mishna. But even this completion was soon discovered to be incomplete. There were traditions floating in the popular memory, which had not found their way into the book; but the defect lay unsupplied for three centuries more. Rabbi Asa, a Scribe of high authority among the Babylonish dispersion, at length began a new Comment. On his death, it was resumed by his scholars. Their labours produced the famous *Gemara* of Babylon, which, combined with the Mishna, forms the Babylonish *Talmud* (Doctrine), as the *Gemara* of Jochanan, written at Jerusalem, when combined with the Mishna, forms the Jerusalem Talmud. The Babylonian Talmud has totally distanced its rival. It is the grand study of the Doctors, who discover in its absurdities all the principles of wisdom, human and divine; it is the oracle of the nation, who find in it a transcendent system of law in all its shapes, moral, civil, and constitutional; and it is the ridicule of all nations, for its presumption and its folly, its profaneness and its ribaldry.



It is painful to speak of the entire overthrow, and the long ignominy, of a people once the chosen of Heaven. But their temporal degradation was incomplete, until they set the seal to the fall of the national mind by their reception of this work. No contempt can be too strong for the prejudice which venerates this tissue of fables; and all pity for the misfortunes of the people is absorbed in scorn for their wilful perversion of the common sense that God has given alike to Jew and Christian. Yet all those fabrications, though equally foolish, were not equally presumptuous; some were mere allegories, and disfiguring the truth, but without intention; some were mere adoptions of the Oriental method of metaphorical writing. But many were unquestionably rank fables, determined perversions of the truth, and equally weak and criminal. To those who conceive that the Jews of the first years of the Christian era were simply adherents to the words of their Law, and sincerely led into error by their reliance on the dignity and perpetuity of that Law, it should be known, that the Law had then been almost totally buried in human inventions, that the pride of the Rabbins had overwhelmed it with a new weight of unintelligible meanings, and that if Moses himself had appeared among them, he would, in all probability, have encountered the most furious opposition of the teachers and the populace. A remarkable source of those errors was the Rabbinical practice, learned from the Pagan Mysteries, of concealing a part of their doctrine, on the pretence that it was too high for popular comprehension. The treatise *Halichat Olam* declares that the leading doctors had rolls of parchment in which they set down all the secret knowledge which they received from their masters, and which went among themselves by the name of "Volumes of Secret Things." Another source was the fantastic idea that every sentence in Scripture had a hidden meaning, as well as a literal one. It is curious to see Hutchinsonianism among the Rabbins of the sixth century. Those meanings, of course, were too easily multiplied to escape the pernicious industry of the Doc-

tors. Some of them professed to have five modes of interpreting the Scripture, which imply five meanings for every sentence; others twelve; others three times the number; others, with some allusion to their favourite number seven, reckon them at seventy. Their *Cabbala* was, in its own nature, adequate to extinguish all knowledge. Of this there were four classes:—The adoption of each letter of a particular word for the initials of other words—the substitution of a word for a totally different one, but whose letters, when taken as numerals, made up the same sum—the change of one word for another made of the same letters transposed—the drawing inferences relative to the meaning from the figures of the capital letters. Such are the fatal follies by which the Jewish teachers close the gates of knowledge upon themselves and their people—a process so palpably monstrous, that we can account for its existence on no other ground than that of the punishment which Providence inflicts on the wilfully blind, by leaving them to the full evil of their own inventions, depriving them of the common light of the human understanding, of which their long abuse has rendered them unworthy, and binding them in chains of a voluntary darkness, which nothing can break but the direct agency of the divine power.

Their homage for these melancholy absurdities was not limited to their study, as commentaries on the Scriptures. In the natural course of perversion, the truth became a matter of inferior value, and the Bible was altogether postponed to the wisdom of the Talmud. It is thus declared (in the *Bava Meria*) as the established doctrine, that "they who study the Bible, do what is to be considered neither vice nor virtue; while they who study the *Mishna*, perform something of a virtue; but they who study the *Gemara*, perform the greatest virtue." We are also told, (in *Massecheth Sopherim*,) that "the Bible is water; the *Mishna* is wine; but the *Gemara* is spiced wine." It, however, condescends to admit that the Bible has its share of utility. "The world cannot subsist without water. The world cannot

subsist without wine. The world cannot subsist without spiced wine. A rich man is sustained by these three things." The comparison is renewed; but the Bible still holds the inferior rank. "The Law is like salt, the Mishna is like pepper, but the Gemara is like balmy spice. The world cannot do without salt. The world cannot do without pepper. The world cannot do without balmy spice." We are further told, (in *Cad Hakhemach*), that "we are to hold no conversation with those who take the Bible and the Mishna into their hands without studying the Gemara." And (in *Ghaase Zedek*) "he who reads the Bible without the Mishna and the Gemara, is as one that *hath no God*." We seem to hear the commentators of the Rhemish Testament in these words. The note-makers of the Douay Bible are probably not aware of the antiquity of their principle; but Popery goes farther than Rabbinism. For the Rabbins, though they threw the Bible into contempt, yet left its use open to the people. Their Romish successors are more cautious of the light, and shut the Scriptures upon their people altogether.

But to pass from these graver insults to truth and religion, let us come to their fables, some of which exhibit the mixture of imagination and extravagance, mystical conception and romantic picturing, that constitute the delight of the Oriental. Solomon is their great hero; and his dealings with Lucifer, which figure so brilliantly in the Arabic and Persian legends, flourish in all their pomp, and more than all their trifling, in the Rabbinical recollections.

King Solomon, on building the Temple, had resolved, in compliance with the command, that no iron tool should be used in the building. What was to be done? There was the porphyry to be cut into flowers as rich as those of the garden, the serpent stone to be carved into folds as bright and smooth as the windings of the young snake, the marble to be wrought into columns that outshone snow or silver. He demanded of the Doctors of the Law how all this was to be done, and yet without the use of iron? The Rabbins were convened, and their answer

was,—“Our master Moses split and carved the stones on the breastplate of the High-priest, without the use of iron.” The King again asked them, “How was this done?”—“By the Schamir,” was the answer; “and the Schamir is to be found only by the aid of *Aschmedai*, the Prince of the Spirits of Evil.” The King then demanded where *Aschmedai* was to be found. The Rabbins answered, —“Ten thousand times ten thousand fathom under the sea, and under the fire that is under the sea, and under the beds of gold that are under the fire. His place is invisible to man and angels, but is open to the eyes of those who know the Tetragrammaton. His palace-gates are sealed with a ring; and none can move him, see him, or chain him, but the man who has the ring.”

The King was perplexed, and he thought of his difficulty for thirty nights of continued waking. At last, he summoned the Rabbins again, and they counselled him to send for the famous Benaiah, the son of Jehojada. Benaiah came, a man of ninety winters, but his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. Solomon bowed from his throne when he saw the Master of Israel. Benaiah worshipped before the son of David, who had proclaimed the Tetragrammaton through all the cities. He then told the King, that the Schamir was not to be obtained but by taking away the senses of *Aschmedai*.

The King demanded, “How was this to be done?”

Benaiah answered, “East of this holy mountain a forty days’ journey, is the palace to which the Prince of the Evil Spirits retires to refresh himself, when he is tired of travelling to and fro in the world. There he divests himself of his ring of power; of his pinions that carry him through the skies, the air, the earth, and the waters under the earth; and of his chain, by which he binds all things; and of his wand, by which he assumes the likeness of man and beast, of bird and creeping thing. There, in the innermost part of the palace, is a fountain, in which he yearly renews his immortality, sleeping for forty days after he has drank of its waters, which are dark as the amethyst, but sparkling as the diamond. If his sleep can be prolonged, he



may be fettered, and brought before my lord; but even his sleep is dangerous; and, unless his senses can be overpowered, he will tear the man who touches him with the fury of a whirlwind."

"Go then," said the King, "and may peace follow thee. Bring Aschmedai with thee, or die in the wilderness. What gold wilt thou have for thy journey?"

"Gold I will not have, where I have sand," said Benaiah; "pearls I will not have, where I have rock; silver I will not have, where I have thorns; for of what use are gold, or pearls, or silver, in the desert? But if thou wilt, give me the wing of the eagle, the hoof of the horse, the head of the buffalo, and the hide of the camel, for these are good for the desert."

"I will give thee them all, and more," said the King, and he took from his finger the seal on which was graven the Schemhamphorash. The Rabbi took the ring, bowed before Solomon, and then, turning his face to the sunrise, departed.

After forty days of travel through a desert, where the sky was without a cloud, the earth without a tree, and the sands without a drop of water—but through which he passed with the speed of the eagle, the security of the horse, the vigour of the buffalo, and the cool skin of the camel—he saw the palace of Aschmedai, at a distance, among the ruins of Makel-jibé. He expected to have found the gates guarded by a thousand monsters; he saw nothing, and entered. The palace was like the houses of the Egyptian gods, but of great simplicity; a long range of halls and rooms, of a pale blue stone, perfectly empty, and without an inhabitant. Walking on, for a day's journey, through the rooms, he came to an inner chamber, where, on a bed of stone, lay Aschmedai fast asleep. The Rabbi would have seized him on the spot; but the ring stung his finger till the blood came, and looking into it, he saw deeply engraven on the ruby a combat between a Rabbi and Lucifer, in which the fiend was the conqueror. He shuddered and drew back at the moment when he was about to fling the chain. But at that moment, too, the sleeping Prince of Darkness gave signs that he was

about to awake, and Benaiah dreaded to be dashed in pieces, or whirled a thousand leagues above the moon, shrunk behind a bower of cardamom trees, that waved their branches in at the casement. Aschmedai at length arose, and Benaiah watched his movements. He was first struck with surprise at the figure of Aschmedai. Was this the Prince of the Demons, the Angel of the first-born, the King of the regions of the Air? He saw nothing but a little old man, who was so asthmatic as to be scarcely able to draw a breath, with a visage wrinkled by pain and age, so as to leave scarcely a feature discernible, and who limped along supported by a crutch. His sleep had not shed the dew of refreshment on his eyes, for he seemed almost dead with weariness, and his eyes had failed, so much so, that he was forced to feel his way with his hands. Benaiah wondered at the fables that had been told of his strength, and was again on the point of seizing him, and throwing the chain over his neck, when Aschmedai reached a small fountain covered with a head of some dark-coloured stone. He stopped for a while beside it, uttered a few words in an unknown language, and the cover rose, and he drank of the water. Benaiah was now doubly rejoiced that he had not been rash enough to come near, for scarcely had the water touched his lip, when his appearance was entirely changed. He shot up to the height of one of the pillars of the hall—his limbs were as the limbs of a giant—his voice was as the roar of a lion—and his face was fierce, and darting flames of all colours, like the thunder-clouds of the mountains of Lebanon. Benaiah hid himself all trembling under the branches of the cardamom tree; but he was roused again by the sounds of the most delicious music that he had ever heard. He climbed the tree, and looked in at the casement. Aschmedai was sitting at a sumptuous banquet, in a robe of cloth of gold, with a crown of diamonds on his head, darting such an intense light, that the Rabbi could look at it only by holding the skirt of his robe before his eyes. But there were no demons to be seen, though the Prince of Darkness constantly spoke like one issuing commands,

and was answered in sounds like all the languages of the world.

At length Benaiah cast his eyes on the ring, engraven with the Schemhamphorash, and saw it written thereon, "Man is strong, and Aschmedai is stronger—but what is so strong as wine?" While the Prince of Darkness was engaged in turning over a huge crystal ball, on which all the names of the kingdoms of this world were engraven, the Rabbi watched the motion of his head; and stooping forward his hand from the branch of the cardamom tree, took one of the cups from the table, and filled it with wine, squeezing in three drops from the fruit of the cardamom tree, and then laying it again on the table. When Aschmedai had given his directions to all the demons of the kingdom, and had turned away his eyes from the ball, the first thing that he saw at his side was the cup filled with wine. "Air," said he, "gives life, water gives strength, but what gives pleasure like wine?" He swallowed the whole cupful at a draught. But it seemed like burning brass in his throat. He bounded up in agony—he howled like a tempest through the forest—flames burst from his lips—he cursed the stars—he cursed the hour when he first saw the earth, the first father of mankind, and the arrows of the angel of Death. Nothing could be more terrible than his rage. He dashed himself against the walls of his chamber, sprang against its roof, and cried out for all his demons to tear the wretch who had filled him with torment and fire into atoms as small as the sand of the desert.

The Rabbi gave himself up for lost, and shook from head to foot. But Aschmedai never put forth his hand against the cardamom tree. Ten thousand noises rose on every side, like the whizzing of wings, and the whisper of voices innumerable. Demons were calling to each other from the clouds, from the hollows of the trees, from the caverns of the forest, and from the springs of all the rivers; but still, though he was almost in a jelly with fear, and he could not breathe without finding his mouth and nostrils filled with the most abominable odours from the wings and bodies of those wretched

beings which filled the air thick as notes dancing about in the sunshine, not a hair of his head was touched; after which he began to take courage, and then began to impute his safety to his wisdom and learning. But for this piece of vanity he was near suffering dearly; for the thought had not entered his head above a minute, when the tail of a demon passing by gave him a whisk that burned him to the bone, and remained a deep scar for all his life after. The virtue of the ring of the Schemhamphorash, and not his own, had saved him; otherwise, if he had been the wisest and most virtuous of mankind, he would have been broiling next moment in the hottest fire of the mountains of the Indian Ocean.

But when the Rabbi had made his solemn vow never to think of his own worthiness again—upon which the torment of the blow had instantly ceased, and he looked round for Aschmedai—never was man more astonished at what he saw. Aschmedai the giant was a dwarf, smaller than Rabam or Zimmercund. His diamond crown was now a cap of grey hairs; and his voice, that had shook the stars from the firmament, was now like the sighing of the reeds on the banks of the Tigris. The fire had withered him, till his limbs were like the leaves that fall on the hills of Chusistan. He lay on the ground so feeble, that Benaiah, thinking that life would escape from his form, suddenly climbed along the branches of the cardamom tree to the point where they hung within the hall, let himself down beside the dying dwarf, and drew the chain over him.

His first idea had been to seize him with his hands; but the whisk of the demon's tail was still in his memory, and he determined not to trust to his own skill any more. It was lucky for the Rabbi and his posterity that he did so; for no sooner had Aschmedai felt the chain round his neck, than he sprang up from the ground like the burst of a burning mountain—his eyes flashed forked lightning—he bellowed like the thunder howling through the desert, and raised the ground about him into whirlwinds and tempests of sand by the stamping of his feet. But the name of the archangel *Metatron* was



wrought in the links of the chain; and it might defy all the powers of the kingdom of darkness to break it. The Rabbi, prostrating himself in acknowledgment of the help of the three angels, Gabriel, Raphael, and Ithuriel, now thought it time to proceed on his journey home. But though he still dreaded the power of the Prince of the Demons, he had so completely mastered him, that Aschmedai followed quietly from the chamber. The Rabbi now girding up his loins, and throwing the chain over his shoulder, set forth, dragging Aschmedai behind him for a day's journey. But when night came, he had not yet reached the gates of the palace. He lay down to sleep, turning his face towards Jerusalem, and with the end of the chain lying under his head. At daybreak he began his journey again; but still he had not reached the gate by noon, nor by twilight, nor by night. He saw the sky darken through the windows of the palace, and again he slept under its roof. The Rabbi was terribly tired of this perpetual sight of walls and windows, but he was determined to find his way out at last, and bring his prisoner to split stones without iron for King Solomon. For forty days he went on still expecting to find the gate every night, and every morning expecting to see it opening before his eyes when he awoke. But he still saw nothing but endless chambers of pale blue stone, till his very soul was sick of the colour. His feet were blistered like the hide of the rhinoceros, and his hands were worn to the bone in dragging the chain—still the same endless chambers spread before him as far as the eye could reach, and despair began to gather upon his mind. If he was to spend his life in wandering through chambers that seemed to spread over the whole world, would it not be better to die at once?

The thought had come into his head at night, on the fortieth night of his journey through those wearisome halls, and it haunted him all night long. He tried to get rid of it with all his might, but it would not go; and at last, tired of the struggle as much as of the journey, he resolved to make the effort for one day more, and if the gates were not to be

found by the end of that day, to let Aschmedai follow his own inventions, let his neck slip from the chain, and finish his miserable life within the chambers of the pale blue stone. With these thoughts fevering his brain, the Rabbi tried to sleep; but this he found impossible until towards morning, when, instead of rising and going on his journey, he lay in the sunlight gazing at the roofs of the eternal chambers, as the light began to play upon them. He continued to gaze; for he had either never seen the colours of the morning take such beautiful shapes, or he was completely exhausted by his journey. As the sun rose, the ceilings began to throw out still richer colours, and they were formed into groups and landscapes, as if the sun had brought out the paintings of some more ancient time, obscured by age and decay. In this new study, which began to fill his mind with ideas of lawless delight, he had forgot to think of his prisoner; and when he at length began to think of him, it was too late. To his horror the dwarf was gone; the end of the chain was still red-hot, and the collar that had gone round his neck was half melted, as if both had been but just plucked from a furnace. The Rabbi's heart smote him. But what was to be done? He rebuked himself for his first despair, which he had no doubt had been thus punished, and, throwing himself prostrate on his carpet, prayed towards Jerusalem. Finding his strength come to him again, he rose, and resolved to make one attempt more to escape from those chambers of enchantments. Still, as far as the eye could reach, all was a succession of halls. The Rabbi shrank from the sight; but the thought struck him, was there no way of escape but straightforward? As the thought arose, he smote one of the walls with his staff. The wall gave way—a large opening was seen, and beyond it the field, the forest, the mountain, and the sky! Benaiah had never felt such rapture before. He rushed out, and, scarcely believing his senses, looked down and found that he was treading on stone floors no longer, and looked up, and could scarcely assure himself that the blue expanse above him

was not that detestable ceiling on which he had so often cast eyes of despair.

His next feeling was his distance from Jerusalem, and, turning his face towards the holy city, he boldly set forward. One look more he gave to the hated palace of Aschmedai. It was gone! All before his eyes was a blue lake, out of the centre of which arose a little spire of blue smoke, as if a caldron was burning below. The Rabbi now set forward again in right earnest on his journey, though with a sorrowful heart for the escape of the Prince of Darkness. As he journeyed onward, he now began to consider how the King might wrathfully receive him; how the priests might charge him with unholiness; the Rabbins charge him with folly; and the people charge him with having been bewitched. But let man be what he will, neither the virtuous nor the wicked can live on their thoughts alone. The Rabbi Benaiah was famed for his fasts among the Doctors of Israel; but he was now suddenly gnawed with hunger, such as he had never imagined in the frame of man. He had fasted all the holy weeks; he had not touched food or drink with his lips in the solemn days of Jerusalem from sunrise to sunset, yet he had never experienced such cravings of appetite as on this day. He was fifty times on the point of swallowing the fragment of provision which had survived his journey to the palace of Aschmedai; but he was checked fifty times by the recollection that this was the tenth day of the month Tisri, on which day no son of Israel ever tasted food.

At length he had nearly conquered his inclination, when he entered a wood to take shelter from the burning heat of the day. There he heard the sound of music and dancing, and shortly after saw a bevy of maidens of extraordinary beauty dancing round a young girl, whose beauty eclipsed them all. The music was good, the dancing surpassed all that the Rabbi had seen among the daughters of Israel at the gates of the cities in the festival evenings. He unwisely looked once at them, and immediately the young girl came forward from the crowd, and, offer-

ing him some fruits of the most delicious fragrance, called him her relation, and told him that she had been sent with her companions to invite him to rest for the night under the roof of Eliphaz, the descendant of Laban, the kinsman of Abraham.

The Rabbi would have refused, and gone forward on his journey, but he had now looked twice, and the beauty of the young girl seemed ten times more wonderful than before. Besides, as he looked, he could perceive the family likeness, and he gratefully accepted the invitation, for otherwise he must have slept in the forest, and he was now dying with hunger, and ready to drop on the earth with fatigue. The whole group now proceeded homeward, with a vast deal of singing, dancing, and talking, in the midst of which some strange expressions reached his ear, which seemed to savour of Magianism. But he was now in the centre of this gay crowd, and, whether he liked it or not, they forced him forward. At length they came within sight of the house of Eliphaz, whom they found sitting in its porch, an old man bowed to the earth with years, but with all his senses perfect, and with eyes that shot light like frozen stars. The old man met them at the door, and they entered the house, which was very different from the terrible length of the pale blue chambers; it was of an oval shape, and formed of the most snowy-white marble. The inside was still more curious and beautiful. They advanced through a succession of rooms to the banquet; but the rooms were like any thing but the rooms of the palace of Aschmedai. They were full of people, all dressed in the most costly robes, and speaking all languages. The quantity of treasure scattered through those apartments dazzled Benaiah's eyes, though they had seen the glories of King Solomon. But he had never even imagined that such heaps of gold and diamonds could be found in the whole world. Every where he saw immense quantities of the finest silk, tapestries, and hangings, wrought over with devices of battles, triumphal processions, and royal carousals. Some rooms were full of sta-



tues made of crystal, and with the most magnificent jewels for eyes. Others were filled with pictures of all the ancestors of the line of Laban, mingled with the kings of Babylon and Nineveh. Others were filled from the ground to the roof with arms of all kinds, swords and spears, helmets and shields; others were hung with the skins of all the wild beasts of the forests and mountains, lions and tigers, leopards, wolves, and elephants, as if the old man and his people had done nothing but hunt from the time of their birth. But Eliphaz was the most wonderful thing of all. Though he said that he had been born in Mesopotamia, of the line of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, the daughter of Nahor, the brother of Abraham, his countenance had more the look of an Ethiopian; and though he must have been more than five hundred years old, yet he laughed and talked like a youth. Another point that seemed strange to the Rabbi, was, that the old man in all his merriment never looked him straight in the face; and, in fact, never turned to speak to him without pulling his turban deep over his brows. But no fault could be found with the banquet, and the Rabbi found to his surprise, that the more he ate and drank, the more his appetite came. At length when he wished, in mere decency, to stop, the old man pressed him so much, that, to avoid offending him, he went on. The dancing and music, too, seemed to him more delightful than before. The Rabbi was here again surprised at himself; for in Jerusalem he would scarcely have lifted his eyes to look, if all the people of Israel had been dancing from Dan to Beersheba. On the face of woman he had never looked, but to pity the vanity that wasted so much time on a thing not half so beautiful as the flower of the field, that is cut down and thrown into the oven. But now all the figures before himself seemed to grow more beautiful every time he looked; the cup of wine in his hand was more fragrant every time he tasted it; and, in short, he could have supped, looked, talked, and sat for ever. At length he heard the cocks crow, and once again attempted to depart; but the old man now made no attempt to

detain him. He only said, that as, in conformity with the practice of his ancestors, he performed his devotions every night, he should now begin. The dance stopped immediately, and the whole crowd came from the other rooms to be present at the old man's worship. The Rabbi devoutly prostrated himself with his face to the holy hill, and all was silent for a time. But sounds like those of a strange tongue began to whisper in his ears, and at length they increased, until he could pray no longer, and he looked up. If he had been pleased before, he was now enchanted with all that he saw. The dancers and crowd wore no longer the shapes of earthly beauty, and covered with the costly robes that he had been dazzled with at the supper. They seemed all to be clothed in light, or in robes as fine as light. Their faces and figures all had a resemblance to what they had been, yet were not the same, but were less like any thing human than those of the angels. Some wore what to his eye seemed vast wings; some had garlands of flame, coloured in all the sparklings and hues of jewels round their heads. And in the midst of their circle stood the greatest wonder of all, the old man, Eliphaz himself, perfectly known by his countenance, yet that countenance changed into the most extraordinary beauty. He bore a sceptre in his hand, with which he touched a small altar, and immediately at the touch, from the altar shot up a long spire of white flame, keen as lightning, and a smell of perfumes and incense spread through the halls. The Rabbi breathed it like the airs that come from the opening of the gates of Paradise. He was enraptured. If he had delighted in the supper, and still more in the dancing, he had now no words to tell his rapture. With his senses intoxicated, and his brain burning, he rose to throw himself on his knees before the old man, who stood before him more like the angels of the third heaven than the kinsman of Abraham. But as he raised his hands clasped in homage, his eye suddenly glanced upon the ring engraven with the Schemhamphorash. It was black as night, and on it was written, in characters of blood, "Cur-

sed is the worshipper of fire." At that instant he looked up in the countenance of Eliphaz. It was black as the ring, fire shot from his eyes, and with a roar of agony he sprang forward to grasp Benaiah. The whole circle of beauty was suddenly covered with clouds, through which forms were seen writhing in torture, and smiting and slaying each other. There was a furious tempest abroad, and the thunder seemed to be rooting up the mountains. A burst of lightning that smote across the Rabbi's eyes totally blinded them, and at the same instant crushed the hall into ruins. He fell in terror, and thinking himself in the hour of death, committed his spirit to the will of Heaven, and his body to its grave among the fragments of the burning palace. All was over, and the last sound that he heard was the shriek of Aschmedai in torture.

When Benaiah opened his eyes again, he was astonished to find himself in the midst of the ocean in a large ship, and sailing from the port of Ophir to Sidon with gold and pearls for the palace of King Solomon. The Rabbi had never seen such an abundance of riches even in the chambers of Eliphaz. The ship was one heap of shining ore and precious jewels of all kinds, and the crew were in a state of perpetual joy. They were of all countries,—merchants, soldiers, and pilgrims mingled among the sailors, with many beautiful women for the palaces of the Assyrian king, who took off their veils as soon as they were out of sight of land, and all was singing, dancing, and drinking Tyrian wine; but on the third day a terrible tempest arose, and the ship was driven they knew not whither. The sea poured such mountains of water into the ship, that they all gave her up for lost, and the ship resounded with lamentations; but when they were driving on the rocks of Syria, and on the point of sinking, a little boat, made of the reeds common on the sea-coast, came riding on the waves, which, by reason of its lightness, could not sink it, and in it was a Cælo-Syrian, a man of gigantic size, who steered the boat straight forward to the ship. He sprang on board with surprising activity, and

offered to pilot the ship out of her danger on certain conditions. Going round the deck, he whispered to each of the crew some words, which were to be the price of their safety. Some started away from him, some drew their daggers and would have stabbed him, but he laughed at them all, and still went round the decks whispering. At every turn of this circuit some more listened to him, until at last the Rabbi was the only one to be spoken to; but now the ship was approaching manifestly to her destruction. She was already striking on the rocks, and the waves were towering round her like wild beasts ready to devour her and all on board. The Rabbi, who had never seen death so close at hand before, knelt down in great terror, and prepared himself to be swallowed up in the raging ocean. Just then the Cælo-Syrian came up and whispered to him these words.

"Do you wish to save your life?"

"Undoubtedly," said Benaiah, who was trembling from head to foot.

"Then," said the pilot, "trust to me, and promise that, when I land you and this ship's company safe on shore, you will join us in singing praises and lighting an altar to our great goddess Ashtaroth."

The Rabbi's soul sunk within him at the evil name. He tore his beard, and, full of righteous anger, flung the hairs at the idolator in token of scorn; but, at the same moment, the Cælo-Syrian cried out with a voice of thunder to the ship's company,—  
"Friends, here is the man accursed of Heaven; if he stays on board we must all sink; let us fling him into the sea."

On this they all ran together to throw the Rabbi into the waves. At that minute the Cælo-Syrian again ran up to Benaiah, and whispered in his ear,—  
"You will be at the bottom of the ocean in a moment; but I can still save you, if you will leave the God of the Hebrews, who has cast you into this tempest, and worship our great goddess Ashtaroth."

The Rabbi was in the hands of the crew, and hanging over the billows, as he heard the words; his heart for a moment failed him, and he thought that to make the promise was a much



easier thing than drown. But again, he thought of the great prophet who preached to the Ninevites, and his last words were a defiance to Ash-taroath. He was instantly plunged into the billows, and had the utmost difficulty in struggling for his life. His last look saw the ship turning back from the rocks, and sailing away in safety; but the ocean now sank into a calm, and a cloud rising shewed him the land, which he had thought but a cluster of rocks, lying before him, covered with flocks and herds. He swam to the shore, and, kneeling down, returned thanks for his deliverance. When he arose he found a chain clinging to his arm, and, on turning his head round, saw the dwarf at the end of it. Aschmedai had been delivered into his hand again, and the Rabbi now joyfully brought his prisoner to King Solomon, who commanded that he should produce the Schamir without delay. Aschmedai resisted for a while, and first said that he knew not where the Schamir was—then that he was in the Indian mountains—then that he was in the second region of the air—and, finally, that he was to be found only when the moon was in her first quarter, in a valley on the summit of the mountains of the equator. But the King again commanded him, on pain of being imprisoned under Mount Hebron for a thousand years, to produce it instantly. Upon which, he, being much terrified, consented to bring the Schamir, of which no man can tell the nature even to this day; some thinking it an insect of marvellous qualities; some, a reptile whose touch is as cold as ice, yet inflames all that it touches, like fire; others, that it is the inner part of the diamond, the essence of light; others, that it is the congealed dew that drops from the constellation Orion.

To bring this legend to a close—after a long conference, in which Aschmedai exhibited all his subtlety, but was continually baffled by the wisdom of the great King, at length this marvellous Schamir was produced. It makes a great figure in the Rabbinical records.

“Ten things,” says one of their books,\* “were created in the dusk of the evening of the first Sabbath! and among them, the mouth of the earth which swallowed up Korah and his company, the mouth of Balaam’s ass, the rainbow, the manna, and the Schamir.”

With this singular instrument the Israelitish monarch accomplished his first object completely; for, at the touch of the living talisman, the huge stones quarried or divided themselves so accurately, that the point was gained without delay, and the materials of the Temple were put in order for building. But then a new difficulty arose, which would have been insurmountable to human powers, or to all but the powers of this great Sovereign of magic. The stones were still so vast, that no human strength could raise them; and so numerous, that, if it could, no human skill could put them in their right places. Another book explains the expedient by which this formidable obstacle was overcome.†

“King Solomon, on whom be peace, reigned over the higher and the lower powers. Devils, spirits, and night-spirits, were under his government. For, in his time, the moon was complete. Virtue had the upper hand of vice. The spirits brought the large stones for the building.”

But when Solomon had begun to sin, the moon suddenly fell off in her dimensions. The volume tells us that—

“She began to be cut asunder. And Solomon did evil in the sight of heaven, and the spirits withdrew themselves from his command, and refused to serve him any longer; and they thenceforth became his terror.”

There are few things which can give a stronger idea of the extravagances into which men fall when they once abandon the standard of truth, than the strange mixture of contumely and respect exhibited in all the Rabbinical legends of Solomon. Having, like ourselves, the highest authority for looking upon him as perhaps the most extraordi-

\* Emek Hammelek.

† Pirke Avoth.

nary man that ever lived,—a combination of the most exalted mental powers, and the most magnificent and sacred prosperity; they yet perpetually involve him in adventures worthy only of the hero of a fairy tale. Aschmedai is still his rival, his subject, his instrument, or his adversary.

"The King," say the Rabbins, "one day called up Aschmedai, and thus demanded of him—'It is written, "He hath the strength of an unicorn;" in what is the strength of the evil spirits more excellent than that of man?' Aschmedai answered—'Take your chain off my neck, and give me your ring on my hand, and I shall shew you.'"

The King, desirous to see the power of his slave, gave him both; and he was soon satisfied with the phenomenon; for Aschmedai the dwarf suddenly towered before his eyes into gigantic dimensions; his arms were of the size of one of the cedars of Lebanon, his eyes were as the blaze of a forest on fire, his hairs were as the forked lightnings, and his suddenly expanded pinions at once swept the ground and clouded the stars. In the grasp of this giant of giants what was mortal man, even Solomon, but as the dew on the grass, or the sand flung from the hoof of the camel? But Aschmedai gave him no time to ponder on his imprudence; but, snatching him up by the middle, instantly projected him to a measureless height in the air. In his flight he had opportunities of increasing his knowledge which would have been worth all his hazard, but for the extreme haste of his career, which unluckily precluded him from seeing more than the mountains of the moon, and the rims of a few of the planets, against which he was fortunate in not being dashed to pieces.

At length his hasty progress terminated, and he alighted on the earth once more. But he alighted in a strange land. All was new round him: country, people, and language. He found here a "lesson of" involuntary wisdom in the discovery, that if a king with a sceptre was much more than a man, a king without a sceptre might be much less. It was in vain that he attempted to give his new friends an idea of his

rank, of the glory of his kingdom, and of his cargoes of pearls, apes, and peacocks. The people laughed at him, and it was evident by their gestures, that they took him for either an impostor or a lunatic. The great King was now still more feelingly learning the nature of human kind, for he was perishing for a morsel of bread. In his travel towards home, for he was now in the farthest East, and the evening sun always pointed him towards Jerusalem, he saw the cheerful life of the peasants, and wished that a spade had been put into his hands instead of a sceptre. Aschmedai had projected him some thousand miles. At length he reached his own holy city. But there he heard of a change which startled him still more. All was feasting and dancing, and he had not gone half-a-dozen steps when he met a procession, with an image of the abomination of the Sidonians in their midst. Struck with horror at this wickedness, he attempted to rush in among them, and break their idol. But he was beaten to the ground, and when he rose again, the procession were gone, but he heard their hymns and dances. He rushed after them to remonstrate with the idolaters, and declare himself their King. They listened with astonishment and laughter, and finally told him that there was a good King Solomon on the throne already, who had commanded that they should worship whatever they pleased, and who himself was at that moment holding a grand sacrifice to Baalpeor. On this, Solomon in grief and indignation ran through the streets, to drive the usurper from his throne, and destroy the temple and image. But when he came within sight of the Temple of Baal, what was his wonder to see his own complete resemblance on the steps of the altar, offering incense! He looked again—it was Aschmedai, who, having got possession of his ring, had taken his likeness upon him, put himself in his place, and beguiled all Israel to sin. Thus it was that the name of Solomon was stained; thus it was that the son of David was said to have forsaken the religion of his fathers. It was the Spirit of Evil in his place. Solomon, as he was rushing forward with a loud cry to smite the deceiver, was seized by the



guards, and would have been torn into a thousand fragments, but for the rumour that he was an Indian madman, a character much respected in all the countries of the East. He was then cast forth from the Temple, and long wandered through the streets in want of food. Still he continued boldly to cry, "I, Solomon the beggar, was once Solomon the King," and thus he continued exclaiming for years. At length the Sanhedrim commanded that he should be brought before them. But he only cried the same thing. Then they consulted what was to be done. For among many opinions, some of them said, "A fool changes his tale ten times from sunrise to sunset, whereas this beggar is always constant in his tale."

After a year of deliberation, they ordered that Solomon should be again brought before them, when he merely said, "Ask the Queens." The council now deliberated for twelve months more, and still they were at a loss to interpret the meaning of the words. All the Rabbins wrote down their opinions in all the cities of the priests, and the multitude of books was so great that the hall of the Sanhedrim could not contain them. At length a man, named Medrach, a porter at the gate, tired of carrying the books of the Rabbins away, exclaimed in his weariness, "Why will they not do as the beggar bids them, and ask the Queens which is the true King?" Upon this the whole Sanhedrim were confounded, and, taking the advice of Medrach, they sent to demand of the Queens which was Solomon. The Queens answered in a mysterious speech, which might have given another year's deliberation, "Ask the King's slippers." But they were now tired of looking into mysteries, and they commanded the King's chamberlain to produce the slippers. They were of a very singular fashion, and clearly not made for the feet of a man, but the hoofs of a brute animal. On this they counselled the Queens to examine whether he wore any thing on his finger, and if he did, to send it to them, when they first found him asleep. The Queens accordingly found on his finger a small ring with a beryl, an emerald, and a ruby stone set round a diamond, and

the whole engraven with mysterious letters.

The whole Sanhedrim were now thrown into new perplexity, for not one of them could read the letters. At length the King missed the ring, and becoming furious at its loss, commanded that the Sanhedrim should be put to death, unless they discovered where it was hid before sunset. In their perplexity they sent for the beggar again who had so long cried that he was Solomon, and put the ring into his hand. There was not a moment to be lost, for it was now sunset, and the King with his guards was already at the door, swearing in the name of Baalpeor, that before the last ray went down, he would cut off the heads of all the Elders of Israel. The gates of the council were burst open, but at that moment the beggar read the letters on the ring. It was the word of power, the *Schemhamphorash*. At the hearing of the word the usurper gave a shriek that sounded over all Jerusalem, and fell on the ground; his garments became cloudy wings, and his sword and armour flashes of fire, which continued to whirl and blaze round him, while he tossed and rolled like a man thrown into a furnace. The whole Sanhedrim now prostrated themselves before the true Solomon, and the song of peace was heard through all the halls of the council. At last the Demon rose, and crying out that he was miserable, spread his cloudy wings, and still with the fire clinging round him like bands and rings of serpents biting and stinging his flesh, Aschmedai burst up through the roof, and rushed away into his kingdom of the air.

In those romances there is the foundation of many an Arab Tale. They have all the wildness, abruptness, and high-coloured images of the Thousand and One Nights, but mingled with more trivialities. They are, however, highly curious, if they can be conceived to embody those strange traditions which seem to have made up a large portion of the ancient Asiatic memorials, but which have long since passed away. In this point of view, the Rabbins have been the preservers of a portion of the history of the human mind, that portion which lies between original revelation and authentic narrative,

the mystic period, the dark age of Orientalism—but, dark as it was, an age which may have been as essential to the vigour of the human understanding in the subsequent periods, as sleep is to the frame, or winter to the future redundancy of the soil.

The fable of the Loves of the Angels, that ancient perversion of the passage of Genesis which describes the apostacy of the sons of Seth, and their intercourse with the rejected family of Cain, forms a considerable share of the Rabbinical narratives. But their love of variety is not satisfied with one instance of this offence, nor one class of its perpetrators. The giant Og is one of the offspring of the angelic intercourse; but the criminal is not the good angel, but the bad. We are thus told that Og was born before the Deluge, the son of the evil angel Schampiel, and that his mother was no less a personage than the wife of the Patriarch Shem himself. Sichon, the brother giant, King of the Ammonites, was said to be born in the Ark.

The Giant Og is a prodigious favourite with the Rabbins, and figures alternately as the Hercules and the Orion of the Talmud. In the *Jalkut Schimoni*, Moses is represented as having told the Angel of Death, that "he had been engaged in a war against Sichon and Og, two heroes of the Heathens, who were of so vast a stature, that they could not be drowned in the Deluge, its waters reaching no higher than their ankles." Of Sichon, it is told, as an evidence of the singular triumph of Israel, "that he was harder than a wall, and taller than any tower; and that no creature born of earth could withstand his strength." But his chief power was connected with the protection of the Prince of Demons. The first act of successful warfare was therefore to chain up the Demon Prince, and then Israel was let loose upon him, and triumphed accordingly, to the infinite discomfiture of the Ammonites. But the Rabbins sometimes grow sceptical as to the height of Og above the Deluge, and attempt to provide for him in a more comfortable mode than by thus wading or swimming for his life. The *Sevachim* declares that Og, after a

bold attempt to check the descent of the waters of the coming Deluge, by putting his hand against the windows of the firmament, and his foot against the fountains of the great deep—an attempt which was suddenly frustrated by making the waters boiling-hot, until the giant was scalded to the bone, and obliged to give way—he mounted upon the Ark, and thus rode out the storm. He must, however, have been an inconvenient passenger if he retained his appetite, for the Treatise of the *Sopherim* states, as his bill of fare every day, 1000 oxen, and 1000 head of game; and for his drink 1000 measures of wine.

But the giant perishes at last, before the victorious progress of the Tribes. The *Berachoth* declares, that the brother of Sichon, knowing the inevitable mischief which must occur to his territories from suffering the approach of these sacred invaders, determined to meet them in time; and having ascertained that their camp was three miles in extent, he tore up from the ground a sheet of rock of the same size, and, lifting it on his head, went forth to overwhelm the Israelites. But on his way, this rock proved his own destruction, for some insects were miraculously set to work upon the stone, which bored through it, until the rock fell upon his shoulders, nearly strangling him. While he was in this dilemma, it is obvious that he must have been powerless, a circumstance of which the Israelite leader instantly took advantage, though it must be allowed that his weapons and his activity were equally surprising. We read that he took an axe ten ells long, and jumped ten ells high, he himself being no less than ten ells high; yet with all these natural and artificial endowments, he was unable to reach above the giant's ankle! There, however, he struck manfully, and lamed him for life, a preliminary to his final destruction. At this time Og was 900 years old.

The fall of Jerusalem in the siege by the Chaldeans was another time of the production of extraordinary characters. The *Jalkut Schimoni*, in describing the siege, says, "that it was protracted by the valour of a race of men of gallantry and activity, exceeding all that the world besides



had to shew." These heroes signalized themselves by perpetual combats with the besiegers; and of these the most memorable was Apica, the son of Gafieri. This warrior possessed such strength, that when the Chaldean engines threw stones of enormous bulk to shatter the walls, he, standing on the rampart, caught and returned them with his hands. At length the task was too easy, or the use of his hands was considered to do the enemy too much honour: he now caught the huge stones with his feet, and *kicked* them back on the Infidel. But the crimes of his people were full; and they were to be first deprived of their champion. But as man could not accomplish this, it was done by miracle. At the moment when this man of valour was stopping the rock with his feet, to recalcitrate it upon the enemy, a tempest burst from the heavens, and the whirlwind seized and flung him from the rampart, like a burning meteor, into the midst of the enemy's camp. There he died instantly, and there he lay, the wonder of the Infidel host, as he had been their terror. This, too, was the final blow of the city. In the same hour, Jerusalem was attacked by the whole force of the Chaldees, the gates were stormed, the Chaldee abominations were erected on Mount Sion, and Jerusalem was no more.

But in the midst of these romances, there are from time to time flashes of truth, touches of Oriental eloquence, breaking through the clouds of the bewildered imagination. The book *Berachoth* thus describes the last hours of the famous Rabbi Jochanan.

"When Jochanan lay upon his death-bed, all his disciples came to see him. As soon as he beheld them, he began to weep bitterly. His disciples looked upon the wise and the virtuous man with astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Light of Israel! Thou who art the true pillar! Thou who art the strong hammer, why dost thou weep?' But the Rabbi Jochanan made them this answer: 'Were I to be carried before a king, who is but flesh and blood, who to-day is here, and to-morrow in his grave; were he angry with me, still his anger is not an eternal anger; or if he should cause me to be put

in bonds, still his bonds would not endure for ever; or if he should put me to death, still that death would not endure for ever. Nay, perhaps I might pacify him by words, or prevail with him by money; and yet, if I were taken before this king, even then I should weep. But now am I to be carried before the King of all kings. When *he* kindleth his anger against me, his anger is eternal. When he bindeth me, his binding is eternal. When he slays me, I die for ever. Nor can I pacify *him* with words, nor prevail with him by money. Neither is this all. There are two roads for me; one leading to Paradise, and the other to Hell. I know not by which of these ways I shall be conveyed. Have I not cause therefore to weep?"

Milton's universal scholarship could not overlook the traditions of the Rabbins, and he seems to have borrowed a large number of his conceptions, in the *Paradise Lost*, from the multitude of fantasies which they raised on the history of our first parents. The treatise *Sohar* declares, that when Adam was made, "his body was formed of the dust of the ground on which the Temple was afterwards built. Then the gates of Paradise were opened to him; he was led through the seventy apartments of the holy palaces; he was also shewn the ten heavens, which are called the Nuptial, and which are reserved for the righteous. And the higher angels rejoiced before him. And when Adam had surveyed all these things, the souls which were prepared for his posterity were made to pass before him. But when David passed, Adam saw that he was without life; and he demanded what was the name of this lifeless form. On which he was told, that it was King David; and thereupon Adam gave out of his thousand years seventy to his descendant; and this accounts for the seventy years of the life of King David, and the loss of the seventy in the life of Adam."

The source of the Evil Spirit's hostility is declared to be envy of the distinctions conferred upon the ancestor of mankind. "For the marriage-feast of Adam and Eve the most exquisite dainties were provided, on tables of jewels, of which

each table, consisting of a single jewel, was a hundred ells long, and sixty wide. The preparations were all made by angels, some roasting the meats, and others cooking the wine. But in the midst of this high entertainment, Sammael (Satan), who was then roaming the world, looked in, and was struck with wrath, and stung with envy, at the sight. He determined to ruin them, and succeeded." We have in these fictions the original groundwork of Adam's vision of posterity, when his "eyes were purged with euphrasy and rue" by the angel, and the Miltonic source of Satan's indignation, when he utters the famous speech,—"O Hell, what do mine eyes behold!"

Sammael, too, undergoes the due punishment in various ways. The *Jalkut Rubeni* informs us, "that before man had sinned, Sammael was one of the Seraphim, and had six wings, which seem to have been lopped on his primary offence. His second offence, the seduction of Adam, was punished by exile, with all his host, from the celestial regions. On Adam, Eve, and Sammael, were pronounced nine curses, and a sentence of death. The feet of the serpent were cut off, and her additional penalty was, that once in every seven years she should be stript of her skin, and left naked and in agony."

The treatise *Avoth* supplies the motives of Sammael for the temptation. He had seen Eve, and was enamoured of a beauty that seemed angelic. He had seen Adam, and was furious at his new rank in existence; he therefore said to himself, "I shall murder Adam, and seize Eve, and make myself monarch of the earth. Serpent as I am, I shall walk with my body upright, and I shall eat of all the dainties of the world!" But his sentence met him on all points. It pronounced—"Thou hast said, I shall murder Adam, and take Eve for my wife; therefore I shall put enmity between thee and the woman. Thou hast said thou wilt be king over the whole earth; therefore thou shalt be cursed above all cattle. Thou hast said thou shalt walk with thy body erect; therefore upon thy body shalt thou creep. Thou hast said thou wilt eat of all the dainties of the world;

therefore dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life."

The Rabbins are peculiarly conversant in the arrangements of the angelic world. They have angels for every conceivable purpose and every conceivable diversity. But the Israelite holds his supremacy there as every where else. The treatise *Tuphaarez* declares, there are two angels who preside over death, one is set over the dead who are without the land of promise, and his name is Sammael; the other has the care of the dead within the land of Israel, and his name is Gabriel. Each of them has a vast multitude of angels under his command, and these hosts are the angels of death. The two leading angels are yet only deputies of the great angel Metatron, to whom is made known, in the first instance, the individual appointed to death. Then Metatron commands his deputy Sammael to bring away the souls that are destined to be separated that day from the body, and which are outside the land of promise. And he orders Gabriel to bring away the souls that are to be taken out of the land of Israel. The deputies then deliver their orders, and for every spirit is dispatched a particular angel. There are even among these angels degrees of rank, and the rank of the messenger is carefully adjusted to that of the deceased. But these deputies of deputies have some reason to complain. "They are more short-lived than so many flies." When one of those angels has taken away the soul, and delivered it into the hands of his principal, he is extinguished, and perishes from the world. He being created but to bring a single soul!

Still the pride of the Jew is sustained. The *Bamidbar Rabba* reveals that, in the giving of the law in the wilderness, the angel of death was summoned to receive his commission. It was this, "The world is in thy power, except this people, whom I have chosen for myself." The Rabbins go even the length of giving the words which transpired on this occasion,—"The angel of death said, I am created for no use in this world."—"Yes," was the answer. "Authority is given to thee to root out the idolators, but over this people there is given to thee no power."



But though this point may be occasionally contested among the doctors, it is *ruled*, that no Israelite can be touched by the sword of the angel, while he continues to read the law. Thus, in the instance of the Rafchasha, the angel of death approached him as he sat reading in the school, but he saw that his lips were in perpetual motion, revolving the wisdom of the law. He then felt himself powerless. But the Rabbi was to die. The angel waved his wings, and sat upon a cedar beam that ran across the roof. After some delay, growing impatient, he struck the beam with his wing, and split it from end to end. The noise interrupted the pious reader. He looked up, and from that moment was in the angel's power. The law escaped his hand, his lip no longer revolved its words, and the sword of the angel fell upon him!

Yet the angel was not always so successful, and the dexterity with which one of the famous Rabbins outwitted him, forms a not unfrequent theme. It might make a curious Arab tale, or a capital chapter in the Koran. The Rabbi *Jehosha ben Levi* was a perfectly righteous man. But his time was come, and the angel of death went forth against him. But the command was given that he should do the bidding of the Rabbi in all things. The angel at length, spreading all his wings, rushed down to the earth, and found the Rabbi sitting studying the law in his oratory. He waited until the task was done, but even then he must wait for the commands of the man of holiness. "What willest thou?" said the Rabbi, when he raised his eyes, and saw the angel standing before him with his sword drawn. The angel answered, "The time is come, when thou must quit the world and the body."

"To quit the world I am ready," said Jehosha. "But I would quit it in the body. Why must I be condemned to part with a faithful friend, or with an obedient slave, or with a costly robe? and surely all these has the body been to me."

The angel told him that he was commanded to comply with all the requests of so virtuous a man.

"Well, then," said the Rabbi, "it is my request that I may stand at the

gate of Paradise, and see my place there before I die."

The angel spread his wings, and would have borne him instantly through the clouds. But the sword in his hand flamed like lightning, and the Rabbi was afraid that it would divide the body from the soul at the moment. He demanded, therefore, that the angel should give it into his hand, until he had reached Paradise. The angel now gave him the sword, and taking the Rabbi by the hair of the head, he spread his wings, and darted up into the clouds.

They shot along the skies with a rapidity that almost deprived Jehosha of his senses. He could only perceive that the earth was suddenly diminished to the size of the smallest spark of diamond, and that he was rushing among a countless multitude of mighty lights, that successively flashed in intolerable blaze upon his eyes, and then seemed to fade and perish away in distance immeasurable. Thus he swept on, until he lost all perception of space and time, and thought that he was thus to dart through the universe for ever. But a distant sight of splendour, brighter than that of the brightest star or sun aroused him; and, as he approached it, he saw walls and towers of beaten gold, and asked the angel whither he was bearing him? The answer was, "You now behold the glorious Paradise."

"But I see nothing yet," said the Rabbi, "but walls and towers of beaten gold, so bright that they almost blind me; and a gate of pearls, so large that every one of them would be a weight for a camel!"

The angel spread his wings, and they flew a thousand leagues nearer.

"I now see," said the Rabbi, "the gate; it is all of precious stones, each large enough to build a city. But their light is so strong, that I cannot look within. All is like the flame of a furnace, with smoke of silver rising constantly."

The angel flew a thousand leagues more, and laid down the Rabbi at the gate. He stood lost in wonder at its size and beauty; it was a thousand leagues broad, and ten thousand high. The panels were all of adamant, covered over with histories of the tribes of Israel, and all the nails were crysolite and topaz, that

flamed with a lustre like that of the rising sun.

"What seest thou now, Jehosha ben Levi, most favoured of men?" said the angel.

"Nothing!" said the Rabbi, "for I have lost my sight. What but the eagle can gaze upon the sun! What but the eyes of the Spirit can gaze upon the gates of Paradise!"

"Then die," said the angel, "and behold your place of glory."

But the Rabbi was the wisest of the sons of men, and he only grasped the sword the faster. "I shall not die," said he, "until I have looked within the gates of the place where my father Abraham, to whom be peace, rests in his glory."

"Then thou shalt be satisfied," said the angel; and throwing his arm round him, lifted him from the ground, and springing up ten thousand leagues, placed him on one of the towers; then anointing his eyes, again asked him what he beheld.

"I behold all things that are rich, mighty, and infinite," said the Rabbi. "I behold mountains of diamonds, covered with emerald forests as wide as ten worlds. I behold streams of crystals, as large as oceans, and palaces that shine like the moon and stars, and are large enough each to hold the twelve tribes of Israel. And among them I behold giants tall as cedars, and strong as camels, but of exceeding beauty, some winged like the angels of Heaven, some crowned and bearing sceptres, some leading processions of thousands and tens of thousands to the temples, and some flying to the upper regions of the heavens like flames, and some floating with their wings like purple clouds."

"And now thou art ready to die?" said the angel.

"Not yet," said the Rabbi, "until I know the name of this old man, who rideth in a chariot of fire."

"That is Enoch," said the angel. "He was a king, righteous, and beloved of Heaven; he declared its wrath against the evil doers; and would have been destroyed by them, but he was borne up in their sight to Paradise."

"And who," said the Rabbi, "is he who now cometh with a golden staff in his hand?"

"That man is Eliezer, Abraham's

steward," said the angel. "He was the descendent of Ham, the son of Noah. When he heard of the evil deed of his forefathers, he left his land, and came into the service of your father Abraham, and was accounted righteous; and he hath therefore entered alive into Paradise."

"And who is this woman, exceeding fair, and with a countenance of glad tidings?" asked the Rabbi.

"That woman," said the angel, "is Serach, the daughter of Assher, who, when Jacob, on whom be blessing for ever, was in affliction for Joseph, left her father's house, and ran and brought him the glad tidings, 'thy son Joseph liveth. And Jacob rose from the ground, and fasted no more, and put on his robe of rejoicing, and ate and made merry; for, said he, my son Joseph liveth, and is not dead; and thou, Serach, the daughter of Assher, because thy mouth hath declared unto me the tidings of life, thou shalt never taste of death;' therefore she has entered alive into Paradise."

"And who," asked the Rabbi, "is the dark woman, dark, but of surprising beauty, who cometh with a crown upon her head, and in robes of royal crimson?"

"She," replied the angel, "is the daughter of a man of evil, but saved for her mercy. She is Bitja, the daughter of Pharaoh, who saved your father Moses from the waters, and bred him up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and would have made him a prince even as her own son. And she is here, lest it should be said, Behold what great things the Egyptian woman hath done for the leader of Israel, and what is her recompense? She, therefore, hath entered alive into Paradise."

"And who is this strong man," asked the Rabbi, "who lifteth in the one hand a beam of cedar, and in the other a beam of gold; and who wear-eth a robe glittering with precious jewels, and a diadem upon his forehead?"

"That king," said the angel, "is King Hiram of Tyre, who wrought the wood and the stone, and the gold and the precious stone for the Temple; and when Solomon, on whom be glory, would pay him the cost thereof, he would not, but refused, say-



ing, 'Suffer me also to make an offering;' and therefore Solomon prayed for him, and he hath entered alive into Paradise."

"And who," asked the Rabbi, "is the Ethiopian, with a chain of gold round his neck, and fetters of gold round his hands, that ever and anon prostrateth himself before the altar?"

"Thou seest Ebedmelech the Moor," answered the angel, "who, when the prophet Jeremiah was in affliction, and his bed was in the dust of the dungeon, and his soul was ready to faint, came and brought him forth, and put his own robe on him, and fed and comforted him."

"And now, I ask but one question more," said the Rabbi; "yea, tell me, I pray thee, who are all those in bright garments, who are spread over the valley with harps in their hands?"

"These," answered the angel, "are the whole generation of Jonadab, the son of Rahab, who, with his whole generation, would drink no wine, though tempted to it day by day by the Prince of the Air. 'For,' said they, 'it is our father's command that we shall drink no wine, and keep no vineyards, and dwell in tents, and how shall we break our father's command?' therefore have they all entered alive into Paradise." And now the angel cried out aloud, and his voice was like a thousand thunders in the ear of the Rabbi, as he said, "Jehosha ben Levi, the time is come that thou must die."

"One question more," cried out the Rabbi. "What is this that I see slowly rising beyond the golden mountains? It is neither man, nor woman, nor angel, nor spirit; but its body is like a mighty hill, and its head is glittering like an army with banners. Its wings are like the clouds of battle, and its tail is like the sparkling of a myriad of spears; and now it riseth like the sun in his strength, and its train spreadeth out like the moon in her glory; and its forehead is crowned with a crown of burning stars."

"Thou seest," said the angel, "the most wonderful of all the wonders created. That mighty bird is the Phoenix, the only one that hath been suffered to retain its first glory. When the tempter prevailed in the garden of Eden, and man fell, all

other animals fell with him; for he was stronger and wiser than they, and how could they stand? All ate of the fruit of the evil tree but this one. But when the fruit was offered to the Phoenix, it refused and said, 'What sufficeth it to me if others have eaten? Let them eat—and die. I will keep the command.' Then came forth the decree that the Phoenix alone should keep its first glory, and enter alive into Paradise."

In these wild narratives, which are not without a portion of beauty, and which are but of the order of fancy, subsequently modified by the Indian into so many fearful, and by the Greek into so many graceful fictions, we find the origin of a multitude of Asiatic traditions. But they seem to be pre-eminently the parent traditions of the Koran. It is notorious that Mahomet was assisted in the composition of the Koran by a Jew, probably one of the Rabbins of the Dispersion, and that the whole mystery of the Moslem fictions is to be found in the rich storehouse of the Talmud. The ancient giants of the Moslem, the flying horses, transits through the regions of the stars made in a night or an hour, the descriptions of the thousand heavens, and their singular and sensual enjoyments, all find their prototypes in the writings of the Rabbins. But we must return to our friend, the enquiring Rabbi, Jehosha ben Levi.

When he had exhausted all his questions, the angel again demanded his submission to the common sentence. But if the Rabbi had been reluctant before, his discovery of so many who had escaped the penalty made him resolute in his refusal. The angel now indignantly sprung from the ground, and would have grasped him on his elevated station; but at the moment when he thrust forth his hand for the seizure, the Rabbi jumped down into paradise, leaving in the angel's hand nothing but the skirt of his robe. The angel, not accustomed to be thus thwarted, would have rushed after him, and dragged him back to undergo his sentence. But the Rabbi suddenly displayed his sword, and swore by the head of his father Abraham, that where he was, there he would remain. Without the sword,

which he had so rashly put into the hands of a mortal, the angel could do nothing. In short, he felt himself completely outwitted by the Rabbi, and in this dilemma had no other resource than to take the opinion of his superior, Gabriel. Here he was still doomed to failure. The case was new to Gabriel, and it at last turned upon the question, whether the Rabbi had positively sworn that nothing should make him return from Paradise? The angel allowed that the oath was as positive as the Rabbi could make it.

"Is he in the habit of breaking his oaths?" asked Gabriel.

"By no means," was the reply; "on the contrary, he is celebrated for keeping them."

"Then," said Gabriel, "we must not make him begin by breaking them in Paradise. Let him stay where he is."

On the angel's returning *re infecta*, he admitted that the Rabbi had made good his object; and now only asked to have his sword returned to him. But this the Rabbi, still suspicious of its probable use, refused, until a decree of Gabriel was brought to him, sanctioning its return. Even then the Rabbi's philanthropy made a stipulation for the benefit of the general human race. It had been the custom of the angel to deal the final blow palpably with his weapon, which naturally produced great terror, and disturbed the common peace of mankind. Before the returning of the sword, the Rabbi demanded, as an essential condition, that this ostentatious and startling mode of concluding the human career should be no longer persevered in; and the angel was compelled to pledge himself, that

hereafter the sword should be used *invisibly and silently*. Upon this the sword was given back; and the Rabbi's wisdom, vigour, and philanthropy, were highly extolled by all ranks in Paradise. Immediately on the conclusion of this knotty arrangement, he was led forward by several of the most memorable of his fellow saints, and introduced to the whole bright multitude, all crying out, "Make room for the son of Levi—make room for the mighty, the wise, the illustrious Jehosha ben Levi."

In one point of view, the study of the Talmud is of service to the Biblical scholar, as shewing the features of the Jewish belief in the time of the Apostles, and thus far illustrating the frequent allusions made to them in the Apostolic writings. But to the Christian they also offer perhaps the still more important illustration of the infinite weaknesses into which the human mind may fall, when it once wilfully deserts the truth. The greater part of those fictions were the work of the age in which St Paul and St Peter were preaching and transmitting to us their high records of the Christian doctrine. Yet what contrast can be deeper than between even the common sense of the Christian and the ramblings of the Jewish teachers; between the lofty, clear, and generous wisdom of the fishermen of Galilee, and the frivolities of the learned, proud, and honoured Scribes and Pharisees of Jerusalem! And yet these absurdities actually make a large portion of the study of the Jew at this moment, in the midst of European knowledge, and still more in the midst of the universal diffusion of the Bible.



## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CRUISE OF THE FIREBRAND.

*Shewing, amongst other pleasant matters, well worthy of being recorded, how Thomas communed with his two Consciences.*

————— "For I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

*Third Canto of Childe Harold.*

WE had to beat up for three days before we could weather the east end of Jamaica, and tearing work we had of it. I had seen bad weather and heavy seas in several quarters of the globe—I had tumbled about under a close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail, on the long seas in the Bay of Biscay—I had been kicked about in a seventy-four, off the Cape of Good Hope, as if she had been a cork—I had been hove hither and thither, by the short jumble of the North Sea, about Heligoland, and the shoals lying off the mouth of the Elbe, when every thing over head was black as thunder, and all beneath as white as snow—I had enjoyed the luxury of being torn in pieces by a north-wester, which compelled us to lie-to for ten days at a stretch, under storm stay-sails, off the coast of Yankee-land, with a clear, deep, cold, blue sky above us, without a cloud, where the sun shone brightly the whole time by day, and a glorious harvest moon by night, as if they were smiling in derision upon our riven and strained ship, as she reeled to and fro like a wounded Titan; at one time buried in the black trough of the sea, at another cast upwards towards the heavens by the throes of the tormented waters, from the troubled bosom of the bounding and roaring ocean, amidst hundreds of miniature rainbows, (ay, rainbows by night as well as by day,) in a hissing storm of white, foaming, seething spray, torn from the curling and rolling bright green crests of the mountainous billows. And I have had more than one narrow squeak for it in the neighbourhood of the "still vexed Bermoothes," besides various other small affairs, written in this *Boke*; but the devil such another tumblifi-

cation had I ever experienced, not as to danger, for there was none except to our spars and rigging, but as to discomfort, as I did in that short cross, splashing, and boiling sea, off Morant Point. By noon, however, on the second day, having had a slant from the land-wind in the night previous, we got well to windward of the long sandy spit that forms the east end of the island, and were in the act of getting a small pull of the weather braces, before edging away for St Jago, when the wind fell suddenly, and in half an hour it was stark calm—"una furiosa calma," as the Spanish sailors quaintly enough call it.

We got rolling tackles up, and the topgallant masts down, and studding sails out of the tops, and lessened the lumber and weight aloft in every way we could think of, but, nevertheless, we continued to roll gunwale under, dipping the main-yard-arm into the water, every now and then, and setting every thing adrift, below and on deck, that was not bolted down, or otherwise well secured.

When I went down to dinner, the scene was extremely good. Old Yerk, the first lieutenant, was in the chair—one of the boys was jammed at his side, with his claws fastened round the foot of the table, holding a tureen of boiling pease-soup, with lumps of pork swimming in it, which the aforesaid Yerk was baling forth with great assiduity to his messmates. Hydrostatics were much in vogue—the tendency of fluids to regain their equilibrium (confound them, they have often in the shape of claret destroyed mine) was beautifully illustrated, as the contents of each carefully balanced soup-plate kept swaying about on the principle of

the spirit level. The Doctor was croupier, and as it was a return dinner to the captain, all hands were regularly figged out, the lieutenants, with their epaulets and best coats, and the master, purser, and doctor, all fittingly attired. When I first entered, as I made my obeisance to the captain, I thought I saw an empty seat next him, but the matter of the soup was rather an engrossing concern, and took up my attention, so that I paid no particular regard to the circumstance; however, when we had all discussed the same, and were drinking our first glass of Tene-riffe, I raised my eyes to hob and nob with the master, when—ye gods and little fishes—who should they light on, but the merry phiz—merry, alas! no more—of Aaron Bang, Esquire, who, during the soup interlude had slid into the vacant chair unperceived by me.

"Why, Mr Bang, where, in the name of all that is comical—*where have you dropped from?*" Alas! poor Aaron—Aaron, in a rolling sea, was of no kindred to Aaron ashore. His rosy gills were no longer rosy—his round plump face seemed to be covered with parchment from an old bass-drum, cut out from the centre where most bronzed by the drumstick—there was no speculation in his eyes that he did glare withal—and his lips, which were usually firm and open, disclosing his nice teeth in frequent grin, were held together, as if he had been in grievous pain. At length he did venture to open them—and, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "it lifted up its head and did address itself to motion, as it would speak." But they began to quiver, and he once more screwed them together, as if he feared the very exertion of *uttering* a word or two might unsettle his moniplies.

The master was an odd garrulous small man, who had a certain number of stated jokes, which, so long as they were endured, he unmercifully inflicted on his messmates. I had come in for my share, as a new comer, as well as the rest; but even with me, although I had been but recently appointed, they had already begun to pall, and wax wearisome; and blind as the beetle of a body was, he could not help seeing this. So poor Bang, unable to return a shot,

sea-sick and crestfallen, offered a target that he could not resist taking aim at. Dinner was half over, and Bang had not eaten any thing, when, unseasonable as the hour was, the little pot-valiant master, primed with two tumblers of grog, in defiance of the captain's presence, fairly fastened on him, like a remora, and pinned him down with one of his long-winded stories, about Captain David Jones, in the *Phantome*, during a cruise off Cape Flyaway, having run foul of a whale, and thereby nearly foundered; and that at length having got the monster harpooned and speared, and the devil knows what,—but it ended in getting her alongside, when they scuttled the leviathan, and then, wonderful to relate, found a Greenlandman with royal yards crossed in her maw, *and the captain and mate in the cabin quarrelling about the reckoning.*

"What do you think of that, Mr Bang—as well they might, Mr Bang—as well they might?" Bang said nothing, but at the moment—whether the said Aaron lent wings to the bird or no, I cannot tell—a goose swimming in apple sauce, which he was, with a most stern countenance, endeavouring to carve, fetched way right over the gunwale of the dish; and taking a whole boat of melted butter with it, splashed across the table during a tremendous roll, that made every thing creak and groan again, right into the small master's lap who was his *vis-a-vis*. I could hear Aaron grumble out something about—"Strange affinity—birds of a feather." But his time was up, his minutes were numbered, and like a shot he bolted from the table, sculling or rather clawing away towards the door, by the backs of the chairs, like a green parrot, until he reached the marine at the bottom of the ladder, at the door of the captain's cabin, round whose neck he immediately fetterlocked his fins.

He had only time to exclaim to his new ally, "My dear fellow, get me some brandy and water, for the love of mercy"—when he blew up, with an explosion like the bursting of a steam-boiler—"Oh dear, oh dear," we could hear him murmuring in the lulls of his agony—then another loud report—"there goes my yesterday's supper—hot grog and toasted-



cheese"—another roar, as if the spirit was leaving its earthly tabernacle—"Dinner—claret—madeira—" all cruel bad in a second edition—"Cheese, teal, and ringtail pigeon—black crabs—calapi and turtle-soup"—as his fleshly indulgences of the previous day rose up in judgment against him, like a man's evil deeds on his death-bed. At length the various *strata* of his interior were entirely excavated—"Ah!—I have got to my breakfast—to the simple tea and toast at last."—"Brandy and water, my dear N——, brandy and water, my darling, hot, without sugar"—and "Brandy and water" died in echoes in the distance as he was stowed away into his cot in the captain's cabin. It seems that it had been all arranged between him and N——, that he was to set off for St Thomas in the East, the morning on which we sailed, and to get a shove out in the pilot-boat schooner, from Morant Bay, to join us for the cruise; and accordingly he had come on board the night previous when I was below, and being somewhat qualmish he had wisely kept his cot; the fun of the thing depending, as it seemed, on all hands carefully keeping it from me that he was on board.

I apprehend most people indulge in the fancy that they have *Consciences*—such as they are. I myself now—even I, Thomas Cringle, Esquire, amongst sundry vain imaginings, conceive that I have a *Conscience*—something of the Caoutchouc order I will confess—stretching a little upon occasion, when the gale of my passions blows high—nevertheless a highly-respectable *Conscience*, as things go—a stalwart unchancy customer, who will not be gainsaid or contradicted; but he may be disobeyed, although never with impunity. It is all true that a young, well-fledged gentlewoman, for she is furnished with a most swift pair of wings, called *Prosperity*, sometimes gets the better of *Master Conscience*, and smothers the *Grim Feature* for a time, under the bed of eider down, whereon you and her ladyship are reposing. But she is a sad jilt in many instances, this same *Prosperity*; for some fine morning, with the sun glancing in through the crevices of the window-shutters, just at the nick when, after turning yourself, and rubbing your eyes, you

courageously thrust forth one leg, with a determination to don your gramashes without more delay—"Tom," says she, "Tom Cringle, I have got tired of you, Thomas; besides, I hear my next door neighbour, Madame Adversity, tirling at the door pin; so give me my down bed, Tom, and I'm off." With that she bangs open the window, and before I recover from my surprise, launches forth, with a loud *whir*, mattress and all, leaving me Pilgralic lying on the paillasse. Well, her nest is scarcely cold, and the mark of her hurdies as yet unobliterated on the substratum of straw, when in comes me Mistress *Adversity*, a wee outspoken—sour—crabbit—gaizened anatomy of an old woman—"You ne'er doweel, Tam," quoth she, "is it no enough that you consort with that scarlet limmer, who has just yescaped thorough the winday, but ye maun smoor my first-born, puir *Conscience*, atween ye? Whare hae ye stowed him, man—tell me that?" And the ancient damosel gives me a shrewd clip on the skull with the poker. "That's right, mother," quoth *Conscience*, from beneath the straw mattress—"Give it to him—he'll no hear me—another *devel*, mother." And I found that my own weight, deserted as I was by that—ahem—*Prosperity*, was no longer sufficient to keep him down. So up he rose, with a loud *pech*; and while the old woman keelhaled me with the poker on one side, he yerked at me on the other, until at length he gave me a regular crossbuttock, and they then between them regularly diddled me outright. When I was fairly floored, "Now, my man," said *Adversity*, "I bear no spite; if you will but listen to my boy there, we shall be good friends still. He is never unreasonable. He has no objections to your consorting even with Madame *Prosperity*, in a *decent* way; but he will not consent to your letting her get the better of you, nor to your doting on her, even to the giving her a share of your bed, when she should never be allowed to get farther than the servants' hall, for she should be kept in subjection, or she'll ruin you for ever, Thomas.—*Conscience* is a rough lad I grant you, and I am keen and snell also; but never mind, take his advice, and you'll be some credit to your freens

yet, ye scoonrel." I did so, and the old lady's visits became shorter and shorter, and more and more distant, until at length they ceased altogether; and once more *Prosperity*, like a dove, with its heaven-borrowed hues all glowing in the morning sun, pitched one morning on my window-sill. It was in June. "Tom, I am come back again." I glowered at her with all my bir—"Aiblins ye're a ——" I could not finish the sentence for the soul of me, for the smiling seraph—she was in her sark—had first pushed one naked leg down to the floor, and then another, and—oh my wig—"but we sha'n't have the down bed this time, nor shall we ever, ever any more try to smother honest, honest Conscience." She made a step or two towards me, and the lesson of Adversity was fast evaporating into thin air, when, lo! the sleeping *lion himself* awoke. "Thomas," said Conscience, in a voice that made my flesh creep, "not into your bed, neither into your bosom, Thomas. Be civil to the young woman, but remember what your best friend Adversity told you, and never let her be more than your handmaiden again; free to come, free to go, but never more to be your mistress." I screw myself about, and twist, and turn in great perplexity—"Hard enough all this, and I am half inclined to try to throttle Conscience outright—But a burnt child, my darling—So step into the breakfast-room, Miss Prosperity," and I opened the door, standing in my shirt all the while. She smiled, and made as if she thought I was joking, and first gave me a playful pinch, and then a poke under the small ribs, and looked towards the ——

But to make a long story short—I was resolute—"Step into the parlour, my dearest—I hope we shall never part any more; but you must not get the upper hand, you know. So step into the other room, and whenever I get my inexpressibles on, I will come to you there."

But this *Conscience*, about which I am now *havering*, seldom acts the monitor in this way, unless against respectable crimes, such as murder, debauching your friend's wife, or stealing. But the *chiel* I have to do with for the present, and who has led to this rigmarole, is a sort of *deputy Conscience*, a looker-out after

small affairs—peccadilloes. The *grewsome carle*, *Conscience Senior*, you can grapple with, for he only steps forth on great occasions, when he says sternly—and the mischief is, that what he says, we know to be true—says he, "Thomas Cringle"—he never calls me Tom, or Mister, or Lieutenant—"Thomas Cringle," says he, "if you do that thing, you shall be damned." "Lud-a-mercy," quoth I, Thomas, "I will perpend, Master Conscience"—and I set myself to eschew the evil deed, with all my might. But *Conscience the Younger*—who I will take leave to call by Quashie's appellative hereafter, *Conshy*—is a funny little fellow, and another guess sort of a chap altogether. An instance—"I say, Tom, my boy—Tom Cringle—why the *deuce* now"—he won't say "the Devil" for the world—"Why the *deuce*, Tom, don't you confine yourself to a pint of wine at dinner, eh?" quoth *Conshy*. "Why will you not give up your toddy after it? You are ruining your interior, Thomas, my fine fellow—the gout is on the look-out for you—your legs are spindling, and your paunch is increasing. Read Hamlet's speech to Polonius, Tom, and if you don't find all the marks of premature old age creeping on you, then am I, *Conshy*, a Dutchman, that's all." Now *Conshy* always lectures you in the watches of the night; I generally think his advice is good at breakfast-time, and during the forenoon—egad, I think it excellent and most reasonable, and I determine to stick by it—and if *Conshy* and I dine alone, I do adhere to his maxims most rigidly; but if any of my old allies should topple in to dinner, *Conshy*, who is a solitary mechanic, bolts instanter. Still I remember him for a time—we sit down—the dinner is good. "I say, Jack, a glass of wine—Peter, what shall we have?" and until the pint apiece is discussed, all is right between *Conshy* and I. But then comes some grouse. Hook, in his double-refined nonsense, palavers about the blasphemy of *white wine* after *brown game*—and he is not far wrong either; at least I never thought he was, *so long as my Hermitage lasted*; but at the time I speak of, it was still to the fore—so the moment the pint apiece was out, "Hold hard, Tom, now," cheeps little *Conshy*. "Why, only one glass of *Hermitage*, *Conshy*."



*Conshy* shakes his head. Cheese—after the manner of the ancients—Hook again—"Only one glass of port, *Conshy*." He shakes his head, and at length the cloth is drawn, and a confounded old steward of mine, who is now installed as butler, brings in the crystal decanters, sparkling to the wax-lights—poor as I am, I consider mutton-fats damnable—and every thing as it should be, down to a finger glass. "Now, Mary, where are the children?" I am resolute. "Jack, I can't drink—out of sorts, my boy—so mind yourself, you and Peter. —Now, *Conshy*," says I, "where are you now, my boy?" But just at this instant, Jack strikes out, with "Cringe, order me a tumbler—something hot—I don't care what it is."—"Ditto," quoth Peter; and down crumbles all my fine fabric of resolutions, only to be rebuilt to-morrow, before breakfast again, or at any odd moment, when one's flesh is somewhat fishified.—Another instance. "I say, Tom," says *Conshy*, "do give over looking at that smart girl tripping it along t'other side of the street."—"Presently, my dear little man," says I. "Tight little woman that, *Conshy*; handsome bows; good bearings forward; tumbles home sweetly about the waist, and tumbles out well above the hips; what a beautiful run! and spars clean and tight; back-stays well set up."—"Now, Tom, you vagabond, give over. Have you not a wife of your own?"—"To be sure I have, *Conshy*, my darling; but *toujours per*."—"Have done now; you are going too far," says *Conshy*.—"Oh, you be —."—"THOMAS," cries a still stern voice, from the very inmost recesses of my heart. Wee *Conshy* holds up his finger, and pricks his ear. "Do you hear him?" says he.—"I hear," says I, "*I hear and tremble*." Now, to apply. *Conshy* has been knudging me for this half hour, to hold my tongue regarding Aaron Bang's sea-sickness.—"It is absolutely indecent," quoth he.—"Can't help it, *Conshy*; no more than the extra tumbler; those who are delicate need not read it; those who are indelicate won't be the worse of it."

"But," persists *Conshy*—"I have other hairs in your neck, Master Tommy—you are growing a bit of a

buffoon on us, and sorry am I to say it, sometimes not altogether, as a man with a rank imagination may construe you, a very decent one. Now, my good boy, I would have you to remember that what you write is *condemned* in the pages of Old Christopher to an *amber immortalization*," (Ohon for the Provost!) "nay, don't perk and smile, I mean no compliment, for you are but the *straw* in the *amber*, Tom, and the only wonder is, *how* the deuce you got there."

"But, my dear *Conshy*——"

"Hold your tongue, Tom—let me say out my say, and finish my advice—and how will you answer to my father, in your old age, when youth, and health, and wealth, may have flown, if you find any thing in this your Log calculated to bring a blush on an innocent cheek, Tom, when the time shall have for ever passed away wherein you could have remedied the injury? For *Conscience* will speak to you then, not as I do now, in friendly confidence, and impelled by a sincere regard for you, you right-hearted, but thoughtless, slap-dash vagabond."

There must have been a great deal of absurd perplexity in my visage, as I sat receiving my rebuke, for I noticed *Conshy* smile, which gave me courage.

"I will reform, *Conshy*, and that immediately; but my *moral* is good, man."

"Well, well, Tom, I will take you at your word, so set about it, set about it."

"But, *Conshy*—a word in your starboard *lug*—why don't you go to the fountain-head—why don't you try your hand in a curtain lecture on old Kit North himself, the hoary sinner who seduced me?"

*Conshy* could no longer contain himself; the very idea of Old Kit having a *conscience* of any kind or description whatever, so tickled him, that he burst into a most uproarious fit of laughter, which I was in great hopes would have choked him, and thus made me well quit of him for ever. For some time I listened in great amazement, but there was something so infectious in his fun, that presently I began to laugh too, which only increased his cachinnation, so there were *Conshy* and I

roaring, and shouting, with the tears running down our cheeks.

"Kit listen to me!—Oh, Lord——"

"You are swearing, *Conshy*," said I, rubbing my hands at having caught him tripping.

"And enough to make a Quaker swear," quoth he, still laughing. "No, no, Kit never listens to me—why, he would never listen even to my father, until the gout and the Catholic Relief Bill, and last of all, the Reform Bill, broke him down, and softened his heart."

So there is an allegory for you, worthy of John Bunyan; and this is what I call metaphysics.

Next morning we got the breeze again, when we bore away for Santiago de Cuba, and arrived off the Moro Castle on the fifth evening at sunset, after leaving Port Royal harbour. The Spaniards, in their better days, were a kind of coral worms; wherever they planted their colonies, they immediately set to covering themselves in with stone and mortar; applying their own entire energies, and the whole strength of their Indian captives, first to the erection of a fort; their second object (postponed to the other only through absolute necessity) being then to build a temple to their God. Gradually vast fabrics appeared, where before there was nothing but one eternal forest, or a howling wilderness; and although it does come over one, when looking at the splendid moles, and firm built bastions, and stupendous churches of the New World—the latter surpassing, or at the least equalling in magnificence and grandeur those of Old Spain herself—that they are all cemented by the blood and sweat of millions of gentle Indians, of whose harmless existence, in many quarters, they remain the only monuments, still it is a melancholy reflection to look back and picture to one's self what Spain was, and to compare her, in her high and palmy state, with what she is now; with what she was, even when, as a young midshipman, I first visited her glorious transatlantic colonies.

Until the Peninsula was overrun by the French, Buenos Ayres, Lagayra, Porto Cavello, Maracaibo, Santa Martha, and that stronghold of the west, the key of the Isthmus of Darien, Cartagena de las Indias, with

Porto Bello, and Vera Cruz, on the Atlantic shores of South America, were all prosperous and happy—"Llenas de plata;" and on the western coast, Valparaiso, Lima, Panama, and San Blas, were thriving and increasing in population and wealth. England, through her colonies, was at that time driving a lucrative trade with all of them; but the demon of change was abroad, blown thither by the pestilent breath of European liberalism. What a vineyard for Abbé Sieyès to have laboured in! Every *Capitania* would have become a purchaser of one of his cut and dried constitutions. Indeed he could not have turned them out of hand fast enough. The enlightened *few*, in these countries, were as a drop in the bucket to the unenlightened *many*; and although no doubt there were numbers of the former who were well meaning men, yet they were one and all guilty of that prime political blunder, in common with our Whig friends at home, of expecting a set of semi-barbarians to see the beauty of, and to conform to their newfangled codes of free institutions, for which they were as ready as I am to die at this present moment. Bolivar, in his early fever of patriotism, made the same mistake, although his shrewd mind in his later career, saw that a despotism, *pure* or *impure*—I will not qualify it—was your only government for the *savages* he had at one time dignified with the name of fellow patriots. But he came to this wholesome conclusion too late; he tried back, it is true, but it would not do; the fiend had been unchained, and at length hunted him broken-hearted into his grave.

But the men of mind tell us, that those countries are now going through the *political fermentation*, which by and by will clear, when the sediment will be deposited, and the different ranks will each take their acknowledged and undisputed stations in society; and the United States are once and again quoted against we of the adverse faction, as if there was the most remote analogy between Their population, originally composed of all the *cleverest scoundrels* of Europe, and the barbarians of Spanish America, where a few master spirits, all old Spaniards, did indeed for a season stick fiery off from



the dark mass of savages amongst whom their lot was cast, like stars in a moonless night, but only to suffer a speedy eclipse from the clouds and storm which they themselves had set in motion. We shall see. The *scum* as yet is uppermost, and does not seem likely to *subside*, but it may *boil over*. In Cuba, however, all was at the time quiet, and still is, I believe, prosperous, and that too without having come through this said blessed political fermentation.

During the night we stood off and on under easy sail, and next morning, when the day broke, with a strong breeze and a fresh shower, we were about two miles off the Moro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago de Cuba.

I went aloft to look round me. The sea breeze blew strong, until it reached within half a mile of the shore, where it stopped short, shooting in cat's paws occasionally into the smooth belt of water beyond, where the long unbroken swell rolled like molten silver in the rising sun, without a ripple on its surface, until it dashed its gigantic undulations against the face of the precipitous cliffs on the shore, and flew up in smoke. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow, and looked from my perch like a zig-zag chasm in the rock, inlaid at the bottom with polished blue steel; so clear, and calm, and pellucid was the still water, wherein the frowning rocks, and magnificent trees on the banks, and the white Moro, rising with its grinning tiers of cannon, battery above battery, were reflected *veluti in speculum*, as if it had been in a mirror.

We had fired a gun, and the signal for a pilot was flying, when the Captain hailed me. "Does the sea-breeze blow into the harbour yet, Mr Cringle?"

"Not yet, sir; but it is creeping in fast."

"Very well. Let me know when we can run in. Mr Yerk, back the main-topsail, and heave the ship to."

Presently the pilot canoe, with the Spanish flag flying in the stern, came alongside; and the pilot, a tall brown man, a *Moreno*, as the Spaniards say, came on board. He wore a glazed cocked hat, which was rather an out of the way finish to his figure, which

was rigged in a simple Osnaburg shirt, and pair of trowsers. He came on the quarter-deck, and made his bow to the captain with all the ease in the world, wished him a good morning, and taking his place by the quartermaster at the cunn, he took charge of the ship. "Señor," quoth he to me, "is de harbour blow up yet? I mean, you see de *viento* walking into him. De Terral—dat is land-wind; has he cease?"

"No," I answered; "the belt of smooth water is growing narrower fast; but the sea breeze does not blow into the channel yet. Now it has reached the entrance."

"Ah, den make sail, Señor Captain; fill de main-topsail." We stood in, the scene becoming more and more magnificent as we approached the land.

The fresh green shores of this glorious island lay before us, fringed with white surf, as the everlasting ocean in its approach to it gradually changed its dark blue colour, as the water shoaled, into a bright joyous green under the blazing sun, as if in sympathy with the genius of the fair land, before it tumbled at his feet its gently swelling billows, in shaking thunders on the reefs and rocky face of the coast, against which they were driven up in clouds, the incense of their sacrifice. The undulating hills in the vicinity were all either cleared, and covered with the greenest verdure that imagination can picture, over which strayed large herds of cattle, or with forests of gigantic trees, from amongst which, every now and then, peeped out some palm-thatched mountain settlement, with its small thread of blue smoke floating up into the calm clear morning air, while the blue hills in the distance rose higher and higher, and more and more blue, and dreamy, and indistinct, until their rugged summits could not be distinguished from the clouds through the glimmering hot haze of the tropics.

"By the mark seven," sung out the leadsman in the starboard chains.—"Quarter less three," responded he in the larboard, showing that the inequalities of the surface at the bottom of the sea, even in the breadth of the ship, were at least as abrupt as those presented above water by the sides of the natural canal into

which we were now running. By this time, on our right hand, we were within pistol shot of the Moro, where the channel is not above fifty yards across; indeed there is a chain, made fast to a rock on the opposite side, that can be hove up by a capstan until it is level with the water, so as to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to force an entrance in time of war. As we stood in, the golden flag of Spain rose slowly on the staff at the Water Battery, and cast its large sleepy folds abroad in the breeze; but instead of floating over mail-clad men, or Spanish soldiers in warlike array, three poor devils of half naked mulattoes stuck their heads out of an embrasure under its shadow. "Señor Capitan," they shouted, "*una Botella de Roma, por el honor del pais.*" We were mighty close upon leaving the bones of the old ship here, by the by; for at the very instant of entering the harbour's mouth, the land-wind checked us off, and very nearly hove us broadside on upon the rocks below the castle, against which the swell was breaking in thunder.

"Let go the anchor," sung out the captain.

"All gone, sir," promptly responded the boatswain from the fore-castle. And as he spoke, we struck once, twice, and very heavily the third time. But the breeze coming in strong, we fetched way again; and as the cable was promptly cut, we got safely off. On weighing the anchor afterwards, we found the water had been so shoal under the bows, that the ship, when she stranded, had struck it, and broken the stock short off by the ring. The only laughable part of the story consisted in the old cook, an Irishman, with one leg, and half an eye, scrambling out of the galley nearly naked, in his trowsers, shirt, and greasy night-cap, and sprawling on all fours after two tubs-full of yams, which the third thump had capsized all over the deck. "Oh you scurvy looking tief," said he, eyeing the pilot; "if it was running us ashore you were set on, why the blazes couldn't ye wait until the yams were in the copper, bad luck to ye—and them all scraped too! I do believe, *if they even had been taties, it would have been all the same to you.*" We stood on, the channel narrowing still more

—the rocks rising to a height of at least five hundred feet from the water's edge, as sharply and precipitously, as if they had only yesterday been split asunder; the splintered projections and pinnacles on one side, having each their corresponding fissures and indentations on the other, as if the hand of a giant could have closed them together again.

Noble trees shot out in all directions wherever they could find a little earth, and a crevice to hold on by, almost meeting overhead in several places, and alive with all kinds of birds and beasts incidental to the climate; parrots of all sorts, great and small, *clomb*, and hung, and fluttered amongst the branches; and pigeons of numberless varieties; and the glancing woodpecker, with his small hammerlike *tap, tap, tap*; and the West India nightingale, and humming birds of all hues; while cranes, black, white, and grey, frightened from their fishing-stations, stalked, and peeped about, as awkwardly as a warrant-officer in his long-skirted coat on a Sunday; while whole flocks of ducks flew across the mast-heads and through the rigging; and the dragon-like guanans, and lizards of many kinds disported themselves amongst the branches, not lazily or loathsomely, as we, who have only seen a lizard in our cold climate, are apt to picture, but alert, and quick as lightning, their colours changing with the changing light, or the hues of the objects to which they clung, becoming literally in one respect portions of the landscape.

And then the dark, transparent crystal depth of the pure waters under foot, reflecting all nature so steadily and distinctly, that in the hollows, where the overhanging foliage of the laurel-like bushes darkened the scene, you could not for your life tell where the elements met, so blended were earth and sea.

"Starboard," said I. I had now come on deck. "Starboard, or the main-top-gallant-masthead *will be foul of the limb of that tree.* Fore-top there—lie out on the larboard fore-yard arm, and be ready to shove her off, if she sheers too close."

"Let go the anchor," struck in the first lieutenant.

Splash—the cable rumbled through the hause-hole.



"Now here are we brought up in paradise," quoth the doctor.

"Curukity coo—curukity coo," sung out a great bushy-whiskered sailor from the crows' nest, who turned out to be no other than our old friend Timothy Taitackle, quite juvenilified by the laughing scene. "Here am I, Jack, a booby amongst the singing-birds," crowed he to one of his messmates in the maintop, as he clutched a branch of a tree in his hand, and swung himself up into it. But the ship, as old Nick would have it, at the very instant dropped astern a few yards in swinging to her anchor, and that so suddenly that she left him on his perch in the tree, converting his jest, poor fellow, into melancholy earnest. "Oh Lord, sir!" sung out Timotheus, in a great quandary. "Captain, do heave ahead a bit—Murder—I shall never get down again! Do, Mr Yerk, if you please, sir!" And there he sat twisting and craning himself about, and screwing his features into combinations evincing the most comical perplexity.

The captain, by way of a bit of fun, pretended not to hear him.

"Maintop there," quoth he.

The midshipman in the top answered him, "Aye, aye, sir."

"Not you, Mr Reefpoint; the captain of the top I want."

"He is not in the top, sir," responded little Reefpoint, chuckling like to choke himself.

"Where the devil is he, sir?"

"Here, sir," squealed Timothy, his usual gruff voice spindling into a small *cheep* through his great perplexity. "Here, sir."

"What are you doing there, sir? Come down this moment, sir. Rig out the main-topmast-studding-sail-boom, Mr Reefpoint, and tell him to slew himself down by that long water-withe."

To hear was to obey. Poor Timothy clambered down to the fork of the tree, from which the withe depended, and immediately began to warp himself down, until he reached within three or four yards of the starboard foretopsail-yardarm; but the corvette *still* dropped astern, so that, after a vain attempt to hook on by his feet, he swung off into mid air, hanging by his hands.

It was no longer a joke. "Here,

you black fellows in the pilot-canoe," shouted the captain, as he threw them a rope himself. "Pass the end of that line round the stump yonder—that one below the cliff, there—now pull like devils, pull."

They did not understand a word he said; but, comprehending his gestures, did what he wished.

"Now haul on the line, men—gently, that will do. Missed it again," continued the skipper, as the poor fellow once more made a fruitless attempt to swing himself on to the yard.

"Pay out the warp again," sung out Taitackle—"quick, quick, let the ship swing from under, and leave me scope to dive, or I shall be obliged to let go, and be killed on the deck."

"God bless me, yes," said N.; "stick out the warp, let her swing to her anchor."

In an instant all eyes were again fastened with intense anxiety on the poor fellow, whose strength was fast failing, and his grasp plainly relaxing.

"See all clear to pick me up, messmates."

Taitackle slipped down to the extreme end of the black withe, that looked like a scorched snake, closed his legs close together, pointing his toes downwards, and then steadying himself for a moment, with his hands right above his head, and his arms at the full stretch, he dropped, struck the water fairly, entering its dark blue depths without a splash, and instantly disappeared, leaving a white frothy mark on the surface.

"Did you ever see any thing better done?" said Yerk. "Why he clipped into the water with the speed of light, as clean and clear as if he had been a marlinespike."

"Thank heaven!" gasped the captain, for if he had struck the water horizontally, or fallen headlong, he would have been shattered in pieces—every bone would have been broken—he would have been as completely smashed as if he had dropped upon one of the limestone rocks on the ironbound shore.

"Ship, ahoy!" We were all breathlessly looking over the side where he fell, expecting to see him rise again; but the hail came from

the water on t'other side. "Ship, ahoy—throw me a rope, good people—a rope, if you please. Do you mean to careen the ship, that you have all run to the starboard side, leaving me to be drowned to port here?"

"Ah, Taitackle! well done, old boy," sung out a volley of voices, men and officers, rejoiced to see the honest fellow alive. He clambered on board, in the bight of one of twenty ropes that were hove to him.

When he came on deck the captain slyly said, "I don't think you'll go a birdnesting in a hurry again, Taitackle."

Tim looked with a most quizzical expression at his captain, all blue and breathless and dripping as he was; and then sticking his tongue slightly in his cheek, he turned away, without addressing him directly, but murmuring as he went, "A glass of grog now."

The captain, with whom he was a favourite, took the hint. "Go below now, and turn in till eight bells, Taitackle. Mafame," to his steward, "send him a glass of hot brandy grog."

"A northwester," whispered Tim aside to the functionary; "half and half, tallow chops—eh!"

About an hour after this a very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favourite of mine from his modest, quiet deportment, as well as of all the gunroom-officers, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows by the cable to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the fore-castle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighbourhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harm's way, until a little wicked urchin, who used to wait on the warrant-officers' mess, a small meddling snipe of a creature, who got flogged in well behaved weeks *only* once, began to taunt my little mild favourite.

"Why, you chicken-heart, I'll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you are in the water

can't for the life of you swim out to the buoy there."

"Never you mind, Pepperbottom," said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. "Never you mind. I am not ashamed to show my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders in these seas to go overboard, unless with a sail underfoot; so I sha'n't run the risk of being tatooed by the boatswain's mate, like some one I could tell of."

"Coward," muttered the little wasp, "you are afraid, sir;" and the other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned, and pulled towards the ship again, when he caught my eye.

"Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship? Come in, boy; come in."

My hailing the little fellow shoved him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which he, if any thing, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant the lad on the spritsail-yard sung out quick and suddenly, "A shark, a shark!"

And the monster, like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up perpendicularly from out the dark green depths of the sleeping pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

"Pull for the cable, Louis," shouted fifty voices at once—"pull for the cable."

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable—grasped it with both hands, and hung on, but before he could swing himself out of the water, the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting yell, which was shattered amongst the impending rocks into piercing echoes, and these again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint shrieks of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two—the ravenous tyrant of the sea tug, tugging at him, till the stiff, taught cable shook again. At length he was



torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continuing on the surface crunching his prey with his teeth, and digging at him with his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water flash up in foam over the boats in pursuit, by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad only cried once more—I ut such a cry—oh God, I never shall forget it!—and, could it be possible, in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his young voice seemed to pronounce my name—at least so I thought at the time, and others thought so too. The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside when the accident happened, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood, mottled with white specks of fat and marrow in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm, boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh, however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he nipped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws.

Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in.—I thought I heard a small still stern voice thrill along my nerves, as if an echo of the beating of my heart had become articulate. “Thomas, a fortnight ago, you impressed that poor boy, who *was*, and *now is not*, out of a Bristol ship.” Alas, conscience spoke no more than the truth.

Our instructions were to lie at St Jago, until three British ships, then loading, were ready for sea, and then to convey them through the Caicos, or windward passage. As our stay was therefore likely to be ten days or a fortnight at the shortest, the boats were hoisted out, and we made our little arrangements and preparations for taking all the recreation in our power, and our worthy skipper, taugth and stiff as he was at sea, al-

ways encouraged all kinds of fun and larking, both amongst the men and the officers, on occasions like the present. Amongst his other pleasant qualities, he was a great boat-racer, constantly building and altering gigs, and pulling-boats, at his own expense, and matching the men against each other for small prizes. He had just finished what the old carpenter considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a curious affair this same masterpiece was. In the first place it was forty-two feet long over all, and only three and a half feet beam—the planking was not much above an eighth of an inch in thickness, so that if one of the crew had slipped his foot off the stretcher, it must have gone through the bottom. There was a standing order that no man was to go into it with shoes on. She was to pull six oars; and her crew were the captains of the tops, the primest seamen in the ship, and the steersman no less a character than the skipper himself.

Her name, for I love to be particular, was the Dragon-fly; she was painted out and in of a bright red, amounting to a flame colour—oars red—the men wearing trowsers and shirts of red flannel, and red net night-caps—which common uniform the captain himself wore. I think I have said before, that he was a very handsome man, and when he had taken his seat, and the *gigs*, all fine men, were seated each with his oar held upright upon his knees ready to be dropped into the water at the same instant, the craft and her crew formed to my eye as pretty a plaything for grown children as ever was seen. “Give way, men,” the oars dipped as clean as so many knives, without a sparkle, the gallant fellows stretched out, and away shot the Dragon-fly, like an arrow, the green water foaming into white smoke at the bows, and hissing away in her wake.

She disappeared in a twinkling round a reach of the canal where we were anchored, and we, the officers, for we must needs have our boat also, were making ready to be off, to have a shot at some beautiful cranes that, floating on their large pinions, slowly past us with their long legs stuck straight out astern, and their longer necks gathered into their

crops, when we heard a loud shouting in the direction where the captain's boat had vanished. Presently the Devil's Darning Needle, as the Scotch part of the crew loved to call the Dragon-fly, stuck her long snout round the headland, and came spinning along with a Spanish canoe manned by four negroes, and steered by an elderly gentleman, a sharp acute-looking little man, in a ging-ham coat, in her wake, also pulling very fast; however, the Don seemed dead beat, and the captain was in great glee. By this time, both boats were alongside, and the old Spaniard, Don Ricardo Campana, addressed the captain, judging that he was one of the seamen. "Is the captain on board?" said he in Spanish. The captain, who understood the language, but did not speak it, answered him in French, which Don Ricardo seemed to speak fluently, "No, sir, the captain is not on board; but there is Mr Yerk, the first lieutenant, at the gangway." He had come for the letter-bag he said, and if we had any newspapers, and could spare them, it would be conferring a great favour on him.

He got his letters and newspapers handed down, and very civilly gave the captain a dollar, who touched his cap, tipped the money to the men, and winking slightly to old Yerk and the rest of us, addressed himself to shove off. The old Don, drawing up his eyebrows a little, (I guess he rather saw who was who, for all his make-believe innocence,) bowed to the officers at the gangway, sat down, and desiring his people to use their broad-bladed, clumsy-looking oars, or paddles, began to move awkwardly away. We, that is the gunroom-officers, all except the second lieutenant, who had the watch, and the master, now got into our own gig also, rowed by ourselves, and away we all went in a covey; the purser and doctor, and three of the middies forward, Thomas Cringle, gent., pulling the stroke-oar, with old Moses Yerk as coxswain;—and as the Dragon-flies were all red, so we were all sea-green,

boat, oars, trowsers, shirts, and night-caps. We soon distanced the cumbersome-looking Don, and the strain was between the *Devil's Darning Needle* and our boat, the *Watersprite*, which was making capital play, for although we had not the *bottom* of the *topmen*, yet we had more blood, so to speak, and we had already beaten them, in their last gig, all to sticks. But Dragon-fly was a new boat, and now in the water for the first time.

We were both of us so intent on our own match, that we lost sight of the Spaniard altogether, and the captain and the first lieutenant were bobbing in the sternsheets of their respective gigs like a couple of *souple Tams*, as intent on the game as if all our lives had depended on it, when in an instant the long black dirty prow of the canoe was thrust in between us, the old Don singing out, "*Deza mi lugar, paysanos, deza mi lugar, mis hijos.*"\* We kept away right and left, to look at the miracle;—and there lay the canoe, rumbling and splashing, with her crew wallowing about, and grinning and yelling like incarnate fiends, and as naked as the day they were born, and the old Don himself, so staid and sedate, and drawley as he was a minute before, now all alive, shouting, "*Tira diablitos, tira,*"† flourishing a small paddle, with which he steered, about his head like a wheel, and dancing and jumping about in his seat, as if his bottom had been a *huggis* with quicksilver in it.

"Zounds," roared the skipper,— "why, topmen—why, gentlemen, give way for the honour of the ship—Gentlemen, stretch out—Men, pull like devils; twenty pounds if you beat him."

We pulled, and they pulled, and the water roared, and the men strained their muscles and sinews to cracking; and all was splash, splash, and whiz, whiz, and *pech, pech*, about us, but it would not do—the canoe headed us like a shot, and in passing, the cool old Don again subsided into a calm as suddenly as he had been roused from it, and sitting once more, stiff

\* "Leave me room, countrymen—leave me room, my children."

† Equivalent to "Pull, you devils, pull!"



as a poker, turned round and touched his *sombrero*, "I will tell that you are coming, gentlemen."

It was now the evening, near night-fall; and we had been so intent on beating our awkward-looking opponent, that we had none of us time to look at the splendid scene that burst upon our view, on rounding a precipitous rock, from the crevices of which some magnificent trees shot up—their gnarled trunks and twisted branches overhanging the canal where we were pulling, and anticipating the fast-falling darkness that was creeping over the fair face of nature; and there we floated, in the deep shadow of the cliff and trees—Dragonflies and Watersprites, motionless and silent, and the boats floating so lightly that they scarcely seemed to touch the water, the men resting on their oars, and all of us wrapped with the magnificence of the scenery around us, beneath us, and above us.

The left or western bank of the narrow entrance to the harbour, from which we were now debouching, ran out in all its precipitousness and beauty, (with its dark evergreen bushes overshadowing the deep blue waters, and its gigantic trees shooting forth high into the glowing western sky, their topmost branches gold-tipped in the flood of radiance shed by the rapidly sinking sun, while all below where we lay was gray cold shade,) until it joined the northern shore, when it sloped away gradually towards the east; the higher parts of the town sparkling in the evening sun, on this dun ridge, like a golden tower on the back of an elephant, while the houses that were in the shade covered the declivity, until it sank down to the water's edge. On the right hand the haven opened boldly out into a basin about four miles broad by seven long, in which the placid waters spread out beyond the shadow of the western bank into one vast sheet of molten gold, with the canoe tearing along the shining surface, her side glancing in the sun, and her paddles flashing back his rays, and leaving a long train of living fire sparkling in her wake.—It was now about six o'clock in the evening; the sun had set to us, as we pulled along under the frowning brow of the cliff,

where the birds were fast settling on their nightly perches, with small happy twitterings, and the lizards and numberless other chirping things began to send forth their evening hymn to the great Being who made them and us, and a solitary white-sailing owl would every now and then flit spectrelike from one green tuft, across the bald face of the cliff, to another, and the small divers around us were breaking up the black surface of the waters into little sparkling circles as they fished for their suppers. All was becoming brown and indistinct near us; but the level beams of the setting sun still lingered with a golden radiance upon the lovely city, and the shipping at anchor before it, making their sails, where loosed to dry, glance like leaves of gold, and their spars, and masts, and rigging like wires of gold, and gilding their flags, which were waving majestically and slow from the peaks in the evening breeze; and the Moorish-looking steeples of the churches were yet sparkling in the glorious blaze, which was gradually deepening into gorgeous crimson, while the large pillars of the cathedral, then building on the highest part of the ridge, stood out like brazen monuments, softening even as we looked into a Stonehenge of amethysts. One half of every object, shipping, houses, trees, and hills, was gloriously illuminated; but even as we looked, the lower part of the town gradually sank into darkness, and faded from our sight—the deepening gloom cast by the high bank above us, like the dark shadow of a bad spirit, gradually crept on, and on, and extended farther and farther; the sailing water-fowl in long lines, no longer made the water flash up like flame; the russet mantle of eve was fast extending over the entire hemisphere; the glancing minarets, and the tallest trees, and the topgallant-yards and masts of the shipping, alone flashed back the dying effulgence of the glorious orb, which every moment grew fainter and fainter, and redder and redder, until it shaded into purple, and the loud deep bell of the convent of La Merced swung over the still waters, announcing the arrival of even-song, and the departure of day.

"Had we not better pull back to

supper, sir?" quoth Moses Yerk to the captain. We all started, the men dipped their oars, our dreams were dispelled, the charm was broken—"Confound the matter-of-fact block-head," or something very like it, grumbled the captain—"but give way, men," fast followed, and we returned towards the ship. We had not pulled fifty yards, when we heard the distant rattle of the muskets of the sentries at the gangways, as they discharged them at sundown, and were remarking, as we were rowing leisurely along, upon the strange effect produced by the reports, as they were frittered away amongst the overhanging cliffs in chattering reverberations, when the captain suddenly sung out, "Oars!" All hands lay on them. "Look there," he continued—"There—between the gigs—saw you ever any thing like that, gentlemen?" We all leant over; and although the boats, from the *way* they had, were skimming along nearer seven than five knots—*there* lay a large shark; he must have been twelve feet long at the shortest, swimming right in the middle, and equidistant from both, and keeping *way* with us most accurately.

He was distinctly visible, from the strong and vivid phosphorescence excited by his rapid motion through the sleeping waters of the dark creek, which lit up his jaws, and head, and whole body; his eyes were especially luminous, while a long wake of sparkles streamed away astern of him from the lashing of his tail. As the boats lost their speed, the luminousness of his appearance faded gradually as he shortened sail also, until he disappeared altogether. He was then at rest, and suspended motionless in the water; and the only thing that indicated his proximity, was an occasional sparkle from the motion of a fin. We brought the boats nearer together, after pulling a stroke or two, but he seemed to sink as we closed, until at last we could merely distinguish an indistinct halo far down in the clear black profound. But as we separated, and resumed our original position, he again rose near the surface; and although the ripple and dip of the oars rendered him invisible while we were pulling, yet the moment we again rested on them, there was the mon-

ster, like a persecuting fiend, once more right between us, glaring on us, and apparently watching every motion. It was a terrible spectacle, and rendered still more striking by the melancholy occurrence of the forenoon.

"That's the very identical, damnable *baste* himself, as murdered poor little Louis this morning, yeer honour; I knows him from the torn flesh of him under his larboard blinker, sir—just where Wiggins's boat-hook punished him," quoth the Irish captain of the mizzentop.

"A water-kelpie," murmured another of the Captain's gigs, a Scotchman.

The men were evidently alarmed. "Stretch out, men; never mind the shark. He can't jump into the boat surely," said the skipper. "What the deuce are you afraid of?"

We arrived within pistol-shot of the ship. As we approached, the sentry hailed, "Boat, ahoy!"

"Firebrand," sung out the skipper, in reply.

"Man the side—gangway lanterns there," quoth the officer on duty; and by the time we were close to, there were two sidesmen over the side with the manropes ready stuck out to our grasp, and two boys with lanterns above them. We got on deck, the officers touching their hats, and speedily the captain dived down the ladder, saying, as he descended, "Mr Yerk, I shall be happy to see you and your boat's-crew at supper, or rather to a late dinner, at eight o'clock; but come down a moment as you are. Tailsack, bring the gigs into the cabin to get a glass of grog, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Timothy. "Down with you, you flaming thieves, and see you don't snort and snuffle in your grog, as if you were in your own mess, like so many pigs slushing at the same trough."

"Lord love you, Tim," rejoined one of the topmen, "who made *you* master of the ceremonies, old Iron-fist, eh? Where learnt you your breeding? Among the cockatoos up yonder?"

Tim laughed, who, although he ought to have been in his bed, had taken his seat in the Dragon-fly when her crew were piped over the side in the evening, and thereby subject-



ed himself to a rap over the knuckles from the captain; but where the offence might be said to consist in a too assiduous discharge of his duty, it was easily forgiven, unfortunate as the issue of the race had been. So down we all trundled into the cabin, masters and men. It was brilliantly lighted up—the table sparkling with crystal and wine, and glancing with silver plate; and there on a sofa lay Aaron Bang in all his pristine beauty, and fresh from his toilet, for he had just got out of his cot after an eight-and-forty hours' sojourn therein—nice white neckcloth—white jean waistcoat and trowsers, and span-new blue coat. He was reading when we entered; and the captain, in his flame-coloured costume, was close aboard of him before he raised his eyes, and rather staggered him a bit; but when seven sea-green spirits followed, he was exceedingly nonplussed, and then came the six red Dragon-flies, who ranged themselves three on each side of the door, with their net bags in their hands, smoothing down their hair, and sidling and fidgeting about at finding themselves so far out of their element as the cabin.

"Mafame," said the captain, "a glass of grog a-piece to the Dragon-flies"—and a tumbler of liquid amber, (to borrow from my old friend Cooper,) sparkled in the large bony claw of each of them. "Now, drink Mr Bang's health." They, as in duty bound, let fly at our *amigo* in a volley.

"Your health, Mr Bang."

Aaron sprang from his seat, and made his salam, and the Dragon-flies bundled out of the cabin again.

"I say, N——, John Canoeing still—always some frolic in the wind."

We, the Watersprites, had shifted and rigged, and were all mustered aft on the poop, enjoying the little air there was, as it fanned us gently, and waiting for the announcement of supper. It was a pitch-dark night, neither moon nor stars. The murky clouds seemed to have settled down on the mast-heads, shrouding every object in the thickest gloom.

"Ready with the gun forward there, Mr Catwell?" said Yerk.

"All ready, sir."

"Fire!"

Pent up as we were in a narrow channel, walled in on each side with

towering precipitous rocks, the explosion, multiplied by the echoes into a whole broadside, was tremendous, and absolutely deafening.

The cold, grey, threatening rocks, and the large overhanging twisted branches of the trees, and the clear black water, and the white Moro in the distance, glanced for an instant, and then all was again veiled in outer darkness, and down came a rattling shower of sand and stones from the cliffs, and of rotten branches, and heavy dew from the trees, sparkling in the water like a shower of diamonds; and the birds of the air screamed, and frightened from their nests and perches in crevices, and on the boughs of the trees, took flight with a strong rushing noise, that put one in mind of the rising of the fallen angels from the infernal council in *Paradise Lost*; and the cattle on the mountain side lowed, and the fish, large and small, like darts, and arrows of fire, sparkled up from the black abyss of waters, and swam in haloes of flame round the ship in every direction, as if they had been the ghosts of a shipwrecked crew, haunting the scene of their destruction; and the guanas and large lizards which had been shaken from the trees, skimmed and struggled on the surface in glances of fire, like evil spirits watching to seize them as their prey. At length the screaming and shrieking of the birds, the clang of their wings, and the bellowing of the cattle, ceased; and the startled fish subsided slowly down into the oozy caverns at the bottom of the sea, and becoming motionless disappeared; and all was again black and undistinguishable, the deathlike silence being only broken by the hoarse murmuring of the distant surf.

"Magnificent!" burst from the captain. "Messenger, send Mr Port-fire here." The gunpowder functionary, he of the flannel cartridge, appeared. "Gunner, send one of your mates into the maintop, and let him burn a blue light."

The lurid glare blazed up balefully amongst the spars and rigging, lighting up the decks, and blasting the crew into the likeness of the host of Sennacherib, when the day broke on them, and they were all dead corpses. Astern of us, indistinct from the dis-

tance, the white Moro Castle reappeared, and rose frowning, tier above tier, like a Tower of Babel, with its summit veiled in the clouds, and the startled sea-fowl wheeling above the higher batteries, like snow-flakes blown about in a storm; while, near at hand, the rocks on each side of us looked as if fresh splintered asunder, with the sulphureous flames which had split them still burning; the trees looked no longer green, but were sicklied o'er with a pale ashy colour, as if sheeted ghosts were holding their midnight orgies amongst their branches—cranes, and water-fowl, and birds of many kinds, and all the insect and reptile tribes, their gaudy noontide colours merged into one and the same fearful deathlike sameness, flitted and sailed and circled above us, and chattered, and screamed, and shrieked; and the unearthly-looking guanacs, and numberless creeping things, ran out on the boughs to peer at us, and a large snake twined itself up a scathed stump that shot out from a shattered pinnacle of rock that overhung us, with its glossy skin, glancing like the brazen serpent set up by Moses in

the camp of the Israelites; and the cattle on the beetling summit of the cliff craned over the precipitous ledge to look down upon us, and while every thing around us and above us was thus glancing in the blue and ghastly radiance, the band struck up a low moaning air; the light burnt out, and once more we were cast, by the contrast, into even more palpable darkness than before. I was entranced, and stood with folded arms, looking forth into the night, and musing intensely on the appalling scene which had just vanished like a feverish dream—"Dinner waits, sir," quoth Mafame.

"Oh! I am coming," and kicking all my romance to Old Nick, I descended, and we had a pleasant night of it, and some wine and some fun, and there an end—but I have often dreamed of that dark pool, and the scenes I witnessed there that day and night.—Now, devil take you, old Kit North, this is not ending abruptly, is it?

"Wheesh!" said Conshy; "go to yeer bed now, Tam—ye're fou, man."

"Oh! Buenos Noches."

#### THE SUPPER OF CALLIAS.

THE "Banquet of Xenophon" gives us a higher idea of the elegance of the Grecian manners than any other fragment of antiquity. We might naturally expect great things from the age of Aristophanes, and Alcibiades, and Plato; but here, in this simple account of a supper party, we are presented with a nearer view of their customs—we are admitted, as it were, into the Ear of Dionysius, by the side of Gurney, and hear Socrates alternately amusing and instructing the company, till he forms in his own person a most inimitable mixture of Dr Johnson and Christopher North. He is not quite so dogmatic as the moralist, nor quite so poetical as the Ambrosian; but still his conversation is infinitely pleasing, and in all things he is a perfect gentleman and a jolly companion. Higher praise than this no man can lay claim to. No wonder, therefore, he was pestered with invitations, and was the most indefatigable diner-out

in Athens. His person, we are told, was far from graceful, and his countenance occasionally ruddy; beyond the hue of health; but labours at the convivial board are hurtful to the slenderness of the waist, and even we ourselves have not unfrequently observed a rubicund spot on the extremity of our nose, which gave us warning to retire in time from the society of that much bedizened lady, who not only "weareth a hundred rings," but rewardeth her admirers with half-a-hundred pimples. But Socrates was as sober as a judge;—he tells us, that naturally he was as thirsty as an Irish haymaker, but that by Self-Control and Discipline, (two admirable works of the late Mrs Brunton,) he had reduced himself to little more than a bottle a-day, and a sneaker by way of a nightcap. It is useless at this time of day to give any thing like a translation; but we intend, as we have nothing else to do this rainy morning, to give an



account of the meeting in our own careless way, without troubling our heads about the exact language of the original. We wish to see the difference between a literary party some two thousand years ago and one of the present time. We are, of course, not to be surprised if the moderns have the advantage, they have so many things in their favour—the Christian religion, which inculcates humility and charity;—the art of printing, which has spread their books—some in three volumes, some only in one—over half the trunks in the kingdom;—and the daily newspapers, in which they purify their minds and improve their genius, by furnishing the police reports. All these were unfortunately unknown to the ancients; we shall accordingly see a very lamentable difference, between their intellect as displayed in conversation, and that of our own celebrated and distinguished men, who not only excel the Greeks and Romans, but absolutely never heard of them.

It was on the evening of Tuesday the third of August nearly two thousand three hundred years ago, that a party of gentlemen were lounging on the highway to the Piræus, evidently much amused by the observations of one of the party. They every now and then stood still, to have the more breath for the extraordinary bursts of laughter which he excited, till their noise attracted the observation of the passengers. The mechanics, however, returning from their day's work upon the walls and harbour, respectfully touched their hats as they passed; and it was evident from the manner in which they were regarded by every one, that they were of the highest rank, and in great favour with the people. The person who seemed the principal talker, was a little, pot-bellied, red-nosed, shabby-looking individual, about five-and-fifty years of age. You would have taken him, in these times, for a Welsh curate, or perhaps for the editor of a country newspaper, had it not been for the respect which was paid him by his aristocratic-looking companions. The party consisted of Socrates, at that time professor of moral philosophy—who was the person we have introduced to the reader as nearly in

the style of a modern novel as we can; Xenophon, a very distinguished general in the last war, who had also, like the Earl of Munster, written an account of his achievements; Hermogenes and Charmides, men of wit and pleasure about town, and authors of a good many poems and little pamphlets; and Antisthenes, compiler of a tract on political economy, containing some allusions to Lysander, which drew on him the displeasure of government. The work itself had scarcely a longer life than the lucubrations of Mr M'Culloch—it was forgotten in little more than a week.

Another party soon joined them, consisting of Callias—a man who lived in capital style, as rich as a Jew, and a decided patron of the prize-ring; Autolycus, a fac-simile of the late Jack Randal, who had proved himself a nonpareil among the light-weights; his father, an old covey, and as good a trainer as Captain Barclay; along with Nicerates, the son of Nicias, a very knowing hand on the turf, and as great a pedant as Dr Parr. "Well met, my dear fellows," said Callias—"we are just on our way to my box in the suburbs, where supper will be ready in an hour; come along, all of you—there will be plenty of room—no ceremony—philosophers like you know a good bottle of wine as well as another. I like you a hundred times better than a set of blustering captains, who can talk of nothing but their mess and uniform. There was that Boeotian, Major M'Grugar of the forty-second"—

"Poh! never mind him," said Socrates—"I'll join you and Autolycus with all my heart. I have a great liking for the ring, and study Boxiana very attentively. But one quiet conversation must be very dull to you, after the witty company you have kept lately—the admirable puns and jeux d'esprit of"—

"Hush! don't mention it—those farce-writers and torturers of words are the most contemptible block-heads I know. Allons—my cook is curiously particular." Saying this, the whole party proceeded to Callias's villa, where they found every thing prepared for their reception.

They had not been long at supper before an extraordinary facetious

fellow of the name of Philip, joined them. He was one of the most celebrated wits of Athens, but whether he had written Broad Grins, or contributed to the Comic Annual, we do not at present recollect. "Servant, gentlemen," said Philip, as he came in; "you know I earn my bread by making a fool of myself. I hate all formality, so you see I come without any invitation. Hope I don't intrude?"

"By no means," said Callias;—"we are all so sombre here, we need some buffoonery—so, sit down and welcome."

Philip exerted himself to the utmost, and said as many good things as would have filled a new Joe Miller—but all in vain. The company had no time to spare for laughter, and his quips and quiddities did not provoke a single smile. No man likes his witticisms to be thrown away, and Philip accordingly felt greatly hurt at his want of success.

"Well, I see it would be just as well for me to shut up shop. What's the use of being witty if people won't laugh? Who do you suppose will ever think of having me out to dinner, if my puns don't take? I might as well turn tragedian at once, since comedy is out of fashion. Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

In saying this, Philip spoke so like Kean, and looked so like Liston, that it was impossible to abstain from laughing. Every thing now went on in the happiest style, and after the cloth was removed and grace said, a Syracusan girl, of ten or twelve years of age, was introduced, who amazed them with the gracefulness

and beauty of her dancing. Socrates now rose, for the purpose of proposing a toast; and, after a suitable oration, drank to the health of Callias, with thanks for his splendid entertainment and gentlemanly conduct in the chair. It was drank, of course, with all the honours, and Callias, in returning thanks, apologized for the absence of some otto of roses which he had intended to sprinkle on his guests.

"Keep roses and perfumery for girls and dandies," said Socrates, filling his glass. "Let us, who are men, have a value for perfumes of a manlier kind—the dust of the arena, the wrestler's oil—aye, the very perspiration which results from honourable and industrious labour, are sweeter far than all the otto of roses in the world."

"Yes, sir," said the father of Autolycus, well pleased at this manly and sporting declaration; "just as you say for them 'ere young ones—but for us, you know, sir, as has past our prime, we've nothing to do with sweating down and training, and such like."

"No, good Lycon," said Socrates; "but for us there is still another perfume left."

"Vy, for that matter, I thinks a beef-steak, and a pot o' stout, hasn't no bad smell."

"The perfume, I mean," continued Socrates, "of virtue and honour."

"But where is that perfume to be bought?" replied Lycon.

"Not across the counter, I assure you; but the poet tells us where we may find it, in the lines I'm going to quote—

'When virtue's fires the generous breast pervade,  
Touch'd by their heat, each mist is purer made,  
While heavenly perfumes shed their blest control,  
Breathe from the heart and sweeten all the soul.'

This gave rise to some slight discussion as to whether virtue could be taught, in which Socrates maintained the affirmative; and he argued, from the performances of the dancing girl, that it only required care and attention to render females in all things equal to men.

"I have thought for a long time," he said, "that women are by no means inferior to us lords of the creation, unless indeed in bodily strength and firmness of mind. You

may depend upon it, those of us who are married can teach our wives any thing, and mould them to whatever form we will."

"A pretty joke that is for you, Socrates," said Antisthenes, "to talk of making our wives whatever we wish them, when every body knows what a devil of a life Xantippe leads you."

"Poh!" replied the philosopher, "there's a great advantage in having a termagant for a wife. When I mar-



ried Xantippe, I was like a jockey learning to ride. He practises on the most vicious brute in the stable, and if he can master him, has no fear of an ordinary nag;—in the same way, I assure you, when I have brought myself to put up with the temper of Xantippe, I consider all the other trials of life mere trifles.”

Philip, who, like all professed wits, did not like to be overlooked, took a great spite not only to Socrates, but to a little boy who now came in, and amused the company by tumbling, and other feats. Since he found he could not rival Socrates in conversation, he resolved to eclipse the boy, and pirouetted and skipt on the carpet, very much after the similitude of Mr John Reeve giving an imitation of the “divine Bigottini, or sweet Fanny Bias.” Tired at last with his exertions, he sat down, and said to the butler—“For Heaven’s sake, John, do give me a bumper, for I’m so confoundedly thirsty, I could drink the Baltic—none of your gimbles for me—give me the tumbler off the sideboard.”

“That’s right, Philip,” said Callias; “we’ll have a glass with you all round. Drink, my boys!”

“Drink!” said Socrates,—“aye, to be sure, no sensible man ever refuses to drink. Wine! blessed wine—the best gift of Heaven! thou softest sorrow, and raisest the sinking heart,—wrapping the soul in an elysium of dreams to which even opium furnishes no key. Thou doublest all our joys, and art the oil which maketh the lamp of life to burn with the purest brightness! But a truce to these heroics, which put me in mind of a fashionable novel. Our bodies are just like seeds; if they are overwatered, they lie buried beneath the soil; when they receive their due supply, they spring with vigour, and wave their fruits and blossoms in the sun. In the same way, when we are constantly ‘moistifying our leather,’ as Burns says, our whole man is deluged—our spirits oppressed; and instead of the tongue being set loose to give utterance in words that breathe to thoughts that burn, we either jabber inconceivable nonsense, or snort and snuffle, and then drop off into a sleep. Moderate drinking, good wine, small glasses,—these are the

things which invigorate our hearts and freshen our souls till they shine and glisten, as Shakspeare has it,

‘Like morning roses newly steep’d in dew.’

But perhaps we have now had enough both of dancing and buffoonery, let us have some rational amusement which may improve our minds as well as the flavour of this admirable Lafitte. What say you to each of us telling on what quality or circumstance he values himself most?”

“Agreed, agreed,” said they all, and Callias, as landlord, began—“What I value myself most on; is the power of making men better.”

“What?” said Antisthenes; “can you make a prodigal rich or an attorney honest?”

“Faith, it is rather difficult, I confess; but as justice is honesty, and poverty is the great cause of quibbles, I think I can make even attorneys honest, by giving them money.”

“So then,” rejoined Antisthenes, “you make immortal Justice, the daughter of the Gods—the purifier of the world—instead of dwelling amidst lofty thoughts in the inner chambers of the heart, take up her lodging in the breeches’ pocket—faugh!”

“No,” said Callias, “I do no such thing. I allow the heart is her dwelling-place.”

“Then, do you think that putting a lot of dingy guineas into a canvass purse, purifies or elevates the heart?”

“To be sure it does. The moment you have all the necessities of life, you are afraid to risk them by any act of injustice.”

“Well,” said Antisthenes, who, having written on political economy, was always harping on free trade and reciprocity, “when you give them this money, do they pay you it again?”

“No, not a stiver.”

“Gratitude, I suppose,” rejoined the economist, with a sneer; “at least they repay you in thanks.”

“No,” replied Callias, “sometimes not even in that. Some people I have done favours to, absolutely repay them with obloquy and hatred.”

“So, so, I have you there—why, it seems by your own shewing, that you undertake to make them honest

and just to others, though they are ungrateful and unjust to you."

"There is nothing very strange in that," replied Callias, with a smile; "many an architect has built houses for others, who never had one of his own."

"Aye," said Socrates, "and many people give capital advice to their friends, who make very little use of it themselves."

"As for me," said Xenophon, when it had come to his turn, "I value myself most upon my beauty. If good looks have the same effect upon others as they have on me, filling the soul with a sense of delight and happiness; and if the compliments paid me by my friends are not all blarney, and I am really the handsome fellow they tell me I am; why, then, I say I am prouder of my face and figure, than of any other qualification I have."

"By Jupiter, Xenophon," said Socrates, "you are as vain as a French widow just leaving off her weeds; you talk as if you thought yourself a prodigious swell, better looking than myself, for instance."

"Egad, if I wer'n't that, sir, I should have little pleasure in shaving."

"Well, but I'm not so sure of that," replied Socrates; "we shall not call upon Paris to decide between our good looks, but we'll ask this little girl here, which of us all she would kiss the soonest."

"Done!" said Xenophon. "My dear little girl, are you fond of sugar-plums?"

"Stop!" said Socrates, laughing; "you sha'n't tamper with the witness—I'll prove myself in a twinkling a handsomer fellow than you."

"Bring in candles, and that will settle the matter at once," said Xenophon, twirling his mustache.

"No, let me just ask a question or two first. Do you think beauty is to be found anywhere else besides in man?"

"Oh yes; we say, a beautiful horse—a beautiful house—a beautiful tree."

"Well, how does it happen that such different things as these should all be beautiful?"

"I suppose, because they are beautifully adapted for the purposes they were intended for."

"What, for instance, is the use of the eyes?"

"Why, to see with."

"That is the very thing that makes mine more beautiful than yours."

"How!"

"Why, yours see only in a straight line, but I have great advantages, for as mine stick prodigiously out, I can see to the side at the same time."

"Then a crab, I suppose, has the most beautiful of all eyes?"

"Decidedly—they are far stronger, and much better placed than any other animal's."

"Well," said Xenophon, "I'll surrender the eyes—but the nose—what do you say to our noses?"

"Why, there is no doubt on the subject. God gave us noses to smell with—now your nostrils are turned down—but, look at mine, they are wide and turned upwards, so as to take in every scent from the heaven above and the earth below."

"Then a short, flat, snubby nose is the best?"

"Undoubtedly, for in that case it never hinders the sight; whereas a huge Roman proboscis keeps the eyes so far apart, that they can't be both fixed on any object in a straight line."

"I shall not dispute the mouth with you; for if God intended a mouth to eat with, your superiority is portentously manifest, for I'll swear you can swallow as much at a mouthful as would serve me for a week."

"And don't you confess that my kisses must be richer and sweeter than yours, from my lips being so beautifully large? And lastly, don't you confess my superiority, inasmuch as the Naiads—sea-goddesses as they are—are the mothers of the Sileni, to whom I bear the strongest family likeness? Now, I should like to know what birth you can shew in opposition to that?"

Xenophon and the rest of the gentlemen laughed as the "old man eloquent" described his ugliness in this ludicrous way; but the Syracusan getting angry that they preferred listening to his conversation to the dancing of the little girl, very pertly addressed himself to the philosopher, and said, "Ain't you the gentleman they call Socrates the Thinker?"



"Yes, and a great deal better name, isn't it, than if they called me Socrates the Thoughtless?"

"May be so, sir," rejoined the man; "but they not only call you Socrates the Thinker, but say also that your thoughts are of the loftiest order."

"Tell me, Bezonian!" replied Socrates in Pistol's vein, "knowest thou of any thing so lofty as the gods?"

"No—but they say as how your thoughts don't meddle much with them, but rather are employed about things out of the common way, and altogether above you."

"Tis thus my thoughts are considered to be so lofty—Are not the gods above us? is it not from above they give us aid in our distresses? is it not from above they give us lessons of wisdom and understanding?"

"Ah, no doubt—I've heard the parson say as much—but you, sir, are such a wonderful mathematician, I wish you would tell me the exact measure of three skips of a flea."

The impertinence of the Syracusan put Antisthenes in a passion.

"Come, Philip," he said, turning to the wit, who was no inconsiderable satirist in his way, "cut up this fellow, root and branch—make a butt of him, as if he were chairman of the Beef-Steak Club, for I'm sure he richly deserves it. Come, what do you compare him to? Don't you think he is a very ill-bred fellow?"

"I do indeed," said Philip, "and so I dare say does every one present."

"Hold," said Socrates, "methinks you are falling into the same fault yourselves, which you condemn so much in him."

"Well," said Philip, "I hope there will be no offence in comparing him to a well-bred man."

"The falsehood of such a comparison," returned Socrates, "would be still more cutting than the other. Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

"Would you have me compare him to a scoundrel?"

"No, I would have you compare him to nobody."

"What! and sit mum as a Quaker?"

"Better do that, my good friend

Philip, than say any thing which is better left unsaid."

And yet many people are weak enough, from some absurd scruples in the matter of chronology, to deny that this man was a Christian! We should like very much to hear a sentiment or two like those of our friend Hermogenes, from the tribe of the "unco guid," who reward themselves for denying the good things of the world, by getting hold of as many of them as they can, and turn up their eyes with pity and contempt at the ignorance and benightedness of a heathen who speaks thus.

"It is your turn now, my dear Hermogenes, to tell us why you pride yourself upon your friends. They are marquises or earls, no doubt, for you are rather a bit of a tuft-hunter,—perhaps even the lady patronesses of Almack's!"—

"No," said Hermogenes. "They are the gods! If there is one thing on which all mankind are agreed—the savage in the wilderness, the philosopher in his study—it is this, that the gods are acquainted with the past, the present, and the future. For this cause altars are erected in all the habitable world, and sacrifices offered to them to gain a knowledge of their will. By this all mankind confess that good and evil come only from the gods; or wherefore pray to them to grant us blessings or deliver us from misfortunes? Now these, the immortal gods whose power is as unbounded as their wisdom—these are the friends I boast of—they guard me in darkness and in light—their eyes for ever fixed upon my actions—their protection for ever spread around me like a shield. They warn me by some secret impulse—they guide me by some heavenly dream. Neglect of their admonitions has often caused me regret—obedience to their commands has always filled me with satisfaction."

"Right, right, my dear Hermogenes. But tell us, by 'what conjuration and what mighty magic' you have made these gods your friends? What services have you rendered them to acquire their love and protection?"

"That, sir," replied Hermogenes, "is done very easily, and costs me

little. The praises I give them are not at all expensive; if, after receiving some blessings at their hands, I sacrifice to their name, is not the very sacrifice their gift? I return them thanks for every thing they bestow; and if I invoke them on any occasion, it is with reverence and fear, with lips unpolluted by falsehood, and heart unconscious of deceit."

"Your health, my admirable friend!" cried Socrates, in a rapture of admiration, and filling up a bumper to his disciple, "if the gods are indeed friends to such as you—and that they are, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—they must delight in virtue, and he whom *they* delight in must be happy."

Then turning round to the rest of the company, and filling his glass again, he said, "And must we part without pouring out one libation to all powerful Love, whose empire is ancient as that of the eternal gods, and who still blooms on to outward eyes a child, glorious as when first he started into being, twinborn with Light and Beauty! To him whose might is unbounded and irresistible, and yet whose holiest dwelling-place and loftiest throne is the human heart. To us in a peculiar manner it is given to sing the praises of this divinity, since *our* souls have been touched by his influence with warmer and purer feelings than enter into the bosoms of the profane. For myself, I can recall no period of my life unglorified by his dominion. Charmides, I know, has as many loves, (but in a less dissolute manner,) than Don Giovanni. Xenophon is still, like the Irishman in the song,

'The boy for bewitching them,  
Whether good-humour'd or coy.'

And which of us is ignorant how passionately Hermogenes is devoted to one sole, unchangeable mistress, studying only how to gain her; and who does not know that the mistress of his worship is Honour? Take notice only of the placidity of his temper, the warmth of his friendship, the liveliness of his manners, and

then reflect, that, though he is thus loved and honoured by the gods, he is still no pharisaical pretender to superior worth, but has a sincere affection for his friends. Antisthenes, to be sure—is it possible that Antisthenes is the only one here insensible to love?"

"No," interrupted Antisthenes; "not insensible to love, for, in fact, my dear Socrates, I love you very sincerely."

"Oho!" said Socrates; "I'm quite ashamed of you, Antisthenes; for it is very evident that you admire me more, because I am a handsome, genteel-looking fellow, and distingué, like the author of the *Exquisites*, than for any qualities you see in my mind, or pleasure you take in my conversation. I have often doubted whether there be two Venuses, or only one. Perhaps, as has happened in the case of Jupiter, there are several different names given to this goddess, though all the time she is unchangeably the same. However this may be, I know that there is one Venus whose abode is earth, another whose home is heaven. Worship is paid to each, but upon different altars, in different temples, and with very different sacrifices. One, the terrestrial Venus, is worshipped with grovelling thoughts and low desires; the other, with purity of soul and holiness of life. One inspires us with the love of the body only; the other gives rise to noble sentiments, to generous friendship, and to an undying thirst of fame. This then is the Love in whose honour our libation is now poured. Gentlemen, we'll drink 'Love to those who love us.' Hip, hip—hurra!"

And thus was concluded the supper-party at Callias's villa; for shortly after this the company separated, having had a night of admirable conversation—(the rest of which the reader may find in the choicest Greek)—and went back to Athens, delighted to find that so great, and so good, and so wise a man, was neither vain, nor pompous, nor overbearing.



## GILPIN ON LANDSCAPE-GARDENING.\*

THIS is an extremely amusing, instructive, and unassuming volume; written in general in a very easy and colloquial style, and displaying much taste and good sense upon the subjects of which it treats. The writer is the son of the late Sauric Gilpin, Esq., R.A., one of the most spirited and elegant animal-painters of his time, and nephew and godson to the Rev. William Gilpin, from whom he received his education, while the former kept the Cheam School. The family appear to have had a long predilection for art, as the grandfather, Captain Gilpin, was a very tolerable painter, and amused a long retired life at Carlisle (his native city) by the efforts of his pencil. Of the genius of his youngest son, the academician, we have already spoken; and on the taste and accomplishments of the elder, the Rev. William Gilpin, it is scarcely necessary to dwell, as his *Tours to the Lakes, &c.*, with their simple and elegant illustrations, have been long favourite works with every reader of judgment and discernment. He had the merit of being one of the earliest, if not the first English writer, who drew the attention of his countrymen to the hitherto-unexplored charms of his native land, and who led them to employ a portion of their time and affluence, which had previously been almost exclusively lavished on foreign climes, in acquiring a knowledge of the beauties and advantages, which an indulgent Providence had showered on their own happy island. Curiosity and the spirit of investigation thus excited, eventually produced the most beneficial effects upon the whole community, and perhaps to this apparently simple cause may be attributed many of the rapid improvements that have taken place in Britain, during the last fifty years, in several of the arts of civilized life. The crowd of fashionable tourists who yearly visited the northern parts

of the kingdom, after the appearance of the Rev. Mr Gilpin's writings, quickly led to considerable improvement in the public roads, and other channels of communication. Bridges were built, canals were projected, and internal commerce became more widely extended. The wild and solitary banks of the northern lakes were soon thickly studded with the summer villas and more permanent residences of the nobility and gentry, and the nearly desert wastes of ages were rapidly transformed, as if by magic, into one continued scene of gaiety and ornamented luxuriance. Nor did these multiplied advantages stop here; the spirit of investigation, once aroused, gradually impelled travellers of taste and research to extend their views to the sister kingdom of Scotland, where like causes, producing similar effects, greatly tended to cement an union and amicable feeling between the two nations, which has finally rooted out the mutual jealousies and prejudices that for a long time previously had existed, to the incalculable disadvantage of both countries. As time progresses, equal benefits, arising from parallel causes, it is to be hoped, may have their influence in softening the animosities, and in healing the divisions that unfortunately have so long subsisted between Great Britain and another important integral part of the empire, which perhaps can alone be annihilated by a closer and more intimate intercourse between the inhabitants of the respective kingdoms.

We have been led into this digression from a desire to shew how causes, apparently inadequate in themselves, may be productive of the most extensive national advantages. When the Rev. Mr Gilpin sat down to write his works, he probably was far from anticipating the important improvements to which they were to lead. Pleased with the scenery he had explored, he was merely anxious

---

\* *Practical Hints upon Landscape-Gardening; with some Remarks on Domestic Architecture, as connected with Scenery.* By William S. Gilpin, Esq. T. Cadell, London; and William Blackwood, Edinburgh: 1832.

to place before his countrymen the result of his researches ; and being gifted by nature with great taste and feeling, and possessing considerable powers for description and delineation,\* he was hence enabled to place his subjects in the most agreeable and attractive point of view. His works, in consequence, were almost universally read among the class of society for which they were written, and have finally been productive of results which have rarely attended any other effort, originally designed for little more than recreation and amusement. But it is time to return to our author, and to the consideration of his work.

Few men ever brought to any profession a larger share of natural endowments, and of cultivated talents, than are united in Mr Gilpin, for the employment to which he has finally devoted his attention. Educated under his uncle's eye, he seems to have imbibed from him much of his taste and talent for observation, and having been brought up to the profession of a water-colour landscape-painter, though he never had a master, far surpassed him in the practical as well as in the theoretical parts of the art. His natural genius for landscape was of an high order, and his amiable and gentlemanlike manners, playful humour, and colloquial powers, raised him in early life to very considerable practice in the peculiar department of the art which he had made the object of his selection. Grace, clearness, lightness, and character, formed the elements of his style. No elaborate imitation of oils, no affectation of manner, no meretricious and extravagant contrast of colour, deteriorated the chaste simplicity and artist-like feeling, which uniformly pervaded his works. In these respects he stood almost alone, and he may justly be considered as nearly the last of that race of artists which owed somewhat of its celebrity to the great and splendid genius of the ill-fated Cozens. It is, however, much to be lamented, for the interests of art,

that during the whole of his career as a painter, Mr Gilpin should probably have found it convenient to unite the prejudicial employment of the teacher with his more serious professional avocations,—a practice which, though common in certain departments of the profession, can never fail of proving extremely adverse to the attainment of first-rate excellence in any. To a feeling and ardent mind like Mr Gilpin's, we can suppose nothing more irksome than the dull uniformity of a teacher's occupation, or more destructive of his progress as an artist; yet, in spite of this drawback on his exertions, he always maintained a high situation among his professional brethren and with the public, at a time even when water-colour painting had altogether changed its established character for one, upon the merits of which it is not our present purpose to enter. About this period the Water-colour Society was formed, and received, during many successive years, a degree of fashionable patronage, and public encouragement, wholly unprecedented in the annals of English art. Mr Gilpin was chosen the first president, an office which he held for two years. He was among the earliest and most distinguished of the contributors, and we well remember, in the first exhibition, two large drawings from his pencil of Irish scenery, which ranked high amidst the first productions of that interesting and beautiful assemblage of native talent. About a year after this period he was induced to quit his profession, and to accept the office of professor of drawing at the military establishment at Marlow, a situation which, from his past experience in teaching, as well as from his agreeable manners, he was eminently qualified to fill. Here he remained stationary for some years, discharging the duties of his office with high credit to his reputation and character, when, probably growing weary of the confinement and monotonous nature of his employment, he resigned

---

\* A short time previously to the death of the Rev. Mr Gilpin, his drawings were sold at Christie's for L. 1700, which sum he employed in endowing a free school, at his parish of Boldre, of which his nephew (our author) is now senior trustee.



the situation, and having for several years previously studied the subject, gave his whole attention to the practice of landscape-gardening,—a pursuit which, perhaps, of all others, was most congenial to his general acquirements and habitual turn of mind.

Having thus given a slight, though imperfect sketch of the life and progress of the author, we proceed to the consideration of his work. Mr Gilpin, in a few introductory pages, enters into his motives for offering his publication to the reader, and seems to apprehend that, by some persons, it may be deemed superfluous, after the essays of Sir Uvedale Price, and other works of a similar tendency, have so long been before the public. For our part, we entertain no such fear; but feel, on the contrary, disposed to believe that a work, undertaken on the principle which seems to have guided the author, was not only much wanted, but that it will be eagerly perused by every one who has a cottage and garden to adorn, or a mansion and extended domain to embellish. Essays on the nature of the picturesque, or on the general principles of taste, may be written to all eternity, and read to very little purpose by any one previously unacquainted with the subject. It is the *practical* application of such principles, to all the varieties of place and circumstance, that forms the great desideratum, and it is this desideratum which it is the main object of Mr Gilpin's book to supply. But upon this point we leave the author to speak for himself.

"It will be remembered, that the authors I mention were none of them professional improvers; their observations, therefore, however interesting they may be to those who are conversant with the subject, will be deficient in that general utility and practical information which is the object of the following pages; the merit of which, if they have any, will consist in opening the general principles of taste to those who have not studied the subject, and in thus enabling them to appreciate each the character of his own place, and the different schemes that may be suggested for its improvement, will afford a source of increasing variety and delight. Agreeing fully with Sir Uvedale Price in his estimate of the requisites necessary to form a just taste in landscape-gardening, I am emboldened to

submit to the public my ideas upon the subject, having been bred to the study of landscape-painting in the first instance, and having for many years applied the principles of painting to the improvement of rural scenery."—(Introduction, pp. vii. and viii.)

The truth of these statements is too apparent to admit of argument. Taste is, probably, in no instance to be acquired, though, where it exists naturally, it admits of great cultivation and improvement. Its province is to judge of the productions of genius; but abstractedly viewed, it can originate nothing of itself, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of dead letter, in the absence of some object upon which it can exercise its peculiar functions. Divested of taste, both the artist and the landscape-gardener would be, in a great measure, disqualified for the exercise of their respective employments; but without genius, and the practical means of rendering its inventions intelligible to the uninformed, every attempt at success, in either occupation, must prove absolutely abortive. It is the combination of these remarkable and eminent qualities in the same individual, that can alone constitute the real artist or the genuine landscape-gardener. In the latter capacity we know of no one whose natural and acquired talents entitle him to greater confidence than Mr Gilpin, in all the departments of his arduous occupation. His whole soul seems to be enthusiastically absorbed in his profession; and when actually engaged in its pursuit, it is exhilarating to observe the spirit and rapidity with which he comprehends the character of the scene before him, and the facility with which he detects imperfections, improves beauties, and suggests partial or more general alterations. We somewhat unwillingly agree with him in the position, that "taste, as connected with general feeling, is more or less subject to the influence of fashion," (Introduction, page ix,) lest we may be supposed, in common with some writers, to confound two things in their nature so essentially opposed. Fashion derives its existence either from momentary caprice, or from the ephemeral love of distinction; while taste is based upon principles which

have been found congenial to the general feelings of man, in all times and in all circumstances. Taste may occasionally, and, indeed, frequently *does*, control the eccentricities of fashion, and keeps it within the bounds of toleration; but in no instance ought *fashion* to be allowed to subvert the genuine principles of *taste*. We fear that our author is somewhat inoculated with the preceding heresy, when he seems to imagine that two diametrically opposite fashions in landscape-gardening can be made to amalgamate, so as to produce in the eye of taste one harmonious and characteristic whole. As well might the painter attempt to unite, in the same picture, the daring and terrible style of Michael Angelo, with the affected graces and delicate forms of Guido Reni; or, to borrow an illustration from Mr Gilpin himself, to effect an union of style between the massive and embossed plate of former ages and the meagre simplicity of more modern production.\* The fact is, we imagine that both styles were the offspring of *fashion*, and possibly the principles of taste were not much consulted in the forming of either. It might surely, then, be more judicious to strive at inventing something more novel and correct in its principle, than to form a species of composite style from materials, which, in themselves, are altogether discordant. We cannot then, in any respect, participate in the satisfaction expressed by Mr Gilpin, that the "time is approaching when Sir Uvedale Price's prophecy will be accomplished, in the union of the excellencies of the two systems of" landscape-gardening, (Introduction, p. x,) convinced as we feel that the effect of such an union must directly tend to the destruction of whatever is desirable in either system, and have the effect of rendering any scene, on which the experiment is tried, one confused mass of ill-assorted and in-

congruous parts. After all, however, we are inclined to believe that the passage which has called forth the above remarks may have resulted more from inadvertence than from erroneous principle, since we find, in the very next paragraph, the following sensible and judicious remarks:—

"As the embellishments that surround the country residences of England are extended over a much wider range than formerly, their influence on the general character of the country must be proportionately increased. It is highly desirable, then, that these embellishments should be founded on the principles of true taste; which, as the Essays† before alluded to have abundantly proved, is only to be perfected by the united study of nature and the works of the best landscape-painters. A taste thus formed, can alone produce that variety which the natural character of each place will suggest to an eye conversant with the principles of composition; whilst he, who is unacquainted with those principles, must be in danger of repeating the same scheme of operation, with little or no relation to the character of the different places to which it is applied."—(Introduction, pp. x. xi.)

The first chapter of Mr Gilpin's work is devoted to "Practical Hints on Landscape-Gardening;" and we must do him the justice to say, that, with one exception, we have seldom seen any subject treated with greater perspicuity, taste, and judgment. It would be difficult to make a selection of any individual passage that could afford our readers a just idea of the merit of the chapter, and it would be unfair towards the work to give very copious extracts; but we particularly recommend to the attention of every one about to engage, either in the building of a mansion, or in the laying out of pleasure-grounds, the excellent remarks on these subjects contained in the few pages before us. We subjoin, however, the following extract, as it

---

\* Mr Gilpin appears to forget that the present rejection of the meagre style in plate, in favour of the embossed one of older periods, is merely the substituting one fashion to another. No unnatural union of the two styles being attempted in the present day, we have simply come back to the fashion of our ancestors. The illustration, therefore, appears to possess very little analogy with the mingling of styles, which he seems desirous of recommending in landscape-gardening.

† Essays by Sir Uvedale Price.



not only seems to corroborate some of our foregoing observations, but also, as it appears to prove that Mr Gilpin, in his *practice* at least, if not always in his theory, adheres to the principles we have endeavoured to advocate :—

“ The judicious improvement of any place must rest upon the natural or acquired character of the place itself. I say *acquired* character, because many places may be found where the natural character has been superseded by planting and other decorations of such long standing as forbids their removal, and directs future improvement to *harmonize* with the *existing* state of things. Improvement may be classed under two leading heads, *formation* and *removal*. The former will be more especially requisite in the decorations of a new place, the latter in the correction of an old one.”

--Pp. 1, 2.

Here, then, we find no union of the old and more modern style recommended. On the contrary, it is laid down as an invariable rule, that we are to consult the general character of the place in every projected alteration. If parts are to be laid open, others concealed, and some to be added to, still it must be accomplished in the same style, and as nearly as possible upon the same principles, as those which probably influenced the original designer of the plan.

The embellishments of the Cottage Ornée must not be jumbled with those adapted to the castle, or to the manorial building; nor must the meagre style of more modern invention be intruded into the stately and somewhat formal one so generally adopted by our ancestors; nay, in the formation of an entirely new place, even the artist would do well to observe, with the strictest attention, the prevailing character of the scene upon which his ingenuity is to be exercised, and endeavour to adapt all his improvements in such a manner as will best correspond with the leading features of the place; and thus enable him to conceal the highest refinement of art, by conveying the impression of the whole having simultaneously sprung from the “ virgin fancy” of Nature herself. We are well aware of the rare union of talent, taste, and ge-

nus, necessary to produce so desirable a consummation; but we feel fully convinced that any one competently gifted with these qualities will find himself equal to the undertaking, if, following the advice of our author, he will discard all systems from his view, and unceasingly have recourse to the study of Nature, and to the works of the most celebrated landscape-painters.

Mr Gilpin divides scenery into the grand, the romantic, the beautiful, the picturesque, and the rural; and we feel inclined to agree with him in the general propriety of his classification; but do not quite comprehend his meaning when he informs us that the “ *romantic* is wrought upon a *smaller scale* than the *grand*.” If he mean magnitude in the parts that go to the creation of a scene of the latter description, we may feel in some measure inclined to agree with him; but if he speak in reference to the whole scene, then we do not exactly see why the romantic should not require as wide a field of action as the grand itself; for space perhaps is an idea more inseparably connected with the former than with the latter quality. Thus, a single rock or mountain may in itself form a grand object, though divested of almost every accompaniment; but we can scarcely form a distinct notion of the romantic unattended by a variety of circumstances all requiring much space for their developement. The one is, in many instances, a simple idea; the other, for the most part, an highly complex one. Again, Mr Gilpin tells us that “ *intricacy* seems the leading feature of the romantic.” That it may be a leading one, we readily admit, but we suspect that the blending of a variety of natural and other objects in extended and apparently artless succession, forms the great charm and chief ingredient of the romantic. It appears occasionally to admit of the grand, the beautiful, the picturesque, and perhaps, though very sparingly, of the rural; but every trace of familiarity, or commonplace, must be sedulously avoided, or kept out of sight. Such, it seems to us, is the general character of the scenery so richly and so forcibly described by Ariosto and Tasso, and, above all, by Spenser. Similar ob-

servations may also be made upon many of the best landscapes of Titian, Bourdon, the two Poussins, and upon those of Wilson, Salvator, and Julio Romano; for, barbarous as we frequently find the execution of the last-named artist, he occasionally exceeds the others in what may be almost termed the antediluvian wildness of his scenery. After all, perhaps, from the general character of English landscape, any attempt to *create* the romantic would, in nine cases out of ten, prove rather a perilous experiment; for the nature of the country almost precludes the probability of success. It abounds, indeed, in the beautiful, the picturesque, and the rural; but the sublime, the grand, or the romantic, are confined to small portions of the kingdom, perhaps nearly so, to its northern and western frontiers. We are therefore inclined to believe, that, generally speaking, attempts at this style in England should be undertaken with considerable caution, lest, in striving to soar into the regions of romance, we might find ourselves groping in the *trickeries* of the labyrinth.

Some excellent remarks follow on what is technically termed the "Approach," which appear to us to place this important feature in landscape gardening in a clearer and more practical point of view than we remember to have ever before seen it contemplated. "An approach," observes Mr Gilpin, "should appear to be an unstudied road to the house," (page 21), its character varying with that of the residence to which it leads, and which character will chiefly depend upon its *length*, or on its *embellishments*. The former does not seem to be of equal consequence with the latter, from several circumstances and instances adduced by the author; but, upon these topics, he must again speak for himself:—

"By the embellishments of an approach," he observes, "I mean the trees and undergrowth that adorn it. These embellishments, then, ought, I conceive, to be in unison with the scene. In driving through a park interspersed with masses of wood, natural groups of trees, and thickets of thorn, holly, &c., we do not expect to meet with laurels, portulags, and other materials of a shrubbery; in all such cases I cannot but feel them

utterly misplaced. The gardener has no business in the park. But at the cottage ornée, its limited domain and general character not admitting the masses and groups of park scenery, the aid of shrubs may be allowed, restricting them, however, to the more sober classes, principally evergreens, leaving the gayer varieties to heighten the beauty and interest of the pleasure-ground, properly so called. I would have no flowers, nor any thing that apparently required the gardener's care beyond neatness of keeping; let the evergreens trail upon the lawn, and no mould be seen. To the introduction of exotics in an approach of enlarged scale I confess myself most hostile; having witnessed the approach even to a palace-like mansion carried through miles of shrubbery; and in other places have seen what is scarcely less objectionable, the approach through the wild scenery of a natural wood, spotted and disfigured by patches of shrubs and flowers. I certainly should never so decorate an approach. If I find one so treated, where time has in some degree softened the incongruity, by giving freedom and ruggedness to the materials, I deal with it the best I may, judging it in this, as in most other cases, safer to make the best of what I find, than risk the alternative of a radical reform. Sometimes, indeed, the natural character of the place will warrant the extermination of exotics so misplaced; in other situations, such a removal would materially injure the scenery, as in one of the lines of approach at Oatlands, which passes through a narrow hollow way, and where time and accident have so united the shrubs with the higher trees, that any attempt to remove them would totally destroy the beauty of the whole. Hollies, of course, are not included in the foregoing remarks, as they are the growth of the forest as well as the ornament of the shrubbery." Pp. 24—26.

From the "approach" our author proceeds to the consideration of the more difficult task of arranging, with taste and propriety, what is usually denominated the dress-ground, and the scenery beyond it, "in the uniting of which into one harmonious whole lies the great art of improvement, properly so called." He divides composition, in landscape, into three distinct parts, namely, the *distance*, the *middle distance*, and the *foreground*. The first of these is commonly beyond the reach of the improver; but it may be made to



contribute greatly to the beauty of a scene, by a judicious and tasteful mode of treating the two other parts, which are more generally under our control. In almost every extensive and distant prospect, it is most likely that several portions of it may be greatly inferior to others, either in point of natural beauty, or as they may respect the leading features of the place. In such cases, the great object of the improver should be, to endeavour, by planting, or by some other means, in the middle, or in the foreground, to remove from observation those parts which are unsightly, or which interfere with the prevailing character of the scene, and, by these means, give an additional value and increased effect to those beauties which he is desirous to retain. In these proceedings, the office of the improver is pretty nearly allied to that of the landscape-painter when engaged in painting an original conception; with this difference only, that the painter has to invent the whole of his design, while the landscape-gardener has merely to adapt his improvements and embellishments to a scene which he, in a great measure, finds already formed to his hands. In both instances, the same taste, the same judgment, we had almost said the same *invention*, are necessarily requisite; and we are by no means sure, that the difficulties that surround the improver are not nearly on a par with those which encompass the painter; just upon the same principle that the historical artist finds it less onerous to depend solely on his own powers of design, than to insert with propriety into one of his compositions a figure, or a group, borrowed from the work even of a superior genius. But to return. We have long been of opinion, that the love of an unbroken and extensive distance, of which some persons are so deeply enamoured, is calculated to produce much mischief, in relation to the placing of a residence, and in the arrangement of its embellishments; and are glad to learn, from the following somewhat ludicrous story, that the sentiments of Mr Gilpin so entirely coincide on the subject with our own preconceived notions.

"Some years ago," says the author, "I visited a very picturesque spot, upon

which an appropriate house was then building. It was a varied knoll, covered with full-grown wood; the openings here and there carried the eye across a valley adorned with the winding reaches of the Thames, to a rich distance beyond. Through one of these openings a distant spire was happily, I should rather say unhappily, seen. A visitor acquainted with the geography of the country, to whom the owner of the house pointed out this fortunate circumstance, informed him that he might, if he chose it, see from his lawn *seven* churches, by removing the trees that hid them. In an evil hour he listened to the tempter, and when, some time after, in passing through the neighbourhood, I called, in expectation of seeing what had been so happily begun as successfully completed, I found the proprietor seated on a bare lawn, contemplating through a telescope his seven churches. I have stated a literal fact, and, I fear, not a solitary instance, in which the love of prospect has triumphed over taste, comfort, and convenience."—Pp. 29, 30.

As the improvement of the *middle* distance must mainly depend upon the extent of the domain to be embellished, Mr Gilpin very properly places his chief reliance on the foreground, as the important scene of operation; but here again, for the reasons we have before assigned, we are compelled to withhold our assent to his declared plan, "of rescuing from destruction all that is worthy to be retained in the old system, and in *uniting* it with all that is worthy of adoption in the new,"—Note, p. 35,—as such an union, in so far as it relates to the two *systems*, can produce nothing but incongruity and monstrosity. It would be like engrafting the leg of the Apollo, or the Venus, upon the horses of Michael Angelo! Both systems *may* have their respective merits; but the voice of Taste and Nature forbids them to approximate. We love, we venerate the proud baronial castles, and the lordly mansions of our ancestors—we admire the vastness and daring irregularity of their design—the richness of their ornaments, and the stately embellishments of wood and water, and terrace and avenue, by which they are commonly accompanied. They were suited to the character of their owners, and to the times in which they lived, and should be carefully preserved, in an unso-

phisticated state, as proud memorials of ages which are probably more to be regretted by the poet, than by the judicious historian of modern date. It is not our wish to enter into the comparison, which the author has drawn between the ancient and more recent style of Landscape-Gardening; but if we must make a choice between the one and the other, we decidedly prefer the former, with all its formality and occasional bad taste; the only thing, however, we contend for, is, that when repairs, additions, or improvements become needful, they should be made in the same spirit, and on a corresponding principle, with those which apparently guided the operations of the original designer. Solitude, stateliness, and grandeur, are the chief attributes of the style of past ages. Insipidity, meagreness, and the affectation of nature, when most widely departing from her simplicity and truth, characterise the more modern style, which perhaps, where *time* can be allowed, is however more susceptible of correction and improvement than the ancient one, from the general absence of all methodical plan in its design. Among many other tasteless novelties and errors of the modern style, it introduced the exotics, and the shrubs of the pleasure ground, into park scenery, "spotted the flat and insipid lawn with distinct shrubs, without connection or design," and finally, as our author expresses it, "at one fell swoop," cast down walls, terraces, and balustrades, and left the solitary and ancient mansion to mourn, as it were, over the destruction of its old *retainers*, and to "wonder how the devil it got there." Such will ever be the result of an attempt to unite systems, in themselves wholly dissimilar. But let us not be misunderstood; though we disapprove of Mr Gilpin's theory, we are far from objecting to his practice, which is commonly grounded on the most correct principles of taste; and we should be sorry indeed to dissent from the excellent reflections contained in the following extract, as well as in many other parts of his book.

"By *propriety*, I mean that harmony which should invariably exist between the mansion and its accompaniments;

and if it be true that external objects affect us by the impression which they make on the senses, and by the reflections which they suggest to the mind, how essential is it that the accompaniments and decorations of the old system should be maintained around the building to which they have been united, perhaps for centuries! Whoever has visited Powis Castle, (as complete in its parts as it is interesting as a whole,) may form some idea of the violence that would have been done both to the senses and the mind, had the *improvement* been there effected which Sir Uvedale Price so feelingly describes, and so justly condemns."—Pp. 37, 38.

All this appears to us to be most judicious and admirable; but why will Mr Gilpin embarrass himself with a *theory*, against which his taste and good sense are so constantly forcing him to rebel? In the absence of the pleasing illustrations which adorn the work, as well as from our limited space, it is impossible for us to enter into many general directions and detached criticisms, on individual mansions and pleasure grounds, which the author has been employed to improve, or which have fallen under the extensive range of his observation; but we can safely recommend them to the attention of our readers, as abounding in instances of good taste, correct feeling, and sound principles of art. To those proprietors who are desirous of becoming the improvers of their own estates, we would particularly point out the sensible advice contained in the subjoined extract, which has impressed us the more, from having occasionally witnessed the mischief that has arisen from the precipitate removal of trees, which it would require the lapse of many years to replace.

"The first caution, then," says the author, "that I would suggest to a person not conversant with the study of landscape, is, *not* to remove any tree from the foreground till he has accurately observed the effect in winter, as well as in summer. Secondly, *not* to take away a tree merely upon account of its insignificance, nor even its ugliness; as the beauty of the group may be mainly influenced by that very tree. Thirdly, *not* to seek variety in the group from the difference of the trees which compose it, so much as from the form of the whole. I would also suggest that round-headed trees are more



picturesque than pointed ones; though, particularly in connexion with buildings, the latter have frequently a good effect; and, in some cases, are most essentially useful. There is, I conceive, scarcely any tree that may not be advantageously used in the various combinations of form and colour; and, as immediately connected with buildings, I must say that the Lombardy poplar appears to me to be unjustly condemned; inasmuch as we have no tree that so well supplies the place of the cypress, in contrasting the horizontal lines of masonry, and giving occasional variety to the outline of the group. Portman Square affords an example in point; the horizontal lines of the houses on each side being broken and contrasted by the Lombardy poplars in the plantations; while the plantations themselves derive consequence and variety from the pointed form and superior height of the poplars; as, therefore, we cannot command the cypress of Italian growth, we find the Lombardy poplar its best representative."—P. 49—51.

We have but one objection to offer to the whole of this advice, which we the more particularly notice, as it strikes us as nearly the only instance of incorrect taste that occurs throughout the whole work. That the Lombardy poplar may be of service occasionally, in giving height, consequence, and variety to a *plantation*, in which trees of a different description occupy its outward boundaries, we by no means are inclined to dispute; but, when employed in *contrasting* the horizontal lines of masonry, and unaided by trees of a different character, they are surely exceedingly misplaced; since, from their generally upright figure, the only effect they can produce when so situated, must be a succession of right angles, the frequent recurrence of which ought to be studiously avoided in every composition; unless, indeed, extraordinary severity of character should be the object in view. The same objection holds good with respect to the cypress, which from its *ninepin* like shape, appears to us to be nearly as faulty as the poplars when employed in answering a similar purpose. Perhaps our readers may more readily comprehend our meaning, as it regards the poplar, by referring to the *upper* sketch, given by Mr Gilpin, in the illustration facing page 50 of his work.

With these observations we nearly conclude our remarks on Mr Gilpin's mode of treating the dress-ground; we regret that any difference of opinion should have arisen between us on this, or any other topic; for separate his theory from his practice, and he is generally entitled to our submissive respect. We know not whether he has ever been employed upon the formation of an entirely *new* place; but the comprehensive, detailed, and picturesque view he takes of this part of his subject, renders us anxious to meet him on ground, where, unshackled by contending systems, full scope will be afforded him for the display of those resources, with which art and nature have so richly endowed him—such opportunities cannot, in these times perhaps, be of frequent occurrence; but we will fearlessly venture to predict, that, whenever the occasion shall present itself, he will discharge the duties thus imposed upon him, in a manner that will add lustre to his reputation, and afford the highest satisfaction to his employer.

On the management of flower-beds, *when connected* with the dress-ground, we speak with considerable diffidence, having never seen them treated by any one in a manner exactly corresponding with our own notions on the subject. Fully agreeing with the author, that "when flower-beds are component parts of the dress-ground they must be made amenable to the rules of composition,"—p. 60, we yet cannot quite approve of the illustration given of this principle,—p. 62. The lower sketch is certainly a great improvement upon the upper one; but still the effect of the former appears to us to be rather "spotty," without much connexion between the different parts, and without large masses, into which (to use the language of the painter) the smaller ones are *resolved*. Here also we must again enter our protest against the employing poplars, or poplar-like forms, as connecting links in the composition. They are entirely foreign to the character of the scene, and are, in themselves, neither graceful nor ornamental.

In constructing a flower-garden, of the species in question, (for we agree with Mr Gilpin, that, in one

"properly so called, flowers must hold an undivided sway,") great care and taste appear requisite in conducting the eye, by nice gradations, from the splendid and sparkling hues of the flower-beds on the lawn, to the different points of junction with the dress-ground. This may probably be best effected by the aid of flowering shrubs and other exotics; taking care, however, to place those which blossom more immediately in contact with the flower-beds, and insensibly mingling a larger portion of the unflowering ones, as the scene of operation approaches the limits of the shrubbery, or dress-ground; somewhat on the principle to be observed in the disposition of a well-composed nose-gay. Where the borders of the beds, in imitation of stone, are employed, we think that "orange trees," or other curious plants, placed in handsome and ornamental tubs or vases, so as to lead the eye, by an almost imperceptible connexion, from one bed to another, might have an extremely pleasing effect; but we doubt their admissibility where the first-mentioned accompaniment is omitted. It has sometimes occurred to us, that, in an extensive lawn, in which flower-beds are admitted, a striking effect might perhaps be obtained by an arrangement of the different coloured flowers, in a manner somewhat analogous with the principle adopted, in their best works, by the most skilful colourists. This is accomplished by artfully contrasting the warmer and more vivid colours with those of a cooler and more retiring quality; always remembering, that each positive colour should have its large and appropriate bed, or mass, into which the smaller ones of similar hues might be resolved; so as to produce a well balanced whole, over which harmony and variety should hold an undivided sway. We venture to give this idea merely as a hint, though we think something of the kind, if judiciously executed, might create an effect greatly superior to any one that can be expected to arise from the common mode in practice of jumbling a variety of flowers together of discordant hues, without the least regard to composition, or to general design.

Mr Gilpin's ideas on the management of gravel-walks appear to be very judicious. The latter are indeed a species of necessary evil, which must be tolerated for the sake of convenience and comfort; and the great consideration for the improver, is to render them as little offensive to the general effect of the pleasure-ground, as their nature and material will possibly admit. In order to accomplish this, he observes,

"The line of walk should, I conceive, be regulated by the size and circumstances of the place. And first, of whatever extent the grounds may be, I would never carry the walk round the boundary; nothing, as I have before observed, is to my feeling so insipid as a long continued sweep; and the hanging perpetually on the boundary, by betraying the real dimensions of the place, destroys all idea of extent as effectually as it does that of variety. Whoever has seen the pleasure ground at Caversham, (laid out by Brown,) cannot but perceive what an improvement it would be to wind the walk amongst the noble trees and rich masses of shrubs, which now trails its monotonous course by the side of the sunk fence."—P. 64.

In addition to the foregoing, some valuable hints upon the same topic are scattered through several successive pages, in the course of which he particularly instances Danesfield, as forming the happiest illustration of the practice he is desirous to recommend.

Having now brought his remarks on the planting and other decorations of the dress-ground to a conclusion, the author next proceeds to consider the nature of the fences by which it is to be "protected from the cattle that graze the pasture whence it has been taken;" a subject of singular difficulty in itself, and which has been rendered infinitely more obscure by the conflicting opinions of writers, who, in most instances, appear to have brought only a very slender stock of information to bear upon the question, and still less of reason or consistency. Among the latter, it is not, however, our wish to include Mr Gilpin, who, though he may possibly have failed in establishing any general and permanent principle of his own, has nevertheless, we think, effectually combated the errors of those to whom he is opposed, and has adopted in his



practice the only safe course to be pursued, by modifying the character of his fences agreeably to the circumstances of the place he is employed to improve. At all times, indeed, he seems to contemplate the scene in which he is engaged with the comprehensive and experienced eye of an accomplished landscape-painter, and never, for an instant, loses sight of those leading principles of art which ought uniformly to direct the operations of every one engaged in his difficult occupation. We cannot perhaps better terminate our observations on the foregoing subject, than by quoting the following passage.

"To sum up, in few words, my ideas upon the subject of fences:—I hold it imperious that a manorial house, either of ancient or modern date, should be separated from the pasture by a wall.\* I think it agreeable to good taste, that a Grecian, Italian, or any other pile of sufficient character or magnitude, should also be thus accompanied. In cases where this accompaniment is not requisite, or cannot well be applied, I prefer a more solid fence to a flimsy one; and a sunk fence I hold to be totally irreconcilable to a shadow of taste. It will be remembered, I am speaking of the division between the dress-ground and the pasture beyond it. To more remote situations, where it may be desirable to remove a hedge, and yet retain the division of the grounds, the least visible separating line will be the best adapted to the purpose, and a sunk fence may be as good as any other. It will also be remembered, that I am recommending a wall only where the dress-lawn is seen in conjunction with the pasture.

"Before we quit this subject, it may be useful to notice an arrangement of Mr Brown's, as destructive of cheerfulness as it is destitute of taste, viz. the enclosing by a sunk fence a large portion of ground beyond the dress lawn, (from which it is separated by the same expedient), and planting both the sides, while the remote front is left open to admit the distant view. Within this sunk fence, but on the outside of the plantation, a monotonous walk leads you round the confines of this cheerless patch of coarse grass, which, being neither ornamented nor fed, is intended as an apparent continuation of the velvet turf surrounding the man-

sion. A stronger instance of mistaken theory and practice in the art of gardening, I think, is scarcely to be met with. I trust this arrangement is improved at Woolterton in Norfolk, and at Kirklington near Woodstock, by substituting a terrace, and carrying the walk in a varied line through the plantation, now grown into fine trees, and by the planting of groups of ornamental shrubs in the enclosure at the one place, and at the other by throwing it open to the sheep, according to the different circumstances of each."—Pp. 85, 86.

In the course of the foregoing remarks, we have occasionally found it necessary, in the exercise of our function, to dissent from Mr Gilpin upon several topics, perhaps of minor importance, but we are at length arrived at a portion of his work which demands our most unqualified approbation. Warm as is our admiration of the taste and talent which generally pervade the publication before us, we are free to confess that his chapter upon "Planting" has greatly surpassed any thing we had anticipated from his pen. The subject is, in itself, an arduous one, and, besides its inherent difficulty, Mr Gilpin, in advocating his opinions, has had to contend with several practised and adverse writers, whose dexterity and ingenuity are perhaps more to be commended, than their regard for candour and fidelity. Yet in spite of the fearful odds, thus marshalled in array against him, we have seldom met with an author who has more completely discomfited his opponents, by the accuracy of his statements, and the unanswerable force of his arguments. We know not how the writers in question may feel on the occasion; but if one of them, at least, does not wince under the well merited, though unpresuming castigation his absurdities have received, we can only say he must be cased in an armour of proof, far more impenetrable than hide of the rhinoceros. From this excellent portion of the book we shall give no quotation; each part being so dependent on another, as to render it scarcely practicable to make any extracts that would convey an adequate idea of the merit of the whole; much less

\* We believe Mr Gilpin, in this as in other cases, means a wall of masonry not exceeding two or at most three feet in height.

would we wish, by detailed comments of our own, to run the risk of weakening the force and effect of the author's observations and arguments. We sincerely, however, recommend the chapter to the attention of our readers; feeling fully convinced that few can peruse it without receiving great pleasure, and much valuable information from its contents. If we object to any thing, it is, perhaps, to the introduction of the controversy between Sir Uvedale Price and Mr Repton, which has been so long before the public, as to render its repetition scarcely necessary; but Mr Gilpin was, we believe, well acquainted with Sir Uvedale, and the amiable feeling which appears to have prompted its insertion, as expressed in the following concluding paragraph, does credit to the kindly feelings of his heart.

"I trust," he observes, "that the passages above recited will remove all imputation of *bitterness* from the controversy between rivals, now alike indifferent to the meed of victory, alike unconscious of the fair face of nature which awakened the strife between them; and that the Essays, freed from every impediment to their utility, will be considered (as they deserve to be) the standard of taste on the subjects of which they treat; I shall feel most gratified, if my humbler attempt may prepare the uninitiated to reap the full advantage of that elegant and interesting work."—Pp. 150.

The mode of forming artificial pieces of water and their accompaniments, occupies the succeeding chapter; and contains many useful hints upon this interesting though difficult department of landscape-gardening. Indeed we know of nothing that requires greater conduct, or a more intimate acquaintance with nature, than the judicious introduction of rivers, pools, and lakes, in situations where none have previously existed; and here Mr Gilpin's theoretical and practical knowledge of landscape-painting, affords him unusual advantage over those, who, from the circumstances of their lives, have possessed few, if any opportunities of acquiring more than a very superficial acquaintance with the art.

The unceasing and deep study of nature, in all her endless varieties, which the successful pursuit of his previous occupation rendered indis-

pensable, furnished him with an almost inexhaustible stock of ideas, which, having been previously methodized and arranged in his mind, enables him, "when new occasion mocks all formed art," to draw, as it were, at sight upon his resources, and readily to meet every unlooked-for emergency. The advantages resulting from his early education, as an artist, manifest themselves throughout various portions of his book, though, possibly, in no one to a greater degree than in the subject more immediately under consideration. But to proceed. In forming a piece of water, it is necessary, in the first place, to ascertain the character it should assume, whether of river, pool, or lake, which, of course, will depend on a number of circumstances, for which it would be next to impossible to lay down any determinate rules, though, as the author well observes—

"It may be as well to remember, that beauty, not quantity, is the object to be kept in view. In water," he continues, "as in a plantation, the outline is of the utmost moment; and the same observation will apply to both, viz. that the excellence of the form will depend upon the boldness of its indentations, not upon the frequency of their occurrence. These indentations should be formed with immediate reference to the house, if the water be seen from it; and care should be taken, that the remote bank, or shore, be not parallel with the house, as any depth of bay, so situated, will appear little better than a straight line, especially if the house does not occupy an elevated situation."—P. 152.

Great difficulty seems to arise in forming what is called the Head of a piece of water, so as to avoid the "straight line, or uniform curve which usually characterise it."—(Page 155.)—To remedy this evil, Mr Gilpin points out several expedients, which appear extremely well calculated to answer the desired purpose; and in order to conceal the exact extent of an artificial river, &c., he recommends the following mode of conducting the drive or walk:—

"It is seldom that the Head can be constructed so as to unite easily with the ground beyond it; for which reason, the drive or walk should not (if it can be



avoided) pass over it. Indeed, under no circumstances, should you be permitted to walk all round a piece of water, as, its limits being thus betrayed, its extent is ascertained; whereas, when the walk is so conducted as occasionally to come upon the water, and that at the best points of view, and to be constrained by the intervention of planting, &c., again to leave it, not only is the apparent extent, as well as the variety, greatly increased, but the wish to explore what is thus hidden creates an interest beyond any that complete disclosure could afford. The small, but beautiful artificial lake, at the Priory, near Stanmore, is an illustration of what has been here stated; where the form of the lake, the conducting of the walk, the beauty of the openings to the water, and the appropriateness and variety of the interposing masses, groups, and single trees, &c., afford a striking example of the correct taste that executed the whole, and which has also dictated the theory on which it was formed."—P. 156.

With respect to the introduction of islands, in artificial pieces of water, Mr Gilpin is avowedly a follower of Sir Uvedale Price; and, judging from the long quotation which he has inserted from the essay, by that gentleman, on "Artificial Water," towards the end of the chapter, he could not perhaps have made choice of a surer or more intelligent guide. With this, however, as it has been long before the public, and its merits sufficiently known, we shall not interfere, but shall content ourselves with extracting the following paragraph from the author, which appears to be written in the true spirit of the painter, and with the genuine warmth of an enthusiastic admirer of nature:—

"Before quitting this part of the subject, it may not be amiss to suggest great care in interfering with the character of a brook. Where the ground and other circumstances concur, the stream may occasionally be brought to spread itself into a little pool; its indefinite margin of alder, willow, and other bushes on the lower side, concealing the resumption of its modest channel, till some favourable opportunity may again allure it from its retirement; thus creating a variety with-

out destroying its character. But it should be well considered, before the brook is sacrificed for a piece of water, whether the latter can be so formed and decorated as to warrant the change."—Pp. 174 and 175.

The remainder of the book is devoted to miscellaneous observations, in elucidation of many of the foregoing topics, and to others of a novel description; but most of them will be read with interest and advantage by those who are directly or remotely engaged in the improvement of mansions and pleasure-grounds. Some of the remarks on trees and shrubs of various kinds, and on the soil and situation best adapted to their culture, are well worthy of notice, especially such as relate to the Scotch fir, the deterioration of which, for many years past, not only in its picturesque character, but in its general estimate, seems to be a problem somewhat difficult of solution. Something, also, might be added in regard to the author's remarks on the propriety of admitting a cottage, or even a whole village, as component parts of a scene viewed from the castle, or mansion, of an extensive, or more circumscribed domain. We agree with the author's sentiments on this, as well as many other subjects; but our limits warn us to bring our observations to a close.

We take leave of Mr Gilpin with feelings somewhat similar to those we should experience in parting with an old friend and colloquial neighbour; who, having much valuable instruction to communicate, has the art of conveying it in a shape the most familiar and agreeable to his hearers. We sincerely hope, that the time may not be far distant, when, with increased experience, and a still wider field for the display of his great and versatile talents, we may be enabled to meet him again, with fresh opportunities of profiting by his instruction, and of participating in those pleasing and contemplative ideas, which the vigour of his descriptions, and the fervidness of his imagination, can never fail to impart.

## JAMES'S HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE.\*

HISTORY is sometimes treated under the splendid conception of "philosophy teaching by example," and sometimes as an "old almanack;" and, agreeably to this latter estimate, we once heard a celebrated living professor of medicine, who has been since distinguished by royal favour, and honoured with a title, making it his boast, that he had never charged his memory with one single historical fact; that, on the contrary, he had, out of profound contempt for a sort of knowledge so utterly without value in his eyes, anxiously sought to extirpate from his remembrance,—or, if that were impossible, to perplex and confound,—any relics of historical records which might happen to survive from his youthful studies. "And I am happy to say," added he, "and it is consoling to have it in my power conscientiously to declare, that, although I have not been able to dismiss entirely from my mind some ridiculous fact about a succession of four great monarchies, for human infirmity still clings to our best efforts, and will for ever prevent our attaining perfection, still I have happily succeeded in so far confounding all distinctions of things and persons, of time and of places, that I could not assign the era of any one transaction, as I humbly trust, within a thousand years. The whole vast series of history is become a wilderness to me; and my mind, as to all such absurd knowledge, under the blessing of Heaven, is pretty nearly a *tabula rasa*." In this Gothic expression of self-congratulation upon the extent of his own ignorance, though doubtless founded upon what the Germans call an *einseitig* or one-sided estimate, there was however that sort of truth which is apprehended only by strong minds, and such as naturally adhere to extreme courses. Certainly the blank knowledge of facts, which is all that most readers gather from their historical studies, is a mere deposition of rubbish without cohesion, and resting upon no basis of theory

(that is, of general comprehensive survey) applied to the political development of nations, and accounting for the great stages of their internal movements. Rightly and profitably to understand history, it ought to be studied in as many ways as it may be written. History, as a composition, falls into three separate arrangements, obeying three distinct laws, and addressing itself to three distinct objects. Its first and humblest office is to deliver a naked unadorned exposition of public events and their circumstances. This form of history may be styled the purely Narrative; the second form is that which may be styled the Scenical; and the third the Philosophic. What is meant by Philosophic History, is well understood in our present advanced state of society; and few histories are written except in the simplest condition of human culture, which do not in part assume its functions, or which are content to rest their entire attraction upon the abstract interest of facts. The privileges of this form have, however, been greatly abused; and the truth of facts has been so much forced to bend before preconceived theories, whereas every valid theory ought to be abstracted from the facts, that Mr Southey and others in this day have set themselves to decry the whole genus and class—as essentially at war with the very primary purposes of the art. But, under whatever name, it is evident that philosophy, or an investigation of the true moving forces in every great train and sequence of national events, and an exhibition of the motives and the moral consequences in their largest extent which have concurred with these events, cannot be omitted in any history above the level of a childish understanding. Mr Southey himself will be found to illustrate this necessity by his practice, whilst assailing it in principle. As to the other mode of history—history treated scenically, it is upon the whole the most delightful to the reader, and

\* The History of Charlemagne; with a Sketch and History of France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Rise of the Carlovingian Dynasty. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1832.



the most susceptible of art and ornament in the hands of a skilful composer. The most celebrated specimen in this department is the *Decline and Fall of Gibbon*. And to this class may in part\* be referred the *Historical Sketches of Voltaire*. Histories of this class proceed upon principles of selection, presupposing in the reader a general knowledge of the great cardinal incidents, and bringing forward into especial notice those only which are susceptible of being treated with distinguished effect.

These are the three separate modes of treating history; each has its distinct purposes; and all must contribute to make up a comprehensive total of historical knowledge. The first furnishes the facts; the second opens a thousand opportunities for pictures of manners and national temper in every stage of their growth; whilst the third abstracts the political or the ethical moral, and unfolds the philosophy which knits the history of one nation to that of others, and exhibits the whole under their internal connexion, as parts of one great process, carrying on the great economy of human improvement by many stages in many regions at one and the same time.

Pursued upon this comprehensive scale, the study of history is the study of human nature. But some have continued to reject it, not upon any objection to the quality of the knowledge gained—but simply on the ground of its limited extent; contending that in public and political transactions, such as compose the matter of history, human nature exhibits itself upon too narrow a scale and under too monotonous an aspect; that under different names, and in connexion with different dates and

regions, events virtually the same are continually revolving; that whatever novelty may strike the ear, in passages of history taken from periods widely remote, affects the names only, and circumstances that are extra-essential; that the passions meantime, the motives, and (allowing for difference of manners) the means even, are subject to no variety; that in ancient or in modern history there is no real accession made to our knowledge of human nature; but that all proceeds by cycles of endless repetition; and in fact that, according to the old complaint, "there is nothing new under the sun."

It is not true that "there is nothing new under the sun." This is the complaint, as all men know, of a jaded voluptuary, seeking for a new pleasure and finding none, for reasons which lay in his own vitiated nature. Why did he seek for novelty? Because old pleasures had ceased to stimulate his exhausted organs; and that was reason enough why no new pleasure, had any been found, would operate as such for him. The weariness of spirit and the poverty of pleasure, which he bemoaned as belonging to our human condition, were not in reality *objective*, (as a German philosopher would express himself,) or laid in the nature of things, and thus pressing upon all alike, but *subjective*, that is to say, derived from the peculiar state and affections of his own organs for apprehending pleasure. Not the  $\tau\delta$  *apprehensibile*, but the  $\tau\delta$  *apprehendens*, was in fault—not the pleasures, or the dewy freshness of pleasures, had decayed, but the sensibilities of him who thus undertook to appraise them.

More truly, and more philosophi-

---

\* In part we say, because in part also the characteristic differences of these works depend upon the particular mode of the narrative. For narration itself, as applied to history, admits of a triple arrangement—dogmatic, sceptical, and critical; dogmatic, which adopts the current records without examination; sceptical, as Horace Walpole's *Richard III.*, Laing's *Dissertation on Perkin Warbeck*, or on the *Gowrie Conspiracy*, which expressly undertakes to probe and try the unsound parts of the story; and critical, which, after an examination of this nature, selects from the whole body of materials such as are coherent. There is besides another ground of difference in the quality of historical narratives, viz. between those which move by means of great public events, and those which (like the *Cæsars* of Suetonius, and the *French Memoirs*), referring to such events as are already known, and keeping them in the background, crowd their foreground with those personal and domestic notices which we call anecdotes.

cally, it may be said, that there is nothing old under the sun, no absolute repetition. It is the well-known doctrine of Leibnitz,\* that amongst the familiar objects of our daily experience, there is no perfect identity. All in external nature proceeds by endless variety. Infinite change, illimitable novelty, inexhaustible difference, these are the foundations upon which nature builds and ratifies her purpose of *individuality*—so indispensable, amongst a thousand other great uses, to the very elements of social distinctions and social rights. But for the endless circumstances of difference which characterise external objects, the rights of property, for instance, would have stood upon no certain basis, nor admitted of any general or comprehensive guarantee.

As with external objects, so with human actions: amidst their infinite approximations and affinities, they are separated by circumstances of never-ending diversity. History may furnish her striking correspondences, Biography her splendid parallels, Rome may in certain cases appear but the mirror of Athens, England of Rome,—and yet, after all, no character can be cited, no great transaction, no revolution of “high-vised cities,” no catastrophe of nations, which, in the midst of its resemblances to distant correspondences in other ages, does not include features of abundant distinction and individualizing characteristics, so many and so important, as to yield its own peculiar matter for philosophical meditation and its own separate moral. Rare is the case in history, or (to speak with suitable boldness) there is none, which does not involve circumstan-

ces capable to a learned eye, without any external aid from chronology, of referring it to its own age. The doctrine of Leibnitz, on the grounds of individuality in the objects of sense, may, in fact, be profitably extended to all the great political actions of mankind. Many pass, in a popular sense, for pure transcripts or duplicates of similar cases in past times; but, accurately speaking, none are such truly and substantially. Neither are the differences, by which they are severally marked and featured, interesting only to the curiosity or to the spirit of minute research. All public acts, in the degree in which they are great and comprehensive, are steeped in living feelings, and saturated with the spirit of their own age; and the features of their individuality, that is, the circumstances which chiefly distinguish them from their nearest parallels in other times, and chiefly prevent them from lapsing into blank repetitions of the same identical case, are generally the very cardinal points, the organs, and the depositories, which lodge whatever best expresses the temper and tendencies of the age to which they belong. So far are these special points of distinction from being slight or trivial, that in them *par excellence* is gathered and concentrated, whatever a political philosopher would be best pleased to insulate and to converge within his field of view.

This, indeed, is evident upon consideration; and is in some sense implied in the very verbal enunciation of the proposition: *vi termini*, it should strike every man who reflects—that, in great national transactions

---

\* Leibnitz, (who was twice in England,) when walking in Kensington Gardens with the Princess of Wales, whose admiration oscillated between this great countryman of her own, and Sir Isaac Newton, the corresponding idol of her adopted country, took occasion, from the beautiful scene about them, to explain in a lively way, and at the same time to illustrate and verify this favourite thesis: Turning to a gentleman in attendance upon her Royal Highness, he challenged him to produce two leaves from any tree or shrub, which should be exact duplicates or fac-similes of each other in those lines which variegate the surface. The challenge was accepted; but the result justified Leibnitz. It is in fact upon this infinite variety in the superficial lines of the human palm, that Palmistry is grounded, (or the science of divination by the hieroglyphics written on each man's hand,) and has its *primâ facie* justification. Were it otherwise, this mode of divination would not have even a *plausible* sanction; for, without the inexhaustible varieties which are actually found in the combinations of these lines, and which give to each separate individual his own separate type, the same identical fortunes must be often repeated; and there would be no foundation for assigning to each his peculiar and characteristic destiny.



of different ages, so far resembling each other as to merit the description of *parallels*, all the circumstances of agreement—all those which compose the resemblance, for the very reason that they are *common* to both periods of time, specially and characteristically belong to neither. It is the differential, and not the common—the points of special dissimilitude, not those of general similitude—which manifestly must be looked to, for the philosophic valuation of the times or the people—for the adjudication of their peculiar claims in a comparison with other times and other people—and for the appraisement of the progress made, whether positively for its total amount, or relatively to itself, for its rate of advance at each separate stage.

It is in this way of critical examination, that comparison and the collation of apparent parallels, from being a pure amusement of ingenuity, rises to a philosophic labour, and that the study of History becomes at once dignified and in a most practical sense profitable. It is the opinion of the subtlest and the most combining (if not the most useful) philosopher whom England has produced, that a true knowledge of history confers the gift of prophecy; or that intelligently and sagaciously to have looked backwards, is potentially to have looked forwards. For example, he is of opinion that any student of the great English civil war in the reign of Charles I., who should duly have noted the signs precurrent and concurrent of those days, and should also have read the contemporary political pamphlets, coming thus prepared, could not have failed, after a corresponding study of the French literature from 1750 to 1788, and in particular, after collecting the general sense and temper of the French people from the *Cahiers*, (or codes of instruction transmitted by the electoral bodies to the members of the first National Assembly,) to foresee in clear succession the long career of revolutionary frenzy, which soon afterwards deluged Eu-

rope with tears and blood. This may perhaps be conceded, and without prejudice to the doctrine just now delivered, of endless diversity in political events. For it is certain that the political movements of nations obey everlasting laws, and travel through the stages of known cycles, which thus ensure enough of resemblance to guarantee the general outline of a sagacious prophecy; whilst, on the other hand, the times, the people, and the extraordinary minds which, in such critical eras, soon reveal themselves at the head of affairs, never fail of producing their appropriate and characteristic results of difference. Sameness enough there will always be to encourage the true political seer; with difference enough to confer upon each revolution its separate character and its peculiar interest.

All this is strikingly illustrated in the history of those great revolutionary events, which belong to the life and times of the Emperor Charlemagne. If any one period in history might be supposed to offer a barren and unprofitable picture of war, rapine, and bloodshed—unfeaturing by characteristic differences, and unimproved by any peculiar moral, it is this section of the European annals. Removed from our present times by a thousand years, divided from us by the profound gulf of what we usually denominate the *dark ages*; placed, in fact, entirely upon the farther\* side of that great barrier—this period of history can hardly be expected to receive much light from contemporary documents in an age so generally illiterate. Not from national archives, or state papers, when diplomacy was so rare, when so large a proportion of its simple transactions was conducted by personal intercourse, and after the destruction wrought amongst its slender chancery of written memorials by the revolution of one entire millennium. Still less could we have reason to hope for much light from private memoirs at a period when the means of writing were as slenderly diffused as the motives;

\* According to the general estimate of philosophical history, the *tenth* century (or perhaps the tenth and the eleventh conjointly) must be regarded as the meridian, or the perfect midnight, of the dark ages.

when the rare endowments, natural and acquired, for composing history could so seldom happen to coincide with the opportunities for obtaining accurate information; when the writers were so few, and the audience so limited and so widely dispersed, to which they could then profitably address themselves. With or without illustration, however, the age itself and its rapid succession of wars between barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes, might, if any one chapter in history, be presumed barren of either interest or instruction; wearisomely monotonous; and, by comparison with any parallel section from the records of other nations in the earliest stages of dawning civilisation, offering no one feature of novelty beyond the names of the combatants, their local and chronological relations, and the peculiar accidents and unimportant circumstances of variety in the conduct or issue of the several battles which they fought.

Yet, in contradiction to all these very plausible presumptions, even this remote period teems with its own peculiar and separate instruction. It is the first great station, so to speak, which we reach after entering the portals of modern\* history. It presents us with the evolution and propagation of Christianity in its present central abodes; with the great march of civilisation, and the gathering within the pale of that mighty agency for elevating human nature, and beneath the gentle yoke of the only true and beneficent religion, of the last rebellious recusants among the European family of nations. We meet also, in conjunction with the other steps of the vast

humanizing process then going on, the earliest efforts at legislation—recording at the same time the barbarous condition of those for whom they were designed, and the anti-barbarous views and aspirations of the legislator in the midst of his condescensions to the infirmities of his subjects. Here also we meet with the elementary state, growing and as yet imperfectly rooted, of feudalism. Here, too, we behold in their incunabula, forming and arranging themselves under the pressure of circumstances, the existing kingdoms of Christendom. So far then from being a mere echo, or repetition, of other passages in history, the period of Charlemagne is rich and novel in its instruction, and almost (we might say) unique in the quality of that instruction. For here only perhaps we see the social system forming itself in the mine, and the very process, as it were, of crystallization going on beneath our eyes. Mr James, therefore, may be regarded as not less fortunate in the choice of his subject, than meritorious in its treatment; indeed, his work is not so much the best, as the only history of Charlemagne which will hereafter be cited. For it reposes upon a far greater body of research and collation, than has hitherto been applied† even in France to this interesting theme; and in effect it is the first account of the great emperor and his times which can, with a due valuation of the term, be complimented with the title of a *critical* memoir.

Charlemagne, “the greatest man of the middle ages,” in the judgment of his present biographer, was born

---

\* It has repeatedly been made a question—at what era we are to date the transition from ancient to modern history. This question merits a separate dissertation. Meantime it is sufficient to say in this place—that Justinian in the 6th century will unanimously be referred to the ancient division, Charlemagne in the 8th to the modern. These then are two limits fixed in each direction; and somewhere between them must lie the frontier line. Now the era of Mahomet in the 7th century is evidently the exact and perfect line of demarcation; not only as pretty nearly bisecting the debateable ground, but also because the rise of the Mahommedan power, as operating so powerfully upon the Christian kingdoms of the south, and through them upon the whole of Christendom, at that time beginning to mould themselves and to knit, marks in the most eminent sense the birth of a new era.

† Or, in fact, than is likely to manifest itself to an unlearned reader of Mr James's own book; for he has omitted to load his margin with references to authorities in many scores of instances where he might, and perhaps where he ought, to have accredited his narrative by those indications of research.



A. D. 742—seven years before his father assumed the name of King. This date has been disputed: but, on the whole, we may take it as settled, upon various collateral computations, that the year now assigned is the true one. The place is less certain: but we do not think Mr James warranted in saying that it is “unknown.” If every thing is to be pronounced “unknown,” for which there is no absolute proof of a kind to satisfy forensic rules of evidence, or which has ever been made a question for debate, in that case we may apply a sponge to the greater part of history before the era of printing. Aix-la-Chapelle, Mr James goes on to tell us, is *implied* as the birth-place in one of the chief authorities. But our own impression is, that according to the general belief of succeeding ages, it was not Aix-la-Chapelle, but Ingelheim, a village near Mentz, to which that honour belonged. Some have supposed that Carlsburg, in Bavaria, was the true place of his birth; and, indeed, that it drew its name from that distinguished event. Frantzius, in particular, says, that in his day the castle of that place was still shewn to travellers with the reverential interest attached to such a pretension. But, after all, he gives his own vote for Ingelheim; and it is singular that he does not so much as mention Aix-la-Chapelle. Of his education and his early years, Mr James is of opinion that we know as little as of his birth-place. Certainly our information upon these particulars is neither full nor circumstantial; yet we know as much, perhaps, in these respects, of Charlemagne as of Napoleon Bonaparte. And remarkable enough it is, that not relatively, (or making allowances for the age,) but absolutely, Charlemagne was much more accomplished than Napoleon in the ordinary business of a *modern* education; Charlemagne, in the middle of the 8th century, than Napoleon in the latter end of the 18th. Charlemagne was, in fact, the most accom-

plished man of his age; Napoleon a sciolist for any age. The tutor of Charlemagne was Peter of Pisa, a man eminent at that time for his attainments in literature (*in re grammaticâ*.) From him it was that Charlemagne learned Latin and Greek; Greek in such a degree “ut sufficienter intelligeret,” and Latin to the extent of using it familiarly and fluently in conversation. Now, as to the man of the 18th century—Greek was to him as much a sealed language as Chinese; and, even with regard to Latin, his own secretary doubts upon one occasion, whether he were sufficiently master of it to translate Juvenal’s expressive words of *Panem et Circenses*. Yet he had enjoyed the benefits of an education in a Royal College, in a country which regards itself self-complacently as at the head of civilisation. Again, there is a pretty strong tradition, (which could hardly arise but upon some foundation,) that Charlemagne had cultivated the Arabic so far as to talk it;\* having no motive to that attainment more urgent than that political considerations made it eligible for him to undertake an expedition against those who could negotiate in no other language. Now, let it be considered how very much more powerful arguments there were in Napoleon’s position for mastering the German and the English. His continental policy moved entirely upon the pivot of central Europe, that is, the German system of nations—the great federation of powers upon the Rhine and the Danube. And, as to England, his policy and his passions alike pointed in that direction as uniformly and as inevitably as the needle to the Pole: every morning, we are told, tossing aside the Paris journals as so many babbling echoes of his own public illusions, expressing rather what was desired, than what was probable, he required of his secretary that he should read off into French the leading newspapers of England. And many were the times when he started

\* “Arabice loquutum esse Aigolando Saracenorum regulo, Turpinus (the famous Archbishop) auctor est; nec id fide indignum. Dum enim in expeditione Hispanicâ præcipuam belli molem in illum vertit, facile temporis tractu notitiam linguæ sibi comparare potuit.”—FRANTZ. *Hist. Car. Mag.* That is, he had time sufficient for this acquisition, and a motive sufficient.

up in fury, and passionately taxed his interpreter with mistranslation; sometimes as softening the expressions, sometimes as over-colouring their violence. Evidently he lay at the mercy of one whom he knew to be wanting in honour, and who had it in his power, either by way of abetting any sinister views of his own, or in collusion with others, to suppress—to add—to garble—and in every possible way to colour and distort what he was interpreting. Yet neither could this humiliating sense of dependency on the one hand, nor the instant pressure of political interest on the other, ever urge Napoleon to the effort of learning English in the first case, German or Spanish in the second. Charlemagne again cultivated most strenuously and successfully, as an accomplishment peculiarly belonging to the functions of his high station, the art and practice of eloquence; and he had this reward of his exertions—that he was accounted the most eloquent man of his age: “totis viribus ad orationem exercendam conversus naturalem facundiam ita roboravit studio, ut præter [*l. propter*] promptum ac profluens sermonis genus facile ævi sui eloquentissimus crederetur.” Turn to Bonaparte. It was a saying of his sycophants, that he sometimes spoke like a god, and sometimes worse than the feeblest of mortals. But, says one who knew him well,—the mortal I have often heard, unfortunately never yet the god. He, who sent down this sneer to posterity, was at Napoleon’s right hand on the most memorable occasion of his whole career—that cardinal occasion, as we may aptly term it, (for upon *that* his whole fortunes hinged,) when he intruded violently upon the Legislative Body, dissolved the Directory, and effected the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. That revolution it was which raised him to the Consular power; and by that revolution, considered in its manner and style, we may judge of Napoleon in several of his chief pretensions—courage, presence of mind, dignity, and eloquence; for then, if ever, these qualities were all in in-

stant requisition; one word effectually urged by the antagonist parties, a breath, a gesture, a nod, suitably followed up, would have made the total difference between ruler of France and a traitor hurried away *à la lanterne*. It is true, that the miserable imbecility of all who should have led the hostile parties, the irresolution and the quiet-loving temper of Moreau, the base timidity of Bernadotte, in fact, the total defect of heroic minds amongst the French of that day, neutralized the defects and more than compensated the blunders of Napoleon. But these were advantages that could not be depended on: a glass of brandy extraordinary might have emboldened the greatest poltroon to do that which, by once rousing a movement of popular enthusiasm, once making a beginning in that direction, would have precipitated the whole affair into hands which must have carried it far beyond the power of any party to control. Never, according to all human calculation, were eloquence and presence of mind so requisite: never was either so deplorably wanting. A passionate exposition of the national degradations inflicted by the imbecility of the Directors, an appeal to the assembly as Frenchmen, contrasting the glories of 1796 with the humiliating campaigns that had followed, might, by connecting the new candidate for power with the public glory, and the existing rulers with all the dishonours which had settled on the French banners, have given an electric shock to the patriotism of the audience, such as would have been capable for the moment of absorbing their feelings as partisans. In a French assembly, movements of that nature, under a momentary impulse, are far from being uncommon. Here then, if never before, and never again, the grandeur of the occasion demanded—almost, we might say, implored, and clamorously invoked, the effectual powers of eloquence and perfect self-possession. How was the occasion met? Let us turn to the actual scene, as painted in lively colours by a friend and an eye-witness: \*—“The accounts brought every instant to Ge-

\* Not having the French original of Bourrienne’s work, we are compelled to quote from Dr Memes’s translation, which, however, is every where incorrect, and in a de-



neral Bonaparte determined him to enter the hall [of the Ancients] and take part in the debate. His entrance was hasty, and in anger—no favourable prognostics of what he would say. The passage by which we entered led directly forward into the middle of the house; our backs were towards the door; Bonaparte had the President on his right; he could not see him quite in front. I found myself on the General's right; our clothes touched: Berthier was on his left. All the harangues composed for Bonaparte after the event differ from each other;—no miracle that. There was, in fact, none pronounced to the Ancients; unless a broken conversation with the President, carried on without nobleness, propriety, or dignity, may be called a speech. We heard only these words—*“Brothers in arms—frankness of a soldier.”* The interrogatories of the President were clear. Nothing could be more confused or worse enounced, than the ambiguous and disjointed replies of Bonaparte. He spoke incoherently of volcanoes—secret agitations—victories—constitution violated. He found fault even with the 18th Fructidor, of which he had himself been the prime instigator and most powerful upholder.” [Not, reader, observe, from bold time-serving neglect of his own principles, but from absolute distraction of mind, and incoherency of purpose.] “Then came *Cæsar—Cromwell—Tyrant,*”—[allusions which, of all others, were the most unseasonable for that crisis, and for his position.] “He repeated several times—*I have no more than that to tell you*; and he had told them nothing. Then out

came the words, — *Liberty, Equality*: for these every one saw he had not come to St Cloud. Then his action became animated, and we lost him—comprehending nothing beyond 18th Fructidor, 30 Prairial, hypocrites, intriguers; *I am not so; I shall declare all; I will abdicate the power when the danger which threatens the Republic has passed.*”—Then, after further instances of Napoleon's falsehood, and the self-contradictory movements of his disjointed babble, the secretary goes on thus: “These interruptions, apostrophes, and interrogations, overwhelmed him; he believed himself lost. The disapprobation became more violent, and his discourse still more wanting in method and coherence. Sometimes he addressed the representatives, quite stultified; sometimes the military in the court,” [*i. e.* outside,] “who were beyond hearing; then, without any transition, he spoke of the thunder of war—saying, *I am accompanied by the god of war and fortune.* The President then calmly observed to him that he found nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which they could deliberate; that all he had said was vague. *Explain yourself, unfold the plots into which you have been invited to enter.* Bonaparte repeated the same things; and in what style! No idea in truth can be formed of the whole scene, unless by those present. There was not the least order in all he stammered out (to speak sincerely) with the most inconceivable incoherence. Bonaparte was no orator. Perceiving the bad effect produced upon the meeting by this rhapsody, and the progressive confusion of the speaker, I

---

grew absolutely astonishing; and, where not incorrect, offensive from vulgarisms or ludicrous expressions. Thus, he translates *un drole*, a droll fellow—wide as the poles from the true meaning. Again, the verb *devoir*, in all tenses, (that eternal stumbling-block to bad French scholars,) is uniformly mistranslated. As an instance of ignoble language, at p. 294, vol. I., he says, “Josephine was delighted with the disposition of her *goodman*,” a word used only by underbred people. But of all the absurdities which disfigure the work, what follows is perhaps the most striking:—“Kleber,” he says, “took a *precognition* of the army,” p. 231, vol. I. A *precognition*! What Pagan ceremony may that be? Know, reader, that this monster of a word is a technical term of Scotch law; and even to the Scotch, excepting those few who know a little of law, absolutely unintelligible. In speaking thus harshly, we are far from meaning any thing unkind to Dr M., whom, on the contrary, for his honourable sentiments in relation to the merits of Bonaparte, we greatly respect. But that has nothing to do with French translation—the condition of which, in this country, is perfectly scandalous.

whispered (pulling his coat gently at the same time)—“Retire, General, you no longer know what you are saying.” I made a sign to Berthier to second me in persuading him to leave the place; when suddenly, after stammering out a few words more, he turned round, saying, “Let all who love me follow.” So ended this famous scene—in which, more than in any other upon record, eloquence and presence of mind were needful. And if it should be said that vagueness was not altogether the least eligible feature in a speech whose very purpose was to confuse, and to leave no room for answer, we reply—true; but then it was the vagueness of art, which promised to be serviceable, and that of preconcerted perplexity, not the vagueness of incoherence and a rhapsody of utter contradiction.\*

What a contrast all this to the indefeasible majesty of Charlemagne—to his courage and presence of mind, which always rose with the occasion, and, above all, to his promptitude of winning eloquence, that *promptum ac profluens genus sermonis*, which caused him to be accounted *ævi sui eloquentissimus*!

Passing for a moment to minor accomplishments, we find that Charlemagne excelled in athletic and gymnastic exercises; he was a *pancratiast*. Bonaparte wanted those even which were essential to his own daily security. Charlemagne swam well; Bonaparte not at all. Charlemagne was a first-rate horseman even amongst the Franks; Napoleon rode

ill originally, and no practice availed to give him a firm seat, a graceful equestrian deportment, or a skilful bridle hand. In a barbarous age the one possessed all the elegancies and ornamental accomplishments of a gentleman; the other, in a most polished age, and in a nation of even false refinement, was the sole barbarian of his time; presenting, in his deficiencies, the picture of a low mechanic—and, in his positive qualities, the violence and brutality of a savage.† Hence, by the way, the extreme folly of those who have attempted to trace a parallel between Napoleon and the first Cæsar. The heaven-born Julius, as beyond all dispute the greatest man of ancient history in moral grandeur, and therefore raised unspeakably above comparison with one who was eminent, even amongst ordinary men, for the pettiness of his passions—so also, upon an intellectual trial, will be found to challenge pretty nearly an equal precedence. Meantime, allowing for the inequality of their advantages, even Cæsar would not have disdained a comparison with Charlemagne. All the knowledge current in Rome, Athens, or Rhodes, at the period of Cæsar's youth, the entire cycle of a nobleman's education in a republic where all noblemen were from their birth dedicated to public services, this—together with much and various knowledge peculiar to himself and his own separate objects—had Cæsar mastered; whilst, in an age of science, and in a country where the fundamental science of

\* Some people may fancy that this scene of that day's drama was got up merely to save appearances by a semblance of discussion, and that in effect it mattered not how the performance was conducted where all was scenical, and the ultimate reliance, after all, on the bayonet. But it is certain that this view is erroneous, and that the final decision of the soldiery, even up to the very moment of the crisis, was still doubtful. Some time after this exhibition, “the hesitation reigning among the troops,” says Bourrienne, “still continued.” And in reality it was a mere accident of pantomime, and a clap-trap of sentiment, which finally gave a sudden turn in Napoleon's favour to their wavering resolutions.

† We have occasionally such expressions as—“When wild in woods the noble savage ran.” These descriptions rest upon false conceptions; in fact, no such combination anywhere exists as a man having the training of a savage, or occupying the exposed and naked situation of a savage, who is at the same time in any moral sense at liberty to be noble-minded. Men are moulded by the circumstances in which they stand habitually; and the insecurity of savage life, by making it impossible to forego any sort of advantages, obliterates the very idea of honour. Hence, with all savages alike, the point of honour lies in treachery—in stratagem—and the utmost excess of what is dishonourable, according to the estimate of cultivated man.



mathematics was generally diffused in unrivalled perfection, it is well ascertained that Bonaparte's knowledge did not go beyond an elementary acquaintance with the first six books of Euclid; but, on the other hand, Charlemagne, even in that early age, was familiar with the intricate mathematics and the elaborate *computus* of Practical Astronomy.

But these collations, it will be said, are upon questions not primarily affecting their peculiar functions. They are questions more or less extrajudicial. The true point of comparison is upon the talents of policy in the first place, and strategies in the second. A trial between two celebrated performers in these departments, is at any rate difficult; and much more so when they are separated by vast intervals of time. Allowances must be made, so many and so various; compensations or balances struck upon so many diversities of situation; there is so much difference in the modes of warfare—offensive and defensive; the financial means, the available alliances, and other resources, are with so much difficulty appraised—in order to raise ourselves to that station from which the whole question can be overlooked, that nothing short of a general acquaintance with the history, statistics, and diplomacy of the two periods, can lay a ground for the solid adjudication of so large a comparison. Meantime, in the absence of such an investigation, pursued upon a scale of suitable proportions, what if we should sketch a rapid outline (*ὡς ἐν τυπῇ περιγέγραπται*) of its *elements*, (to speak by a metaphor borrowed from practical astronomy) *2. 2.* of the principal and most conspicuous points which its path would traverse? How much these two men, each central to a mighty system in his own days, how largely and essentially they differed—whether in kind or in degree of merit, will appear in the course even of the hastiest sketch. The circumstances in which they agreed, and that these were sufficient to challenge an enquiry into their characteristic differences, and

to support the interest of such an enquiry, will probably be familiar to most readers, as among the commonplaces of general history which survive even in the daily records of conversation. Few people can fail to know—that each of these memorable men stood at the head of a new era in European history, and of a great movement in the social development of nations;—that each laid the foundations for a new dynasty in his own family, the one by building forwards upon a basis already formed by his two immediate progenitors, the other by dexterously applying to a great political crisis his own military preponderance; and finally, that each forfeited within a very brief period—the one in his own person, the other in the persons of his immediate descendants—the giddy ascent which he had mastered, and all the distinctions which it conferred; in short, that “Time, which gave, did his own gifts confound;”<sup>a</sup> but with this mighty difference—that Time co-operated in the one case with extravagant folly in the individual, and in the other with the irresistible decrees of Providence.

Napoleon Bonaparte and Charlemagne were both, in a memorable degree, the favourites of fortune. It is true, that the latter found himself by inheritance in possession of a throne, which the other ascended by the fortunate use of his own military advantages. But the throne of Charlemagne had been recently won by his family, and in a way so nearly corresponding to that which was afterwards pursued by Napoleon, that in effect, considering how little this usurpation had been hallowed by time, the throne might in each case, if not won precisely on the same terms, be considered to be held by the same tenure. Charlemagne, not less than Napoleon, was the privileged child of revolution; he was required by the times, and indispensable to the crisis which had arisen for the Franks; and he was himself protected by the necessities to which he ministered. Clouds had risen, or were rising, at that era, on every quarter of France; from every side

she was menaced by hostile demonstrations; and, without the counsels of a Charlemagne, and with an energy of action inferior to his, it is probable that she would have experienced misfortunes which, whilst they depressed herself, could not but have altered the destinies of Christendom for many ages to come. The resources of France, it is true, were immense; and, as regarded the positions of her enemies, they were admirably concentrated. But to be made available in the whole extent which the times demanded, it was essential that they should be wielded by a first-rate statesman, supported by a first-rate soldier. The statesman and the soldier were fortunately found united in the person of one man; and that man, by the rarest of combinations, the same who was clothed with the supreme power of the state. Less power, or power less harmonious, or power the most consummate, administered with less absolute skill, would doubtless have been found incompetent to struggle with the tempestuous assaults which then lowered over the entire frontier of France. It was natural, and, upon the known constitution of human nature, pretty nearly inevitable, that, in the course of the very extended warfare which followed, love for that glorious trade—so irritating and so contagious—should be largely developed in a mind as aspiring as Charlemagne's, and stirred by such generous sensibilities. Yet is it in no one instance recorded, that these sympathies with the pomp and circumstance of war, moved him to undertake so much as a single campaign, or an expedition which was not otherwise demanded by his judgment, or that they interfered even to bias or give an impulse to his judgment, where it had previously wavered. In every case he tried the force of negotiation before he appealed to arms; nay, sometimes he condescended so far in his love of peace, as to attempt purchasing with gold rights or concessions of expediency, which he knew himself in a situation amply to extort by arms. Nor where these courses were unavailing, and where peace was no longer to be maintained by any sacrifices, is it ever found that Charlemagne, in adopting the course of

war, suffered himself to pursue it as an end valuable in and for itself. And yet *that* is a result not uncommon; for a long and conscientious resistance to a measure originally tempting to the feelings, once being renounced as utterly unavailing, not seldom issues in a headlong surrender of the heart to purposes so violently thwarted for a time. And even as a means, war was such in the eyes of Charlemagne to something beyond the customary ends of victory and domestic security. Of all conquerors, whose history is known sufficiently to throw light upon their motives, Charlemagne is the only one who looked forward to the benefit of those he conquered, as a principal element amongst the fruits of conquest. "Doubtless," says his present biographer, "to defend his own infringed territory, and to punish the aggressors, formed a part of his design; but, beyond that, he aimed at civilizing a people whose barbarism had been for centuries the curse of the neighbouring countries, and at the same time communicating to the cruel savages, who shed the blood of their enemies less in the battle than in the sacrifice, the bland and mitigating spirit of the Christian religion."

This applies more particularly and circumstantially to his Saxon campaigns; but the spirit of the remark is of general application. At that time a weak light of literature was beginning to diffuse improvement in Italy, in France, and in England. France, by situation, geographically and politically speaking, by the prodigious advantage which she enjoyed exclusively of an undivided government, and consequently of entire unity in her counsels, was peculiarly fitted for communicating the benefits of intellectual culture to the rest of the European continent, and for sustaining the great mission of civilizing conquest. Above all, as the great central depository of Christian knowledge, she seemed specially stationed by Providence as a martial apostle for carrying by the sword that mighty blessing, which, even in an earthly sense, Charlemagne could not but value as the best engine of civilisation, to the potent infidel nations on her southern and eastern frontier. A vast revolution was at



hand for Europe; all her tribes were destined to be fused in a new crucible, to be recast in happier moulds, and to form one family of enlightened nations, to compose one great collective brotherhood, united by the tie of a common faith and a common hope, and hereafter to be known to the rest of the world, and to proclaim this unity, under the comprehensive name of *Christendom*. Baptism therefore was the indispensable condition and forerunner of civilisation; and from the peculiar ferocity and the sanguinary superstitions which disfigured the Pagan nations in Central Europe, of which the leaders and the nearest to France were the Saxons, and from the bigotry and arrogant intolerance of the Mahometan nations who menaced her Spanish frontier, it was evident that by the sword only it was possible that baptism should be effectually propagated. War, therefore, for the highest purposes of peace, became the present and instant policy of France; bloodshed for the sake of a religion the most benign; and desolation with a view to permanent security. The Frankish Emperor was thus invited to indulge in this most captivating of luxuries—in the royal tiger-hunt of war—as being also at this time, and for a special purpose, the sternest of duties. He had a special dispensation for wielding at times a barbarian and exterminating sword—but for the extermination of barbarism; and he was privileged to be in a single instance an Attila, in order that Attilas might no more arise. Simply as the enemies, bitter and perfidious of France, the Saxons were a legitimate object of war; as the standing enemies of civilisation, who would neither receive it for themselves, nor tolerate its peaceable enjoyment in others, they and Charlemagne stood opposed to each other as it were by hostile instincts. And this most merciful of conquerors was fully justified in departing for once, and in such a quarrel, from his general rule of conduct; and for a paramount purpose of comprehensive service to all mankind, we en-

tirely agree with Mr James, that Charlemagne had a sufficient plea, and that he has been censured only by calumnious libellers, or by the feeble-minded, for applying a Roman severity of punishment to treachery continually repeated. The question is one purely of policy; and it may be, as Mr James is disposed to think, that in point of judgment the emperor erred; but certainly the case was one of great difficulty; for the very infirmity even of maternal indulgence, if obstinately and continually abused, must find its ultimate limit; and we have no right to suppose that Charlemagne made his election for the harsher course without a violent self-conflict. His former conduct towards those very people, his infinite forbearance, his long-suffering, his monitory threats, all make it a duty to presume that he suffered the acutest pangs in deciding upon a vindictive punishment; that he adopted this course as being virtually by its consequences the least sanguinary; and finally, that if he erred, it was not through his heart, but by resisting its very strongest impulses.

It is remarkable that both Charlemagne and Bonaparte succeeded as by inheritance to one great element of their enormous power; each found, ready to his hands, that vast development of martial enthusiasm, upon which, as its first condition, their victorious career reposed. Each also found the great armoury of resources opened, which such a spirit, diffused over so vast a territory, must in any age ensure. Of Charlemagne, in an age when as yet the use of infantry was but imperfectly known, it may be said symbolically, that he found the universal people, patrician and plebeian, chieftain and vassal, with the left foot\* in the stirrup—of Napoleon, in an age when the use of artillery was first understood, that he found every man standing to his gun. Both in short found war *in procinctu*—both found the people whom they governed, willing to support the privations and sacrifices which war imposes; hungering and

---

\* Or perhaps the *right*, for the Prussian cavalry (who drew their custom from some regiments in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, and they again traditionally from others) are always trained to mount in this way.

thirsting for its glories, its pomps and triumphs; entering even with lively sympathy of pleasure into its hardships and its trials; and thus, from within and from without, prepared for military purposes. So far both had the same good fortune;\* neither had much merit. The enthusiasm of Napoleon's days was the birth of republican sentiments, and built on a reaction of civic and patriotic ardour. In the very plenitude of their rage against kings, the French Republic were threatened with attack, and with the desolation of their capital by a banded crusade of kings; and they rose in frenzy to meet the aggressors. The Allied Powers had themselves kindled the popular excitement which provoked this vast development of martial power amongst the French, and first brought their own warlike strength within their own knowledge. In the days of Charlemagne the same martial character was the result of ancient habits and training, encouraged and effectually organized by the energy of the aspiring mayors of the palace, or great lieutenants of the Merovingian kings. But agreeing in this—that they were indebted to others for the martial spirit which they found, and that they turned to their account a power not created by themselves, Charlemagne and Napoleon differed, however, in the utmost possible extent as to the final application of their borrowed advantages. Napoleon applied them to purposes the very opposite of those which had originally given them birth. Nothing less than patriotic ardour in defence of what had at one time appeared to be the cause of civil liberty, could have availed to evoke those mighty hosts

which gathered in the early years of the Revolution on the German and Italian frontiers of France. Yet were these hosts applied, under the perfect despotism of Napoleon, to the final extinction of liberty; and the armies of Jacobinism, who had gone forth on a mission of liberation for Europe, were at last employed in riveting the chains of their compatriots, and forging others for the greater part of Christendom. Far otherwise was the conduct of Charlemagne. The Frankish government, though we are not circumstantially acquainted with its forms, is known to have been tempered by a large infusion of popular influence. This is proved, as Mr James observes, by the deposition of Chilperic—by the grand national assemblies of the Champ de Mars—and by other great historical facts. Now, the situation of Charlemagne, successor to a throne already firmly established, and in his own person a mighty amplifier of its glories, and a leader in whom the Franks had unlimited confidence, threw into his hands an unexampled power of modifying the popular restraints upon himself in any degree he might desire.

—“*Nunquam libertas gratior exit,  
Quam sub rege pio*”—

is the general doctrine. But as to the Franks in particular, if they resembled their modern representatives in their most conspicuous moral feature, it would be more true to say, that the bribe and the almost magical seduction for them, capable of charming away their sternest resolutions, and of relaxing the hand of the patriot when grasping his noblest birthright, has ever lain in great mi-

---

\* It is painful to any man of honourable feeling that, whilst a great rival nation is pursuing the ennobling profession of arms, his own should be reproached contemptuously with a sordid dedication to commerce. However, on the one hand, things are not always as they seem; commerce has its ennobling effects, direct or indirect; war its barbarizing degradations. And, on the other hand, the facts even are not exactly as *prima facie* they were supposed; for the truth is, that, in proportion to its total population, England had more men in arms during the last war than France. But, generally speaking, the case may be stated thus: the British nation is, by original constitution of mind, and by long enjoyment of liberty, a far nobler people than the French. And hence we see the reason and the necessity that the French should, with a view to something like a final balance in the effect, be trained to a nobler profession. Compensations are every where produced or encouraged by nature and by Providence; and a nobler discipline in the one nation is doubtless some equilibrium to a nobler nature in the other.



litary success, in the power of bringing victory to the national standards, and in continued offerings on the altar of public vanity. In *their* estimate for above a thousand years, it has been found true that the harvest of a few splendid campaigns, reaped upon the fields of neighbouring nations, far outweighs any amount of humbler blessings in the shape of civil and political privileges. Charlemagne as a conqueror, and by far the greatest illustrator of the Frankish name, might easily have conciliated their gratitude and admiration into a surrender of popular rights; or, profiting by his high situation, and the confidence reposed in him, he might have undermined their props; or, by a direct exertion of his power, he might have peremptorily resumed them. Slowly and surely, or summarily and with violence, this great emperor had the national privileges in his power. But the beneficence of his purposes required no such aggression on the rights of his subjects. War brought with it naturally some extension of power; and a military jurisdiction is necessarily armed with some discretionary license. But in the civil exercise of his authority, the emperor was content with the powers awarded to him by law and custom. His great schemes of policy were all of a nature to prepare his subjects for a condition of larger political influence; he could not in consistency be adverse to an end towards which he so anxiously prepared the means. And it is certain, that, although some German writers have attempted to fasten upon Charlemagne a charge of vexatious inquisition into the minor police of domestic life, and into petty details of economy below the majesty of his official character, even *their* vigilance of research—sharpened by malice—has been unable to detect throughout his long reign, and in the hurry of sudden exigencies natural to a state of uninterrupted warfare and alarm, one single act of tyranny, personal revenge, or violation of the existing laws. Charlemagne, like Napoleon, had bitter enemies—some who were such to his government and his public purposes; some again to his person upon motives of private revenge. Tassilo, for example, the Duke of Bavaria, and Desiderius, the King of the Lombards, acted against

him upon the bitterest instigations of feminine resentment; each of these princes conceiving himself concerned in a family quarrel, pursued the cause which he had adopted in the most ferocious spirit of revenge, and would undoubtedly have inflicted death upon Charlemagne, had he fallen into their power. Of this he must himself have been sensible; and yet, when the chance of war threw both of them into his power, he forbore to exercise even those rights of retaliation for their many provocations which the custom of that age sanctioned universally; he neither mutilated nor deprived them of sight. Confinement to religious seclusion was all that he inflicted; and in the case of Tassilo, where mercy could be more safely exercised, he pardoned him so often, that it became evident in what current his feelings ran, wherever the cruel necessities of the public service allowed him to indulge them.

In the conspiracy formed against him, upon the provocations offered to the Frankish nobility by his third wife, he showed the same spirit of excessive clemency,—a clemency which again reminds us of the first Cæsar, and which was not merely parental, but often recalls to us the long-suffering and tenderness of spirit which belong to the infirmity of maternal affection. Here are no Palms, executed for no real offence known to the laws of his country, and without a trial such as any laws in any country would have conceded. No innocent D'Enghiens murdered, without the shadow of provocation, and purely on account of his own reversionary rights; not for doing or meditating wrong, but because the claims which unfortunately he inherited might by possibility become available in his person; not, therefore, even as an enemy by intention or premeditation; not even as an apparent competitor, but in the rare character of a competitor presumptive; one who might become an ideal competitor by the extinction of a whole family, and even then no substantial competitor until after a revolution in France, which must already have undermined the throne of Bonaparte. To his own subjects, and his own kinsmen, never did Charlemagne forget to be, in acts, as well as words, a parent. In his fo-

reign relations, it is true, for one single purpose of effectual warning Charlemagne put forth a solitary trait of Roman harshness. This is the case which we have already noticed and defended; and, with a view to the comparison with Napoleon, remarkable enough it is, that the numbers sacrificed on this occasion are pretty nearly the same as on the celebrated massacre at Jaffa, perpetrated by Napoleon in council.\* In the Saxon, as in the Syrian massacre, the numbers were between four and five thousand; not that the numbers or the scale of the transaction can affect its principle, but it is well to know it, because then to its author, as now to us who sit as judges upon it, that circumstance cannot be supposed to have failed in drawing the very keenest attention to its previous consideration. A butchery, that was in a numerical sense so vast, cannot be supposed to have escaped its author in a hurry, or to be open to any of the usual palliations from precipitance or inattention. Charlemagne and Napoleon must equally be presumed to have regarded this act on all sides, to have weighed it in and for itself, and to have traversed by anticipation the whole sum of its consequences. In the one case we find a general, the leader of a *soi-disant* Christian army, the representative of the "most Christian" nation, and, as amongst infidels, specially charged with the duty of supporting the sanctity of Christian good faith, unfortunately pledged by his own most confidential and accredited agents, officers bearing on their persons the known ensigns of his *aides-de-camp*, to a comprehensive promise of mercy to a large body of Turkish troops, having arms in their hands, and otherwise well-disposed and well able to have made a desperate defence. This promise was peculiarly embarrassing; provisions ran short, and, to detain them as prisoners, would draw murmurs from his own troops, now suffering hardships themselves. On the other hand, to have turned them adrift would have ensured their speedy re-appear-

ance as active enemies to a diminished and debilitated army; for, as to sending them off by sea, that measure was impracticable, as well from want of shipping as from the presence of the English. Such was the dilemma, doubtless perplexing enough, but not more so than in ten thousand other cases, for which their own appropriate ten thousand remedies have been found. What was the issue? The entire body of gallant (many, doubtless, young and innocent) soldiers, disarmed upon the faith of a solemn guarantee from a Christian general, standing in the very steps of the noble (and the more noble, because bigoted) Crusaders, were all mowed down by the musketry of their thrice accursed enemy; and, by way of crowning treachery with treachery, some few who had swum off to a point of rock in the sea, were lured back to destruction under a second series of promises, violated almost at the very instant when uttered. A larger or more damnable murder does not stain the memory of any brigand, buccaneer, or pirate; nor has any army, Huns, Vandals, or Mogul Tartars, ever polluted itself by so base a perfidy; for, in this memorable tragedy, the whole army were accomplices. Now, as to Charlemagne, he had tried the effect of forgiveness and lenity often in vain. Clemency was misinterpreted; it had been, and it would be, construed into conscious weakness. Under these circumstances, with a view undoubtedly to the final extinction of rebellions which involved infinite bloodshed on both sides, he permitted one trial to be made of a severe and sanguinary chastisement. It failed; insurrections proceeded as before, and it was not repeated. But the main difference in the principle of the two cases is this, that Charlemagne had exacted no penalty but one, which the laws of war in that age conferred, and even in this age the laws of allegiance. However bloody, therefore, this tragedy was no murder. It was a judicial punishment, built upon known acts and admitted laws, designed in mercy, consented

\* In council, we say purposely and in candour; for the only pleas in palliation ever set up by Napoleon's apologists, are these two—*necessity*, the devil's plea, in the first place; secondly, that the guilt of the transaction, whether more or less, was divided between the general and his council.



to unwillingly, and finally repented. Lastly, instead of being one in a multitude of acts bearing the same character, it stood alone in a long career of intercourse with wild and ferocious nations, owning no control but that of the spear and sword.

Many are the points of comparison, and some of them remarkable enough, in the other circumstances of the two careers, separated by a thousand years. Both effected the passage of the Great St Bernard;\* but the one in an age when mechanical forces, and the aids of art, were yet imperfectly developed; the other in an age when science had armed the arts of war and of locomotion with the fabulous powers of the Titans, and with the whole resources of a mighty nation at his immediate disposal. Both, by means of this extraordinary feat, achieved the conquest of Lombardy in a single hour; but Charlemagne, without once risking the original impression of this *coup d'éclat*; Napoleon, on the other hand, so entirely squandering and forfeiting his own success, that in the battle which followed he was at first utterly defeated, and but for the blunder of his enemy, and the sudden aid of an accomplished friend, irretrievably. Both suffered politically by the repudiation of a wife; but Charlemagne, under adequate provocation, and with no final result of evil; Bonaparte under heavy aggravations of ingratitude and indiscretion. Both assumed the character of a patron to learning and learned men; but Napoleon, in an age when knowledge of every kind was self-patronised—when no possible exertions of power could avail to crush it—and yet, under these circumstances, with utter insincerity. Charlemagne, on the other hand, at a time when the countenance of a powerful protector made the whole difference between revival and a long extinction—and what was still more to the purpose of doing honour to his memory, not merely in a spirit of sincerity, but of fervid activity. Not content with drawing counsel and aid from the cells of Northumberland,

even the short time which he passed at Rome, he had “collected a number of grammarians (that is *litterateurs*) and arithmeticians, the poor remains of the orators and philosophers of the past, and engaged them to accompany him from Italy to France.”

What resulted in each case from these great efforts and prodigious successes? Each failed in laying the foundations of any permanent inheritance to his own glory in his own family. But Bonaparte lived to lay in ruins even his personal interest in this great edifice of empire; and that entirely by his own desperate presumption, precipitance, and absolute defect of self-command. Charlemagne, on *his* part, lost nothing of what he had gained: if his posterity did not long maintain the elevation to which he had raised them, *that* did but the more proclaim the grandeur of the mind which had reared a colossal empire, that sunk under any powers inferior to his own. If the empire itself lost its unity, and divided into sections, even thus it did not lose the splendour and prosperity of its separate parts; and the praise remains entire—let succeeding princes, as conservators, have failed as much and as excusably as they might—that he erected the following splendid empire:—The whole of France and Belgium, with their natural boundaries of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Ocean, the Mediterranean; to the south, Spain between the Ebro and the Pyrenees; and to the north, the whole of Germany, up to the banks of the Elbe. Italy, as far as the Lower Calabria, was either governed by his son, or tributary to his crown; Dalmatia, Croatia, Liburnia, and Istria, (with the exception of the maritime cities,) were joined to the territories, which he had himself conquered, of Hungary and Bohemia. As far as the conflux of the Danube with the Teyss and the Save, the east of Europe acknowledged his power. Most of the Sclavonian tribes, between the Elbe and the Vistula, paid tribute and professed obedience; and Corsica, Sardinia,

\* And from the fact of that corps in Charlemagne's army, which effected the passage, having been commanded by his uncle, Duke Bernard, this mountain, previously known as the *Mons Jovis*, (and, by corruption, *Mont le Joux*), very justly obtained the name which it still retains.

with the Balearic Islands, were dependent upon his possessions in Italy and Spain.

His moral were yet greater than his territorial conquests: In the eloquent language of his present historian, "he snatched from darkness all the lands he conquered; and may be said to have added the whole of Germany to the world." Wherever he moved, civilisation followed his footsteps. What he conquered was emphatically the conquest of his own genius; and his vast empire was, in a peculiar sense, his own creation. And what, under general cir-

cumstances, would have exposed the hollowness and insufficiency of his establishment, was for him, in particular, the seal and attestation of his extraordinary grandeur of mind. His empire dissolved after he had departed; his dominions lost their cohesion, and slipped away from the nerveless hands which succeeded; a sufficient evidence—were there no other—that all the vast resources of the Frankish throne, wielded by imbecile minds, were inadequate to maintain that which, in the hands of a Charlemagne, they had availed to conquer and cement.

#### THE CHOLERA MOUNT.

*Lines on the Burying-Place for Patients who have Died of Cholera; a pleasant eminence in Sheffield Park.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

IN death divided from their dearest kin,  
This is "a field to bury strangers in;"  
Fragments lie here of families bereft,  
Like limbs in battle-grounds by warriors left;  
A sad community!—whose very bones  
Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones,  
And make them from the depth of darkness cry,  
"Oh! is it nought to you, ye passers by!  
When from its earthly house the spirit fled,  
Our dust might not be 'free among the dead?'  
Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,  
Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"  
Shuddering humanity asks—"Who are these?  
And what their sin?"—They fell by *one* disease!  
(Not by the Proteus maladies, that strike  
Man into nothingness—not twice alike;)  
By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,  
No force unwrench—out-singled one by one;  
When like a timeless birth, the womb of Fate  
Bore a new death, of unrecorded date,  
And doubtful name. Far east its race begun,  
Thence round the world pursued the westering sun;  
The ghosts of millions following at its back,  
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track;  
On Albion's shore, unseen, the invader stept;  
Secret, and swift, and terrible it crept;  
At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,  
Asleep, awake, alone, amidst the throng,  
Kill'd like a murder; fix'd its icy hold,  
And wrung out life with agony of cold;  
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,  
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,  
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,  
"Bury me out of sight, and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,  
No kneeling mother clasp her baby's bed;



No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,  
 Seek her soul's treasure where her true-love lies ;  
 —All stand aloof, and gazing from afar,  
 Look on this Mount as on some baleful star,  
 Strange to the heavens, that with bewildering light,  
 Like a lost spirit, wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fall'n estate,  
 In many a home by them left desolate ;  
 Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles  
 Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,  
 Whose eye of thought, while now they throng her knees,  
 Pictures far other scene than that she sees,  
 For one is wanting—one, for whose dear sake,  
 Her heart with very tenderness would ache,  
 As now with anguish—doubled when she spies  
 In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,  
 In each his image with her own commix'd,  
 And there at least, for life, their union fix'd !

Humanity again asks, " Who are these ?  
 And what their sin ?"—They fell by *one* disease !  
 But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,  
 Their fathers' bones refused to make them room ;  
 Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,  
 As though a thunder-bolt had struck them dead ;  
 Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,  
 " Give us a little earth for charity !"  
 She linger'd, listen'd ; all her bosom yearn'd ;  
 The mother's pulse through every vein return'd ;  
 Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw  
 Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew.  
 " Live !" to the slain she cried : " My children, live !  
 This for an heritage to you I give ;  
 Had Death consumed you by the common lot,  
 Ye, with the multitude, had been forgot ;  
 Now through an age of ages ye shall *not*."

Thus Nature spake ;—and as her echo, I  
 Take up her parable, and prophesy :

Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,  
 Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass ;  
 Here the shrill skylark build her annual nest,  
 And sing in heaven, while you serenely rest ;  
 On trembling dewdrops morn's first glance shall shine,  
 Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,  
 And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,  
 To throw its sudden arch across your tomb ;  
 On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,  
 And every planet bless you in its hour.  
 With statelier honours still, in Time's slow round,  
 Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd ;  
 Where generations long to come shall hail  
 The growth of centuries waving in the gale,  
 A forest landmark, on the mountain's head,  
 Standing betwixt the living and the dead ;  
 Nor, while your language lasts, shall travellers cease  
 To say, at sight of your memorial, " Peace !"  
 Your voice of silence answering from the sod,  
 " Whoe'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God !"

## LAMENT OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

The Princesses of Egypt are said to have pined for the waters of the Choaspes, after being removed from their native land by their marriages with foreign princes.

SHE lean'd upon a sumptuous couch, which shone  
 With many a blazing dye and burning stone,  
 Cups o' the rose-scented onyx glitter'd there,  
 With many a crystal vase, and cresset fair.  
 The far-off spice-wood's treasures there were heap'd,  
 Till in warm fragrance every breeze was steep'd,  
 That pierced its way through golden-trellised bowers,  
 Ruffling the unfolded leaves and lustrous flowers;  
 Silence hung o'er that odorous porphyry hall,  
 Scarce broken by the fountain's lulling fall;  
 Silence—though she who sat there pale and lone,  
 Held a fair lute that pour'd no wakening tone.  
 —But she hath risen now from her dreamy trance,  
 To cast around a wild and mournful glance;  
 The paleness passes from her stately brow,  
 Her form dilates with passion's grandeur now!  
 Melts from her mien the dull and cold eclipse,  
 The mighty-rushing strain o'erflows her lips!

## 1.

Exultingly ye still roll on! in melody and power!  
 Streams of my Royal Fatherland! with sun-gifts for your dower;  
 Roll on—roll on—exultingly! but oh! my heart—no more  
 Must to the bounding of your waves bound as 'twas wont of yore.

## 2.

But this is nought, oh, nought to ye! proud everlasting streams,  
 Still trembling to the crimson'd light of sultry noontide beams;  
 Still glorying in your billowy course the same as when I stray'd  
 Along your flowering shores beneath the cedar's feathery shade.

## 3.

Yet there walk in dark beauty still, old Egypt's regal daughters!  
 All—all but me, the stricken deer, lone thirsting for its waters;  
 My Sisters! sweet companions of my childhood's laughing years,  
 Shed ye for me while lingering there, love's vain unreck'd-of tears?

## 4.

And doth my recollected form still haunt your wanderings there,  
 Unwither'd by intense-regret, unchanged by burdening care;  
 And doth my recollected voice rise mingling soft and low  
 With the deep bewildering music of the waves' triumphant flow?

## 5.

O Sisters! dwell in gladness there, ye beautiful and bless'd,  
 Nor dream that on the stranger's shores your young souls might find rest,  
 Ye tender flowers! ye would but droop when chain'd to alien thrones,  
 Pale those pomegranate cheeks would grow, and faint those laughing tones.

## 6.

Though here my step is greeted with the cymbal and the lute,  
 My heart sends no rich answer forth—the broken shell is mute;  
 Though these porphyry halls are starry with bright wealth of gold and gem,  
 I droop like some night-blowing flower sun-smitten on the stem.



## 7.

Though here the o'er-arching heav'ns shed down soft splendours o'er the land,  
 And though the rivers blueely roll to a golden-flowing strand—  
 Though these pleasure-shades be emerald bright, these palace-chambers fair,  
 Oh, the Beautiful—the Beautiful—for *me* is only *there*!

## 8.

Would I might be a drifting leaf cast on those flashing floods,  
 Where Egypt's precious sunshine in its full-blown radiance broods,  
 For e'en the loveliest sunshine here, to me shines dim and cold,  
 Oh, might I on Choaspes' stream its gathered rays behold!

## 9.

Oh, that I might my land—my home—in breathless transport part,  
 And seek thy odorous shades once more, all matchless that thou art!  
 But clouds have liberty above, and restless birds around,  
 While the Queen of this resplendent land in sumptuous chains lies bound.

## 10.

The jewel-roughen'd goblet to my throbbing lip I press—  
 But to dash it on the marble floor in a passion of distress;  
 Bring me the blessed waters from those well-known native springs,  
 More lovely than Heaven's vernal dews shed from the Morning's wings.

## 11.

Bear hence these jewell'd goblets! with their sculptured traceries bright—  
 The waters sparkling o'er the brim are loathsome in my sight—  
 Bring from Choaspes' worshipp'd stream the sweet and precious draughts,  
 To quench my fever'd thirst at length, and soothe my frenzied thoughts.

## 12.

Forgive! my bosom's lord, forgive, this wild and fitful mood—  
 Forgive, if all thy tenderness my dark soul hath withstood;  
 Mayst thou ne'er know what 'tis to pine in weary dreams away,  
 And turn thee sorrowing from the sun, and all the pomps of day!

## 13.

Thine own fair land spreads laughingly around thy cloudless path,  
 Thou dost not bend 'neath Memory's power, a tempest in its wrath.  
 The scenes thou'st known and loved of old, still charm thy raptured eye—  
 Think in what yearning languishment the Exile's heart must die!

## 14.

Even now a full and fervid dream came sweeping through my mind,  
 Within whose bright transparence—streams—skies—landscapes shone en-  
     shrined!  
 Those skies—those landscapes—I have loved, and panted to behold!  
 Those streams that gird my land with Orient hyacinth and gold!

## 15.

I am parted from thee, glorious Home! and the heavens look coldly down  
 On the banish'd one, whose aching brows lie crush'd beneath a crown.  
 Those heavens—those heavens—that mirror'd burn, depth within depth  
     unfurld,  
 In the hundred hundred rivers of that Queen-Land of the world!

## 16.

May the wild winds, that proudly go in triumph where they will,  
 Bear to those scenes one murmur'd tone, that from my lip doth thrill!  
 Like wandering flower-seeds—dreamy scents—or broken whisperings  
     sweet—  
 Shall be the breathings of my love, borne on their pinions fleet!

## 17.

Oh that it were my burning soul, they thus might waft along—  
 To where the founts of glory roll—majestically strong!  
 Where musk-winds rich, and sunbeams play!—birds float, and flower-  
     shades quiver,  
 Mantling with sudden radiances the old imperial river!

## 18.

Roll on! Roll ever-sounding on, in melody and power!  
 The amethyst's heart-hues are dim to thy foam's far-gleaming shower!  
 Oh! when this fainting heart of love hath droop'd away and died,  
 May ye to every age bear on a voice of strength and pride!

## 19.

It will be so, immortal Founts! And that I feel it will,  
 Makes my quick heart with deep delight o'erpoweringly to thrill!  
 Anguish and exultation rend a spirit long o'erworn—  
 I sink—I faint—Farewell, glad skies of summer and of morn!

Silence once more hung o'er that princely hall,  
 Save ye might hear that wild heart's rise and fall,  
 Loud—quick and loud! But now the paleness cold  
 Steals o'er her forehead, 'neath her hair's rich fold.  
 In the swift rushing of that strain went by  
 The might—the strength—of battling agony.  
 Her darkly-glorious eye is downwards bent,  
 Languor and fervour in its stillness blent!  
 The fringed lid glitters with the unconscious tear—  
 But, hark! what stealthy step approaches near?  
 What Form hath leant on that flower'd balustrade,  
 (In kingly robes, resplendently array'd;  
 O'er whom the sycamores and myrtles flung  
 Their verdurous shadows,) while the Mourner sung?  
 Oh! who hath hastened to that Mourner's side?  
 Raise, raise those drooping eyes! thou Queen! and Bride!  
 Whose whisper'd tones of love have made thee start?  
 Whose piercing eyes have question'd thy wrung heart?  
 —That gaze hath brought back the impassion'd glow,  
 Like sunset waves, o'er all thy cheek and brow;  
 Who hath thus waked thee from thy second trance,  
 By the soft magic of one pitying glance?  
 Crown'd Daughter of the Pharaohs! is it he  
 Who bore thee from thy home of infancy—  
 And is't for him to bring back joy's rich smile  
 To thy worn cheek? Flower of the haughty Nile!  
 Oh, woman! unto every love thus true,  
 Well may thine hours of rosy calm be few!

---



## HESIOD.

## No III.

## THE SHIELD OF HERCULES.

THE concluding lines of the Theogony invoke the aid of the Muses in the celebration of Women—the *γυναικῶν φύλον*: and in consequence, it appears that there were in ancient days four books of the Catalogue of Women; in one of which were lauded the *Ἡσίοι μεγάλαι*—the Female Worthies, so called from the history of each heroine commencing with *Ἡσίοι*—“such as.” The title seems to imply that the work was in the nature of parallels; but oftentimes “comparisons are odious,” and if we may judge from the imitation of Virgil, “Qualis in Eurotæ, &c. Diana”—“Talis erat Dido,” who was certainly no Diana, these of Hesiod must have been very unsatisfactory to both parties, mortal and immortal, for they have not been preserved by either. Whether the Catalogues were composed “Iracundâ Dianâ,” or Invitâ Minervâ, “such,” and non-such, have vanished, with the exception of Alcmena, who is commended in a very few lines out of many in this fragment—The Shield of Hercules. We fear, therefore, that there is nothing extant of our bard that will remove the imputation of discourtesy to the sex. Luckily for the earlier ages, they have found a better chronicler, Homer, the most courteous, the politest man of any age, who might have been Gold Stick, or grand-master of the ceremonies, at the court of the most glorious Gloriana herself. We must still look upon Hesiod, notwithstanding his proposal, as the most ancient “antiquary;” and his *γυναικῶν φύλοι*, but as the Womankind of Monkbarne the elder of Greece; and the fragment of Alcmena, as rather a meagre specimen of the Genus Muliebre, (worthy the museum of Mr Oldbuck,) of which, by the by, some centuries after, the voyager Hanno discovered a variety, and coolly advertised the curious, that he had brought home the skin of one, which he had suspended in the Temple of Juno.

Strange notions have been enter-  
VOL. XXXII. NO. CCI.

tained upon this matter, for, as we learn from Athenæus, Neocles of Crotona declared, that “women in the moon lay eggs, and that the men produced from them are five times the size of us mortals, which is confirmed by Herodotus of Heracleum.” Hercules did not disgrace the brood, and the females of the race are doubtless the celebrated maids who love the moon. Women, in families of note, were reared in the upper chambers, which were called *οἶα*. Hence the fable of Helen sprung from the egg, and possibly the *οἶαι* from the egg has been converted into *οἶαι*. This is at least as good a conjecture as many that have proceeded from more learned heads than our own. The poem is entitled “The Shield of Hercules,” because that appears to have been the main object of the poet; and the main action is interrupted, at a most critical moment, to make way for the description.

It commences with the arrival of Alcmena at Thebes, together with Amphitryon, who, to revenge the death of the brothers of his spouse, sets out on an expedition against the Teleboans and Taphians. He returns victorious. Alcmena, “within Thebes’ walls,” gives birth to twin brethren, the one Hercules, the offspring of Jupiter, the other Iphiclus, the son of Amphitryon, of whom we hear nothing but a short intimation to Iolaus, the son of Iphiclus, that his father had foolishly borne homage to Eurystheus. Between Hercules and Iolaus is the strictest friendship. They set out together on an expedition against Cygnus, who, accompanied by his father, Mars, is driving furiously through the Delphian Grove, to the injury and disparagement of the devotees and territory of the “far-darting god.” In this grove the combatants meet—Hercules arms—the shield is described—Cygnus is killed—Mars fights strenuously for the body of his son, is wounded in the thigh by Hercules, under the direction of Mi-

nerva, and borne from the field by "Fear and Consternation," who drive the chariot of the war-god to Olympus. Thither Minerva also retires. Cygnus is stripped. Hercules and Iolaus retrace their steps. Ceyx, and "a people numberless," give Cygnus honourable burial, and raise to him a mount and pillar, which the river Anaurus, swollen with rain, sweeps away at the command of Apollo, indignant at the spoliation and violation of his pilgrims and hecatombs. And thus ends the story.

That this poem was composed at a time subsequent to the Iliad, and in imitation of the Shield of Achilles, admits of no doubt. In its poetical cast it may bear some resemblance to the Theogony, not much to the Works and Days. But we do not see the necessity of therefore concluding that it is not the work of Hesiod. On this subject we determined, from the first, to be no "waverers," though we strongly recommended the "first reading," and trust the second and third to the reader.

It appears to us that too much has been made of a supposed post-Homeric spirit. That there is a superfine finish about the Shield cannot be denied; but this may have arisen from its peculiarly descriptive character—descriptive, not of manners, but of decoration; and, if a fault, may have been the fault of any age in which the art of ornament had attained exquisite workmanship; and might have been found in Homer

himself, had the Iliad and Odyssey come down to us unstripped by the critics and collectors of those "minute graces which may not have been to their taste." And beautiful as those immortal works are, could the venerable father of poetry now read them, he would perhaps exclaim in the agony of Mr Puff, "I faith, they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner," and lament the absence of many a passage as fine as that of "Queen Elizabeth, and the description of her horse and side-saddle." And yet when we remember the wonderful polish of the versification; the accurate harmony of sense and sound, whether it be in the rolling of a stone, the roar of the winds and waves, or keel of the vessel cutting her way through the waters; the minutest action, indicative of character—Helen veiling herself—the limping gait of the good-humoured Vulcan—the wonderful trees in the garden of Alcinous, at once in fruit, and leaf, and flower—the golden youths—the self-moving ships of the Phæacians, Ἡέρι καὶ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμέναι, "involved in cloud and vapour;" certainly steam-vessels, and in perfection, for they are not governed like other vessels, but "know the intentions and wishes of men;"—remembering these, we think there are still left some minute graces in old Homer; and that in some of his compound epithets, there is no lack of a nice study of words. Nor is the passage quoted by the Quarterly fortunate for the argument—

Τῆς καὶ ἀπὸ κρήθεν βλεφάρων τ' ἀπὸ κυναῖᾶν  
Τοιον ἀηδ', οἶδν τε πολυχρυσὴν Ἀφροδίτης.

"Down from her head and from her eyebrows sheen,  
*She breathed as breathes Cythera's golden queen!*"

This is no grace from ode or elegy, but the simple statement of a supposed matter of fact, that Alcmena and Aphrodite used scented Macassar, the very perfume for the hair and eyelashes spoken of by Athenæus, and were as well skilled in cosmetics as Jezebel herself, (let the comparison be excused for its critical elucidation,) who painted her face, or, as it is expressed in the Septuagint, tinged her eyebrows with antimony. And as to the word *Αηδ'*, on which some stress is laid, it is,

when translated, a common everyday expression enough. All odour is as a breath, an emanation—it is, if you please, a vulgarism, of every age, and invariably used by very unpoetical people of our neighbourhood; and whether it be a turnip-field after a frost, or any other thing offensive to the olfactory nerves, the high misdemeanour is termed a bad breath. And so it was in Homer's and Hesiod's days; and we see no reason why, in these levelling times, the Exquisites and Dandies of poetry should



monopolize "the breath of morn," or any other whatever; and we think the three-and-tenpenny a-week renters have as much right to poetry, and all its fictions, as Lord John Russell, and we readily call in an acquaintance of his, as authority, Mr Puff; for, says he, "Heaven forbid they should not in a free country, sir. I am not for making slavish distinctions in giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people." But Homer and Hesiod wrote Greek, and that expressed any thing and every thing, and is very remarkably translatable into English; the idioms of the two languages are astonishingly similar. You may hear whole lines of Homer every day, as for instance, "And I tell you another thing, and do you turn it over in your mind." We think Herodotus has it somewhere, speaking of some Hume and his inhuman iniquity in a matter of a Greek Loan, that "he did him out of so much money." "Look sharp," every body hears every day. What can be more English than *Τσαυρωτας*, "He is a true John Bull," *taurus* Latin, *Toro* Italian, *unde derivatur* Tory—or than the term of reproach in Euripides, *Βεβαρβαρωσαι*, you are turned Whig, wig—*Barbarian*. Aristophanes calls idle rascals that must be made work or they will starve, *Βελλακωμενοι* from *Βλακεις*—blackies or niggers. This is nothing to what may be found; and we think translators often commit an error, in not at once boldly verbatim transferring the Greek expression, which, if not previously common to us, will admit of happy adoption. How admirably has Milton enriched our language by this! In this boldness he shews his genius. He does not, for instance, say, within the recesses of this wood, or use any such common indefinite term, but takes the *ομφαλον γης*.

"Within the *navel* of this wood."

We must for the present forbear, lest we compile a lexicon while we intend to write a critique on the Shield.

But so it is—English is the only language into which Greek can be translated. Though there may be a

few languages on the earth you are not acquainted with, you may be assured they are not worth knowing; and that when originals and translators meet, such as Homer, Hesiod, and Sotheby, and Elton, and so forth, it is as when Greek meets Greek. Try any of these works in any other—try from French to Finnish, High Dutch, or German Dactyls—it won't do. But French is the very worst of all—though Frenchmen think far otherwise, and believe no one in the world can play upon that all-potent instrument, the tongue, with such exquisite skill as themselves. The vanity was amusing, when the French academicians examined the organs of the Otaheitans, to ascertain what physical defect prevented their pronunciation of French; but they never thought of submitting their own tracheal pipes to inspection, to discover why themselves could not pronounce the more Homeric Otaheitan.

The poem commences with the arrival of Alcmena and Amphitryon at Thebes. The story is not very clear; for, according to this narration, Electryon, the father of Alcmena, had been killed before the expedition against the Taphians and Teleboans; but if that event was occasioned by the blow aimed at one of the oxen, it must have taken place after, as the oxen were not until then recovered, and Mr Elton says that he slew him

"Amid the herds, the cause of strife,  
Madden'd to sudden rage,"

as if he had committed the act purposely, and not by an accidental blow aimed at the oxen.

There is a compliment paid to Alcmena at the expense of the sex in general; though she was very beautiful, she had a great affection for her husband.

"Passing fair she was,  
Yet not the less her husband with heart  
love  
Revered she."—ELTON.

Revered is not good; it is not conjugal. It reminds us of a whimsical translation by Hobbes of a quotation from Homer in Thucydides. He converts the *αἰδόλης ἀλόχοισιν*—"venerable bed-fellows."

<sup>2</sup>Ως δ' ὅτι ἀνὴρ ἀσπασὶν υπεκπροφύγη κακοτήτα  
Νέστωρ ὑπ' ἀργαλῆς, ἣ καὶ κρατερὲς ὑπο δισμῷ.—Line 42,

"And as he that scarce  
Escapes, and yet escapes from grievous plague,  
Or the hard fettering chain, flees far away,  
Joyful."—ELTON.

How very like the gravity of tone and precision of Dante is the translation! The passage is an imitation of that beautiful one in the *Odyssey*, wherein the delight of Ulysses, wrecked, and yet amid the waves, at the sight of land, is compared to that of children at the recovery of a father from a dangerous distemper—*υπεκπροφύγη*—"escapes, yet scarce escapes." The author of the *Shield*, when he borrowed this simile, was reminded by the situation of Ulysses of another passage in Homer, in which the danger of shipwreck is so daringly expressed, and he has adopted from it the violent junction of the adverse prepositions, *υπεκ πανατοιο*, which called forth the admiration of the great critic Longinus. This circumstance, too, trivial as it is, proves a complete acquaintance with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, for here is a passage unquestionably fabricated from both. The transition of the narrative, from

the birth of Hercules to his finding Cygnus and Mars in the grove, is very abrupt; for there is but an intermediate line, and that is the general story, and looks more like a line which had been transferred from the marginal notes into the text, and probably the commencement. "For in the grove" is a new introduction to complete the imperfect narrative. The meeting is likewise very strange and abrupt; for while Cygnus and Mars are found by Hercules and Iolaus, and are ram-paging about the sacred grove to the injury of Apollo, and more manifest injury of the poor pilgrims, instead of stopping their mad career, there is a long and ill-timed dialogue between Hercules and Iolaus; and if it took the heroes as much time to arm as the reader must expend in reading the description of the shield, neither party was in much hurry to commence offensive operations.

"O hero, Iolaus! dearest far  
To me of all the race of mortal men!  
I deem it sure that 'gainst the blest of heaven  
Amphitryon sinn'd, when to the fair-wall'd Thebes  
He came, forsaking Tirynth's well-built walls,  
Electryon, 'midst the strife of broad-brow'd herds,  
Slain by his hands."—ELTON.

This is obscure, and rendered so by a slight error, which has escaped Mr Elton's generally cautious eye. *ηλιτεν* should be construed with *κτεινας*. He sinned *by* killing. In this dialogue, Hercules does not spare his brother Iphiclus; but the word "wretch" is too harsh. The original, *σχετλιος*, is as much a term of pity as reproof.

*τε μὲν φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζευς*.—Line 88.

"Him Jove bereaved  
Of wisdom, who from his parental home  
Went forth, and to the fall Eurystheus bore  
His homage."—ELTON.

Hercules might indeed have been with reason astonished that the noble Iphiclus, forgetful of his high birth and his order, should voluntarily have submitted to that abortion Eurystheus, the ninth part of a man, the cross-legged tailor-tyrant.

*τε μὲν φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζευς*.

"Him Jove bereaved  
Of wisdom,"

is from Homer; from that remarkable passage, where the stupid Glaucus, as the name signifies, another of the *Grey* family, had so little sense as not



to know gold from brass; but like a fool exchanged—and that, too, with an enemy—the precious for the baser metal, that worth an hundred oxen for that worth but nine. Thus brass prevailed over gold, and the Glaucus family have never from that day been without a brazen head. Ταύρεος Ἐννοπίγαιος—"Bull-visaged Neptune"—this is worse than Grim-visaged War. Mars, as a notorious bully, might with some propriety be called "Bull-visaged;" but the worthy old gentleman Neptune, the Great-great-grandfather of honest John Bull, should not thus sit for a sign of the "Bull and Mouth." "Νῆ σὸν Ποσειδῶ τιστονὶ τὸν Ἰππίον"—to quote Aristophanes—by Neptune of the Horse Marines—this is too bad, to put him up bull-visaged like a wooden image, painted hideous by order of churchwardens to frighten children from the parish conduit.

The rather unnecessary dialogue between Hercules and Iolaus being now over, Hercules arms—a matter of some importance; for up to that moment his antagonist was the "cock of the walk."

"Now all the grove

And Phœbus' altar flash'd with glimmering arms  
Of that tremendous god—himself blazed light,  
And darted radiance from his eyeballs glared,  
As it were flame."—ELTON.

There's a prize for a fire-eater—to dilate the eyes of the Hero of Penafiel, and make him swear "by the foot of Pharaoh." Accordingly, Hercules

"Sheathed his legs in greaves

Of mountain brass, resplendent white, famed gift  
Of Vulcan; o'er his breast he fitted close  
The corslet variegated, beautiful,  
Of shining gold; this Jove-born Pallas gave,  
When first he rush'd to meet the mingling groans  
Of battle. Then the mighty man athwart  
His shoulder slang the sword, whose edge repels  
Th' approach of mortal harm; next throwing it  
First round his breast, he cast behind his back  
The hollow quiver; many arrows lay  
Within, that smote with shuddering, and bestow'd  
The throes of mortal agony, whose gasp  
Stifles the ebbing voice; the points were barb'd  
With death, and steep'd in tears; the lengthen'd shafts  
Burnish'd, and feather'd from the tawny plume  
Of eagles. Now he grasp'd the solid spear,  
Sharpen'd with brass, and on his brows of strength  
Placed the forged helm, high-wrought in adamant,  
Which cased the temples round, and fenced the head  
Of godlike Hercules. Then in his hands  
He took the Shield."—ELTON.

If Hesiod, in the Elysian Fields, where he is now enjoying a glorious Noctes with Homer, Pindar, and a few choice Parnassian worthies, and where Pluto himself is ambitious of the title of "Old Ebony," and Ticklers are indigenous, if Hesiod thinks he has made a better shield than Homer, the Symposiasts have taken that conceit out of him. And the Tickler of Ticklers, Aristophanes, who always makes one, has reminded him of this his somewhat sesquipedalian story of Cygnus.

ἔδ' ἐξέπληττον αὐτὲς

Κύκνυς ποιῶν ἢ Μεμνονας καὶ δανόφαιλαραπῶλως.

ARIST. Βατραχοί, line 993.

"I did not, quoth he, make the people stare by telling  
How warrior Cygnus urged to mighty deeds  
His rampant, rattling, bell-bombastic steeds."

And again,

Φέρει δειῦρο Γοργόνωλον ἀσπίδος κύκλον.

ARIST. *Αχαΐνης*, line 1123.

"The shield, grand, Gorgon-back'd, orbicular,  
Bring me."

And the satirist took care to let him know, quizzing his description of the steeds of Cygnus, *Νύσσοντες χηλῆσι*, that horses have not cloven feet more than pigs have fetlocks. "*Ὅπλ' αὖ τῶν χοίρων*," Robinson, however, says that he (Hesiod) has made a better shield than Homer, for which he has been or will be called into court, the next petty sessions, to answer for himself, and get a kick for his pains from Bacchus, the perpetual judge and president. And there, long ago, has Lord Kames recanted his cant of criticism, and begged pardon of Homer, for having desired on a shield nothing but blood and thunder. He has seen the absurdity of his remark, and admitted that the end and purpose of war is peace; that the *use* of a shield is to protect; that the seat of justice, harvest-home, marriage, dancing, and music, are the glorious results of that "final argument."

The Shield of Achilles has been so amply and ably set forth in *Maga* of December last, that we despair of success, and therefore shall not attempt it, but in admiration of that effort lift up our hands, and cry out in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh, "O most accomplished Christopher!" Besides, to stand shewman on such an occasion, and point out all the wonders, the heavenly bears and the terrestrial lions, is an office requiring the gift, and not lightly to be undertaken, lest it render the undertaker, what no undertaker ever should be, ridiculous. We once witnessed a failure of this kind. In the absence of the keeper, a conceited coxcomb, Editor of a Radical Reforming Hebdomadal, tormented the birds and poked the beasts, specimizing fantastically his "universal knowledge," turning round to discourse about, or hold congenial chatter with, the specious ape, he was put to sad barefaced shame by the more sagacious elephant. This august animal had been long teased by the ninny, and observing that the toss of his head was not without the

object of exhibiting a new beaver, gracefully threw out his proboscis, twined it round the exquisite waterproof, drew it scornfully into his den, and crushed it under his foot in an instant as flat as a pancake, and delivered it back to him, a sorry figure—a "rejected article." To avoid, therefore, the punishment of an indignant foot elephantine, we abstain from touching the Shield of Achilles. But we may be allowed to look at the picture outside the shew—and there it is. In the glorious central circle, the sun, moon, and stars; the border circumference, the ocean. In the compartments of the intermediate circle are—a city at peace within itself; in it a bridal, with its torches and procession, and music and spectators; there is the forum—the people assembled—the judges—and civil litigation. There is a city invested by foes; the men of the city take the field; the women, children, and old men, are on the walls. There is an ambuscade—the driving of herds—and there the battle with Mars and Pallas, in array of gold—Discord and Tumult—and ruthless Destiny seizing in her grasp the wounded and unwounded, and dragging a third by his feet through the battle. In the next compartment there is a fallow field—ploughers not few, and the turned-up field black behind them, and the attendants with wine awaiting them at the end of each furrow. Then a corn-field and reapers, the master looking on, and the preparation of the supper of harvest-home. Then there is the vineyard with golden fruit, the gathering in the grapes by youths and maidens, while a boy plays on the harp to them. Next the pasture, and beasts by the side of a river, and four herdsmen with nine dogs—nine dogs? and not one too many—for see, two lions spring forth and seize a bull. Then comes a vale with a flock of sheep, "and stalls, and herds, and shepherds' tents;" and the Pyrrhic dance,



"In Crete's broad isle, by Dædalus com-  
posed  
For bright-hair'd Ariadne."

All this did Vulcan the real smith and true, with "his army out and his bellows blowing," fabricate, of brass impenetrable, tin, silver, and gold, with five strong folds. The whole might probably weigh about a ton and a half, yet was it made, in the Hamiltonian phrase, in *minus quam nullus tempus*. But what cannot Homer's gods and goddesses do, bear, and carry, and some of his heroes too? For all this vast shield, together with other small matters, did Thetis bear in her arms; and to support her under the weight, on her lighting on dry ground, the poet judiciously, and by a mere epithet, acquaints us that she had silver feet, resembling perhaps a claw table, and most likely was rather stout about the ankles.

Do not suppose that Vulcan spared the metal, or cared about the weight. This was no Brummagem make-believe, for the puny president of a Political Union, or Place the tailor, to disport withal. He knew it was to be wielded by an Achilles, leading on his terrific Myrmidons. Accordingly Achilles, as Cowper says, takes it in his hand as you would a musical snuff-box.

"Delighted, in his hand  
He held the glorious bounty of the god."  
COWPER.

But stay—this seems treating the gift hesitatingly, as if it were as light and worthless as the freedom of the city. Is Cowper right? What says Homer?

Τέρεπτος δ' ἐν χερσίν ἔχων θεῶν ἀγλαὰ  
δῶρα.

"Having in his hands." That is quite another thing; the good translator had more on his hands than he could manage. The very Myrmidons trembled at the awful sight.

But all this while is Hercules holding up his shield for our admiration, and muscular as we know him to be, it is painful to think how long he has kept up his arm to shew it to us; for it is no trifle. Even Hercules, though he has many a year borne the exhibitions of Somerset-House upon his shoulders upon the strength of this narrative, could not hold such a shield for ever, and has reason enough to think the description interminable, if he stood thus with it for his and its portraiture. The author should have chosen a more quiet incident and position for the minute painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the by, has made a similar mistake in his celebrated portrait of Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse. The arm is up, and after looking at the picture some time, we feel a painful sensation, from the uneasy position. We long to be stage-manager at the rehearsal, and say, "Be so good, madam, as to let your arm drop; the tragic effect will not be the worse."

The chief beauty of the Shield of Achilles lies in the gentle images of civil and rural life. The great labour, in that of Hercules, is bestowed on images of blood and horror.

The exterior circle in both is the Ocean, to which in the latter an insignificant dimension is given, by the swans and fishes. The inner circle, or boss, in that of Hercules, is filled with a Spenserian

"Dragon horrible and stern."

But let us see what Mr Elton makes of the monster.

"A coil'd dragon's terror shew'd  
Full in the central field, unspeakable,  
With eyes oblique retorted, that aslant  
Shot gleaming flame; his hollow jaw was fill'd  
Dispersedly with jagged fangs of white,  
Grim, unapproachable: and next above  
The dragon's forehead fell, stern strife in air  
Hung hovering, and array'd the war of men:  
Haggard; whose aspect from all mortals reft  
All mind and soul; whose'er in brunt of arms  
Should match their strength, and face the son of Jove,  
Below this earth their spirits to th' abyss

Descend ; and through the flesh that wastes away  
Beneath the parching sun, their whitening bones  
Start forth and moulder in the sable dust."—ELTON.

Attributing so much to this terrible aspect, is perhaps not very judicious. It is not Hercules, but the Shield, that conquers ; and we look upon the hero as little better than Ariosto's cowardly magician, who, by a similar power in his shield, which he generally kept in a silken case, discomfited better men than himself. Then,

"Pursuit was there, and fiercely rallying Flight,  
Tumult, and Terror ; burning Carnage glow'd :  
Wild Discord madden'd there, and frantic Rout  
Ranged to and fro. A deathful Destiny  
There grasp'd a living man, that bled afresh  
From new-made wound ; another, yet unharm'd,  
Dragg'd furious ; and a third, already dead,  
Trail'd by the feet amid the throng of war ;  
And o'er her shoulders was a garment thrown  
Dabbled in human blood ; and in her look  
Was horror ; and a deep funereal cry  
Broke from her lips. There, indescribable,  
Twelve serpent heads rose dreadful, and with fear  
Froze all who drew on earth the breath of life ;  
Whoe'er should match their strength in brunt of arms  
And face the son of Jove ; and oft as he  
Moved to the battle, from their clashing fangs  
A sound was heard. Such miracles display'd  
The buckler's field, with living blazonry  
Resplendent ; and those fearful snakes were streak'd  
O'er the cerulean backs with streaks of jet,  
And their jaws blacken'd with a jetty dye."—ELTON.

Next to this horror is a capital fight of lions and bears, equal to Snyders. Lions in all states and stages, that is, even caravans, are magnificent creatures ; their very sleep and quiescence is awful. So in Rubens's picture of the Young Lioness—the very rocks partake of the dim and tawny hue, that you might steal on her, or she on you, the more unawares. But a lion in a roaring passion, a new settler meeting an old and provoked settler, or two roaring lions meeting "mutual glaring," must be grander than Niagara.

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore  
Another lion give a grievous roar,  
And the first lion thought the last a bore."—*Bombastes Furioso*.

Bore is evidently a false print for *boar*, as the author must have had his eye on this fight of lions and boars. Here, however, we have represented not one or two, but a whole forest full of lions and boars.

"Wild from the forest herds of boars were there,  
And lions mutual glaring ; and in wrath  
Leap'd on each other ; and by troops they drave  
Their onset ; nor yet these nor those recoil'd,  
Nor quaked in fear. Of both the backs uprose  
Bristling in anger ; for a lion huge  
Lay stretch'd amidst them, and two boars beside  
Lifeless ; the sable blood down dropping oozed  
Into the ground. So these with bowed backs  
Lay dead beneath the terrible lions ; they  
For this the more incensed, both savage boars  
And tawny lions, chafing sprang to war."—ELTON.



Next is the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, (beautiful forms for sculpture.)

“ All of silver mould,  
And grasping golden pine-trees in their hands,  
At once they onset made ; in very life  
They rush'd, and hand to hand tumultuous closed  
With pines and clashing spears.”—ELTON.

In this fight also is Mars in his chariot, and Minerva takes the field with her ægis at her back. We do not like the look of Mr Elton's Mars, for he is not quite Hesiod, who does not call him “ life-waster.” The term is of the shambles, and would suit a butcher.

“ And he himself (stern-visaged Mars), tearer of spoils,  
Life-waster, purpled all with dropping blood,  
Like one who slew the living”—

There could be no necessity of slaying the dead—dead as mutton ;—

“ and despoil'd,  
Loud shouting to the warrior infantry,  
There vaulted on his chariot.”—ELTON.

Substitute cart for chariot, steel-girt rascals for infantry, and you have an undoubted king of the cleaver.

The next compartment exhibits the concert at the Olympian Theatre, vocal and instrumental—Apollo leader, and the Muses in excellent voice. Then a haven with dolphins pursuing other fishes. But after Basil Hall's description of this chase, we forbear to quote Hesiod's.

“ But on the crag a fisher sate  
Observant ; in his grasp he held a net,  
Like one that poising rises to the throw.”—ELTON.

Hence probably

“ He sate upon a rock,  
And bobb'd for whale.”

“ There was the horseman, fair-hair'd Danæ's son,  
Perseus : nor yet the buckler with his feet  
Touch'd, nor yet distant hover'd : strange to think !  
For nowhere on the surface of the shield  
He rested : so the crippled artist god,  
Renown'd, had framed him with his hands, in gold.  
Bound to his feet were sandals wing'd : a sword  
Of brass, with hilt of sable ebony,  
Hung round him from the shoulders by a thong :  
Swift even as thought he flew : the visage grim  
Of monstrous Gorgon all his back o'erspread ;  
And wrought in silver, wondrous to behold,  
A veil was drawn around it, whence in gold  
Hung glittering fringes ; and the dreadful helm  
Of Pluto clasp'd the temples of the prince,  
Shedding a night of darkness. Thus outstretch'd  
In air, he seem'd like one to trembling flight  
Betaken. Close behind, the Gorgons twain  
Of nameless terror unapproachable  
Came rushing ; eagerly they stretch'd their arms  
To seize him : From the pallid adamant  
Audibly, as they rush'd, the clattering shield  
Clank'd with a sharp shrill sound. Two grisly snakes

Hung from their girdles, and with forking tongues  
Lick'd their inflected jaws, and violent gnash'd  
Their fangs, fell glaring: from around their heads  
Those Gorgons grim a flickering horror cast  
Through the wide air."—ELTON.

This passage has given rise to much, as we think, rather dull prosing. We do not see the extreme difficulty of reconciling the description to the powers of workmanship, and it does appear to have been somewhat misunderstood.

The author asserts, that he (Perseus) nowhere rested on the surface of the shield, nor did he touch it with his feet. It is mentioned as a wonderful effort of the crippled artist god, and of his skill in mechanism. He was probably attached to the shield by golden wire, that was elastic as were the Gorgons twain

that came rushing after him. The contrivance may have been concealed by the veil and glittering fringes drawn over the Gorgon back. Perhaps a similar contrivance was applied to the serpents and their clashing fangs, previously described, that emitted a sound when the shield was moved.

The flying Gorgons pursuing the flying Perseus remind us of the chase of Hippogriff after the war-horse through the wild forest in the Italian romance.

Then follows the Besieged City—the Sortie—the Battle.

"The elders, hoar with age, went thronging forth  
Without the gates, and to the blessed gods  
Their hands uplifted, for their fighting sons  
Fear-stricken; nathless they the combat held.  
The Fates behind them, swarth of aspect, gnash'd  
With their white teeth: grim, slaughter-breathing, stern,  
Insatiable, they struggling conflict held  
For those who fell. Each eager-thirsting sought  
To quaff the sable blood. Whom first they snatch'd  
Prostrate, or staggering with the fresh-made wound,  
On him they struck their talons huge: the soul  
Fled down the abyss of Hell, that strikes a chill  
To flesh and blood. They, glutted to the heart  
With human gore, behind them cast the corse,  
And back with hurrying rage they turn'd to seek  
The press of battle. And hard by them stood  
Clotho, and Lachesis, and Atropos,  
Somewhat in years inferior, nor was she  
A mighty goddess, yet those other Fates  
Surpassing; and in birth the elder far:  
And all around one man in cruel strife  
Were join'd; and on each other turn'd in wrath  
Their glowing eyes, and mingling desperate hands  
And talons mutual strove; and near to them  
Stood Misery: wan, ghastly, worn with woe;  
Arid and swoln of knees; with hunger's pains  
Faint falling; from her lean hands long the nails  
Outgrew; an ichor from her nostrils flow'd;  
Blood from her cheeks distill'd to earth; with teeth  
All wide disclosed in grinning agony  
She stood; a cloud of dust her shoulders spread,  
And her eyes ran with tears."—ELTON.

This is very terrific—nor are we convinced of the justice of the remark of the great critic, Longinus, on the passage of *Ἀλγύς*, Misery, (whatever the real meaning of the word be,) inasmuch as this object

was intended by the author to be more disgusting than grand. It is an allegory of the sufferings of war.

The Fates, who, like the attendant witches in Macbeth, appear to be many, rioting in carnage over the



field of battle, and dragging the dead and dying, with Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, is in the very strength and mystery of poetry. In the description of Atropos, Mr Elton has mistaken his author, and thereby made

a still stranger blunder. He says "somewhat in years inferior," and "in birth the elder far," a very odd contradiction. But what says Hesiod?

ἡ μὲν ὑφίσσων

"Ατροπος, ὅτε πέλεν μεγάλη θεός, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἔμπης

Τῶν γε μὲν ἀλλαῶν προφερής τ' ἦν πρεσβυτάτη τε.—Line 258.

She was not vast, large in stature, but the principal and the eldest. Why is Atropos the eldest and smallest? Is it a traditionary allegory, that the necessity of death is inherent and co-nascent with the very materials from which the thread of life is spun? that as death reached the first created man, it was prior to human birth? And is the small stature figurative of the feebleness of childhood and age, that double infancy, the more immediate prey of Atropos?

But whatever may have been the ages of these venerable spinsters, Mr Elton cannot be justified in asserting the same to be the eldest and youngest.

Fault has been found with the ancient poet, in this and some other passages, for the various action of the same personages in the same piece, as if this were an impossibility to painting and sculpture. Few specimens of this style are indeed now-a-days exhibited; but we have no doubt it was very common in the earlier state of the arts; and history, sacred and profane, at one time, entirely trusted to this mode of illustration. And such is (that strange genius) Blake's Picture of Human Life.

It is thus Hesiod describes the city at peace,

"But next arose

A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates  
Inclosed, that fitted to their lintels hung:  
There men in lances and in festive joys  
Held revelry: some in the smooth-wheel'd car  
A virgin-bride conducted: then burst forth  
Aloud the marriage song, and far and wide  
Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering torch,  
Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay blooming girls  
Preceded, and the lancers follow'd blithe:  
These with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,  
Breathed melody, while broken echoes thrill'd  
Around them; to the lyre with flying touch  
Those led the love-enkindling dance. A group  
Of youths were elsewhere imaged, to the flute  
Disporting; some in dances and in songs,  
In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute  
So pass'd they on, and the whole city seem'd  
As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with feasts."—ELTON.

Then follows horsemanship—and if Hesiod was contemporary with Homer, we must think this rather abrupt mention of *riding* on horseback an interpolation, as no such circumstance is mentioned by the author of the "Tale of Troy divine," and in this passage there can be no doubt. "Νῶς ἵππων ἐμβάντες ἐθύνον." Line 226. Then follows agriculture,

tilling, reaping, the vintage—wrestling—boxing—hare-hunting, and the chariot race—all very much in the fashion of old clock-work. The description terminates with the ocean, which occupies the whole border, or exterior circle.

Thus ends the description of the Shield; and with such a defensive weapon—for it seems, like the Gor-

gon's head, it could kill by being looked at—Hercules himself might have allowed his courage to ooze out at his finger-ends, without any great detriment to his person. But how magnanimously, as well as magnificently, Homer manages this matter of the shield, which he presents, of immortal workmanship, to his nearly invulnerable hero! It is not destined to preserve him from death. Achilles knows he is a doomed man. There is a prefatory dialogue between him and his goddess-mother, wherein the choice of glory and death, or inglorious life, is set before him, and he goes to the fight with the certain knowledge, that, if not then, he must shortly die. Achilles was, however, every thing with Homer; the Hercules of Hesiod is not a prominent character; we think lit-

tle about him. The buckler is the sole object of attraction, and unquestionably a glorious object.

Of Bucklers there may be many fine specimens under ground, and there are some fine descriptions above. Some well-wrought devices on those of the warriors before Thebes we learn from Æschylus. The Trojan's is but a sort of Pin-nock's Catechism of the Roman history. It is strange that Euripides, in defiance of the authority of Homer, whose characters and incidents he delights to change and misrepresent, should give this shield of Hercules to Achilles. In his *Electra*, the Chorus describe it as nearly the same, and upon the authority too of an eye-witness from Troy. There is even the winged Perseus.

“ Ἰλίοθεν δ' ἔκλυον τινὸς ἐν  
 Λιμέσιν Ναυπλίοισι βεβῶτος  
 Τᾶς σᾶς, ᾧ Θέτιδος παῖ,  
 Κλεινᾶς ἀσπίδος ἐν κύκλῳ  
 Τοιαῖδε σήματα  
 Δείματα φέρυγιά, τετύχθαι  
 Περιδρόμα μὲν ἵππος ἔδρα,  
 Περσέα λαμοτόμον ὑπὲρ ἄλδος  
 Ποτανοῖσι πεδίλο-  
 σι φανὲν Γοργόνος ἵσχειν.—EURIP. *Electra*, l. 450.

How glorious must have been that divine shield which Phidias made for the tutelary Deity of Athens! Yet did it not shield the artist from the malevolent and suspicious tyranny of the democracy. In it was represented the victory of the Athenians over the Amazons, and the portraits of Phidias himself and his patron Pericles; the sculptor, as an old man lifting a stone, the emblem of architecture—Pericles, as a chief, combating the Queen of the Amazons. The envious Demus, the Demon of Democracy, banished Phidias from the city he had ornamented with the wondrous works of his genius, and debarred him from beholding with his eyes the glorious labour of his hands. The rascals, like other demagogues, had no reverence for deity in any shape, not even that of the Goddess of Wisdom, and had all the gold stripped off the statue, that it might be weighed, under the paltry unfounded suspicion that it had not been all faithfully applied.

Now, the shield of old Hannibal would be well worth seeing, for the wearer's sake, though it had perhaps but the Carthaginian lion in the centre. But the lion of England—he too has his eye upon a shield of many glories. There is a crown, too, worth fighting for—and a fight there is likely to be for it. There is the noble lion, and the political unicorn, all the while pretending to be a supporter! and why should the monster fight for the crown? It is evident from his diabolical horn that he cannot wear it, and from his hoof, that it is in his nature to trample on it.

It has been a foolish fashion of late among our innovating engravers, to represent this shield of our royal arms in a tottering condition, and lamentably kicked on one side, threatening to crush the worthy old lion, whom they chose to make couchant. But we hope the good old Conservative will falsify these revolutionary omens, rise up in his wrath,



and shake the thunder from his mane. He has wondrous strength in him yet, "luxuriat *Toris* animosum pectus"—that is, he is a thorough *Tory* at heart, and will find hosts of Tories on his side.

We have made this little digression on shields in general, while Hercules has been swinging his arms about to get off the stiffness, and being released from the uneasy po-

sition of standing for the portrait. And now the bell having announced that Ducrow and the horses are ready at the side scenes, Hercules swallows down hastily a couple of glasses of champagne, and all enter together, glorious, rampant, and glistening. The hero has "shook with care" the shield at the gallery, (who applaud with a suitable uproar,) and now has, *secundum artem*,

" vaulted sheer  
Above the harness'd chariot at a bound  
Into the seat. The hardy charioteer  
Stood o'er the steeds from high, and guided strong  
The crooked car."—ELTON.

That there may be no mistake at this critical moment, the prompter is judiciously brought on the stage in the character of Minerva, the Goddess of War and Wisdom, by whom the cue is given, that Cygnus, slain, is to be left upon the spot, not stript of his arms, and that Mars is to be wounded in a "part exposed;" they are then to recede.

" These wound him and recede;  
For know thou art not fated to despoil  
The steeds and glorious armour of a god."—ELTON.

On this, Minerva, or the prompter, book in hand, concealed under well-wrought emblems of conquest and glory, enters the car.

" Thus, having said, the best of goddesses,  
Aye holding in her everlasting hands  
Conquest and glory, rose into the car  
Impetuous: To the war-steeds shouted fierce  
The noble Iolaus; from the shout  
They, starting, snatch'd the flying car, and hid  
With dusty cloud the plain; for she herself,  
The goddess azure-eyed, sent into them  
Wild courage, clashing on her brandish'd shield."—ELTON.

All this hallooing, and brandishing, and clashing, is rather theatrical than dignified; and the horses should not have required it. But then, to make up for this falling off, we have an earthquake—

" Earth groan'd around"—

as good a device as the old flourish of trumpets to usher in the combatants; and in this case it succeeded to a miracle, for

" That moment, with like pace,  
E'en as a flame or tempest came they on,  
Cygnus, the tamer of the steed, and Mars,  
Unsated with the roar of war."—ELTON.

The horses are, however, of excellent breed and breeding, for

" Now  
The coursers mid-way met, and, face to face,  
Neigh'd shrill; the broken echoes rang around."—ELTON.

Upon which salutation, Hercules, unwilling to be less courteous and gentlemanlike than his horses, accosts Cygnus in a very civil and sweetly affected tone, or the weaver's "monstrous little voice," *Κίχνη πέπον*.

"Wherefore, *my sweet friend* Cygnus, stoppest thou  
Our rapid steeds," &c.—ELTON.

He then tells him he is on his way to visit King Ceyx, the father-in-law of Cygnus, at Trachys—again calls him his "sweet friend"—then, taking a squint at Mars, snaps his fingers in his face, and talks *at* him, and to Cygnus, that he has made him bite the dust before, and will again. This is but a prelude to the "part to tear a cat in, to make all split;" presently he means, like Bottom, to "play Eracles rarely."

Now Cygnus, instead of turning his chariot, turns a deaf ear to all this politeness, and does not even pull up in courtesy; and, as they were already in collision, how this speech of Hercules could have been either uttered or heard, is a difficulty the author does not enable us to unravel. There is, however, now no time for bandying compliments.

"From their well-constructed cars  
Instant as thought they leap'd to earth."—ELTON.

The charioteers drive some short distance aside. They rush to the fight like gluttons; but the fight is at first too much like a scuffle, for

"Then  
Beneath the trampling sound of rushing feet,  
The broad earth sounded hollow."—ELTON.

But it immediately rises into grandeur. The author seems to have been of the same opinion with the poet who said he could not address verses of six feet to patrons seven feet high; he therefore piles Pelion on Ossa in his comparison—rocks are sent whirling in dizzying shock, and bound in confusion, to illustrate the conflict. And lest things inanimate should be insufficient, Jupiter himself is brought in to thunder and cast forth drops of blood; and there are similes of the wild boar, with jutting fangs, and churning jaws that drop foam, and eyes like glimmering fires, and starting bristles; and this simile being of superlative ferocity, is dedicated, in particular, to "the son of Jove." But before the introduction of the simile of the "lions and vultures," for "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living," some preparation is thought necessary; so there is accordingly a very strange interruption, in a statement of the time of the year of this conflict, and by a periphrasis that includes a description of the Cicada—what he lives on—the millet springing into ears of grain, and the reddening of the grape, the gift of Bacchus,

"The joy or anguish of the race of men."—ELTON.

Then come the Homeric lions.

"As two grim lions for a roebuck slain  
Wroth in contention rush, and them betwixt  
The sound of roaring and of clashing teeth  
Ariseth; or as vultures, curved of beak,  
Crooked of talon, on a steepy rock  
Contest loud screaming, if perchance, below  
Some mountain-pastured goat or forest stag  
Sleek press the plain, whom far the hunter youth  
Pierced with fleet arrow, from the bow-string shrill  
Dismiss'd, and elsewhere wander'd, of the spot  
Unknowing, they with keenest heed the prize  
Mark, and in swooping rage each other tear  
With bitterest conflict: so vociferous rush'd  
The warriors on each other."—ELTON.

These pugnacious similes are magnificent in Greek, and have been the delight of all poets in all languages. But for vigour, where is the poet to



be found whose language and whose genius have served him better in the attempt than the fascinating Ariosto? Exempli gratia:

“ Non s'è vanno i lèoni o i tori in salto  
A dar di petto, ad accozzár s'è crudi,  
Come quei due guerrieri al fiero assalto,  
Che parimente s'è passár' gli scudi.  
Fe' lo scontro tremár dal basso all' alto  
L'erbose valli insino ai poggi ignudi ;  
E ben giovò che fur buoni e perfetti  
Gli usberghi, sì che lor salvaro i petti.

“ Già non fero i cavalli un corrér torto ;  
Anzi cozzaro a guisa di montoni.  
Quel del guerriér Pagán morì di corto,  
Ch' era, vivendo, in número de' buoni ;  
Quell' altro cadde ancor, ma fu risorto  
Tosto ch' al fianco s'è sentì gli sproni.  
Quel del Re Saracín restò disteso  
Adosso al suo Signór con tutto il peso.”

ARIOSTO, 1st Book, Stanzas 62 and 63.

“ Not bounding bulls or lions so engage,  
Commingling breast to breast in brutal mell,  
As these two warriors horrid combat wage,  
And 'gainst both shields their equal force impel.  
The lowest valleys trembled with their rage,  
And the high rocks with frightful echoings yell.  
Stout was the mail, and perfect was the plate,  
Their breast defended—or each stroke were Fate.

“ Swift run the noble coursers, head to head,  
Like butting rams, nor swerved from course direct ;  
Down at the instant fell the Pagan dead ;  
Caparison a braver never deck'd.  
The other fell—quick—quick—the spurs are red  
In his gored haunches, and he stands erect.—  
There, 'neath th' o'erwhelming weight of courser slain,  
Lies Sacrapant extended on the plain.”

But since, at the departure of the Romans from Britain, the breed of battering rams has become extinct, or lamentably deteriorated, let us try an imitation of these old Greek similes, more familiar to our everyday eyes, though less dignified, than those of bulls, boars, and lions.

“ Come sóglion talór duo can' mordenti,  
O per invidia o per altro odio mossi,  
Avvicinarsi digrignando i denti,  
Con occhi biechi e più che bragia rossi ;  
Indi a' morsi venír di rabbia ardenti,  
Con aspri ringhi, e rabbuffati dossi :  
Così alle spade, dai gridi e dall' onte,  
Venne il Circasso, e quel di Chiaramonte.”

ARIOSTO, Book ii. Stanza 5.

“ As when two dogs, whom envy stirs to fight,  
Stiffening their stubborn limbs, approach in ire,  
And grind their greedy teeth, and grin with spite,  
With eyes askant that burn like coals of fire—  
Then springing on each other, foam and bite,  
Their gnarled backs erect with bristling wire—  
So did the Knight of Claremont and the King  
From threats to blows and desperate combat spring.”

"*The Knight of Claremont and the King!*" what of them? That fight came to no conclusion, but, like

"The story of the bear and fiddle,  
Begun and broke off in the middle."—HUP.

But stand back—fair play all the world over—they are going to begin it again. We back the King for a thousand pounds, and hang'd be the barking, yelping, bullying butcher's cur, that dares to interfere, and snap at his legs, when he gripes his adversary by the throat. Well done, Dutch Cæsar—shake him again. We are dreaming, or see in a vision. Bears, boars, lions, and dogs, Belgic or other, have vanished, and there is nothing before us but an old picture of Hemskirk's—and a happy scene it is—and we accept the omen. A Dutch *Boor*, joyous as Bacchus, *wetting* his tusks, after a better fashion than that of preparation for battle. We leave him prophetically in his glory—and now again to Hesiod.

By this time Cygnus is, as must have been expected, dead enough. His fall is compared to that of the blasted oak, or sky-capt rock, riven by the lightning. His corpse is, according to the directions of Minerva, abandoned. But Hercules, as instructed, keeps his eye upon Mars approaching against him. He is again compared to a lion, whom Mr Elton, we think, not Hesiod, metamorphoses into "The Green-eyed Monster."

"Green-eyed, he glares in fierceness; with his tail  
Lashes his shoulders and his swelling sides,  
And with his feet tears up the ground; not one  
Might dare to look upon him, nor advance  
Nigh with desire of conflict."—ELTON.

Yet the conflict comes, and with it the simile again of the whirl and crash of a crag from a high mountain, which is at length jamm'd by a steep cliff; but now Minerva steps up to Mars, and scowls upon him with her *grey* eyes—

"Scowling with her eyes

Tremendous"—

and bullies him quite like one of the family, and bids him make himself scarce. Mars declines for the present to follow the advice, though coming from absolute Wisdom, and the engagement takes place. The God of War is wounded in the thigh, and thrown prostrate on the earth. There he does not lie long, for, as the proverb says, "needs must when certain people drive," and so it was with him—for

"Fear and consternation swift  
Urged nigh his well-wheel'd chariot: from the face  
Of broad-track'd earth they raised him on the car  
Variously wrought; then instantly the steeds  
Smote with the scourge, and reach'd Olympus high."—ELTON.

Mars here, notwithstanding the fine similes in his favour, cuts a ridiculous figure; thus, as it were, carried home on a shutter, like a maudlin of the first water, half in love, and half in liquor. He is taken to Olympus, scarcely *compos mentis*, and thither Minerva follows him, and probably her presence is some hinderance to his recovery.

Hercules and Ceyx now strip Cygnus of his arms, retrace their steps, and reach Trachys. Cygnus

is buried by Ceyx with much honour.

Poor good Ceyx! he appears to have been a very popular King, a "beloved King," a "Citizen King," for he no sooner signifies an intention to raise a monument to Cygnus, who was most probably a popular Pander, a desperate Reformer, than "a numerous people" come forward and subscribe, if not their money, their names, to a mount and pillar to him; but they reckoned without their



host. Not so, quoth Apollo, that will never do for the Protestant interest; what, a monument, forsooth, to a fellow that has rode rough-shod over all my sanctities, disregarded my honour and name, insulted and threatened my priests, annihilated the sacred right of tithes, and ran rampaging and rioting, and demolishing the very constitution and being of my church! No, no, that shall never stand. And Apollo is as good as his word, and sends in the river Anaurus, swollen with rain, over the work, and the monument of the scorner is

“Swept from the sight away.”—ELTON.

How vain is it for insignificant man to boast, “*exegi monumentum ære perennius!*” How few dare say that, any more than “This Bill shall be final!” A presumption against time, chance, and sovereign authority, the *ipse dixit* of daring arrogance, clothing itself with perpetuity of power! Absurd conceit! We have seen derision rapidly succeed adulation; a beloved king, or even a minister, made mouths at by those who “would have given twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats for his picture in little!”

Nothing is certain, but that Pride will fall, and that Retribution will overtake Tyranny. We may easily conceive a canting, ranting, roaring rabble, insisting on subscriptions and force loans by brickbat and bludgeon, to raise a statue to their Pander or their Tool; but where can they erect it, that it will be secure from them-

selves, and secure of even a month's glory? Thames may not always delight to keep “between his banks,” and has of late shewn some symptoms of flooding, and overflowing, and levelling. They may raise it of Parian marble, or, if the purity of that material is little to their taste, of more congenial brass, and soon the innovating caprice may delight to pull down the stone and the metal, and, in the pride of “cheap government,” raise a pillar to their favourite, of more humble pretensions, though more exalted structure, in democratic imitation of the exaltation and mockery of Mordecai,—for “Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King-People delighteth to honour!”

We conclude our remarks on the Three Poems of Hesiod—The Works and Days, The Theogony, and the Shield of Hercules; and following the ancient through his different styles, the simple and moral, the sublime and ornamental, we have in a rambling way drawn our inferences, political or otherwise. For besides delight arising from the poetical fascination of these works of antiquity, we look for a solid good sense, “more than meets the ear,” often concealed from a careless reader, because it is not always shewy and on the surface—yet excellent matter for reflection. Of Mr Elton's Translations, we give the preference to the Theogony. Cook's is certainly superseded, and we congratulate the editor of the Classical Library on his judicious choice.

## THE WORKING OF THE BILL.

THE two Great Parties into which the world is now divided, proceed on opposite principles, and must look for success to opposite states of the political atmosphere. The Revolutionists depend entirely on the excitement of *passion*; their force is derived from a highly-wrought state of public feeling; they flourish and triumph in periods of tumult and disorder, and decline and expire with the return of order and peace. The Conservatives rest upon the promotion of *interest*; their influence depends upon the experienced blessings of a lenient and stable administration; they acquire increased ascendancy with every addition to public happiness, and are precipitated into obloquy only by those calamitous events which rouse the passions and overwhelm the understanding of a whole people. The first fall into obscurity when mankind are prosperous, and nations happy; the last when the passions are roused, and temporary excitement is purchased by lasting suffering.

The English are at bottom, and when in good humour, a loyal people. Their character in the country, and at a distance from the contagion and bias of cities, is still the same, notwithstanding all the efforts of a revolutionary press, and all the acts of a desperate faction, whose existence depended on the maintenance of revolutionary excitement. It took many years of oppression, and the ascendancy of a fanatical sect, to obliterate the hereditary attachment to the throne in the time of Charles I.; and no sooner had his head fallen from the block, than the nation wakened as if from a hideous dream, and mourned through all the gloom of the Commonwealth for the glorious morning of the Restoration. It required a period of protracted and hopeless suffering, coupled with a combination of events unparalleled in English history, to blind the people during the Reform mania, and induce a departure from all the oldest and best established features of their character; and with the cessation of the excitement produced by that vehement struggle, has been the decline of the revolutionary passion, and the evident decay of the influ-

ence of the Revolutionary Party in every part of the empire.

To advance and achieve fresh conquests—to overturn every thing which checks its progress, or restrains its ambition—to feed the popular mind by incessant excitement, and supply the decline of one passion by the rousing of another, is the unvarying policy of the Revolutionary Party in every age and part of the world, alike in domestic as foreign affairs. They do so, because they are aware, that the moment the passions cool, and the usual cares and interests of life regain their influence, their ascendancy is at an end, and the rule of justice and stability begins. With breathless haste, therefore, and indefatigable activity, they incessantly urge on the work of destruction; daily feeding the public mind with new projects, and keeping alive revolutionary hopes by fresh plans of innovation, until the misery produced by such changes is so excessive as to drive the people into open revolt, and overturn, in a few months, the institutions and the work of centuries. With every pause in the work of destruction, their influence declines, and they soon find that they can maintain their place at the helm only by constantly keeping up the prevailing excitement, and undermining successively all the institutions on which the welfare and happiness of society depends.

It is this incessant craving after fresh excitation, and the consequent necessity for the destruction of new and more venerable institutions during the progress of revolution, which invariably exposes its early leaders to obloquy and persecution during its later progress, and too often dooms them to expiate in exile, or on the scaffold, the ambition and the recklessness of their earlier years. Having some remains of conscience left—being not thoroughly steeped in the revolutionary cauldron, they hesitate at the ravages which are committed in their name; they pause in the work of destruction, and are instantly condemned to ignominy and execrations by those who hailed with rapture, and followed with adulation, their early steps of innovation. Already this change is clearly visible in the centre



of the revolutionary action. Guizot, Thiers, Casimir Perier, and the whole party of the *doctrinaires*, are now condemned to a degree of hatred, and loaded with execrations, which would appear incredible to those who recollect the public transports with which their conduct, in bringing about the overthrow of Charles Tenth, was received two years ago. They are now hated and loaded with curses, because they pause in the career of destruction—because they refuse to pull down any other institutions in the state, or to break into and revolutionize all the adjoining nations. The same progress has ever been observed in the career of revolutions; and it forms one of the never-failing symptoms by which the existence and duration of the malady is to be ascertained.

The Whigs are well aware that they have arrived at this, the second stage of the revolutionary fever, and that their existence as a party is in consequence at stake. With the prorogation of Parliament, and the intermission in the work of destruction, the energies of the nation have manifestly revived. The shock of war is no longer felt; the parties, exhausted with the contest, and forcibly separated from each other, are enjoying a momentary repose, and sedulously endeavouring to improve the breathing-time thus afforded, to recruit their forces, strengthen their alliances, and prepare for the still more serious contests which are approaching. During the intermission of the strife, the industry and prosperity of the country has revived; the dread of approaching spoliation is not so keenly felt; the expenditure of the rich is not so ruinously contracted; the employment of the poor not so cruelly depressed; capital, emerging from its retreats, is beginning to vivify new undertakings; and increased occupation to spread contentment and comfort among the poor. The revenue has felt the change. Already the immense and increasing deficit of the last two years is diminishing; and the last quarter, instead of the constant and progressive fall which has been exhibited ever since the Reform agitation commenced, shews an increase of above L.600,000. All this, if it be real, and not got up to serve a falling faction, is owing to

one cause,—an *intermission in the work of destruction*; a pause in the agitation of the public mind; an interruption in the career of the Revolutionists; and a respite in the blows they level at all the institutions and interests of society.

With a return to the tranquillity and peace of ordinary life has been a tendency to revert to the old affections and habits which had so long fostered and protected its prosperity. The passions which have so fiercely agitated the people, are, to a certain degree, stilled; the delusion which overspread the land is beginning to disappear; the jaundiced eye which beheld all the actions of the real friends of their country through a false medium, is recovering the steady gaze of former times. Awakening from a trance of two years' duration, the people ask themselves for what the empire has been so cruelly distracted, and passions so fierce let loose upon society? why discord and hatred have been introduced into the bosom of private families, and divisions and feuds into the intercourse of social life? why distrust and apprehension have been made to paralyse the rich, and jealousy and envy to agitate the poor? why the growing revenue of the empire has been checked, and its increasing surplus converted into a yawning deficit? why industry has been so long blighted, and talent overwhelmed, and virtue subjected to revolutionary oppression? They ask, whether the laws are better administered, or their liberties better secured? whether property is more safe, or institutions more stable? whether violence is more subdued, or virtue better protected, under the yielding and democratic administration of the Whigs, than under the steady and protecting rules of the Tories? They ask whether the external relations of the empire have been preserved, and its interests preserved, and its honour upheld, since the ascendancy of new and democratic principles began? whether its vast and unwieldy foreign possessions are in a prosperous state, and its colonial subjects contented and happy? whether the empire is likely to hold together for any period of time, or the hopes of the innovators to be realized from a total change of our external and in-

ternal policy? When these questions are asked, in a calm and rational spirit, apart from the tumult and agitation of democratic ambition, the answer must prove fatal to the designs of the Revolutionists. They find that this great empire, formerly so firm and united, which once bade defiance to Europe in arms, and conquered the conqueror of the world, has been shaken to its centre, to serve the purposes of party ambition; that Ireland, under the change of system, has risen into a state of unparalleled confusion, and become the prey of unbridled anarchy; that it is held by a mere nominal tenure by the British Government, and acts as a dead weight on the energies of the empire; that the West Indies are on the verge of destruction, distracted alike by the extravagant expectations of the slaves, and the unmeasured indignation of the planters; that revolutionary legislation has spread the flame to our Eastern empire, and thrown the isles of the Indian Ocean into open revolt; that French ambition has recovered its ascendant in European politics, and its sway been extended to the Rhine and the Waal, and the fruits of an hundred victories been lost by two years of unmanly weakness and revolutionary coalition; that our faithful allies have been assailed with unprincipled baseness, and our dearest interests sacrificed to party ambition, and the flag of England disgraced by an union with the standard of Marat and Robespierre. They find that all these calamities have been sustained, and these dangers incurred, for no other purpose but to maintain a faction in power; that the commonwealth has been shaken to its foundation to uphold a weak and falling Administration; that they have let loose the passions of men because they could not sway their reason, and dissolved the bonds of the empire, to prevent their own incapable Government from falling to pieces.

The Whigs know all this; they feel that they are fast declining in popularity, and rapidly descending into the gulf which awaits all the authors of unprincipled innovation. They see that their former adulators, the men who have fawned on them during their revolutionary career, and whom they have courted by

every means in their power, are now their fiercest enemies. They behold Ireland, the first and chosen scene of revolutionary concession, spurning them with unmeasured indignation, and O'Connell—whom they rescued from destruction, and placed at the head of all his brethren, and narrowly escaped making Attorney-general—addressing them in strains of unparalleled and seditious indignation. They know that by the admission of all parties, they cannot stand alone, but must coalesce with the declared Revolutionists, or be supplanted by the steady band of the Conservatives. They behold the great interests of the empire rousing themselves against the further attack of innovation—they see Bristol yet smoking from the conflagration of the Revolutionists, calling on a steady Conservative to rescue it from destruction—and Manchester arrayed in open opposition to the fury of the anarchists, and the Tower Hamlets responding to the cry of indignation which their tyrannical measures have awakened in the West India islands. They know that the counties of England and Scotland are aghast at the threatened change in the Corn Laws—that a great proportion of these will, in consequence, return Conservative members, and that the weight of the whole agricultural interest of the empire, so far as the Reform act allows it to be heard, will be united against their government. They know that Ireland is *unanimous* against their measures—that Orangemen and Catholics, divided on every other subject, as far as the poles are asunder, are united on the single point of hatred of their administration; and that, in whatever proportion Catholic and Protestant members will be combined in the new Parliament, *not one* will be returned favourable to their government. They know that the Conservative Party in Scotland are making the utmost exertions to resist the portentous effect of those immense changes in their country which literally have amounted to revolution—that whether in the majority or the minority, their adherents are every where hard pressed; and that the agricultural interest, all but unanimous in opposition to their measures, are certain in many instances of prevailing over the town rabble, whom the Reform



act purposely introduced to overwhelm their votes. All this the Ministers know—they feel that since they threw themselves into the arms of the Revolutionists, they have lost the confidence of all that respectable class who constituted the Old Whigs, and were not less hostile to their revolutionary measures than the most decided Conservative; and that their support is now solely derived from the political unions, and the unprincipled agitators whose fortune is dependant on the continuance of revolutionary passions. All this they know; they feel that they are going the way of all the early leaders of revolutions; that, like the Girondists in the first, and the Doctrinaires in the second, French Revolution, they are becoming the objects of hatred to their former supporters, because they are suspected of not being inclined to go the utmost length in innovation; and they begin to fear that they are destined to furnish another instance of the eternal truth, that revolutions necessarily swallow up their own offspring, and that the first victims of political changes are their earliest supporters.

To avoid shipwreck, now that they plainly see the breakers ahead, they have resolved to plunge a step deeper in the revolutionary torrent, and awaken a new set of passions which may bear them afloat over the perils which await them. Seeing that, with the first dawn of a return of prosperity, the ancient affections and habits of the people are returning; that the passions of a few years are beginning to subside, and the obligations of centuries to renew their influence; that the interests of the labouring classes are regaining their ascendant, and their passions subsiding after the acquisition of the object which excited them; they see no chance of retaining their places, but by again convulsing the empire, and setting the lower orders a second time in open hostility to the higher. For this purpose, and to counterbalance the terror at the abolition of the Corn Laws, which has struck so deep into the agricultural interest, they have brought forward two new measures, the natural consequence and first-fruits of the Reform Bill—*Vote by Ballot* and *Church Reform*. These measures

are not tabled by the political unions or the professed anarchists and revolutionists; they are not merely broached by Mr Hume and Colonel Jones at their extravagant assemblies; they are ushered into the world under the authority of men of rank and talents, who have already taken the lead in the vast innovations which have already shaken the fabric of the empire. Lord John Russell has declared, that, "though he is a decided enemy of the ballot, and although he is still of opinion that its consequences will realize all that its worst enemies predicted from its adoption, yet if he is opposed as he has hitherto been by the landed interest, and Englishmen are brought to the poll by the influence of their landlords to vote against their conscience, he will become a decided advocate for that measure." In other words, he is quite satisfied that the ballot will demoralize and degrade the people; that it will introduce a system of subterfuge, perjury, and corruption, such as the ancient historians have described flowed from its adoption in Greece and Rome; that it will provide impunity and concealment to crime, without affording protection to integrity or patriotism; that it will degrade the national character, and endanger the national existence; but still, rather than retire from office, and forego the satisfaction of arraying the tenantry against their landlords, and introducing into the fair realm of England the passions and the desolation of Ireland, he will support the introduction of that ruinous measure. Three years ago, any statesman who should have given vent to such a sentiment would have been consigned to perdition, amidst the execrations of all mankind; but now it is put forth with unblushing effrontery, and praised to the skies as the most signal indication of vigour and capacity by the whole revolutionary press. Such is the fatal progress of innovation; it undermines men's minds even more rapidly than it shakes the institutions of the state; accustoms them to reckless ambition and profligate love of power to such an extent among their supporters, as renders them insensible to the real deformity of their conduct, and prepares the downfall of the whole fabric of

society by dissolving the moral feelings which alone cement its parts.

Nor is it only during the excitement and heat of a public meeting that such sentiments are put forth by the leaders of the Movement. Doctrines still more revolutionary are deliberately written by another nobleman, in the solitude of private composition, and sent forth to the world as a guide for the ignorant and excited multitude who are to support its advance. The confiscation of the Church, under the specious name of the correction of its abuses; the robbery of the fundholder, under the name of a reduction of debt; the utter ruin of the West Indies, under the name of immediate emancipation of the negroes; the commencement of revolutionary confiscation, under the name of an ascending property-tax; the destruction of the national resources by abolishing the excise; are deliberately put forth by Lord Teynham, as objects to be immediately carried in Parliament by the summary method of exacting pledges for these objects from the members for the next Parliament. The following points are recommended by his lordship as subjects, on which immediate pledges should be exacted from candidates for seats in the representation:—

*“ The reduction of the interest of the Debt.*

*“ The abolition of Tithes.*

*“ The state of the Church Property, and the justice and propriety of its application to purposes of the State.*

*“ The abolition of all Excise Taxation.*

*“ An ascending Property-Tax on all property, visible and tangible, for the purposes of the State.*

*“ A cheap system of Government, and of National Defence.*

*“ Abolition of Slavery; freedom to our Colonies, under a domestic form of government of their own, and at their own expense.*

*“ A sound Monetary System, and perfect freedom in the trade of Banking.*

*“ Abolition of Bounties and Monopolies of every description.*

*“ A general plan of Education for the people, and no Taxes on any article connected with the circulation of knowledge.*

*“ A revision of the Union with Ireland, and alterations therein, adopted to the spirit of the age, and the wants of Ireland.*

*“ A revision of the Free Trade System, in order to form an improved plan*

*of Navigation Laws—the Palladium of the Seas; that, of course, includes the Corn Laws.*

*“ A new legal code of Cheap Justice, at the public expense, and little occasion for Lawyers.*

*“ A Municipal System, founded on the laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor.”*

And the immediate confiscation of the property of the Church, with its application to the exigencies of the state,—exigencies which such a system of innovation will soon render abundantly pressing,—is recommended and enforced in the following passage:

“ Can we, in such a condition of the civil polity of these two great and improving nations, maintain our extraordinary Church establishment—the cruel and oppressive system of tithes—the useless cathedrals, with their enormous wealthy appanage and endowments—the merciless Protestant church of Ireland, whose sole use is the creating riches, and earthly dominion, for the near connexions of the Minister of the day? Can we do all this in peace and quiet, in the face of the universal feelings of men? Already the case is decided. An army of 30,000 men is requisite to collect the tithes in Ireland; and what army will be able to collect them in England five years hence? I therefore, with all humility, suggest, that it becomes the House of Lords to set the first example of a great improvement in the system of the state, by sending to the Commons a bill of exclusion of all ecclesiastical persons from seats in the Upper House. Religion must be benefited by their exclusion. Christ and his Apostles never designed bishops as lawgivers for men, but tell them humbly to teach the law of God. Under all existing circumstances of this nation, the bishops ought to be truly happy to escape those vexatious and bad feelings of the people towards them, that must result from the discussions on Church Reform that will inevitably occupy Parliament in the next Session.”

Such are the new and atrocious objects which the partisans of Ministers are now putting forward to excite another tempest in the public mind, and keep them afloat for two years longer on the passions and insanity of the people. They begin with the property of the Church, as the French Revolutionists did in 1789, and the Spanish Revolutionists in 1821; because it is the most defenceless body in the state, and because, as its re-



venues are actually paid by the farmers, it is natural to suppose that the prospect of its abolition will vehemently excite their passions, and for a time blind their judgment. A more absurd and mischievous innovation, a more delusive and fallacious benefit, never was suggested to deceive the public; but what avail its falsehood, or ruinous consequences? It will excite another tempest in the political world; it may influence the returns in several counties; and if so, it is of no importance in their estimation, though the downfall of religion and the utter demoralization of the people is the consequence.

The foundation on which a religious establishment is rested, and which is worthy of the beneficent faith it is intended to perpetuate, is, that a certain portion of the land of the state should be set apart for the *gratuitous* religious instruction of the poor. We say *gratuitous*; because nothing is more certain and susceptible of demonstration, than that the instruction of the people under an established church is, in the strictest sense, gratuitous. This will appear absurd and paradoxical to those who declaim against the oppression of tithes, and the exactions of the clergy. Let them, if they have a particle of good faith in their bosoms, meet and answer the following argument.

Under the present system, the farmer pays a certain sum to the clergyman in name of tithes, and another to the landlord in name of rent. The two taken together constitute the burden on the land, and the consideration which the cultivator pays for the use of the soil.

If tithes increase, rent must proportionally fall; if they diminish, it proportionally rises. Their total abolition would give no relief whatever to the farmer, because his rent would immediately rise by the whole amount of the sum thus remitted. The surplus produce of the soil would all find its way into the landlord's pocket; but the burdens on

the cultivator would remain the same as before. This truth, abundantly obvious on principle, is placed beyond a doubt by experience. The payments made in name of rent by the Scotch farmers considerably exceed what are paid by the English for both rent and tithes; and the settlement of the tithe question two hundred years ago, by Charles I., to that country, by laying them as a burden directly on the landowners, though it has had many beneficial effects, has certainly added, rather than diminished, to the burdens of the farmers.\*

It is self-evident that the abolition of tithe, or the imposition of it as a burden on the landlord, to the exclusion of the farmer, must operate to the prejudice of the latter. Never was delusion so complete, as that which holds out, that if the tithes are abolished, the total amount of the payment avoided to the clergy will be gained to the farmer. It will be gained to the landlord, and the landlord alone. Every practical man knows that it is a very different thing to settle accounts with a landlord and a rector; with one having a permanent, and one possessing only a temporary or life interest in the soil. If therefore tithes are either abolished, or laid as a burden directly on the landlords, the only consequence will be, that the tenth of the produce will be more rigidly collected by the new than the old collector; and the last state of that man will be worse than the first.

The institution of a church establishment paid by tithes, therefore, is, strictly speaking, a provision for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, by a certain class of landholders. The holders of a tenth of the produce are bound to furnish the poor with religious instruction *gratis*; and they do so in the strictest sense of the word, because the payments which the cultivators make in name of tithes to the clergy, they would at all events be compelled to make to an equal or greater amount to their

---

\* It is calculated by Arthur Young, that in England the rent of land is a *third* of the produce of the soil, and the tithe is at an average, as collected by the clergy, a *twentieth*; together, *seven and a half twentieths*! whereas, in Scotland, where the whole payment is made to the landlord, the profits of the farmer were rated under the income-tax at the same as the rent of the landlord; in other words, *ten-twentieths* of the whole produce.

landlords, though tithes were abolished. Under the present system, the Church are compelled, for a part of the rent of the land, to instruct the poor; if the rent is wholly paid to a class who are not bound to afford, and will not afford that instruction, they will only have to pay the rent without getting any thing in return.

When the Revolutionists, therefore, propose the abolition of tithes, or their imposition as a fixed burden on the landlords, or their application to the service of the state, they propose a measure, which, whatever may be said for it in other respects, will most certainly give *no relief whatever to the cultivators of the soil*. It may enrich the landlords at the expense of the clergy; the portion of the landed proprietors who do not work at the expense of that who do; but it can afford no benefit to those who till the ground. Their condition will only be rendered more burdensome than before, because they will be placed in the hands of a rigid, instead of a comparatively indulgent body of proprietors, and compelled *in addition* to maintain an ecclesiastical establishment for themselves out of the hard-earned fruits of their toil. And this is proposed by the pretended friends of the poor, and the loud declaimers in favour of public and gratuitous instruction.

Whether the tithes are appropriated to the payment of the national debt, or simply extinguished, and consequently made a present of to the landlords, it is therefore as clear as any proposition in Euclid, that the cultivators will not only be in no degree benefited, but essentially injured. In either case, they will cease to receive religious instruction for the payments they make, and be forced to pay their pastors separately, after paying more than the present amount of their tithes to their landlords, who will do nothing for their religious instruction whatever.

Let Church Reform or spoliation, therefore, be rested on the real grounds for which it is desired; let it be said that the insolvency of the state, the usual and inevitable consequence of the march of revolution, renders it necessary here, as in France and Spain, to have recourse to the robbery of the Church and the poor; let it be said that the people

are tired of making payments to landed proprietors who give them religious instruction, and that they would rather pay them to those who make no return, either spiritual or temporal; let it be admitted, that the real object is to level religion, by extinguishing its property, because the Revolutionists feel that its precepts and principles form a disagreeable restraint upon their anticipated or perpetrated excesses. But let a due measure of indignation be reserved for those who delude the people by promising them benefit from a change from which they can receive nothing but loss; and veil the usual and often predicted consequences of the march of revolution, under a hypocritical and affected regard for the interests of the poor.

The usual march of revolutions, we have stated a hundred times, is for its earliest supporters to become the first victims of the furious political passions which they have excited. We all recollect how long and earnestly the Edinburgh Review, since they abandoned the more philosophical and sagacious *early* principles of Lord Brougham and Mr Jeffrey, have laboured to excite the passions which have produced the recent overthrow of the constitution. Let us turn to the same work in its latest number for an exemplification of the consequences of such measures.

"It is, indeed, impossible to deny that the most dangerous, and, we may add, the most absurd doctrines, have of late been preached to the working classes upon this point. They have been told that all accumulation of capital is a grievance to them, robbing them of their just rights; that every man has a title to that which he renders valuable by his labour; that the amount of his remuneration for his work must be ascertained, not by the competition in the market of labourers and employers, but by the personal wants and wishes of the former. Nor can it be denied that these doctrines, monstrous as they are, receive daily and practical support from the perverted principles on which, in most parts of England, the Poor Laws are administered. As the opinions we are referring to must, if acted upon, involve the utter destruction of society,—as they are equally fatal to every form of government that can be conceived,—as they strike directly at the foundations upon which all communities of men, from



the most simple and limited to the largest and most complex, rest,—it is to be expected that all who meddle with such discussions, either through the press, or as the members of societies meeting for political purposes, will feel the absolute necessity of uniting to expose their perilous absurdity. Hardly any one deserving of notice, it is supposed, can be found siding with the apostles of anarchy and barbarism, who would obliterate every vestige of civilisation, and restore society to the savage state. But there is more risk of ingenious and speculative men, or strong partisans, forgetting,—the one in the refinements of theory, and the other in the heats of political contention,—how *difficult it may be to go a certain length in one direction, and then stop short.* If, for instance, all Church property were confiscated, through dislike to the Establishment, and suspicion of its illiberal propensities;—if, to curb the influence of the executive government, the taxes necessary for paying the interest of the debt were repealed;—if, from jealousy of the Aristocracy, the accumulation of property in a few hands were directly prohibited, and not merely discouraged,—such measures being, but more especially the last two, manifest violations of the rights of property, would lead immediately to another step—the total destruction of the Funds, and the establishment of a *maximum* of property—a point of wealth which no one should pass. But as those measures are akin to the forcible distribution of property,—if indeed they do not involve it,—how can they who have gone thus far refuse to give the artisans what they are taught, by some other theorists and other partisans, already to demand, a share of all the capital of the country made productive by their labour;—in other words, a general division of all property? We rely on the returning good sense of those to whom we have alluded,—but, at all events, we rely on the good sense of the people themselves, for an antidote to the subtle poison which has of late years been spread through the community.” \*

We were told during the discussion of the Reform Bill by all its supporters, and by none more strenuously than the Edinburgh Review, and the writers in that journal, both in and out of Parliament, that the measure would be final; that it would entirely satisfy the country; that the

people would now have perfect confidence in their representatives, and that universal tranquillity and contentment would follow its adoption. Lord John Russell in particular, and Lord Advocate Jeffrey, assigned this as the grand and decisive reason for reforming the House of Commons, that as at present constituted it had lost the confidence of the country; and that by enlarging the constituency, that confidence would at once be restored. Let us turn to the same journal, the avowed organ of their party, for a statement how far this prophecy is likely to be realized.

“It is to be observed in the next place, that the new system of representation will not have *even a chance of working well*, unless the people repose confidence in it until they have given it a fair trial. There can hardly be any thing less reasonable than to see men who but yesterday proclaimed the Bill to be sufficient for all practical purposes, *already crying out for more reform*, and even deriding the measure to which all their wishes were bounded, as little better than a mockery. They are *thus realizing the scornful and spiteful predictions of its worst enemies.* That there may be some things in it which will demand revision;—that it may in a few particulars require to be carried farther, is possible;—nay, it may be that much more is wanting—that a new system will be required—that the Bill is wholly insufficient, and that all men have been mistaken in their hopes of its efficacy. Experience *may* show all this, and *may* make it wise to abandon it and try another chance; but so may experience show that the old system was far better, and induce us to wish we had it again; and it would be just as rational to attempt its repeal for the purpose of restoring the rotten burghs, as it is, before any time has been allowed, and any trial made, to insist upon changing and extending it.

“Again, to give the Reform fair play, confidence must be placed by the people in those whom they shall choose to represent them. In many places an extreme jealousy and suspicion appears to exist on the part of the electors, leading them to exact Pledges from the candidates upon a variety of important questions. Now although it seems absurd to contend that the opinions of the candidate ought not to be frankly stated upon all the subjects

in which his constituents feel interested, yet this explanation is any thing rather than giving a pledge binding at all events and in all circumstances. There ought to be a general coincidence of opinion between the electors and their representatives; this seems to be implied in the very nature of representation; but when a member is deputed to act for his constituents, he is to judge on each case, and to exercise a discretion for their interest, and that of the community at large. He may alter the opinions formerly held and declared by him to his constituents; and he may justly act upon that change, believing that if they were aware of all he now knows and sees, they would also vary their opinion. To send a man into Parliament fettered by pledges, is neither more nor less than to prevent him from discharging his duty of consulting for the public good. It is utterly destructive of all deliberation; it is in fact deciding before-hand, and in the dark, how the decision of a question shall be given when it is discussed; and among other absurdities it involves this glaring one, that it renders the discussion wholly nugatory.”\*

We all recollect the servile adulation paid by Ministers to the Political Unions during the Reform contest, and the thanks publicly conveyed by Lord John Russell to Mr Attwood, and his *alleged* 150,000 legislators at the Birmingham political meeting. Having thus, for their own party purpose, called these dangerous societies into existence; having truckled to them on every occasion during the discussion, and adopted many things at their dictation against their own recorded judgment, let us see in what terms they now speak of their new and dearly beloved auxiliaries after they have answered their purpose, by carrying them through the perils of Reform.

“The appearance of a disposition in some quarters to continue the associations which the late struggles produced, is to be regarded as indicating a disregard of the true principles of representative government. That the people, however well represented, ought always to keep an attentive eye upon the proceedings of Parliament, and especially of their own House, is readily admitted. That upon great questions they ought occasionally to interpose their opinion, and

communicate freely upon them with their representatives, cannot for a moment be denied. But this is very different from a regular system of associations, introduced for the purpose of discussing all questions, and assembling at stated periods to debate and decide on those very matters, the discussion and determination of which had just been committed to the body chosen for that special purpose. It is quite manifest that the establishing of such a system is the object which some have in contemplation at the present time. Not satisfied with having a Parliament elected to carry on the business of legislation, and to watch the conduct of the executive government, they think it necessary also to have meetings of the electors for the same purposes. The principal delegates his functions to an agent; but continues to act himself. The people are to choose men to deliberate for them; but they are also to deliberate for themselves, as if they had made no such choice. Can any thing result from this double action but conflict and confusion? Is it not wholly inconsistent with the very nature and fundamental principle of representative government? This grand improvement of modern polity rests entirely upon one assumption—that the people are too numerous and too much distracted with their ordinary occupations, to carry on the business of the state in public assemblies. Were it not so, unquestionably there are many advantages in allowing every man to transact his own business, and save the cost and the risk of trusting a deputy. But large multitudes being unfit by their mere numbers for acting as deliberate bodies, even if they had the time and information required, experience has taught us that the wiser course is to select a smaller number of persons deserving of confidence, and delegate to them the duties of government. Surely it wants no argument to prove, that if, notwithstanding this delegation, the electors are to embody themselves, and carry on the affairs of the nation, as far at least as discussion goes, but discussion coupled with peremptory communications of the result to the members, there was little occasion for going through the ceremony of election.”†

From these and other passages in the same article in this journal, it is evident that the authors of the Reform Bill are perfectly aware of its perilous consequences, and that they

\* Edinburgh Review, October 1832. No. CXI, p. 255.

† Ibid, p. 256.



urged it forward, well knowing that it would place in imminent hazard the whole institutions of the empire. Indeed it is impossible that men of education, and acquainted with history, whatever they may advance in public for party purposes, can in private entertain different opinions on the subject. And yet do these men,—knowing the risk, seeing the peril, well aware that they are endangering the whole institutions of society, running the chance of extinguishing English civilisation all over the world, and dismembering this great and beneficent empire,—resolutely persevere in the same reckless course, and deliberately commence the excitation of revolutionary passions on a fresh set of subjects, merely because they see that the returning good sense of the country, if not overwhelmed by popular vehemence, will speedily drive them from the helm. With truth did Dr Johnson say, that of all the engines for the destruction of public morality, party ambition is the most effectual.

The recent registration of voters in the counties and cities of this part of the empire, has afforded the best proof of the practical working of the Bill, and gives the most complete demonstration of the truth of the principles on the subject which we have so long and so strenuously supported. We are not aware that a single observation we made on the practical effect of the change has not been verified by the event; and experience has now proved in what respects it is dangerous, what it contains that is beneficial, and in what particulars it is susceptible of improvement.

The first grand evil in the Reform Act, as was long ago predicted by its opponents, is the amalgamation of the feuars in towns or villages with the county voters, in such numbers, as in all cases to endanger, in many to overwhelm, the rural constituency. This is an evil of the very first magnitude; it is fraught with injurious consequences to both sets of electors, and it will produce effects so painful and injurious, as ere long must lead to its amendment, if the whole institutions of society are not swallowed up by its effects.

As the law now stands, the voters for the counties are composed, gene-

rally speaking, of four classes of persons:—1. The landed proprietors; 2. The tenants on liferents, or long leases, having a L.10 or L.50 interest in their farms; 3. Those paying a rent of L.50 a-year, though without any lease; 4. The feuars or owners of houses worth L.10 a-year in the towns and villages within its bounds.

The two last classes are so extremely numerous in general, in comparison with the two former, that the contest for the representation mainly lies between them. According as the county is agricultural or manufacturing, the return is likely to be influenced by one or other of these bodies of men; but in either case *the minority are totally unrepresented*. This is the necessary consequence of blending together for one member *two different classes of men*, who not only have no feeling or interest in common, but whose interests are, or are supposed to be, *adverse to each other*. It is impossible to suppose that the member who is elected by one of these classes, in opposition to the utmost efforts of the other, is to retain any warm sympathy for their wishes or interests; or that he is to attend to the desires of the minority, who strove to reject, instead of the majority who secured his election. Thus the result must be, that the minority, whether agricultural or manufacturing, will find itself unrepresented; and the dissatisfaction thence arising to men who were told that their interests were all to be attended to in the legislature, cannot fail to be extreme.

In every county in Scotland, this injurious effect, from the massing together of two bodies of electors, whose interests and wishes are so diametrically opposite, has been, and will be experienced. Every where there are a few Whig proprietors, who are, either from family habits or party ambition, attached to the Movement side, and their tenantry of course vote with them. To them is to be added almost the whole of that numerous class, the insolvent and labouring landlords, who do not, in the nineteenth century, belie the saying of Sallust, that that description of persons are always attached to the principles of revolution. All who are excluded from society, or

viewed with a jealous eye by those who take the lead in it, either from personal delinquency, or unfortunate connexions, belong to the same party. Is a man sequestered, bankrupt, or under trust? He is a keen Reformer, and all his tenantry swell the ranks of the Movement faction. Is he of dissolute or abandoned habits? He is closely linked with the same faction, and sets all the virtue of the country at defiance. Has he formed some unhappy connexion which excludes him from society, or is he sent to Coventry from suspicious or disgraceful private conduct? He is a most furious Reformer, sees clearly the necessity of getting quit of all the distinctions which now divide society, and is indefatigable in his endeavours to induce his tenantry to support the same liberal system. Persons in these labouring circumstances, or branded with these marks of opprobrium, form a powerful addition in every county to the selfish crew of ministerial or popular adulators, who flatter alternately the depositaries of power in Downing Street, and the leaders of faction among the rabble, and bow with equal servility, for party purposes, to the *vultus instantis tyranni*, and *civium ardor prava jubentium*. If to these we add a few, *a very few*, honest and sincere old Whigs, who are deluded by the revolutionary clamour into an acquiescence in measures which none would so vehemently have condemned as the leaders of their own party, prior to the recent conversions, we have the composition of the whole Ministerial Party in this country as it at present stands, placed before our eyes. It is highly to the honour of the landed proprietors and farmers of Scotland, that, in these trying times, when so many causes have conspired to shake the political steadiness of all classes—when not only popular adulation, but Ministerial favour, have rewarded a desertion from the paths of duty, and, by a combination unparalleled in the history of England, the praises of the democratic press, combined with the temptations of emolument and ambition, to induce a conversion to the Revolutionary Party, so few have proved unfaithful to their country, and that the majority, the *great majority*, of all the agricultural vo-

ters, will support a candidate in the Conservative interest.

We say this deliberately, and from accurate information, albeit well informed in regard to the state of the contests which now rage with so much fierceness in every county almost of Scotland, and not ignorant of the large majority which, upon the whole, the Whigs will obtain in this completely revolutionized part of the empire. They will obtain a majority, it is to be feared, in the counties, from the democratical and revolutionary principles of the Reform Act, in opposition not only to almost all the respectability and property which they contain, but to all their intelligence and education. They will obtain a majority in the boroughs, by trampling under foot nine-tenths of the property, and nineteen-twentieths of the education and knowledge, which are assembled in those depositories of industry and talent. But they could have obtained a majority in no other way, and would have been every where routed with disgrace, in a constituency constituted with the least regard to property, knowledge, or respectability.

The simple causes which, in opposition to such forces, will produce this result, are the introduction of the ten-pound tenants in towns, and the ten-pound owners of houses in the country. From the very first, we denounced these as the revolutionary parts of the Bill, and as likely to bring about an overturn of the whole fabric of society; and, from the very first, they were pounced upon by the Democratic Party as the immense boons which would ultimately render them omnipotent in the State, and render the settlement of the Government upon a republican basis certain. But much as we expected of evil from these revolutionary clauses, their practical operation has exceeded all that we could have conceived.

The Whigs have all the noblemen in Scotland who look for promotion or office from their administration; they have all the gentlemen who expect fagot peerages, and are willing to purchase their coronets by the sale of their country; they have almost all the bankrupts and insolvents among the landed proprietors; they have all who have married their mis-



tresses, or who have been excluded from society from their misdeeds; and the tenantry of these persons all go along with them; but these classes, taken together, constitute, to their honour be it spoken, but a small minority of the landed interest of the country. The great majority of the *rural voters* would every where return a Conservative member, in spite of the united efforts of all the Whigs, time-servers, sycophants, insolvents, and abandoned characters of the kingdom, if it were not for the powerful support which their opponents receive from the owners of L.10 houses in the villages. It is that numerous and democratic class, who every where oppose, and in many outnumber, the agricultural interests, and will render a majority of the county representatives of Scotland, not the representatives of its farmers, its shepherds, or its landowners, but of its weavers, its alehouse-keepers, and manufacturers.

Look at Mid-Lothian, where the contest between Sir George Clerk and Sir John Dalrymple has long been carried on with much keenness. *All the farmers*, excepting those on the estates of Sir John himself, and his coadjutor, Sir J. Gibson-Craig, W.S., the minister for Scotland, Lord Rosebery, and one or two other Whig proprietors anxiously looking for office or titles, will support Sir George. Who, then, constitute the considerable minority who support the Whig candidate in that county? The owners of L.10 houses in Midcalder, Echobank, Juniper Green, Slateford, Dalkeith, Penicuik, and the suburbs of Edinburgh and Leith beyond the limits of those boroughs. Who withstand the farmers of Berwickshire, all but unanimous in favour of the Maitland family? The Radicals in Coldstream, Aytoun, Dunse, and the other villages of that opulent district. Lord John Scott will carry the county of Roxburgh, only because its farmers are more numerous than the weavers of Hawick, the feuars of Melrose, and the Radicals of St Boswell's Green, those Reformers who are doomed to a disgraceful celebrity, and are destined to bear the execrations of ages, for having hissed the dying Sir Walter Scott. Should Admiral Fleming beat Mr Forbes of Cullendar, in Stirlingshire, it will not

be the victory of the Whigs in that county over the Tories, but of its manufacturers over its cultivators, nine-tenths of whom are in favour of the Conservative candidate; and the gallant Admiral will not represent the farmers and landowners of Stirlingshire, but the nailers of Camelon, the carpet-manufacturers of Bannockburn, the weavers of St Ninians, and the iron-forgers of Carron. All the wealth of the Breadalbane family, all the vast estates of Taymouth, could not have enabled Lord Ormelie to maintain so close a contest in Perthshire with Sir George Murray, if it had not been for the vociferous support of the Radical L.10 houseowners of Dunblane, Crieff, Cupar, Dunkeld, Blairgowrie, and the numerous villages of that great county.

Forfarshire is to fall uncontested into the jaws of the Whigs, not because a majority of its landed proprietors and farmers are not keen Conservatives, notwithstanding all the influence of the Panmure family, but because its villages and small towns, abounding in sail and canvass manufactures, contain such a mass of L.10 houseowners as will render doubtful all their exertions. Clackmannanshire would to a certainty return Mr Bruce, the Tory candidate, were not the tenantry of the county nearly outvoted by the Radicals of Dollar, the glass-blowers of Alloa, and the distillers of Kincardine. In Kincardineshire, the whole landed proprietors and farmers of the Mearns, *without one exception*, support the Tory General Arbuthnot; but though they have a decided majority, they have had a stout battle to maintain with the radical houseowners of Stonehaven, Laurencekirk, Fettercairn, and the other villages at the foot of the Grampians. Almost all the landowners and farmers of Aberdeenshire, with the usual deduction of expectants of office, insolvents, and reprobates, with their tenantry, are keen supporters of Captain Gordon; but though the victory of the good cause in that county is secure, it required no small array of right thinking tenantry to outnumber the weavers of Huntly, the shoemakers of Turriff, the fishermen of Fraserburgh, and the whisky-dealers of Old Meldrum. Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire will return Whig re-

presentatives, not because the great majority of the landowners and farmers of those counties, notwithstanding the influence of the Hamilton and Shaw Stewart families, are not decided Conservatives, but because the Radical houseowners and weavers in their numerous villages, and the manufacturing interest so strongly established in their bounds, render the utmost efforts of the agricultural party of doubtful success. The *whole* farmers and landowners of Selkirkshire, with the exception of the tenants of Mr Pringle of Haining, the Whig candidate, are in favour of Mr Pringle of Whytbank, the present member; but they are hard pressed by the weavers of Galashiels and the "Souters of Selkirk," men resting entirely on the manufacturing interest. It is the same in every other county of Scotland; every where the great majority of the landowners and farmers is on the Conservative side, and the revolutionary candidate is supported by the four classes of Whig expectants, ministerial sycophants, insolvents, and reprobates, with their tenantry, aided by the numerous body of L.10 feuars or houseowners in the manufacturing villages within their bounds.\*

One thing is universally observable, and forms a singular and characteristic sign of the times. The whole clergy of the Established Church in Scotland, with the numerous and important body of parochial schoolmasters, are on the Conservative side; and to them may be added the humble but respectable Episcopalian of the Scottish communion. On the other hand, almost the whole dissenting clergy, dazzled already by the spoil of the Church, are in the revolutionary interest. We have been told, till we were absolutely deafened by the sound, by the Whigs, that the parochial clergy of Scotland were the most useful and respectable body of religious teachers in the world, and that its parish schoolmasters were the source of all its prosperity, wealth, and national virtue. Now, however, that they are

found in opposition to the march of revolution, they are stigmatized by the same men, as a set of obstinate or sycophantish bigots, merely because they have the courage to resist a departure from all that has hitherto constituted the glory of this country, all that the Whigs formerly most praised, and the independence to resist the allurements, to the seductions of which they so long held it the greatest disgrace to yield.

This state of the county representation of Scotland is fraught with evils of the most serious kind, and which must produce such heartburnings and discontent as never before were experienced in that country, even if it does not, as is most probable, contribute to land the nation in all the horrors of revolution. Everywhere the counties are divided into the manufacturing and agricultural interest, the town and the country, and by the fatal admission of L.10 houseowners, the majority in a great proportion of the counties is given to the towns. "A set of electors who not only have nothing in common with the agriculturists, but whose interests are, or are supposed to be, decidedly adverse to them, have acquired in a majority of the counties of Scotland the uncontrolled return of *county* members. The agriculturists will find their interests not only not supported, but *actually opposed*, by the single representative whom they send to Parliament. This is a state of things fraught with great and lasting evil. We early anticipated it from the Reform Bill; we clearly pointed it out again and again to our readers; but all our warnings were disregarded, the Bill was carried, and now the counties whose supineness or support gave that great victory to the Revolutionists, will have the satisfaction of seeing their representative go to Parliament pledged to such a modification of the Corn Laws as will reduce the agriculture of the island to ruin.

This evil is not so strongly felt in England, because, as each county there returns two, and some of them three or four members, the agricul-

---

\* We owe our Southern readers some apology for these details of parish business—but we know that they will forgive us. Nothing which elucidates the working of the Reform Act is foreign to the interests of any part of the empire. Would that we possessed equally minute accounts of its working in England and Ireland.



tural and manufacturing interests can each find one or two members to support them in Parliament, and thus neither is exposed to the painful feeling of having a representative there who is adverse to their interests. But in Scotland, where each county only returns *one* representative, it is felt without the slightest modification. It is impossible to suppose that the sitting member will be favourably inclined to the minority, whether manufacturing or agricultural, whether urban or rural, who have done every thing in their power to exclude him. If he leant to their side, he would inevitably forfeit the confidence of the majority who secured his election, and to conciliate his enemies, lose his friends. Thus the practical result will be, that minorities in the British Parliament, so far at least as Scotland is concerned, will be unrepresented; the very circumstance which all foreigners have described as the source of ruin in their representative systems, and that whose absence constituted the main strength of the old British constitution.

The mode in which the value in these ten-pound houses in the counties is allowed to be proved under the act, is another evil of the most serious kind in the actual working of the act. As the case now stands, the value may be proved not only by payment of rent, taxes, or parish rates, but by the valuations of persons employed by the respective candidates, or the opinions of neighbours as to their probable value. The consequence is, that in the Radical villages, almost every household-er claims a vote, and he supports his claim by getting two partisan valuat-ors, paid by the Reform candidate, to swear that the houses are all worth that sum, which is confirmed by the claimants mutually declaring that they consider their houses as of that value. In making out this value nothing is omitted; a hole not four feet square is called a closet, a closet a room, and every thing, the cellar, the cart-shed, even the *necessary* and the dungpit, have a value put upon them. In this way an old ruckle of stones, not worth three pounds a-year, is dignified with the name of a L.10 house; and it is generally in vain that the opposite candidate gets valuat-ors who reduce the value very

far indeed below that sum; the judge *in dubio* leans for admission, on the principle of liberally interpreting the Act in favour of the claimants; or, if there is any hesitation, some officious Radical neighbour is generally at hand, who, in consideration of a similar good deed to him when his own claim comes to be discussed, has no hesitation in swearing that the subject in question is worth L.10. Thus from a village inhabited only by Radical manufacturers, all of whom together are not worth L.5000, there frequently come up forty or fifty electors ardently devoted to the revolutionary side; and half-a-dozen such villages are sufficient to out-vote the tenantry and proprietors of a great county possessing a thousand times the wealth, and ten thousand times the intelligence, capacity, and virtue.

The system of valuing the L.10 houses, and bringing up valuat-ors and neighbours to support the claims of the different houseowners, how small soever the real worth of the property may be, threatens completely to demoralize our peasantry, and extinguish altogether the sanctity of an oath, which hitherto has had so powerful an effect on the Scottish character. Valuat-ors are brought up to the registration districts like heavy artillery; neighbours like fieldpieces to support their fire. The contest becomes a mere discharge of oath against oath; the spirit of party gains on both sides, and on both in the end is truth equally disregarded in the fierce contest for victory. The value of each house which was admitted or rejected, forms the subject of discussion among the neighbours for months before and after the decision on the claims; and the people become habituated to the idea, that, by merely swallowing an oath, and sticking up to the value, political power, with all its temptations and seductions, may be liberally acquired by a district. If this system is continued year after year in the correction of the registers, it is easy to foresee, that the demoralizing effect of custom-house oaths will be extended from the precincts of the custom-house to the whole community.

The result of the act in the constituency of boroughs is not more consolatory, and amply verifies our worst prognostics in regard to the real ten-

dency of the final and healing measure. The great bulk of intelligence and property of the cities is found on one side—the majority of numbers on the other. The weight of property, education, rank, and character, all lies on one side—that of numbers, vociferation, falsehood, and abuse, on the other; and in periods of revolutionary excitement, it is not difficult to foretell to which the victory, for the present at least, will incline. Mr Blair, we are confident will succeed in Edinburgh, because his voters will comprise nineteen-twentieths of the property and education of the city; and their conduct in supporting him as they have done, cannot fail in having a great effect upon all those whom adulation to Ministers, or revolutionary excitement, have not completely blinded; and he will succeed in consequence of efforts which cannot often be repeated: but in too many other boroughs of Scotland, it will be proved, by the returns, how fatal a preponderance the Reform Act has given to indigent numbers over intelligent virtue and independent property.

One peculiarity in the Bill, now that its practical operation has been felt, is peculiarly worthy of attention. Tenants in towns are admitted who pay only L.10 of rent, and that in the greater cities amounts to an admission of the most democratic and dangerous class in the community. Tenants in the country are only admitted when they pay L.50 a-year of rent, unless they possess a L.10 interest, and are classed with proprietors. What is the reason of this difference? Is it that farmers in the country, with their horses, their cattle, their ploughs, and their stockings, have so much less property than tenants in town, who are rarely possessed of any thing whatever? The reverse is notoriously the case. A farmer who pays L.10 a-year of rent, is generally worth much more property than a lodger in town who pays L.20, because he has a farm to cultivate, requiring stocking, which the other has not. Is it because the urban tenant is so much more enlightened in real or practical knowledge, or so greatly superior to his rural compeer in solidity of character, or extent of information? What comparison can a L.10 lodger in

town, whose time is divided between turning a spindle or sharpening a pin's point, and drinking whisky or reading the democratic press, bear with a farmer in the country, obliged to vary his occupation with the seasons of the year, and necessarily informed on a great variety of practical subjects? Is it because the tenantry in the country are suspected of being under the influence of their landlords? What shall we say to the subservience of a L.10 tenant in town to the master who employs him, or the Political Unionists who frequent his shop, or the Editors of Journals who direct his thoughts? The thing will not, in any point of view, bear an argument. The rural tenantry are incomparably superior to the urban paying the same rent, in every qualification fitting them to be electors, and yet they are only admitted if they pay *five times the rent* required from their borough brethren.

The fair principle to establish between the manufacturing and agricultural classes would obviously be, that the same amount of rent should qualify in the country as the town, and this should be effected by an elevation of the standard, at least in the great towns, and its depression in the rural districts.

We are quite aware that the time is not yet come when the democratic party, who now rule the nation, will listen to any changes on the Reform Act, excepting such as are likely to render it more republican; but still there are many thoughtful men, detached from party on either side, on whom experienced evil makes a very deep impression, even when not in accordance with their general principles. To such we venture to suggest, that without departing from any of the principles of the Reform Act, its most glaring evils would be alleviated by the following alterations:—

1. By a provision, that the value of L.10 houses should be proved only by rent actually paid on rates or taxes; and that when a house is in the occupation of the owner, he should get its value fixed at L.10 only by being rated at that sum, and paying taxes or poor's-rates accordingly.

2. By providing that the more considerable villages and small towns,



which at present are classed with the counties, should either have representatives of their own for a certain district, or be classed with the nearest boroughs which actually return a member.

3. By reducing to L.30 or L.20 the standard of payment of rent for the tenantry in the country, an extension to which the noisy supporters of an extension of the franchise to tenants in town, paying a third or a half of that sum, can offer no rational objection.

Notwithstanding all that they have suffered, and are suffering from the progress of revolution, it is evident that too many of the great families in this country have not yet learnt what they must do, and on what support they must rest to resist the danger. They have not yet learned that it is on the gentlemen and middling ranks of the country that they must rely to strengthen their forces. They are the generals of the Conservative host; but what are generals without officers or soldiers? And how are officers or soldiers to be obtained unless their affections are conciliated, and they are convinced that it is their interests which are at stake in the contest which is maintained? It is indispensable, now that power is placed in the hands of the lower orders, that the gentlemen who influence them should as far as possible be conciliated, and this is not to be done without a total change of system on the part of many of our great families. In many counties of all parts of the empire, there are numbers of gentlemen who have been driven into the arms of the Whigs by neglect, *hauteur*, or insolence, on the part of the great Tory families, who should have directed the Con-

servative interests of their respective neighbourhoods. This must no longer continue. The pride of aristocracy, the stateliness of office, the etiquette of nobility, must yield to the pressure of the common danger. The great families must throw open their doors to the gentlemen of their counties; the peeresses must be condescending and affable to ladies who are not quite so fashionable as the *elegantes* of Almack's. It is no time to stand upon ceremony, or dispute about trifles, or be exclusive in the choice of society, when Mahomet is thundering at our gates. It is by kindness and affability on the part of the great families to the gentlemen of their counties, and by the gentlemen to their respective neighbours and tenantry, that the whole worthy and upright members of society are to be blended into one united whole, capable of resisting the desperate assaults of the reckless Revolutionists who now assail its interests. The Conservatives can no longer rest on the close boroughs, or Parliamentary influence; they must stand on the support of the middling ranks of society, or they will speedily perish. While the Whigs and Revolutionists incessantly appeal to their passions, let the Conservatives guard their interests, and conciliate their affections; let them bind them to their cause by the endearing bonds of experienced kindness; let rank and elegance give that flattering encouragement to patriotic conduct which is ever so powerful when coming from such a quarter; and, forgetting the reserve of former times, let the high and the low now unite in one common cause, and stand by each other like men who are to live or die together.

## THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE WHIG GOVERNMENT.

THE present Government is a thing upon sufferance—a kind of awkward submission to the necessity of existing circumstances—an object of all but universal dislike and of very general contempt; and yet there is perhaps but slender chance of any speedy change for the better, except it be upon the principle, that when things come to the worst, they must mend. The Whigs, who have failed in every thing else, have succeeded in this, that they have made it well nigh impossible that there should be a good strong Government in this country. Such was the avowed object of these selfish unprincipled men, should they themselves fail to wield the powers of government successfully, and they have accomplished it, because the requisites for bringing affairs to that point, are merely ignorance, neglect, and the desperation of personal disappointment. The state and prospects of the present Government, is, for the Whigs, a mortifying theme, continually suggesting their own miserable failure and deep disgrace; to the Tories it is one of seriousness and anxiety, reminding them of the imminent danger that threatens all the institutions which they deem useful and necessary to the country's weal; to the Radicals—the Revolutionists—the levellers—they who burn with zeal to destroy—to this class alone, it is a theme of triumph, as indeed it well may. Already, the scent of the prey which they desire is in their nostrils—they see almost within their grasp that for which they have so long lusted—they glut their imagination with thoughts of spoil, and talk with a saucy joy of the appropriation of the pillage. The accumulations of long years of industry protected by law—the good things which have grown up under a system admirably fitted to enrich, adorn, and improve the country, seem about to fall into their hands—to be subjected to their ruffian violence, and divided amongst them as robbers divide a booty; no wonder that they stalk with such unconscionable strides, and speak out with such insolent audacity—the Whigs have delivered the country into their hands. Nevertheless we are not to weep and wail, or give up

the cause in despair, or even lose our temper about the matter, since none of these things can do any good, and may do harm; we must meet whatever befalls with a stout heart even to the end, and as long as we can, with a smiling countenance, and we shall not shrink from handling the probe for a brief space, while we examine into the present state of affairs, and the probabilities of the future.

We shall not now go through the painful task of tracing the causes which have brought the Government to its present condition; let it suffice to state simply that there never was so wanton and perverse a series of wicked and foolish political acts—such an inviting of ruin, such a pulling down of destruction upon their own heads, as the Whigs have exhibited. There have been times of popular madness in this and other countries when political fury raged like an epidemic fever, and swept down all things by its violence; but these Whigs have been themselves the industrious excitors of the madness which has done such mighty mischief, and is likely to do so much more; they have themselves opened the sluice-gates and let in the torrent, that they might be borne along for a little in the foam upon its surface, unmindful how soon it would engulf them. Never before did there exist under the immediate auspices of men who could, and whose interest it was to have prevented it, such a reign of humbug and mischief, as there has been in this country for the last year and a half—such a ludicrous and yet melancholy jumble of stupidity, impudence, and crime—such a jubilee of designing knaves, and flippant coxcombs, and solemn conceited dunces—such a triumph of affectation, and cant, and impertinence, over plain practical sense, and estimable feelings, and old-fashioned honesty and directness of purpose. But this is beside the matter in hand; let us come to the consideration of the present state of things.

The present Government is powerless—it has no supporters, or next to none—it has no principles to support. No one can tell what are the fundamental maxims of the King's



advisers—no one believes that they have any, beyond that of keeping their places, and all the personal power they can; and doing whatever may seem to be necessary for that purpose, whether it be to yield to the demands of the populace the most important concessions in favour of democratic influence, or to exercise to the utmost stretch of vigorous authority, the despotic powers which have been reserved by the law to Government for extreme cases. The Tories have a plainly acknowledged principle and object in their political exertions, that of preserving the rights of property, and the privileges of rank and station—in short, the general conservative principle of preserving inviolate the established institutions in Church and State. The Radicals have a principle and an object which may be briefly stated in one word—plunder; the men of the present Government disclaim both the one and the other, and define nothing. We can attribute to them only a determination to be Ministers at any price that it may be necessary to pay for that same.

They are involved in the most extreme perplexities and difficulties, with regard to affairs both foreign and domestic. It is difficult to say in which department they have blundered most egregiously—in which their failures have been greatest—in which the misfortunes arising from their ill management are likely to be most disastrous. As a matter of politeness, let us attend to the strangers first. In the affairs of Holland and Belgium, threescore and ten protocols have now been perfected; and with regard to the settlement of these affairs, we are precisely at the point where we began, but not so with regard to our reputation in Europe, and the power which depends upon that reputation. Our meddling in these affairs at all, was most unwise; our manner of meddling in them has been most contemptible. We have sought to do injustice, and have obtained all the odium justly belonging to our desire and intention; and along with this we have obtained the scorn which attends upon the exhibition of indecision and weakness, whether in a bad or good cause. The last of our follies in this matter, if we may indeed flatter ourselves that the last is within our view, fairly promises to

be worse than our first. We have mortally offended, and grossly injured Holland; we have annoyed and displeased Russia, Prussia, and Austria; we have abandoned Poland to a miserable fate; we have guaranteed five millions to Russia, which we might have saved without injustice or dishonour; we have broken, or allowed to be broken, some of the most important stipulations of the treaty of Vienna; all these things we have done for the accomplishment of a new European arrangement, from which no one ever pretended that Great Britain could derive any advantage, while it is just as obvious that France would derive from it advantages the most important; and, after all, we have accomplished nothing, and now threaten to go to war at last, in furtherance of the same absurdities at which we have been so long cobbling. Even the chances of the war in which we propose to engage—a war unjust, though it were useful, and useless though it were just, are decidedly against us. Unless we reduce the Citadel of Antwerp, we do nothing; and in the attempt to do this, we are much more likely to get our good ships battered, disabled, and defeated, than to succeed in the enterprise. It is mere madness—it is as if we were greedy of adding naval disgrace to political disgrace—of being beaten as well as made fools of—and all this for nothing, but to serve the glorious cause of revolution in general, and France in particular. Yet it does not appear how our Ministers, being committed as they are, can get out of this most absurd and unfortunate affair—they cannot back out of threescore and ten protocols—they must go on, and finish in disaster what they began in folly.

The character of our interference in Portuguese affairs, is even worse than that in the affairs of the King of the Netherlands; it is treacherous, dishonest, and unlawful. We do not dare to take a part openly and above board, but wink at a clandestine arming in opposition to our public law. We allow the subjects of Great Britain to assist in an invasion of Portugal by exiled rebels—an invasion of which the success is all but absolutely hopeless, and of which the defeat, under such circumstances, must be attended with every act of hostility to the interest and

honour of England, which the Sovereign of Portugal shall have it in his power to inflict. The whole proceedings of the Whig Government with respect to the Netherlands and to Portugal, are fraught with difficulty, disgrace, and danger, while it does not appear what possible benefit could arise to the British people from the complete success of the plans of their Government in the protocolizing of Downing Street, or the piracy and pillage at Oporto.

With regard to the management of domestic affairs, the King's Government seems to have no influence whatever. The power derived from the Revolutionary party, and the excited populace, while acting as their tools in the matter of the Reform Bill, is clean gone; it is melted away like the last year's snow, or rather burnt out, like last year's incendiary fires, which the hoary fiend Cobbett still boasts of. There is no likelihood of a Ministerial party of the least strength being returned at the ensuing election under the Reform Bill—there is no prospect other than that of the men who are called his Majesty's servants becoming the executive servants of the House of Commons. They cannot lead; and doubtless, for the sake of place, will be content to follow its votes. What the character and tendency of these votes will be, there are as yet no data before the public to enable any man to judge with tolerable accuracy, and we shall not venture to hazard guesses regarding a matter whereon hangs the very existence of the British Monarchy.

The Whigs have contrived to set the life of the constitution upon a cast; and whether it is to turn up for destruction or for safety, mainly depends upon the character of the votes of next session. As to any power of guidance in this fearful peril, the Whig Government has no more pretensions to it than it has to the regulation of the weather. All is in the hands of the people, whom the Reform Act empowers to elect members of Parliament; and, unfortunately, they are neither conscious of the immense responsibility placed in their hands, nor, in very many instances, likely to discharge it well and wisely, even if they were. The Radicals, elated at the progress they have made through the assistance of Ministers, who, becoming traitors to

the established constitution, cast such a huge preponderance of political power into the hands of the Democracy; these Radicals are straining every nerve, and exerting every influence, direct and indirect, to obtain such power in the House of Commons as will, united with the clamour of the multitude out of doors, enable them to effect their purpose of general plunder. The main question for every man to consider, who does not wish to join in the plundering system, is, how the designs of these Radicals may be defeated. There is no chance that the Whig Government will be able to defeat them; neither can they be trusted, supposing they had the power. The Conservative body must trust to their own exertions to resist the plunderers; and it is of vital importance that they should become acquainted with what they are likely to have to resist. There is amazing, and almost criminal apathy about this matter; we must endeavour to enlighten those whom it may, and does concern, upon the subject. The Westminster Review is the quarterly gazette of the plunderers, and right worthy of them it is. There is an intrepidity of ruffianism in its bold, sturdy, unblushing avowal of its eagerness for the spoil. It delights in strong revolutionary expressions, and seems to gloat with undisguised delight over the anticipation of the reign of irreligion, licentiousness, and brute passion, when the strong hand shall take, and keep, and enjoy, as with the savages; and law and order, and gentleness and obedience, shall be no more. The pages of the Westminster may furnish useful hints as to what is to be expected from a party in Parliament which will certainly be much more powerful than it has ever been before, and which will have a government without power, without confidence, and without respect, to deal with.

The Newcastle address to Earl Grey speaks very plainly, and we believe without the slightest exaggeration, of the views of plunder which the party that sent the address entertains. A part of it is here extracted, for the benefit of those who may wish to know what they have to look for at the hands of the Radicals.

"Imperfect, however, as the Bill of Reform is, we regard it as the means of effecting reforms of still



greater magnitude and importance; and we now proceed to point your Lordship's attention to those results of which the people hail your bill as the harbinger. Upon these results, the expectation of the public, roused to a pitch which it would be *dangerous to disappoint*, is intently fixed; and as disappointment of that public expectation would be fatal to the reputation of your Lordship, and what is of infinitely more importance, fatal to the *tranquillity of the country*—for, my Lord, it is the anticipation of those benefits that makes them patient under the endurance of evils, which nothing but the *prospect of speedy relief could render endurable*—we deem it our solemn and indispensable duty to put your Lordship in possession of those great truths which it imports your Government to know, if it be their intention to rule and legislate in harmony with the feelings, the wishes, and the interests of the people. Should your Lordship and your Lordship's Government neglect the warning, the error of your policy will be your own; and we at least shall be absolved from all share in the tremendous responsibility of the men in whose hands the English constitution, that has withstood the shock of ages, and *hitherto* bid defiance to popular commotion, SHALL DISSOLVE."

Here is no mincing of the matter—here is a pleasant prospect of the expectation of the Radicals from Lord Grey's Government, and of the *alternative*, in case these expectations be not fulfilled. The sentence which follows next after the threat to dissolve the constitution by popular commotion, is this:—

"The great EVIL—the grand oppression—is THE DEBT." The "adjustment" of that, or, in other words, the plunder of the public creditor, is demand No. 1. The utter "abolition of Tithes," that is, the complete plunder of the Church, forms demand No. 2. The abolition of all pensions not fully merited by well known services to the public, and the reduction of the salaries of all persons in the pay of the public, is demand No. 3. The sale of all crown, church, and corporation lands, and a repeal of all taxes on articles of general consumption, is demand No. 4. These are pretty well for one session

—no doubt they will not be carried, but will they be any thing more than postponed? Will the Whig Government be able to throw them overboard? No—they will give something else for this year—the ballot perhaps, and a bill to commute tithe for rent; but we shall see.

But the most formidable danger is—that which, from the moment the Reform Bill was passed, must have pressed heavily on the mind of every man who felt an interest in the continuance of the British Constitution—the probable collision of the two Houses of Parliament. It is not even probable that a House of Commons elected according to the provisions of the Reform Bill, should sympathize in political sentiment with the House of Lords. Will the Upper House then give way, and become merely a house of registry of the acts of the Commons? God forbid; and yet, if it does not, the strife between the Houses will soon arrive. To this crisis the lovers of revolution and republicanism look forward with eagerness. The cleverest of the Radicals—the Editor of the Examiner, writes as follows regarding the present Whig Ministers of the Crown, and the conflict looked forward to.

"On no one subject that occupies the public mind, is there a favourable anticipation of their (the Ministers') conduct; it is feared that they are unconscious of their true position, and likely to lean on the reed which will pierce their side—that they will finesse with a faction, truckle to a court, instead of *heading a people*; but nevertheless it is desired that they should pursue their course, and put their characters, for good or ill, for ever out of doubt. If they want courage to be honest, they are lost; and let them not secure themselves by counting the heads of Dukes, Marquisses, and Lords on their fingers, and supposing they are reckoning the forces of the country, omitting only, as they are apt to do in all such calculations, the small item of the people. We don't deny that they will have difficulties to contend with, but we would say with the augur of old, Strike and strike boldly, and *the obstacle will be severed*. The extremities upon which we are drifting are of such a sort, that prudence cannot be with-

out boldness and resolution, a clear eye for *emergencies*, and a firm prompt hand for *execution*; men who have a long sight for what *we must come to at last*, and who will take measures for it at once, and not waste themselves upon expedients for the intermediate circumstances. The State will be in what the French call a false position, undoubtedly; with one branch of the legislature representative of the interests of the people, and the other of the Lords with their *antagonist prejudices*. To this we must come. The House of Good and the House of Mischief, will be in opposition; and the sooner the conflict is brought to *extremities* in a just cause, and the ascendancy of the righteous power determined, the better for the peace, temper, and well-being of society."

We do not stop to refute the false views developed in this extract, and founded upon the mistaken assumption, that the Lords are ruled by prejudices "*antagonist*" to the interests of the people—our object is to shew the views of the Radicals, as given by one of the ablest of themselves—to exhibit the confident hope, and eager desire for the conflict, and the reliance on the "*firm prompt hand for execution*." Even a caution "*against precipitating the conflict*" with the House of Lords, is scornfully rejected by this writer. He says, "We cannot see the wisdom of delaying the issue in this case. If the Lords will set their backs to abuses, and oppose every measure of public advantage, the only effect of delaying the decisive contest with a body of this baneful purpose, will be to allow an unnecessary period for the operation of mischief. In all such cases, what must be done at last, cannot be too soon done. It is only necessary, that the ground of quarrel should be just, and of sufficient magnitude, and the choice of such is ample."

We may judge from this, that even if no cause of quarrel should arise between the Houses in the course of public business, the Radicals would pick a quarrel upon some point, for the very quarrel's sake; and, in order that the eagerly desired "*issue in this case*" might be no longer delayed. Such a conflict, the present Government, if it stands, will have to

meet; and we leave it to those who recollect the proceedings of last May, to calculate what sort of protection the second estate of the realm is likely to receive at the hands of such ministers. The Conservative Aristocracy are, we fear, but little prepared for the public storm which the multitudinous and greedy faction of the plunderers is preparing for them. In the quiet of their retirements, they do not dream of the conspiracy hatching against their privileges and properties—against their order in the state; but it is time they should awake and bestir themselves, for the enemy watches his opportunity, and when he is prepared to strike, he will be restrained by no appeal to reason or to feeling—he will strike hard for the plunder, if, by striking, he may hope to attain it.

The Church seems to be already counted upon by the Revolutionists as a gained question, so confident are they in the unfaithfulness of his Majesty's Government upon this subject. We think that herein they reckon erroneously; and if the members of the Church be but true to themselves, we doubt not that it will hold its ground in spite of all the energy and eager covetousness with which the plunderers will certainly assail it. The King is bound by his coronation oath to maintain the rights and privileges of the Church; and his Majesty's servants, Whigs though they be, will hardly venture to advise his Majesty contrary to his oath, in so plain a matter. But in this, as in every thing else, the Whigs have placed themselves in a situation of infinite perplexity by their alliance with the Revolutionists. If the Ministers will not go on with them, their resentment will be ten times more bitter than if no alliance had ever existed. Those who league with Revolutionists will not be allowed to stop at a middle point—they must run on in the course of overthrowing and destroying, or be dragged down and trampled in the race. One party of the dissenting Radicals will call upon their reforming friends, the Ministers, to aid them "*in wiping away that reproach which rests upon them in a compromising support of the Established Hierarchy*," and to enable them to



"vindicate the cause of true religion and justice, which are injured and violated by the existence of the Established Church." Another, which affects moderation, will be so modest as to ask "only a commutation of tithes for land, and that the repair of churches, and the *maintenance of the indigent poor* who belong to the Church, shall be so provided for in any arrangement of Church property, as that they shall only be required to build and repair their own places of worship, and support the poor members of their own respective churches." Now, we apprehend that neither the "root and branch" men, nor those who "only" wish to be relieved of their poor-rates, in consideration of their not going to church, can be seconded by his Majesty's Government; and their late friends will complain that the Reform they have obtained is a mere mockery, and they will openly hate the Whig Ministry more than they ever affected to love and honour it. The Government will hardly recover its credit with the Political Unions, and, deprived of such support, mere subserviency to the majorities of the House of Commons will not long save it from overthrow.

The main epic of Ministerial troubles, present and to come, in Great Britain and on the Continent, is furnished with a lively episode in the affairs of Ireland, which they have mismanaged in a manner exquisitely absurd, and frightfully dangerous. They have actually used, with respect to that kingdom, the very process of exasperation by which horses are compelled into restiveness. They have urged with the spur, and checked with the rein, at the same instant, and universal Ireland is all but up in arms against the Government. We say universal Ireland, for community of wrong has made community of hatred. The Conservative Societies and the Political Unions, those who are wide as the poles asunder in every other political view, agree in this, that the Whig Government is above all things pernicious, and must be opposed. To enter into the causes of complaint by all parties in Ireland were a long story, and needless in this place. The Established Church interest—the British interest—the interest in that country which alone is powerful for good, has been insulted

and defied, and it will not be easily conciliated or satisfied by any government, and certainly not by a government of Whigs. The Radical Papists are banded in yet more desperate hostility against a government, which will not yield up all Ireland to the ravenous clutches of them and of their priesthood. O'Connell blusters, bullies, and excites, and does every thing but fight, which last, Irishman though he be, he liketh not; and Sheil, "that false worm," after all his assiduity—after all his "artifice," rhetorical and otherwise in London, to obtain a place under the Whig Government, has cast himself into the torrent of hostility against it, and screams forth from his old stage of sedition, in the county of Tipperary, his extravagant descriptions, and rebellion-stirring exhortations.

Thus, wherever we look, whether we make our calculation from circumstances abroad or at home, from the strength of the enemies of the Government, or from its own weakness, we must come to the same conclusion, that its present state is as perplexing and precarious, and its future prospects as full of gloom and difficulty, as they can well be. Already we perceive something like a crying out to the Tories for help, accompanied by a threat of further coalition with the desperate counsels of the Radicals, if that help be withheld. It is a matter of high and difficult political judgment to determine what should be done in such a case, or what course is safest for the country, where two parties, one only worthy to be despised, and the other abhorred, stand lording it over the destinies of the nation, giving it a choice to perish piecemeal, or to be destroyed at once—the former by the Whigs, or the latter by the Radicals. There is no mercy in politics, and we would gladly see the Whigs tumble into the pit which they dug for others; and yet we would not see the country lost that they might be punished. But we are "drifting upon extremities," as the Radicals inform us; and when they come, let each man, taking honour and conscience for his guides, do his duty to his country, according to the best of his ability—and God shield the Right.

*London, 16th Oct. 1832.*

## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXIV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap.* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;  
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*  
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap.* Ambr.

*Library in the Lodge—Time, Seven o' Clock—Present* NORTH and TICKLER.

NORTH.

No—I have not left the Lodge for ten miles, or two hours, during the whole summer.

TICKLER.

Domestic Devil!

NORTH.

Say rather, bird in a cage, that keeps perpetually hopping about, up and down, from turf to twig, now and then with loving bill nibbling the wires of its beloved imprisonment, occasionally picking a little seed, and not seldom on the spur of the moment drawing up its tiny bucket, and sipping a drop of the mountain dew, to clear its song and brighten its plumage.

TICKLER.

Liker a cock on his own——

NORTH.

Hush! or Bird of Paradise, who——

TICKLER.

Whew! or Bubbly-Jock erecting his tail in proud persuasion of his being a Peacock; or——

NORTH.

Woodlark, Scotia's Nightingale, who, unfatigued by day-songs poured around the grassy nest, where sits his mate assiduous o'er callow brood or chirping shells, prolongs his ditties far into the night, and by the homeward shepherd on the hill is heard, not seen, sweet-singing midst the stars.

TICKLER.

Blanks! by all that is musical. But "say, sweet warbling woodlark, say," what mysterious meaning lies enveloped in the image of "mate assiduous" sitting on eggs? I devoutly trust Mrs Gentle is not in the fam——

NORTH (*rising up in great indignation.*)

Sir, the honour of that lady is dearer to me than a million lives, nor shall the villain who dares to insinuate the remotest hint——

TICKLER.

Be not so furious, my dear sir; I insinuated no remote hint——

NORTH.

She has been in Switzerland, sir, for more than nine months——

TICKLER.

Not another word, North. Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory; but why did not you accompany her and her lovely daughter to Lake Con-



NORTH.

For fear of a censorious world, that will not suffer even old age to escape its slanders, with one foot in the grave.

TICKLER.

She is indeed a sad gossip, old Madam Public; yet there are some good points about her; and let me whisper in your ear, North, you are a prodigious favourite with the Frow—in her eyes a perfect Dutchman.

NORTH.

Her affection for me, Tickler, is, I assure you, of the most spiritual sort.

TICKLER.

And yours for her, as becomes a philosopher, Platonic. Yet human nature is weak; and be advised by me, North, to trust yourself alone with her as seldom as possible; for what, were you some day to declare with the Public a private marriage?

NORTH.

The *reading* Public! I well remember the days when she could spell with difficulty a simple dissyllable—when she lost herself in a complicated Polly, like a benighted nymph wandering through a wood.

TICKLER.

A complicated Polly! What is that?

NORTH.

Nebuchadnezzar.

TICKLER.

Chrononhotonthologos.

NORTH.

Methinks I see her, Tickler, in her Little Primer!

TICKLER.

Conning her "Reading made easy."

NORTH.

Leaning her rosy cheek on a rosier arm with elbow rosier still——

TICKLER.

Peony of Peonies!

NORTH.

Now, alas! like a yellow lily that seems, in lieu of dew, to be fed with lamp-oil!

TICKLER.

And she has become the *writing* Public too?

NORTH.

That is the melancholy part of the concern, Tickler. She is now—to her shame and sorrow—a confirmed scribbler.

TICKLER.

And appears, without a blush on her brazen face, in print.

NORTH.

Yes—with my own eyes have I seen her absolutely in capitals.

TICKLER.

Worse than in kilts.

NORTH.

Kilts! Kilts are but petticoats of a smaller size; but it goes wellnigh to the breaking of my heart to see the reading, writing, ranting Public (an old woman too) in wire-wove hot-pressed paper printed breeches—in *shorts*, Tickler.

TICKLER.

Nay, in *tights*, which shew her shapes to the worst advantage; for, as you observed, she is well stricken in years, and time tells on the figure even of a Diana.

NORTH.

Let's be serious. 'Twould seem as if reading and writing were the chief occupation now, in this once happy island, of human life. The constant cry or croak is—Education, Education. The People will sink under this eternal tuition—the next age will be a generation of Idiots. The in-

vention of printing is a blessing which, by "busy Meddling Intellect," has been abused into a curse.

TICKLER.

Among the lower orders reading has grown into a dull disease, that dries up the sap, and slackens the sinews of life.

NORTH.

Aye, Tickler—the poor man's fireside was, I verily believe, in general, far happier in former times than now—with himself resting, after his day's darg, in an elbow-chair—if the house happened to hold one—his wife *fistling* about in eager preparation of supper—and the brats on stools forming perhaps an octagon, each with a horn-spoon in its hand expectant of the coming crowdy—

TICKLER.

A pleasant picture. No boy or girl, from four to fourteen years of age, knows the extent of his or her mouth's capaciousness, till it gradually opens to its utmost width, in order to admit with unruffled surface, a huge horn spoonful—

NORTH.

Of crowdy. True. Now, crowdy is crowdy still, though with more difficulty procured than in the days I speak of; and poor people are still happy in supping it, for sacred hunger is the solace of life.

TICKLER.

Aye—the Pigot Diamond would be a poor price for a good appetite from a palate-palsied king to a *yawp* beggar.

NORTH.

But, now-a-days, reading is placed on the list of necessaries before eating.

TICKLER.

A greasy—

NORTH.

Say—creeshy.

TICKLER.

A creeshy periodical, price a penny, takes precedence of a black-pudding of strong bull's blood and the generous suet—

NORTH.

The age of Haggis is gone!

TICKLER.

And Journeymen Tailors having discovered that "Knowledge is Power," starve on half-commons of this earth's cabbage, that they may feed on celestial custocks from a circulating library.

TICKLER.

Yes, North, Knowledge *is* Power. He who knows to cut out, and stitch, and sew, and with unbaffled art, in defiance of nature's spite, to make a fit of it even on my amiable and most ingenious friend Sheridan Knowles's Hunchback—he—tailor though he be—is a MAN of Power, and is entitled at a Jubilee to unfold, emblazoned with that illustrious motto, the Standard of the Snips, to all the winds of heaven.

NORTH.

It is *leze majestie* now to speak of the "*lower orders*." But that is their right name, and they hold it from heaven. The "*labouring classes*" is a foolish form of speech. All that live labour.

TICKLER.

The Mite—the Mouse—and the Monarch.

NORTH.

The very Drone labours—in his own vocation—for soon as the Queen Bee is impregnated in the sunny air—all her stingless paramours are put to death.

TICKLER.

The Bee is a most inexplicable creature.

NORTH.

Who labours harder than I?

TICKLER.

I.



NORTH.

You—you Dragon-Fly ?

TICKLER.

Yes—I—you Midge.

NORTH.

Whereas “lower” expresses the everlasting position of the classes to which it is in all honour applied; and he who pales or reddens at the epithet is a radical and a slave.

TICKLER.

Bravo !

NORTH.

And to them what knowledge is power ? Of themselves and their duties, and where shall they find it ?

TICKLER.

Why, in our farthing—and if our more ambitious modern circulating medium did not disdain that coin diminutive—in our *doit* political literature, that through lanes and alleys flutters its ephemeral life away on wings of whitey-brown.

NORTH.

Such are the means which sage philosophy doth now employ for the regeneration of fallen man ! The *lower* classes—I love the word—for it carries with it a calm humble meaning that speaks of Christian contentment—may still read the Bible if they will—Heaven forbid that the philosophers should prevent or dissuade them from so doing as often as they choose !—for the philosophers are occasionally of opinion that the Bible should be included in the School of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

TICKLER.

Are they ?

NORTH.

But the Bible, according to their creed, is not in itself an all-in-all. The poor creature that reads but it, or even it chiefly, must be miserably ignorant—and all unfit to walk with any thing like the dignity of a Reformer in a processional jubilee.

TICKLER.

Nor must he hope ever to rise into a Ten-Pounder.

NORTH.

And millions on millions never can—nor could they though all the rags of all the beggars in Ireland were manufactured into paper, and when printed, strewed over the entire earth as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.

TICKLER.

The forced—pumped waters will subside.

NORTH.

And leave the soil unenriched by any deposit.

TICKLER.

But not unencumbered with sand, gravel, and stones.

NORTH.

Which, however, will in good time be cleared away ; and flowers and herbage, under a better system of culture, will be reinduced over the land.

TICKLER.

The people of Scotland—I leave you to speak of the English—are not more intelligent, and they certainly are less moral and religious, than they were even a quarter of a century ago.

NORTH.

I would fain hope that education with us is in much improved, though I fear in not a little deteriorated ; but the people themselves, except in our large towns, or our small manufacturing ones, are still deeply impressed with a belief of the paramount importance of moral and religious instruction over every other kind ; and while that is the case, let every other kind be encouraged in due subordination to that, without which no man's soul is safe, and the heart within him, overcome by this world's troubles, pines and dies.

TICKLER.

The object of almost all the paltry preaching about the education of the

"labouring" classes is avowedly political; and despicable as in itself it is, most of the instruction diffused is at this crisis perilous; for wiser and better men than were ever found among the Apostles of Infidelity——

NORTH.

Now,

"See the deep fermenting tempest brew'd  
In the grim evening sky."

TICKLER.

Knowledge! Oh, dear! Listen for two minutes to a political pauper, who at the Chequers runs up a score for the sponge, the best-informed and the most acute of the coterie, that chuckles as he crows, and in what nook of Cimmeria gabbles a naked wretch, that lives in an earth-hole, and, in Nature's destitution, almost "wants discourse of reason," such a hideous hubbub of disordered savageness, which, as it foams or slavers from the lips of the truculent drunkard, is deemed "knowledge" by his long-eared audience, whose shallow brains are obfuscated by the fumes of ignorance and gin!

NORTH.

And there are thousands of such bestial. But more lamentable far than such brutalities, are to me the miserable mistakings of minds by no means depraved, on subjects that lie far beyond their comprehension, and with which, were they allowed to obey the dictates of their own reason and their own conscience, they would know and feel they had nothing to do—nothing but to follow the guidance and perform the mandates of those whose business it is to understand, to direct, to rule, and to govern—their own duty being not to scrutinize but to serve, not to expound but to obey.

TICKLER.

Truth and Toryism.

NORTH.

Yes—doctrine, which, when wisely acted on by rulers and by subjects, has saved those from becoming tyrants, and these from being slaves.

TICKLER.

And the "miserable mistakings" you speak of are part and parcel of that "Knowledge which is Power?"

NORTH.

They talk of a state of transition. From what to what? From helotism to freedom? I ask you, Timothy, were the companions of our boyhood, among the rural villages and farms, the children of Helots? No—bold-faced boys and meek-eyed girls were they—with whom—

TICKLER.

Especially the girls—

NORTH.

You and I loved

"Round stacks at the gloaming at bogles to play!"

TICKLER.

Sweet creatures—many of them—even

"The lass with the gowden hair."

NORTH.

Would you or I, and we were no windlestraes then, Tim, but two young oaks, have dared to insult, had the devil entered us, the sister before her brother's face——

TICKLER.

Thank Heaven, no such devil ever entered into either of us—no, no, Kit, fair play's a jewel, and honour bright was the pole-star of our youthful days.

NORTH.

It was. But would not the callant whose home was a hovel, and his Saturday's and Sunday's breeches one and the same, have smashed his fist in the nose of any Aristocrat (Heaven bless the mark!) who dared to dis-



honour the pretty flower that grew beside his father's humble door? Had he not pride in his sister's innocence, and is such pride the virtue of a helot, is such innocence a jewel worn on the forehead of a slave?

TICKLER.

Your loquacity borders on eloquence. Fire away.

NORTH.

Did we find ignorance in "the huts where poor men lay?" No—the "auld clay biggins," dim as they were with peat-reek, were illuminated with knowledge—

TICKLER.

Illuminated! somewhat too fine a word—but I must not be too critical on the extemporaneous orator of the human race. Fire away, Kit.

NORTH.

You and I have stood at the ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

TICKLER.

We have—some threescore years ago—and yet there were a hundred good as he in the same wild moorland parish.

NORTH.

We could remind one another of many a high history of humble worth, were we to stroll for an hour or two over that kirkyard!

TICKLER.

Aye—that we could, Kit. Let us go next summer, and meditate among the tombs.

NORTH.

That parish was, as it were, an epitome—

TICKLER.

No—not an epitome, a fair specimen—

NORTH.

Of Scottish rural life. And is there at this hour a single parish in braid Scotland, more virtuous than was the beautiful wilderness in which thou and I, Tim, learned poetry and religion, to understand and to venerate the liberty of Nature, as it breathed and broke forth from the peasant's heart?

TICKLER.

Not one. It's own dear self, I fear, is not what it was in that refulgent time—

NORTH.

Refulgent! Somewhat too strong a word, Timothy; but I must not be too critical—

TICKLER.

Yes—refulgent. And it is by far too weak a word.

NORTH.

God bless you—it is. Many of its black bright mosses are drained now, they say; and I cannot well deny that no rational objection can be made to the change of heather-moor into clover-meadow;—thorn-hedges, in pretty circles, and squares, and oblongs, are green and bright now, I am told, where of old not so much as a crumbling grey stone-wall enclosed the naked common; nor in spite of the natural tears shed from the poor widow's eyes, can I for more than a minute at a time seriously lament that deep-uddered kine should now lazily low and browse where ragged sheep did once perseveringly bleat and nibble;—single trees, that seem to have dropped from the sky, so quick their growth, now here and there hang their shadows, I have heard, over the band of reapers at their mid-day meal, where, when our "auld cloak was new," one single sickle sufficed for the sma' barley-rig, and the "solitary lowland lass" had to look for shelter from the sunshine beneath some rock in the desert; and to that change, too, can I conform the feelings of my somewhat sadden'd heart;—nay, groves and woods, the story goes, have girdled the stony hills where we two used to admire, all brightening by itself, the glorious Rowan-Tree, independent of the sun in its own native lustre; and may never the swinging axe be heard in that silvan silence, for I confess the superior beauty, too, of the vesture that now decks the sides of those pastoral pyramids;—

the shielings that we used to come upon, like birds' nests, far up near the heads of the glens where the curlew bred among the rushes, have "been a' red awa'"; nor is their place, if sought for, to be found in the solitude; and farmhouses, slated too I hear, for thatch, wae's me! is fast falling out of fashion, now stand where no smoke was then seen but the morning mist; and God forbid I should grieve that such like spots as these should have their permanent human dwellings;—mansions, in which rich men live, from upland swells overlook the low country far as the dim-seen spires of towns and cities that divide without diminishing the extent of the Great Plain through which rivers roll; and of a surety pleasant 'tis to think of honest industry finding its reward in well-used wealth, that builds up the stately structure on the site of the cottage where its possessor was born in poverty;—gone, I know, is the old House of God, walls, roof, spire, and all—spire not so tall as its contemporary Pine-Tree—and the heritors have done well in erecting in its stead another larger kirk—with a tower—since they preferred a tower to a spire—nor could they be wrong in widening the burial-ground, that had become crowded with graves—though methinks they might have preserved, for sake of the memorials sunk far within it, some sacred stones of the south-wall;—Oh, Friend of my soul! though all these changes seem to have been from good to better, and some of them such as in the course of time must almost of themselves have taken place, men only letting the laws of Nature have "their own sweet will," yet such is the profound affection I bear to the past, and such the tenderness with which my heart regards all that appertained to the scenes where it first enjoyed all its best emotions, that I could almost weep to think that my beloved parish is not now, even to the knoll of broom and the rill of hazels, in all the selfsame place which it was of old, when we walked in it up and down, through all seasons of the year to us equally delightful, as perfectly happy as spirits in Paradise!

TICKLER.

North, your picturesque is always pathetic; but now for the practical application.

NORTH.

I hate practical applications, except in cases of tetanus, a cataplasm to the soles of the feet, of—

TICKLER.

Mustard, and so forth.

NORTH.

The virtues which we loved and admired during those happy days, were rooted ineradicably in the characters which sometimes they somewhat severely graced, by the power of causes which had not any alliance, however remote, with those which are now thought, by too many persons, to be of such wondrous efficacy in the formation of right principles and feelings, which, by-the-by, always grow together, and maintain through life their due proportion. Some of the means which are now so pompously set at apparent work to enlighten the minds of the people, and to emollify their manners (*mores*), were then never dreamt of, even by the most visionary; and yet their minds were as full of light, and their manners were as full of rurality, or silvanity, or urbanity, as they will be found to be now with the dwellers in grassy fields, leafy woods, or stony towns.

TICKLER.

And much more so.

NORTH.

Then it will be found, in the long run, that the attempt to elevate the character of a people by cheap publications, is very expensive.

TICKLER.

Very.

NORTH.

A penny-a-week is not, for a poor and industrious man, much to pay to a friendly society; for his condition is always, from within and from without, exceedingly precarious; and 'tis well to guard, at such sacrifice, sometimes no inconsiderable one, against the day in which no man can work.



TICKLER.

Good.

NORTH.

A penny paper fills the empty stomach with wind—or lies in it, in the shape of a ball; and 'tis hard to say which is the worse, flatulence or indigestion.

TICKLER.

Sometimes, no doubt, the small swallow is harmless, and sometimes even salutary; but, at the best, it cannot give much strength; and, at the end of a year, the money would have been far better bestowed in purchasing some pecks of meal, or half a boll of potatoes——

NORTH.

Or, ere the winter sets in, linsey-woolsey petticoats for the ditchers' daughters.

TICKLER.

I doubt if any man, earning wages by ordinary hand-work, ever continued such subscription through a twelvemonth.

NORTH.

Never. They almost all give in within the quarter; for they either get angry with themselves, on finding that they are not one whit the wiser from studying the Tatterdemalion—or, growing conceited, they aspire to write for it—and a rejected contributor will not condescend to be an accepted subscriber.

TICKLER.

The word "cheap" is never out of some poor creatures' mouths—cheap bread, cheap law, cheap government, cheap religion.

NORTH.

Aye, above all things else, they must have cheap religion. They grudge a fair price for heaven.

TICKLER.

Charity, too, must be cheap. Give such *relief* to the poor as will just hold soul and body together—and, when they part company, let the dissection of the pauper's carcass pay for its burial.

NORTH.

"Why go to any unnecessary expense" on the birth, baptism, death, or funeral of any lump of clay? The most illustrious man-howdie would be munificently rewarded by a guinea, for ushering into existence any man-child that it is possible to conceive; and, for a mere lassie, there ought assuredly to be a drawback. There is something absolutely shocking in the idea of fees to the gentleman in black for making a baby a Christian. If any one thing on this earth ought to be cheap, it should be the marriage ceremony, for marriage itself, in the long run, is apt to prove a most expensive business; and, as interment consists mainly in digging a hole and filling it up again, that surely may be done for a mere nothing, in a country that has been so long overflowed by a ceaseless influx of Irishmen, the best diggers that ever handled spade or shovel. A plain coffin may be made of four rough deals, with a few second-hand nails to hold them together till the box reaches the bottom, and none but a madman would dream of studding it with extravagant brass knobs, bedecking it with a profuse plate of the same metal, and that again with a ruinous inscription, which no eye may read in the dark, so soon to be bedimmed with dark mould and the slime of worms. As for a hearse and six horses, large enough to contain, and strong enough to draw, ten ton of coals, or twenty butts of porter, caparisoned with plumage—and few things are dearer for their weight than feathers—all to convey an emaciated corpse that probably does not ride six stone, though the man might have once walked twenty—why, the custom is at once so preposterous, and so expensive, that the philosopher is at a loss to know whether he ought to laugh at the folly, or to weep at the waste—for his maxim on such matters is, "if it be done at all, let it be done cheaply."

*Enter PETER with rizzars and cigars—he wheels his venerable Master's easy-chair to the accustomed nook, and then places SOUTHSIDE so as to face the good old man—sets before each worthy his own little circular table, with its own Argand lamp—rakes and stirs the fire into a roaring glow—and stumps out, noiselessly closing behind him the double door, that looks like one of the numerous oak panels of the wall.*

NORTH.

Affectionate and faithful creature !

TICKLER.

Ha ! what worthies have we got here over the chimney-piece ?

NORTH (*smiling*).

Who do you think ?

TICKLER (*with a peculiar face*).

Wordsworth, with Jeffrey on the one side, and Brougham on the other !

NORTH.

How placid and profound the expression of the whole Bard ! The face is Miltonic—even to the very eyes ; for though, thank Heaven, they are not blind, there is a dimness about the orbs. The temples I remember shaded with thin hair of an indescribable colour, that in the sunlight seemed a kind of mild auburn—but now they are bare—and—nothing to break it—the height is majestic. No furrows—no wrinkles on that contemplative forehead—the sky is without a cloud—

“The image of a Poet's soul,

How calm ! how tranquil ! how serene !”

It faintly smiles. There is light and motion round the lips, as if they were about to “discourse most eloquent music.” In my imagination, that mouth is never mute—I hear it

“Murmuring by the living brooks,  
A music sweeter than their own.”

TICKLER.

Is he wont so to sit with folded arms ?

NORTH.

’Twas not his habit of old, but it may be now—there seems to my mind much dignity in that repose. He is privileged to sit with folded arms, for all life long those hands have ministered religiously at the shrine of nature and nature's God, and the Priest, as age advances, may take his rest in the sanctuary, a voiceless worshipper. There is goodness in the great man's aspect—and while I look, love blends with reverence. How bland ! The features in themselves are almost stern—but most humane the spirit of the grand assemblage—

“Not harsh, nor greeting, but of amplest power  
To soften and subdue !”

TICKLER.

Jeffrey has a fine face. Mere animation is common ; but those large dark eyes beam with intellect and sensibility—*naturally* finest both—alive perpetually and at work—yet never weary—as if that work were play—and needed not the restoration of sleep. Wit, in its full acceptance, is a weighty word—and by it I designate the mind of the Man ! Taste in him is exalted into Imagination—Ingenuity brightens into Genius. He hath also Wisdom. But *nemo omnibus horis sapit* ; and he made an unfortunate stumble over the Lyrical Ballads. He has had the magnanimity, however, I am told, to repent that great mistake, which to his fame was a misfortune—and, knowing the error of his ways, has returned to the broad path of Nature and Truth. How nobly has he written of Crabbe and Campbell, and Scott and Byron ! Incomprehensible contradiction—the worst critic of the age is also the best—but the weeds of his mind are dead—the flowers are immortal. He is no orator, they say, in St Stephen's ; but that mouth, even on the silent paper, gives them the lie ; and I have heard him a



hundred times the most eloquent of speakers. His is a brilliant name in the literature of Scotland.

NORTH.

It is—Francis Jeffrey.

TICKLER.

Brougham in his robes! Lord High Chancellor of England! Stern face and stalwart frame—and his mind, people say, is gigantic. They name him with Bacon. Be it so; the minister he and interpreter of Nature! Henry Brougham, in the eyes of his idolaters, is also an Edmund Burke. Be it so; at once the most imaginative and most philosophical of orators that ever sounded lament over the decline and fall of empires, while wisdom, listening to his lips, exclaimed,

“Was ne’er prophetic sound so full of woe!”

NORTH.

Come—come, Tickler—none of your invidious eulogies on the Man of the People.

TICKLER.

There he sits—a strong man—not about to run a race——

NORTH.

But who has run it, and distanced all competitors. There is something great, Tickler, in unconquerable and victorious energy——

TICKLER.

A man of many talents he—some of them seeming almost to be of the highest order. Swordlike acuteness—sunlike perspicacity——

NORTH.

And sledge-hammer-like power.

TICKLER.

There is a wicked trouble in his keen grey eyes——

NORTH.

No. Restless, but not unhappy.

TICKLER.

Scorn has settled on that wide-nostrilled proboscis——

NORTH.

No. It comes and goes—the nose is benevolent.

TICKLER.

Do you say there is no brass on that hard forehead?

NORTH.

I see but bone—and though the brain within is of intellect “all compact,” the heart that feeds it burns with passions not unheroic.

TICKLER.

King of them all—ambition.

NORTH.

“The last infirmity of noble minds!”

TICKLER.

No—you misunderstand—you misrepresent Milton. He spoke of the love of fame.

NORTH.

So do I. In Brougham—do him justice—the two passions are one—and under its perpetual inspiration he has

“Scorned delights, and lived laborious days,”

till with all his sins, by friend and foe, he is held to be, in his character of Statesman, the first man in England.

TICKLER.

Are you fuddled?

NORTH.

Not to my knowledge; yet that champagne does effervesce in an old man’s brain——

TICKLER.

And makes him utter confounded nonsense.

NORTH.

No—no—no—my dear friend, I am in sober sadness—and therefore I do not fear to ask you to look on—yonder picture.

TICKLER.

Where?

NORTH.

There!

TICKLER.

Aye—aye—aye—I cannot look on it—without a throb within my heart—a mist before my eyes—Sir Walter to the very life!

NORTH.

Allan's,

TICKLER.

Most admirable.

NORTH.

The Minstrel—the Magician—the Man.

TICKLER.

At times I cannot believe that he is dead.

NORTH.

Nor I. He is buried! He once shewed me the place where he hoped his bones would lie.

TICKLER.

And do they?

NORTH.

They do. The people of Scotland could not have endured to lose them—no—not if he had died in the most distant land; nor would his bones have rested in any sepulchre, though consecrated by a nation's tears, out of that dear region of the earth, which his genius has glorified for ever.

TICKLER.

All's well.

NORTH.

How affectingly our friend Allan has strewn the silver hair along his magnificent forehead! The face is somewhat aged—and it had begun to look so a few years ago—before that, so healthful that it promised to filial eyes a long, long life. But there is a young expression of gladness in the eyes—unbedimm'd as yet by any mortal trouble—the light of genius there being all one with that of gracious humanity—two words which, I feel, contain his character.

TICKLER.

Surrounded with relics of the olden time!

NORTH.

Ay—as he looked on them how his imagination kindled! At the sight of that Scottish spear, Flodden was before him—or Bannockburn.

TICKLER.

These deer-hounds have missed their master. Come—North. The picture is most beautifully painted—no man who looks at it needs be sorrowful.

NORTH.

All Scotland is sorrowful.

TICKLER.

No—her hills and valleys are rejoicing in the sunshine. Scotland is not sorrowful—though she has interred her greatest son. He will live for ever in the nation's heart.

NORTH.

You remember Milton's lines on Shakspeare—

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,  
The labour of an age in piled stones;  
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid!



Dear Son of Memory! Great Heir of Fame!  
 What needst thou such weak witness of thy fame!  
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
 Hast built thyself a living monument."

That high feeling was natural in such a soul as Milton's; but it would pass away, and the Poet of Paradise would have reverently regarded in his mind's eye a star-y-pointing Pyramid over the Swan of Avon. A national monument is a depository of many thoughts—the gathered tribute of millions raises it—yet every man sees in it his individual feelings—and therefore the work is blest. "It is an expression of gratitude—an act of reverence."

TICKLER.

The nation will do what is right.

NORTH.

Homer represents Greece—Virgil, Italy—Cervantes, Spain—Voltaire, France—Goethe, Germany—Shakspeare, England—and Scotland, he in whom we exult—he whom we deplore.—I hope you admire the arrangement of my Martins?

TICKLER.

Eh?

NORTH.

The noblest of all his works is Belshazzar's Feast.

TICKLER.

They are all noble. I do admire the arrangement of your Martins; for so should the prodigious shadowings of Sin, Wrath, Judgment, and Doom, be all gathered together in their own region that expands and extends far, wide, and high into the pomp and grandeur——

NORTH.

Don't mouth so. Martin is the KING OF THE VAST.

TICKLER.

Nineveh—Babylon—in our ears heretofore but names—now before our eyes cities——

NORTH.

With all their temples renovated from the dust—unshorn their towery diadems——

TICKLER.

Or settling down in the "gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

NORTH.

This great painter is said to repeat himself—and I am glad of it; so does the rising and the setting sun.

TICKLER.

Have you seen his Illustrations of the Bible?

NORTH.

They are lying on that table. Martin has shewn in them that he has the finest feeling of beauty both in nature and in human life. "The fairest of her daughters, Eve," stands before us in the only painted Paradise that ever reminded me of Eden.

TICKLER.

What! You have been there?

NORTH.

In sleep.

TICKLER.

I would rather be in the Highlands. Have you Colonel Murray's Outlines?

NORTH.

No. What Colonel Murray?

TICKLER.

Son of Sir Peter—nephew of Sir George.

NORTH.

What's their style of character?

TICKLER.

Why, that outline style of drawing and engraving, the adaptation of

which to the faithful delineation of scenery of a bold and picturesque character, was so well exemplified a few years since by Mr Robson.

NORTH.

One of the best landscape-painters of the age.

TICKLER.

The Colonel is an admirable artist. He has given us Loch Maree, the Scuir of Egg, Loch Alsh, with Castle Donnan, Kilchurn Castle, and Loch Awe——

NORTH.

“Child of loud-throated War!  
Now silent!”

TICKLER.

Ben Venue and the Trosacs, Basaltic Scenery near Ra-na-haddon, Skye, the Red Head, Angus, Dunottar Castle, Coir-Urchrán on the Tay, Killiekrankie, and Shehallion——

NORTH.

You pronounce those glorious names like a true Gael, like a Son of the Mist.

TICKLER.

It is published in numbers—and deserves encouragement from all Scotland. The history and literature of the country are identified with the scenes represented, not by casual or incidental allusions, but by a mode of illustration calculated to give a deeper and more lasting interest to the subjects and places. Each leaf of the descriptive letter-press being made applicable to the sketch which accompanies it—each subject is thus kept distinct—every number is complete in itself, and any person may select, at wonderfully small expense, faithful likenesses and illustrations of those places which are endeared to him by early recollections, or from the impressions they have produced on his mind in riper years. At present the work will be confined, I perceive, to all the remarkable places in Scotland *north of Edinburgh*. That division of it will be comprised in Twenty Numbers, but *two shillings* each—forming one volume, accompanied by copious references, indices, and a map, and will form the Illustrated Record of the North of Scotland.

NORTH.

A MAGNUM OPUS, *quod felix faustumque sit*. The Murrays are a noble family. And yonder lie eight Numbers of a work, in a different style indeed, but illustrative of many of the same scenes—“Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland from Original Paintings, by John Fleming, engraved by Joseph Swan, with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations, by John Leighton.” It is published at Glasgow, a city of late years becoming as distinguished for genius and talent in the fine arts, as it has long been for integrity and enterprise in the pursuits of commerce.

TICKLER.

I know it—I have it; and the two works together bring the lakes and seas of Scotland, its woods, glens, and mountains, more vividly before my eyes, than any other works of art that I now remember.

NORTH.

I have often admired Fleming’s water-colour landscapes in our annual exhibition here; and Mr Swan has by his burin done them ample justice. None of our southern neighbours should visit the Highlands without being possessed of both works.

TICKLER.

Pray, what are the two green-board vols. perched pertly near your lug on the surbas?

NORTH.

“Wild Sports of the West.” They contain many picturesque descriptions of the wildest scenery in Connaught, many amusing and interesting tales and legends, much good painting of Irish character, and the author is a true sportsman.

TICKLER.

That branch of our literature is in full leaf.



NORTH.

It flourishes. Lloyd, Hawker, and Mundy, are accomplished gentlemen—and, as for Nimrod, he is "*The Great Historian of the Field.*" But I shall have an article on the Vols. at my lug, probably in our next Number—so I need not—

TICKLER.

Toss them over to me, and I shall put them into my pocket.

NORTH.

Not so fast. I never lend books now—for, like Scotchmen who cross the Tweed, they never return home again.

TICKLER.

And these others?

NORTH.

Two truly delightful volumes—*Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical, with Fifty Vignette Etchings*, by Mrs Jameson. *Shakspeare's Women!*

TICKLER.

It used to be said by the critics of a former age, that he could not draw female characters.

NORTH.

The critics of a former age were a pack of fools.

TICKLER.

So are too many of the present.

NORTH.

And will be of the future. All the ancient Dramatists drew female characters well—especially Massinger. But Shakspeare has beautified the sex—

TICKLER.

"Given perfume to the violets."

NORTH.

Mrs Jameson arranges all Shakspeare's women into classes:—characters of Intellect—Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, Rosalind; characters of Passion and Imagination—Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, Miranda; characters of the Affections—Hermione, Desdemona, Imogen, Cordelia; Historical characters—Cleopatra, Octavia, Volumnia, Constance of Bretagne, Elinor of Guienne, Blanche of Castile, Margaret of Anjou, Katharine of Arragon, Lady Macbeth.

TICKLER.

What a galaxy! In every name a charm. In imagination a man might marry nine-tenths of them—a spiritual seraglio.

NORTH.

My critiques on Sotheby's Homer seem to have been pretty well liked, though dashed off hurriedly, and I suppose they were not without a certain enthusiasm. I purpose haranguing away in a similar style, for a few articles, on Mrs Jameson's Shakspeare.

TICKLER.

Do. You are often extravagant—not seldom absurd; but still there is, I grant, a certain enthusiasm—

NORTH.

Don't come over me with the Mocking-Bird. I have frequently observed that whatever disparaging character a man carelessly sports of himself or writings, his common-place people forthwith adopt it as gospel; and thus a modest person like myself, being taken at his own word, is estimated far below his great genius—

TICKLER.

Hem!

NORTH.

This most charming of all the works of a charming writer has revived in me my old love of the Acted Drama. I shall again be a Play-goer.

TICKLER.

Here?

NORTH.

Yes—here and in London, which I shall visit next spring—if alive; and I am engaged, indeed, to dine on the 1st of May with my friend Allan Cunninghame.

TICKLER.

I shall be of the party.

NORTH.

It is false and most unjust to living genius to say that there are now on the stage few or no great actors. There are as many as ever there were at any one era. Young has just retired; but I trust to see him once or twice again ere I make my final exit—Macready is first-rate—Kean, in some characters, greater than Garrick.

TICKLER.

But the actresses?

NORTH.

A few—and there never were more than a few at any one time—are admirable.

TICKLER.

Miss Tree I saw lately in Julia in the Hunchback, and she is a charming performer.

NORTH.

She is—but there are—THE THREE FANNIES.

TICKLER.

Eh?

NORTH.

Miss Fanny Kelly—a woman of original genius—fine taste—strong intellect—and exquisite sensibility—equal to any part of passion.

TICKLER.

She is.

NORTH.

Miss Fanny Kemble acts nobly, like a Poetess, as she is—and equal to either of them in all things, and in some superior to both, is—our own Miss Fanny Jarman. Equal to either in power and pathos, and superior to both in grace, elegance, and beauty. The Three are all as much respected for their virtues in private life, as they are admired for their genius on the stage. And that lends a charm to their impersonations of such characters as Imogen, Desdemona, Ophelia, and Cordelia, which is felt by every audience, and for the want of which no accomplishments can compensate.

*Enter LOUISA, HARRIET, and HELEN, with the Tea-Tray, &c. &c.*

TICKLER.

Angels and ministers of grace!

NORTH.

One or other of you, my good girls, look in upon us, now and then, during the hour, to see if we require any of your services. God bless you.

*[They curtsy and retire.]*

TICKLER.

Eh?

NORTH.

Sisters three—and daughters of the Grieve on my little property in Tweddale, on a visit at present to an uncle, gardener to our friend in Trinity Tower. My worthy housekeeper has a young party in her own room this evening, and these obliging creatures requested permission to be attendant nymphs on the old gentleman—

TICKLER.

They did not call you so?

NORTH.

Not to my face, Tim; but depend on't, middle-aged men like us are thought as old as the hills by Miss in her Teens; and as for these pretty creatures, I look on them as mere children. Such a sight as that is good for the eyesight.—But pray what were we talking about?



TICKLER.

Confound me if I remember. These witches have—

NORTH.

You see that blue folio? 'Tis the report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature, with Minutes of Evidence. I glanced over it this afternoon, along with Mr Bulwer's excellent speech on moving the appointment of the said Select Committee. Have you studied the Question?

TICKLER.

What Question?

NORTH.

That of the patents granted to the Two Great Theatres for the performance of the Drama.

TICKLER.

Not I—but let us study while we discuss it. I know no better method of mastering any subject. I forget what you were going to say?

NORTH.

How would you define or describe the "regular drama?"

TICKLER.

The regular drama is—is—the regular drama is—that drama which comprehends—or say rather which excludes all dramatic perform—performances—that is compo—stop, I must correct myself—the regular drama may, I think, be defined to be that—no—described—as that which—nay, let me perpend—why, after you—if you please, Kit—for you have been ruminating on the subject. Pray, North, let me ask you—my good fellow—before we go any farther, how would you define or describe the regular drama?

NORTH.

I see nothing that can be either added or taken away from the truly Aristotelian definition which you have now given of it; and every thing dramatic not included within the terms thereof, may be philosophically pronounced to belong to the irregular drama.

TICKLER.

Having settled that point, which is at once nice and knotty, we may proceed to overhaul the minutes of evidence, and judge of its bearings on the general question of the patents.

NORTH.

Would that worthy Mr Winston had had the benefit of hearing your admirable definition, before he was badgered by the Select. "What do you consider is meant by the regular Drama?" asked one of the inquisitors. And the veteran Ex-Manager of the Haymarket replied—"The regular Drama I consider to be Tragedy and Comedy, *and every thing on the stage.*"—"What! Burletta?"—"Yes—because *TOM THUMB was played in the regular theatres*, and is printed and called a Burletta."—"What do you consider a Burletta to be?"—"Recitative and singing; no speaking whatever; *THE GOLDEN PIPPIN is a strong specimen of it—and OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR.*"—"Is OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR the regular Drama?"—"Yes—for it is played at the regular theatres, and played under license."—"Do I understand you to include every stage representation?"—"Yes—the regular Drama *includes every thing.*"

TICKLER.

Very sensible.

NORTH.

One of the Select then asks Mr Winston what he "considers to be *not* the regular drama?" At that he shakes his head, and says, "I do not know; that is a very difficult thing to ascertain;" but plucking up courage, he adds, "if they can play every thing, *then every thing is the regular drama.*"

TICKLER.

So in a regular drama there is no need for the performers, unless they like it, to utter a single word.

NORTH.

None in the world.

TICKLER.

And Tom Thumb, the Golden Pippin, and Olympus in an Uproar, are all *strong* specimens of the regular drama?

NORTH.

Sampsons. Mr Winston is then asked if "tumbling be the regular drama?" and his silence speaks consent. So, of course, must be dancing and swinging on the rope.

TICKLER.

Why go into particulars? Did he not say the regular drama included "*every thing?*"

NORTH.

But he qualifies that somewhat sweeping assertion; for, on being asked, "Are lions the regular drama?" he answers promptly and firmly, "No, I should consider not; not lions, certainly."

TICKLER.

Well, well—though there may perhaps be some slight difference between Mr Winston's definition and mine of the regular drama, they seem to agree on the main points; so let's to the general question of the patents.

NORTH.

It is well stated by Mr Bulwer to be this—"How far is it expedient for the public, that privileges and enactments of this monopolizing description should be continued?"

TICKLER.

What privileges and enactments?

NORTH.

Why—to use the words of Mr Bulwer—by a late decision of the Lord Chancellor, it seems that all performances worthy of the attendance of persons pretending to a reasonable degree of education—all performances, except those of the most mountebank and trumpery description, fit only for the players of Bartholomew Fair, are to be considered as infringements of the law, and as subjecting those who assist in them to serious penalties.

TICKLER.

Pray, what, generally speaking, is the character of the Minor Theatres?

NORTH.

More or less respectable.

TICKLER.

Clear and explicit.

NORTH.

And can there be a doubt that their character would be elevated by lawful liberty to enact the regular drama?

TICKLER.

"To be or not to be—that is the question."

NORTH.

There is much difference of opinion among the witnesses as to the comparative adaptation of large and small theatres for general dramatic effect. Charles Kemble (one of the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre) argues with much ability in favour of very large ones, such as Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. The same plays, acted by the same performers on alternate nights, at the Haymarket and the Opera-House, paid better by L.200 or L.300 at the larger than at the smaller.

TICKLER.

That proves nothing.

NORTH.

Mind the smaller was not half full.

TICKLER.

Ho—Ho—then it would seem to prove a great deal.

NORTH.

Matthews the Admirable, whose amusing and ingenious evidence, however, is far from convincing on the general merits, treated the Select with John Kemble's opinion, delivered as if by John himself; for, quoth Charles,



"I never can repeat a conversation, unless I do it in the style of the person who gave it."

TICKLER.

O rare Charles Matthews! He becomes the original with such intensity, that the original seems to dwindle into an imperfect and ineffectual imitation of his own self. You cannot allow the original original, after you have seen and heard Charles in him, to perform himself; he looks so very tame; he wants that brilliance, which burns round and about his creative doubleganger; and the wisest thing he can do is to become, in the critic's row in the pit, an ecstatic admirer of his own perfections.

NORTH.

"It is a common complaint," quoth Charles as John, "to speak about the size of the Theatres; the Public will tell you they like small Theatres; *sir*, *they lie*; they like large theatres. They go to the opera, because it is a large theatre; and when my sister and myself, and Mr Cook, acted in Henry the Eighth, when we acted at the King's Theatre, we played to L.600; and when we went over to the Theatre opposite, we never got L.200 to the same play."

TICKLER.

"Sir, they lie!" Christopher North in Charles Matthews in John Kemble in Samuel Johnson.

NORTH.

One of the Select says, that he can perfectly well understand that there are certain sorts of representations which can only be represented in large theatres, such as pantomimes, melodramas, and spectacles, and things of that sort; but Charles Kemble rather sharply replies—"Excuse me; I think, with respect to melodramas and pantomimes, it is a mistake to suppose they can be better acted at large than at small theatres. Indeed, I think a pantomime may be better acted in a small theatre than in a large one; because those changes which are necessary for the great success of a pantomime, are much more easily effected in a small theatre than in a large one. With respect to melodramas, they do not depend for success entirely on splendour. On the contrary, I should say, the most successful melodramas have been those which depended on strong excitement in the story or incidents of the piece; for without these, all the splendour in the world will do nothing either in a large or in a small theatre. Splendour alone does nothing, or next to nothing, to the success of a piece."

TICKLER.

Well said Charles Kemble. One of the most delightful sights in this world, North, is a fine melodrama. Wiseacres, prigs, sumphs, and your general blockheads, abuse such beautiful spectacles; yet even they are not insensible to their fascination, as may be seen in the glaring stare of their great goggle eyes devouring the stage. That the Public loves the melodrama, is a proof that she is not so prosaic a Public as she seems to be when in the act of reading through the advertisements in a morning newspaper.

NORTH.

Worthy soul! she has some poetry in her after all—some imagination—some perception of moving grace or skill—an eye and a heart—a soul—for the fairy world of enchanted cloudland and its floating inhabitants. I too, Tim, do dearly love the melodrama.

TICKLER.

What farther sayeth the deponent?

NORTH.

That there are certain plays which require enlarged space—for example, *Coriolanus*, and *Julius Cæsar*, and *Macbeth*.

TICKLER.

All tragedies that involve magnificence in the grouping of the characters, in the incidence of the events, in the scenic shows.

NORTH.

Just so; whereas dramas of a humbler, of a domestic, of a more familiar kind, such as the *Hunchback*—

TICKLER.

A beautiful play.

NORTH.

Very—may be as effectively performed, or perhaps more so, in a theatre of very moderate size.

TICKLER.

Plain as a pikestaff.

NORTH.

Mr Macready's opinion coincides with Mr Kemble's. He tells us that he finds it much easier to act in a small theatre than in a large one, and that for merely domestic scenes and simple dialogue, when there is nothing of pomp and circumstance attending it, he should prefer a small theatre; but as for Shakspeare's plays, that very few of them can be found which can have due effect given them in a small theatre. Even the Haymarket he thinks hardly large enough to allow a fair acting of Shakspeare's Plays. In scenes where only two persons have been on the stage—and one of these Kean—he thought nothing about the size of the house; but when a great number occupied the stage, he felt the want of space and too great proximity of the performers.

TICKLER.

What say Young and Kean?

NORTH.

Mr Young does not appear at all.

TICKLER.

Extraordinary! The finest actor on the stage—*Ultimus Romanorum*. So must all have felt who ever saw him in Brutus.

NORTH.

Mr Kean prefers a large stage—Drury-Lane. He thinks the intellect becomes confined by the size of the theatre—that in a larger one the illusion is better preserved—that the illusion is heightened by the somewhat diminished appearance of the performers—and that any actor, with a good enunciation, may be heard as well at Drury-Lane as any theatre in the world—even in the one-shilling gallery—if the gods will but be silent—

TICKLER.

And not keep perpetually performing "Olympus in an Uproar."

NORTH.

That an eye of average power can perfectly well distinguish the play of the countenance at that distance—and that there is this other very material consideration, that the faults of the actor are less observable—

TICKLER.

Pray, how is that? Beauties all distinct, defects all hidden—how is that, pray?

NORTH.

Ask Mr Kean. You know Dowton?

TICKLER.

Well—a first-rater of the Old School. How deponeth Dowton?

NORTH.

"I am astonished," quoth Mister William, "at Mr Kean's opinion; because, when I am told that actors can be as well seen in Drury-Lane Theatre as in a smaller one, I can as well believe you can hang a cabinet picture on the top of that tower, and say, 'Do you observe those beautiful touches—do you observe its lights and shadows? No—I cannot see it at all.' That is my opinion as to the stage. Give me a theatre of moderate size, *where you can be natural*."

TICKLER.

That "must give us pause."

NORTH.

Mr Dowton is then asked whether Mr Kean's acting is the more effective at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, or in a small theatre in the country? And he says, "much more to my satisfaction in a small theatre in the country." He thinks that even a play like Julius Cæsar could be much better performed in a theatre of the size of the Haymarket, than in one of



far greater dimensions—not only as regards the merit of one actor, but the whole body of performers, if they have any pretensions to acting at all. It was said by John Kemble, that about two-thirds of the audience at Covent-Garden could see and hear well, and Mr Dowton is much of his opinion with regard to that; hear they may, for the actor knows he must be heard, and will bawl.

TICKLER.

And if he bawl, that third who could not otherwise have heard him, must be wonderfully delighted with his bawl, softened ere it reach their ears into a sound not a little extraordinary, but still a bawl; for, believe me, a bawl will be a bawl to doomsday, to whatever distance it may be projected by the action of mortal lungs, and of the organs of inhuman speech.

NORTH.

Then the two-thirds who would have heard the unfortunate man, or still more wretched woman, had he or she spoken naturally; must be placed immediately under the unabated bawl, and thence an inevitable universal headach.

TICKLER.

Yet, North, I love a large theatre. My friend Beazely, an architect of the first eminence, asserts that a very large theatre may be so scientifically constructed, that articulate sounds shall most audibly circle its entire extent; and how far off was heard the whisper of the Siddons!

NORTH.

Could we imagine one of Shakspeare's greatest tragedies performed, in all its great parts, by consummate actors, in an immense overflowing house, so finely constructed, that every auditor felt possessed of the ear of Dionysius, then, Tickler, would the manager "give the world assurance of a play."

TICKLER.

But performers, with feeblish faces that must frown, punyish figures that must strut, and squeakyish voices that must crack, before they can be at all tragical, on a large stage, may act very naturally and effectively in one of a corresponding size, and prove their popularity by bumper benefits.

NORTH.

The truth is, that genius will achieve its highest triumphs alike, on stages of all sizes, from that of Covent-Garden, down even to the mud floor of a barn

TICKLER.

Illusion! Did not Garrick, in his everyday clothes, in a small parlour, with such terrible transformation assume the sudden insanity of a mother, out of whose arms her child had fallen from a window, and been dashed to pieces before her eyes, that women fainted in horror at his feet, on "acting of that dreadful thing?"

NORTH.

Good. And had he come on a stage, wide as a wilderness, hearts far remote in the galleries as in the clouds, would have beat

"At every flash of his far-beaming eye."

TICKLER.

Good.

NORTH.

Mr Matthews and I are at one when he says, that the magnificence of the style of John Kemble and his sister were seen to as great effect in a large theatre as in a small one; but there are a great number of persons whose countenance alone carries them to small theatres, for they cannot be seen to the same advantage in a large one. But Charles adds wisely, "I never heard that objection stated, during a fashion to run after every thing attractive; I never heard any people say, they could not see Miss O'Neil; she was a beautiful actress, and every body admired her"—

TICKLER.

All the world, and his wife.

NORTH.

My esteemed friend then observes, that he finds "all the people *who go in with orders*, say the theatres are far too large, but those *who pay for their admission* are good-tempered."

TICKLER.

Our provincial theatres, compared with the great London ones, are all small—yet——

NORTH.

Except that in Glasgow. It is of the same class as Covent-Garden, but of a peculiar construction. It may be divided into three parts; in one you cannot hear, in another you cannot see, and in the third you can neither see nor hear. I remember once sitting alone in the third division—and never before or since have I had such a profound feeling of the power of solitude.

TICKLER.

I say, our provincial theatres are all of moderate size; yet when stars appear, are they not worshipped? All our great performers have trod the Edinburgh stage; and there has been "hush as deep as death," followed by peals of thunder.

NORTH.

And where else than on provincial boards have great performers been bred?

TICKLER.

Has this discussion any drift?

NORTH.

Oh, yes. Without joining the cry against the size of the Great London Theatres, I for one am clear for putting an end to their monopoly of the regular drama. In theatres of a smaller size, it may be, and has been, acted as effectively as in them; and experience alone can decide whether with Freedom of Trade it will flourish or decay.

TICKLER.

It has not flourished under Patents—without them it may.

NORTH.

Sir Charles Wetherell would not listen with patience to any proposed change in the Close System, nor agree to Mr Bulwer's motion, unless he could prove to him that the multiplication of theatres will "give us another Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and restore the golden age of Dramatic Literature."

TICKLER.

That was rather a little unreasonable in our most excellent friend.

NORTH.

Rather. Another Ben Jonson may be imagined—though one is quite enough; but Mr Bulwer expressed no hope of being able, by any efforts of his in Parliament, to produce another Shakspeare.

TICKLER.

Nor yet, so far as I have heard, to restore the Golden Age——

NORTH.

Not he; but seeing the regular drama in a languishing condition at the Great Houses, and, as Sir Charles himself says, "Lions and Tigers, and Cameleopards, and, in fact, the whole of Noah's Ark trotted up and down the stage," he thinks, that were there several moderate-sized theatres judiciously set down in the Mighty Metropolis, such would be the resort to them of respectable and well-educated people, that they would always be able to engage, and would probably sometimes produce, excellent actors; and that thus a permanent love of the regular drama (along with an occasional passion for the irregular) would be created, and more encouragement given than at present to men of genius to write for the stage.

TICKLER.

I should have voted for Mr Bulwer's motion.

NORTH.

Charles Kemble has no doubt, that along with the patents would go the very life of the Two Great Theatres,



TICKLER.

I should be sorry for that—but they could be vanquished only by better houses—and the public would in that case gain by the death.

NORTH.

His arguments are ably put, but to me they appear inconclusive. He says “that the new theatres would bribe away certain individuals of acknowledged talent and celebrity,” (and he adds, parenthetically and pathetically, “God knows they are too few !”) “but those few would be scattered then in half-a-dozen different theatres, instead of being collected in one or two ; and the perfection of a play depends extremely on the talent you get into it.”

TICKLER.

No doubt it does.

NORTH.

The conclusion he draws from these premises is, that the Great Theatres would be ruined, and at the same time the smaller ones good for nothing.

TICKLER.

Whew !

NORTH.

If one first-rate actor could not support a small theatre, and if, as Mr Kemble thinks, only one at the most could be got, then, in a very short time indeed, the small theatres would be changed into conventicles—and Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, after transient obscurity, effulge, like suns, brighter from eclipse. He says that a long time would elapse before the legitimate drama could be adequately represented in one of those theatres ; and I say, that, if so, the public could not wait a long time, and the actors of genius and celebrity, that had been bribed away, would return to their former spheres.

TICKLER.

I have the highest esteem for Charles Kemble, but I fear you are right.

NORTH.

Neither will he admit that the competition of the new theatres would bring forward new actors of talent or genius. “If,” says he, “you divide the little talent there is among us into a *great number* of theatres, you will be worse served.”

TICKLER.

Whew !

NORTH.

There would not be a great number of theatres ; nor does any body suppose, that, by dividing a given quantity of talent, and that quantity little, you will make it great. It is to talent not yet displayed, not yet born, that the stimulus of competition will be applied——

TICKLER.

Don't dwell longer on that point, or you will get prosier than you may suspect. Keep moving.

NORTH.

“It is not the increase of theatres,” cries Charles, with great animation, “that will give you an increase of fine actors. The qualifications of a fine actor are a gift that God gives, and they are not to be multiplied as theatres may be.”

TICKLER.

That is very spunky—but whence arise fine actors but from theatres ? John Kemble—Sarah Siddons——

NORTH.

Don't get prosy, Tim. Mr Kemble then says that many of the smaller London theatres have acted the legitimate drama in *defiance of all law*, but that we do not see those results which the advocates for minor theatres seem to calculate on—we have not seen that great actors have arisen in them.

TICKLER.

A manifest sophism. Those theatres have indeed occasionally acted the legitimate drama, (some of them never have,) but *in defiance of law* ; and is

it to be expected, that, under such uncertainty and peril, and even discredit, great or good actors are to arise?

NORTH.

Mr Kemble even goes the length of denying that there is any demand for any other theatres. If the public call for them, there is good reason, he allows, for answering the public; but the present demands are got up, he asserts, by a set of interested adventurers and speculators, who have nothing to lose, and think the best course they can pursue is to ruin those whom they think have. Some have already become bankrupt.

TICKLER.

In that case then he has little to fear. But great theatres, alas! become bankrupt too—

“The paths of glory lead to the Gazette.”

NORTH.

Mr Charles Kemble, however, though arguing throughout under a strong bias, is a man of honour; and on this question being forcibly pressed upon him, “Do you not think that the cultivation of a taste for the Drama, which would be favoured by the increased number of theatres having the power to exercise the legitimate Drama, would more than make up for any loss you might sustain by competition?” He answers, with laudable candour, “If I speak conscientiously, which I wish to do, I should think they might prove a nursery; that it is probable that in a length of years, if the number of theatres were restricted to a reasonable number, and those theatres were only allowed to act the legitimate Drama, and that there might be none of those spurious entertainments given”—(no, no, my dear Charles, that would be a most unfair restriction, while spurious entertainments were allowed in the Great Theatres),—“then I agree that the Drama might be improved, and in course of years we might expect to have élèves, who would fully replace the good actors we have now.”

TICKLER.

What says Matthews?

NORTH.

To my utter astonishment and dismay, that permission to perform the legitimate drama at other theatres besides the two patent ones and the Haymarket, “would, in the course of a very short time, *brutalize the drama.*”

TICKLER.

I am dumbfounded. How feel you at that discharge?

NORTH.

As if a bullet had gone through my head.

TICKLER.

In at one ear and out at the other, without touching the brain.

NORTH.

Nevertheless, I would fain try a fall with this Charles; but I feel fatigued with my tussle with the other strong man, so must retire from the ring; though it forces me to eat my heart to see the castor of such a customer flung up without my pitching in after it my vernon.

TICKLER.

I take.

NORTH.

The Drama, I fear, is in a bad way, Tim, in London; and if so, it cannot be very flourishing in the provinces. Mr Matthews acknowledges that fashion is fatal to it. “I meet young gentlemen now,” says he, “who formerly used to think it almost a crime not to go to the theatre; but they now ask, ‘whereabouts is Covent-Garden Theatre?’ although the same people would faint away, if they thought they had not been to the Italian Opera. If they are asked whether they have seen Kean or not lately, they will say, ‘Kean? Kean? No. Where does he act? I have not been there these three years.’ Formerly, it was the fashion to go to the theatre; but now a lady cannot shew her face at table next day, and say she has been at the theatre. If they are asked whether they have been at Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane, they say, ‘Oh, dear, no! I never go there—it is too low!’”



TICKLER.

Taglioni, I am told, is a seducing Sylph—Heberlé a dangerous Dryad. They dance you into a delirium.

NORTH.

And the German opera is divine.

TICKLER.

Those morning, forenoon, afternoon, evening, and midnight concerts, private and public, are sadly against play-going. To say nothing of *déjeunés* prolonged from meridian to twilight, and dinners of countless courses——

NORTH.

Gaming tables in drawing-rooms, parlours, boudoirs, *bedrooms*.

TICKLER.

O Lord ! not in *bedrooms*——

NORTH.

Yes, even so. There is nothing too good or too bad, too beautiful or too ugly——

TICKLER.

Ugsome.

NORTH.

That Fashion and Folly will not fix on with a mad desire, till all at once the passion sickens and dies, and “off to some other game they both together fly !”

TICKLER.

Matthews is right here—if wrong there.

NORTH.

“I remember the time,” saith the green and glorious veteran, (he has been nearly forty years on the stage,) “when it was no shame to go to see the legitimate drama ; but it is now.” But, asks one of the Select, “do you not think that may be the result of the acting not being sufficiently good ?” “I want to know when the actors *have not been sufficiently good* FOR THEM ?”

TICKLER.

Spoken like a man.

NORTH.

“It was the fashion,” he adds, “to go and see Miss O’Neil *for a season* ; and Mr Kean *for a season* ; if they were real and sincere admirers of those actors, they would have followed them ; but we found that theatres, at which they acted, dropt down from L.600 to L.200.”

TICKLER.

There are lamentably few sincere admirers of any thing admirable in this world.

NORTH.

You know old George Colman ?

TICKLER.

No.

NORTH.

You have read his “Broad Grins ?”

TICKLER.

No. Eye and nose shrunk from the dunghill in disgust.

NORTH.

He holds under the Lord Chamberlain the office of Examiner of all theatrical entertainments.

TICKLER.

That is sufficient of itself to damn the drama.

NORTH.

He was sworn, he gravely tells us, in February 1824, “to take care that nothing should be introduced into plays which is profane or indecent, or morally or politically improper for the stage.”

TICKLER.

I see no use, in his case, of such an oath. I presume were he to suffer

any thing of the sort to defile a play—profanity or indecency I mean—he would be dismissed, and lose his salary; and that fear, being of this world, would be likely to be as operative on the hoary-headed perpetrator of the filth of “Broad Grins,” as the reverence of any oath regarding merely the life to come. ’Twas a needless profanation of the Prayer-book or Bible.

NORTH.

The dotard has become intolerantly decent in his old age; so pious, that he shudders at the word “angel” in a play! “The Committee have heard of your cutting out of a play the epithet ‘angel’ as applied to a woman?”

TICKLER.

Nay—that must be calumny on Colman.

NORTH.

No. George, as Mawworm, cantingly, and yet, I doubt not, leeringly replies, “Yes, because it is a *woman*, I grant, but it is a *celestial woman*. It is an allusion to the scriptural angels, which are celestial bodies. Every man who has read his Bible understands what they are; or if he has not, I will refer him to Milton.”

TICKLER.

Well, I did not know till now that there is a man in England who denies that a human woman—a female woman, as the sailors say—is an angel. Is the old sinner——

NORTH.

We are all old sinners.

TICKLER.

True. Is the old sinner serious when he insinuates, that a human female is not a celestial creature?

NORTH.

He seems so—stupidly and doggedly serious.

TICKLER.

Does the aged docken deny that she is a “celestial body?”

NORTH.

He does.

TICKLER.

Fie on the old Eunuch!

NORTH.

He utters a falsehood when he says that every man who has read his Bible understands what the scriptural angels are; no man understands what they are; they are a mystery. But note the impudence of the hypocrite. “*If he has not, I will refer him to Milton.*” That is, “if he has not read his Bible;” and this language is used sarcastically to the Member of the Select Committee who was courteously interrogating the Broad-Grinner.

TICKLER.

I trust not courteously.

NORTH.

His impudence is only less than his ignorance, in referring his questioner to Milton, in proof of the scriptural angels being celestial women. That gentleman mildly remarks, “Milton’s angels are not Ladies.” Instead of blushing, he brazens it out, and replies, “No—but *some* scriptural angels are Ladies—I believe”—shewing that he is as ignorant of his Bible as of Milton. Then how his profanity breaks out pettishly in the word “*Ladies!*” That word was quite right in the mouth of his questioner, for he was a gentleman and a Christian, and in his mind the ideas of angels and ladies have always been united as the beings themselves are in nature. But with his awful and reverential feelings with regard to all “scriptural angels,” it was shocking in the author of Broad Grins to call them in the same breath “*Ladies*”—in his mouth an equivocal term—even when provoked to do so by the exposure of his shameful ignorance of the Book on which he had sworn. Ladies! He must have been thinking of the Saloons.

TICKLER.

You are too severe, Kit,



NORTH.

Not a whit. He also says insolently, and, with his religious belief, impudently, "I do not recollect that *I struck out an angel or two*, but most probably I have at some time or other." This affectation of a profound religious spirit in such a man, and on such an occasion, is at first ludicrous, and then loathsome—and I have thought it worthy of castigation, my good Timothy, for it is a nauseous habit of hypocrisy now-a-days to pretend to discern evil in the use of the most harmless and amiable expressions which a fine spirit of humanity may not only have justified, but consecrated; and of them all, not one is there more delightful in the dreams it awakens of brightness, beauty, goodness, innocence, and bliss, than "angel," when applied, as it is, by the whole Christian male population of the earth to all the unpolluted daughters of Eve.

TICKLER.

Why, Kit, you have given me an absolute sermon—but your doctrine, though sweet, is, I fear, scarcely sound. You are not orthodox.

NORTH.

I am orthodox. But let me give grinning Geordie another punch. He says, "An angel is, I grant, a woman, but it is a celestial woman." Now, here again he shews that he has not read his Bible. "*Some Scriptural angels*," he also admits, "*are ladies*." They are not only women, but ladies. Now, he mistakes the matter most entirely; they may be said, in the Bible, to be females, but certainly not *women*. In short, women are angels, but angels are not women. A woman, though human, being universally admitted all over the world, with the single exception of George Colman, to be an angel, is, *in rerum naturâ*, by participation celestial too; but an angel, though celestial, being universally admitted all over the world, with the exception of George Colman, to be no woman, is not, *in rerum naturâ*, by participation human; so that woman has the superiority over angel—only the one dwells on earth, and the other in heaven.

TICKLER.

What must George the Grinner think of the famous debate among the doctors of the dark ages on the theological question, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?"

NORTH.

He would faint like a young lady suspected of having been at Covent-Garden Theatre.

TICKLER.

In what play is it said, or is it said in any play, that a person "played the fiddle like an angel?"

NORTH.

I forget—but it is very wicked. "Supposing," asks the committee-man, "you were to leave the word 'angel' in a play or farce, will you state your opinion as to the effect it would have on the public mind?" Colman—"It is impossible for me to say what effect it would have! I am not able to enter into the breasts of every body who might be in gallery, pit, or boxes."

TICKLER.

Poor devil!

NORTH.

Mr Moncrieff, in his examination, says, "Mr Colman has been rather particular—very capricious—he would not let one mention the word 'thighs' in the Bashful Man—he said *those were indecent*."

TICKLER.

"Drawn from the thighs of mighty cherubim."

Milton. Are "those indecent?"

NORTH.

"His cuisses on his thighs."

Shakspeare. Are "those indecent?"

TICKLER.

Are hips indecent?

VOL. XXXII. NO. CCI.

3 I

No—nor haws.

NORTH.

TICKLER.

The man's mind, we shall hope, is rather diseased than depraved.

NORTH.

The Queens of Spain, you know, have no legs. 'Tis high treason to say they have. And were a poet in that kingdom to praise the ankles of his young female sovereign, he would be broken on the wheel.

TICKLER.

I wonder what old Colman thinks of Madame Vestris's legs?

NORTH.

He would not license them——

TICKLER.

But grin like a satyr.

NORTH.

He is horrified at the word *damme*—and it is at the least a silly sound—but then he is asked, “how do you reconcile that opinion with your making use of *damme*, or any of those small oaths, which you say are immoral and improper, to say nothing of the vulgarity, in some of your own compositions?” His answer to that question is a cool curiosity of its kind—“If I had been the examiner, I should have scratched them out, and would do so now; but I was in a *different position then*—I was a careless, immoral author—I am now the examiner of plays. *I did my business as an author at that time*, and I do my business as an examiner now!”

TICKLER.

Ha! ha! ha!

NORTH.

But George gives us the reason of his dislike of *damme*. “Sir Simon Rochdale in John Bull says, ‘*Damme*, if it isn't the Brazier!’ Now, *putting a gentleman in that position* is wrong; in the first instance morally so; if he *happened to make a mistake, and it was not the Brazier*, he would be DAMNED!! Now, if he said, ‘*hang me*,’ if it isn't the Brazier—would not that do *as well*?”

TICKLER.

Good.

NORTH.

It seems to me very unmerciful religion to hold that Sir Simon Rochdale “would be damned” if it was not the Brazier.

TICKLER.

Why, if it was a deadly sin to say *damme*, Sir Simon would be damned, I humbly presume, according to Mr George's creed, whether it was the Brazier or not.

NORTH.

And if he said “*hang me*,” then on the same principle he would be hanged, whether the Baronet was a brazier or a butcher, or even a retired tallow-chandler visiting his old establishment on melting-days.

TICKLER.

Hanged—not the position of a gentleman.

NORTH.

It seems in Colman's comedy, John Bull, there is what his examiner in the Select is pleased to call “a very good joke about Eve.” One of the characters is said to have no more idea of something, “than Eve had of pin-money.” This “very good joke” Colman now thinks improper, and would fain it were omitted in representation. It sounds to my ears silly in the extreme—and shews what was the strength of this person's wit in the prime of manhood; but “the audience are always struck with it!”

TICKLER.

And the pretty mantua-maker in the middle of the pit hangs down her head, and with lily hand hides the burning blushes that kindle beneath the knowing gaze of the gallant man-milliner by her betrothed side.

NORTH.

It appears that this once most base and licentious (writer), but now most



stanch and strait-laced licenser, had given in a paper to the Committee, stating that a piece had been brought forward in Paris, in which incest, adultery, murder, parricide, &c., formed the groundwork; and he is asked if he considers that he could be justified in refusing to license a piece in which those crimes were introduced. He answers—"No, *not precisely that*; let me see how the plot thickens. I should not refuse to license the murders of Richard III., *and so on*; but when it comes to such things as human nature and morality shudder at and revolt against." They do not, it seems, shudder at and revolt against incest, murder, and parricide.

TICKLER.

He is muddle-headed.

NORTH.

Yet his brains are not mere mire; for, when asked if human nature and morality do not shudder at Macbeth, he says, "Yes; but it is matter of history."

TICKLER.

And what does that signify? The tragedy would have been equally great had it not been matter of history.

NORTH.

The reason he gives is childish; but he adds rightly, that he would withhold the license from those plays which seem to have justified such acts.

TICKLER.

Are there any such?

NORTH.

None that I ever heard of. Odd notions are always floating about, but I do not remember ever having heard, either in prose or verse, any elaborate eulogy on parricide.

TICKLER.

He seems to shew more indulgence to foul and questionable deeds than a few venial words—such as "angel," "thighs," "damme," and the like; but what could the Committee mean by asking the opinion of such a person on so profound a question, as whether the crimes now mentioned are or are not fit subjects for the Tragic Muse?

NORTH.

They should have examined the author of the celebrated Essay on Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts. Charles Kemble himself is here very absurd. Speaking of the general noisiness of our theatres, he says, "When you see Macbeth, John Bull is perfectly quiet, as he always is, when the representation of murder is going on." Very natural. But immediately afterwards Charles says to another question, "*I am afraid* the representation of a murder is very attractive." Why afraid?

TICKLER.

He may think, since John Bull enjoys the representation so intensely, he may have no great objection to the reality—to lending a helping hand in a *bona fide* flesh and blood murder.

NORTH.

I can't say; but he continues, "*I am sorry it is so*—it was tried in the case of Thurtell, and was very attractive; but they added to the attraction by introducing the gig that had carried the murderer down to the scene; a *most atrocious thing*." There is great confusion of ideas in that statement of good Master Charles. The murder by Macbeth of the gracious Duncan, was, in a moral and religious point of view, far worse than the murder by Thurtell of the black-leg Weare. But, nathless, it was a grand subject for the most dreadful of all dramas. The murder, and the remorse, and the expiation, are all sublime. The murder by Thurtell of Weare, again, though not so wicked, was a mean subject for a drama, but not without the strong interest that belongs to the vulgar horrible; and, therefore, any theatrical representation of it could not fail to administer a strong purge of coarse pity and terror to vulgar minds. The persons who flocked to see it had, for the most part, minds of that nature; but in almost all, say at once in all minds, there is something of this vulgar disposition to get drunk on the worst of

common British gin. Now, I ask, was it one whit more disgraceful for a Cockney public to gloat over, on the stage of an illegitimate theatre, "the acting of a dreadful thing," like that murder of a ruff by a ruffian, than to do so in the columns of a newspaper? The newspapers for weeks were filled with nothing else but all the details of the throat-cutting and corpse-bundling, and pond-dragging and grave-digging, by the song-singing pork-shop-gormandizing assassins of both sexes, who "assisted at the deep damnation of that taking off." The proprietors of the daily press lived on it. The finding of the body was meat and drink to them; and they fared sumptuously on the scattered brains. They got up in Printing-House Square the famous Herefordshire Tragedy before it was enacted across the water—and yet the rich proprietors of the newspapers howled at the enormity of the poor Manager, and the penny-a-liners over that of the farthing-a-speechifiers turned up the whites of their eyes and tipt.

TICKLER.

It was by no means a bad subject for the drama.

NORTH.

Why, it was not. Such a man as Lillo would have made rather a fearful thing of it—would have brought it fairly within the range of the lower regular and legitimate drama. He has done so with other murders as bad and more hideous. I daresay the affair over the water was a most miserable one; but Mr Kemble speaks nonsense when he says, that the introduction of the very gig that carried the murderer down, *was a most atrocious thing*. There can be nothing atrocious in a green gig and an iron-grey horse. It was a "bit of good truth," that struck the imagination through the most powerful of all the senses; and, though there might not be great genius shewn in the introduction of such machinery, it shewed perfect knowledge of the portion of humanity that constituted that audience of spectators, and the effect, I have been told, was prodigious among the apprentices. Charles seems to have forgotten the crime of the exhibition—to wit, that it was got up before the trial of the murderer, and assumed his guilt. Had he been hanged or condemned, the green gig and iron-grey horse—a fast trotter—might have stood on the boards of the painted Gills-Hill Lane a most blameless set-out; and all that had then needed to be said would have been, that vulgar folks like to sup full of vulgar horrors—and that there are at all times, in London, multitudes of men, women, and children, who have a strong "pawpensity for the bastard dwama."

TICKLER.

Hush! I hear girls giggling!

*Enter Louisa, Harriet, and Helen, each with a silver salver glittering with tiny crystals of various-hued liqueurs. NORTH and TICKLER take each a small celestial caulker in either hand, and drink to the maidens, who curtsy and retire with the salvers, tea-trays, &c.*

NORTH.

Silent Syrens!

TICKLER.

Delightful damsels!

NORTH.

I wish they had been but two.

TICKLER.

Aye, Kit. It would have been impious to have let the third go away with untasted lips; yet worse than impious, indelicate, for both of us to have kissed the same mouth—so, "like considerate gentlemen of the good olden time," we suffered all three to go as they came. Hush! I hear them giggling! I hope they won't tell. If they do, they sha'n't go unpunished next time. We shall have our revenge at supper.

NORTH.

*Och hone aree!*

TICKLER.

*Savourna deligh! Shighan, oh!*



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCII.

DECEMBER, 1832.

VOL. XXXII.

THE LADY OF THE GREENWOOD TREE.

*A Legend of Transylvania.*

SIR RUDOLF is riding since break of day,  
Through mountain, and valley, and forest spray.  
Now his morion of steel shines bright in the sun;  
Now it sinks in the thicket, and now it is gone;  
And now it is plunging through flood and through fen;  
And now it is burning in sunshine again.

His charger was bred in the mighty Ukraine,  
With his eye like a coal, and a banner his mane;  
And woe to the Turkman that heard him behind,  
With his neigh like a trumpet, his hoof like the wind.  
Still onward he flew, for now broad on his gaze  
Rose the Harpanger halls, in the sunset's red blaze.

Now he reaches the fosse. But Sir Rudolf stands still—  
But is it to drink of yon murmuring rill?  
Or to list if the roebuck or boar be abroad?  
Or to kiss the old mouldering cross on the road?  
Or to watch where the sun, like a king on his throne,  
In glery and gold to his slumbers has gone?

The Harpanger palace is gallant and gay,  
For its Princess is robed in her bridal array;  
And blushes the light through the rich-pictured pane  
On the high-blooded chiefs of Bannöt and Ukraine;  
And the anthem swells solemn o'er valley and hill—  
But Sir Rudolf hears not—he sits gazing still.

But his charger stands trembling, and pawing the ground,  
And snuffs up the air, and wheels wildly around;  
Yet no trump of the warrior has startled the air,  
No horn of the hunter has roused up the lair:  
But in spite of his plunge, and his bound, and his groan,  
Sir Rudolf stands fix'd like a statue of stone.

Sir Rudolf is standing our Lady between  
And the witch hazels hung o'er the wild Kavestein.  
Which way lies his journey, the old Image there  
Has smiled on the pilgrims those three hundred year,  
All time-worn and wan, but such smiles are given  
By the saints alone in Earth as in Heaven.

But hark to the echoes all silver-sweet,  
And the quiverings light of fairy feet;  
And a coral-lipp'd maid through the witch hazels treading,  
A troop like a garland of roses is leading;  
And were Sir Rudolf that night to die,  
He must stop to see that troop go by.

Then sang the fair maiden, "Sir Knight, I pray,  
Where ride you so late, to the feast or the fray?"—  
"Fair maiden, I go," said the wondering Knight,  
"To my lady love, my troth to plight."—  
"No, no," said the maid with a look of glee,  
"You shall pledge your troth by my greenwood tree."

But to right and to left the charger sprang;  
But honey-dew sweet the maiden sang;  
And the glance of her eye was honey-dew sweet,  
And she danced as if doves lent their wings to her feet;  
And the locks that fell o'er her eyes' deep blue,  
Were like drooping clouds in the twilight dew.

"Sir Rudolf, Sir Rudolf, yon palace is proud,  
But beauty and gold are a sun-painted cloud:  
My palace is richer and loftier still,  
For its roof is the Heaven, and its wall is the hill;  
And never was lover from anguish free,  
Till he plighted his troth by my greenwood tree."

Then echoed sweet voices around and around,  
They were now in the breezes, and now underground;  
And the dancers troop'd through the forest brown,  
And some bore a sceptre, and some bore a crown,  
And they sang, "Sir Knight, they are both for thee,  
If thou'lt pledge thy troth by our greenwood tree."

His senses were spell'd, but he glanced above,  
And he thought of his faith and his lady love.  
And he spurr'd his steed, and he pray'd a prayer,  
And the dancers shriek'd as they vanish'd in air,  
But all is a dreamlike ecstasy,  
And he longs to rest by the greenwood tree.

But the forest is blazing with beauty and light—  
Has the marble-hall'd palace come down from its height?  
There are maidens in silk and ermine stoled,  
And senators stately in chains of gold,  
And warriors all gleaming in scarlet and steel,  
And knights with the gold Hapsburg spur at the heel.

And there, with their eyes, like their swords, flashing fire,  
The grey-bearded chieftains who fought for his sire;  
And there by the altar, in beauty unveil'd,  
His love in the bower, his boast in the field;  
He sprang from his charger, he sank at her knee,  
'Twas the coral-lipp'd maid of the greenwood tree!



But he thought of his love, and he sprang on his steed.  
All was silent and dim. On he rushed at his speed.  
But what is yon light, like the sun in his noon—  
And the shout and the clash?—Oh, ye dogs of Mahoun!  
O'er the Harpanger palace in sheets rolls the flame,  
And his bride in her agony calls on his name.

Like a whirlwind he rush'd on the Mussulman hordes,  
There were shiverings of lances and clashings of swords;  
And steeds with their saddles all bloody and bare,  
And cleavings of turbans, and howls of despair.  
But whose is the cry that comes far on the wind,  
And whose locks in the robber's red hand are entwin'd?

Swift flies the wild Turkman, the Knight flies as fast;  
The flame and the fight far behind him are cast.  
He follows through torrent, through forest and plain,  
Till his sabre is plunged in the infidel's brain.  
He bounds from his charger, his lady is free,  
'Tis the coral-lipp'd maid of the greenwood tree!

He was weary and faint—But around was a grove,  
With the leaves whispering echoes of music and love;  
And droop'd o'er his forehead a rich-cluster'd vine,  
There was passion's sweet spell in its odorous wine.  
And passion still sweeter look'd down in the eye  
That glanced on the knight like a star from the sky.

And the arbours were thronged with shapes of light;  
Some sat on the witch hazel's topmost height;  
Some floated the witch hazel branches between,  
On pinions of purple, and gold, and green;  
Some sang in pavilions all curtain'd around;  
Some danced to elf harps on the rose-bedded ground.

But there came on the breeze a holy hymn,  
And the pageant of beauty wax'd cold and dim;  
And the Image was there, and a silvery glow  
Play'd bright round the statue's marble brow;  
And kneeling, and weeping by its side,  
Was the living shape of Sir Rudolf's bride.

"Die, recreant Knight," cried the Elfin maid,  
And she pluck'd from her brow a chestnut braid,  
And the lock on the warrior's cuirass was thrown,  
And he felt it burn through the steel and the bone.  
But still to the Image he wildly clung,  
And his fainting head at its feet was flung.

Then the world seem'd dissolving, and all was a dream;  
But what are the lights on his slumbers that beam?  
He wakes—'tis the Harpanger's marble-hall'd dome!  
He wakes—'tis his lady of love in her bloom!  
'Tis the Priest and the Princess! Sir Rudolf is free!  
He has vanquish'd the spells of the greenwood tree.

## PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN,

## CHAP. XIV.

## THE MAGDALEN.

DESPISED daughter of frailty! Outcast of outcasts! Poor wayward lamb, torn by the foulest wolf of the forest! My tears shall fall on your memory, as often they did over the wretched recital of sin and shame which I listened to on your deserted deathbed! Oh that they could have fallen on you early enough to wash away the first stain of guilt; that they could have trickled down upon your heart in time to soften it once more into virtue!—Ill-fated victim, towards whom the softest heart of tenderness that throbs in your sex, beats, not with sympathy, but scorn and anger! *My* heart hath yearned for thee, when none else knew of thee, or cared for thy fate! Yes—and above all, (devoutly be the hope expressed!) the voice of Heaven whispered in thine aching ear peace and forgiveness; so that death was but as the dark seal of thy pardon, registered in the courts of Eternal Mercy!

Many as are the scenes of guilt and misery sketched in this Diary, I know not that I have approached any with feelings of such profound and unmixed sorrow as that which it is my painful lot now to lay before the public. Reader, if your tears start, if your heart ache as you go on with the gloomy narrative—pause, that those tears may swell into a stream, that that heart may wellnigh break, to think how common, how everyday is the story!

Look round you, upon the garden of humanity; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer—and behold an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this—and then be yourself—young man, or old—**THAT ADDER** if you can!

About nine o'clock on a miserable Sunday evening in October 18—, we were sitting quietly at home around our brisk fire, listening, in occasion-

al intervals of silence, to the rain which, as it had during the whole of the day, still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whistling of the wind. The gloom without served but to enhance by contrast the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my good wife discharge her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my youngest child's replies, when the servant brought me up word that I was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just beneath the lamp, sate the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old Jewess.

"This here lady wishes to see you, sir," said she, rising, with a somewhat tipsy tone and air, and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper, on which was written, "Miss Edwards, No. 11, ——— Court, ———, Street, (3d Floor.)" The handwriting of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave at it, struck me. It was small and elegant, but evidently the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

"Pray what is the matter with this lady?" I enquired.

"Matter, sir? Matter enough, I warrant me! The young woman's not long to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—that's all!" she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character. "Do you think it absolutely necessary for me to call on her to-night?" I enquired, not much liking the sort of place I was likely to be led to.

"She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she *really* looks very ill?"

"Is it any sudden illness?"

"No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to live with me. My daughter and I thinks 'tis a decline."

"Couldn't you take her to a dispensary?"—said I doubtfully.

"Marry—you'll be *paid* for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough?" said the woman, with an impudent air,



"Well, well—I'll follow you in a minute or two," said I, opening the street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I hated to have in my house.

"I say, sir!" she called out in an under tone, as I was somewhat unceremoniously shutting the door upon her, "You mustn't be put out of your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They're noisy devils, to be sure—but they won't meddle" — The closing of the door prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few moments irresolute. My duty, however, so far seemed clear—and all minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself quickly, and set out on my walk, which was as unpleasant as wind, rain, and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that the house in which I found myself after about ten minutes' walk, was one of ill fame—and that, too, apparently, of the lowest and vilest description. The street which led to — Court, was narrow, ill lighted, and noisy—swarming with persons and places of infamous character. I was almost alarmed for my personal safety as I passed them; and, on entering the court, trembled for a valuable repeater I had about me. At that moment, too, I happened to recollect having read, some time before, in a police report, an account of a method of entrapping unwary persons, very similar in circumstances to those in which I found myself at that moment. A medical man was suddenly summoned to see—he was told—a dying patient; but on reaching the residence of the supposed invalid, he was set upon unexpectedly by thieves, robbed of every thing he had about him, and turned into the street severely, if not dangerously beaten. A pleasant reminiscence! Concealing however, my watch as well as I could, and buttoning my great-coat up to the chin, I resolved to persevere, trusting to the protection of Providence. The life of a fellow-creature might really be at stake; and, besides, I was no stranger to scenes of misery and destitution among the lowest orders.

— Court was a nest of hornets. The dull light of a single lamp in the middle of it shewed me the slatternly half-dressed figures of young women, clustering about the open doors of every house in the court, and laughing loudly as they occasionally shouted to one another across the court. All this was sickening and ill-omened enough; but I resolved not even yet to give up. No. 11, I found, was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to enquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door-steps, she called out to some one within, "Mother! Mother! Here's the Doctor come to see Sall!"

Her "mother," the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and, a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

"Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir. The young woman is up stairs. Bett!" she called out, suddenly stopping, and turning round, "Come and take this here gentleman's wet umbrella, and dry it by the fire!"

"Thank you—thank you—I'll not trouble you! I'll carry it with me; 'tis not *very* wet," I replied hastily, as I held it dripping at every step. I did not choose, believe me, to part with what I might never see again. It might too—though God prevent the occasion!—be a small matter of defence to me, if my fears about the nature of my errand should be verified. The moment, however, that the bedroom door was opened, other emotions than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of the Irish family, the O'Hurdles.\* It was much smaller, and infinitely filthier. A candle, that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney-piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which was

---

\* "Rich and Poor." No. CLXXXI. p. 957.

a phial and a tea-cup; and, along the farther extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed and disordered. There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

"Well, there she is in the bed, poor devil, ill enough, I'll answer for't," said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney-piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table; and then, after stirring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying, as she went out, "Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want any thing, I dare say you can call out for it; some of the girls will be sure to hear you."

I was happy to be relieved of her presence! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with the table and candle, which shewed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disordered clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

"Well, madam, are you in much pain?" I enquired, gently trying, at the same time, to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, for her hands were clasped over her face with some little force; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

"Come, come, madam," I continued, in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the effort to dislodge her hand, "I'm afraid you are in much pain! Don't, however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you!" Still her hands moved not. "I am Dr ———; you yourself sent for me! What is ailing you? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way!—Come!"

"There, then!—*Do you know me?*"

she exclaimed, in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguished affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance, (the latter most vividly recalling to my mind that of Mrs Siddons, celebrated in pictures, in the most agitating crisis of her *Lady Macbeth*,) breathing in short quick gasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. If the look did not petrify me, as the fabled head of Medusa, it shocked, or rather horrified me beyond all expression, as I gazed at it; for—could my eyes see aright?—I gradually recognised the face as one known to me. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

"Why—am I right?—*ELEANOR!*" I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made me no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on her pillow. I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her; but the shock of what I had just seen, had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover my self-possession till I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy! what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on! Could it be possible? Was this pallid, worn-out, death-struck creature, lying in such a den of guilt and pollution; was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she resided—whom my wife knew—whom in short we had both known, and that familiarly? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, on her lifeless features, till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could really be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct—there could be no mistake when I thought of that.



With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about with me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her slowly-opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face, as before, with her hands.

"Come, come, Miss B——," a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable, "you *must* be calm, or I can do nothing for you. There's nothing to alarm you, surely, in me! I am come at your own request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?"

"HERE!" replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer on earth could have been present to hear her utter that *one word*!

"Have you any pain in the other side?" I enquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you spit much during the day? Any blood, Miss B——?"

"Miss B——!" she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief; "call me rather *Devil*! Don't mock me with kind words! Don't, Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word," she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air. "See—I'm prepared! I'm beforehand! I expected something like this!—Don't—don't dare me! Look!" She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and, to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty.

"Well, then—so—so"—she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone, that if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

"Go—go then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted!—Yes, go—go away—I deserve no bet-

ter—and yet—I did not expect it!" exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments.

"I—I suppose you are shocked—to—to see me here—but you've heard it all"—said she faintly.

"Oh—we'll talk about that by and bye; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are *very* ill! haven't you been long so?—Why did not you send for me earlier?—Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!"

"Oh—can you ask me, Doctor?—I dared not!—I wish—oh, how I wish I had not sent for you *now*! The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it! Oh!—oh!—oh!" she groaned, apparently half choked—"what I feel *HERE*!" pressing both her hands upon her heart, "what a *hell*!" quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

"Once more—I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise, it is absurd for me to be here! What good can I possibly do you, if you rave in this manner?" said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly coughed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

She had burst a blood-vessel!

I was dreadfully alarmed for her. The incessant use she made of her handkerchief soon rendered it useless. It was steeped in blood. She pointed hurriedly to the drawers—I understood her—drew one of them open, and instantly brought her a clean handkerchief. That, also, was soon useless. In the intervals of this horrid work she attempted to speak to me—but I stopped her once for all, by laying my finger on my lips, and then addressing her solemnly—"In the name of God, I charge you to be silent! A word—a single word—and you are a dead woman! Your life is in the utmost danger"—again she seemed attempting to speak—"if you utter a syllable, I tell you, it will destroy you; you know the consequences—you will therefore die a *suicide*—and, think of *HEREAFTER*!"

A smile—one I cannot attempt to characterise, but by saying it seemed

an unearthly one—flitted for an instant over her features—and she did not seem disposed again to break my orders. I proceeded to bleed\* her immediately, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty—without summoning any one for the present into the room. When she saw what I was about, she whispered faintly with a calm but surprised air—pointing to her steeped handkerchiefs—“What! more blood!”—I simply implored her to be silent, and trust herself in my hands. I bled her till she fainted. A few moments before she became insensible—while the deathlike hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her features, she exclaimed, though almost inaudibly—“Am I dying?”

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm, as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room.

“La!” she exclaimed, on catching a glimpse of the blood, and the pallid face of my patient—“La! Sure Sall’s booked!”

“Hush, woman!” said I sternly “take this”—giving her the prescription—“to the nearest druggist’s shop, and get it made up immediately; and in the meantime send some elderly person here.”

“Oh—her mother, eh?”

“Her mother!” I echoed with astonishment. She laughed, “La, now—you don’t know the ways of these places. We all calls her mother!”

Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me and the place in which I was, kept me silent—till the woman last alluded to, made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. “Is the young woman much worse, sir?” she en-

quired, in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner.

“Yes,”—I replied, laconically, “she must be taken care of, and that well—or she will not live the night out”—I whispered.

“Better take her to the hospital, at once—hadn’t we?” she enquired, approaching the bed, and eyeing Miss Edwards with stupid curiosity.

“She is not to be moved out of her bed, at the peril of her life—not for many days, mind, woman—I tell you that distinctly.”

“You tell me that distinctly? And what the devil if you do? What, a God’s name, is to be done with a sick young woman, here? We’ve something else to do beside making our house into an hospital!”

I could with difficulty repress my indignation.

“Pray, for pity’s sake, my good woman, don’t speak so cruelly about this unfortunate girl! Consider how soon you may be lying on your own deathbed!”—

“Deathbed, be —! Who’s to pay for her keep if she stops here? I can’t, and what’s more, I won’t—and I defy the parish to make me! But, by the way,” she continued, suddenly addressing my patient, “Sally, you had money enough a few days ago, I know; where is it now?”

“My good woman,” said I, gently removing her from the bedside, “do but leave the room for a moment. I will come down stairs and arrange every thing with you.” She seemed inclined to be obstreperous. “I tell you you are *killing* this poor girl!” said I, my eye kindling upon the old monster, with anger. Muttering some unintelligible words of ill-temper, she suffered me to close the door upon her, and I once more took my seat at the bedside. Miss Edwards’ face evidenced the agitation with which she had listened to the cruel and insolent language of the beldam in whose power she for the present lay. I trembled for the effect of it.

“Now, I entreat you, suffer me

---

\* I have often heard people express astonishment at my bleeding a patient who has already bled profusely from a ruptured vessel. It is with a view to lessening the heart’s action, so as to diminish the volume of blood that it propels through the injured vessel, which may so have an opportunity of healing before it is called upon to perform its full functions.



to have all the talking to myself for a moment or two. You can answer all my questions with a nod, or so. Do you think that if I were to send to you a nice respectable woman—a nurse from a dispensary with which I am connected—to attend upon you, the people of the house would let you remain quiet for a few days—till you could be removed? Nod, if you think so!” She looked at me with surprise while I talked about removing her, but she simply nodded in acquiescence.

“If you are well enough by and bye, would you object to being taken from this place to a dispensary, where I would see to your comfort?” She shook her head.

“Are you indebted to any one here?”

“No, my guilt has paid”—she whispered. I pressed my finger on my lips, and she ceased. “Well, we understand one another for the present. I must not stay much longer, and you must not be exhausted. I shall charge the people below to keep you quiet, and a kind experienced nurse shall be at your bedside within two hours from this time. I will leave orders, till she comes, with the woman of the house to give you your medicine, and to keep you quiet, and the room cool. Now, I charge you, by all your hopes of life—by all your fears of death—let nothing prevail on you to open your lips, unless it be absolutely necessary. Good evening—may God protect you!” I was rising, when she beckoned me into my seat again. She groped with her hand under her pillow for a moment, and brought out a purse.

“Pho, pho! put it away—at least for the present!” said I.

“Your fee *must* be paid!” she whispered.

“I visit you as a dispensary patient, and shall assuredly receive no fee. You cannot move me, any more than you can shake St Paul’s,” said I, in a peremptory tone. Dropping her purse, she seized my hand in both hers, and looking up at me with a woeful expression, her tears fell upon it. After a pause, she whispered, “Only a single word!—Mrs —,” naming my wife, “you will not tell her of me?” she enquired, with an imploring look. “No, I will

not!” I replied, though I knew I should break my word the moment I got home. She squeezed my hand, and sighed heavily. I did not regret to see her beginning to grow drowsy with the effect of the medicine I had given her, so I slipped quietly out of the room. Having no candle, I was obliged to grope my way down stairs in the dark. I was shocked and alarmed to hear, as I descended, by the angry voices both of men and women, that there was a disturbance down stairs. Oh, what a place for such a patient as I had quitted! I paused, when half way down, to listen. “I tell you, I *didn’t* take the watch,” shrieked the infuriate voice of a female. “I’ll be —, if I did.”

“I saw you with it—I saw you with it!” replied a man’s voice.

“You’re a liar! A — liar!” There was the sound of a scuffle.

“Come, come, my girl! Easy there! Easy!—Be quiet, or I’ll take you *all* off to the watch-house!—Come, Bett, you’d better come off peaceably at once! This here gentleman says as how you’ve stolen his watch, and so you *must* go, of course!”—“I won’t! I won’t! I’ll tear your eyes out! I’ll see you all — first! I will,” yelled the voice I had first heard, and the uproar increased. Gracious Heaven! in what a place was I! was my wretched patient! I stood on the dark stairs, leaning on my umbrella, not knowing which way to go, or what to do. I resolved at length to go down; and on reaching the scene of all this uproar, found the passage and doorway choked with a crowd of men and women.

“What is the meaning of all this uproar?” I exclaimed, in as authoritative a manner as I knew how to assume. “For God’s sake be quiet! Do you know that there is a young woman dying up stairs?”

“Dying! And what’s that to me? They say I’m a thief—He says I’ve got his watch—he does, the — liar!” shouted a young woman, her dress almost torn off her shoulders, and her hair hanging loosely all about her head and neck, and almost covering her face. She tried to disengage herself from the grasp of a watchman, and struggled to reach a young man, who, with impassioned gestures, was telling the crowd that he had been robbed of his watch in

the house. My soul was sick within me. I would fain have slipped away, once for all, from such a horrid scene and neighbourhood, but the thoughts of her I had left above detained me.

"I wish to speak to you for a moment," said I, addressing the old proprietress of the house. "Speak to me, indeed!" she replied, scarce vouchsafing me a look, and panting with rage. "Here's this — liar says he's been robbed here; that one o' my girls is a thief! He's trying to blast the character of my house"—and she poured such a volley of foul obscene names upon the object of her fury, as I had scarcely thought it possible for the tongue of man, much less of woman, to utter.

"But, *do* let me have *one* word with you," I whispered, imploringly—"the poor girl up stairs—her life is at stake!"—

"Here, Moll, do you come and speak to the Doctor! *I've* something else on my hands, I warrant me!" and turning abruptly from me, she plunged again into the quarrel which I had interrupted.

The young woman she addressed made her way out of the crowd—led me into a small filthy room at the back of the house, and civilly, but with some agitation, arising from her having taken a part in the dispute, asked me what I wanted. "Why, only to tell you that Miss Edwards is my patient—that I know her!"—

"Lord, sir, for the matter of that, so do a hundred others!"—

"Silence, woman!" said I, indignantly, "and listen to what I am saying. I tell you, Miss Edwards is my patient; that she is in dying circumstances; and I hold you all responsible for her safety. If she dies through being disturbed, or frightened in any way, recollect you will be guilty of murder, and I will witness against you!"

"I'm very sorry for the poor thing, sir—very!" she replied; "she's the quietest, civilest, best-behaved of any of our ladies, by far! What can we do, sir?"

"Keep the house quiet; do not let her be spoken to—and in an hour's time I shall send a proper woman to wait upon her."

"Lord, sir, but how's the poor creature to pay you and the woman, too? She's been laid up, I

don't know how long—indeed ever since she's been here!"

"That I will see about. All I want from you is to attend to what I have told you. I shall call here early to-morrow morning, and hope to find that my wishes have been attended to. It will be a very serious business for you all, mind me, if they have not. If I do not find this hubbub cease instantly, I shall, at my own expense, engage a constable to keep the peace here. Tell this to the people without there. I know the magistrates at — Street Office, and will certainly do what I say." She promised respectfully that all I said should be attended to as far as possible; and I hurried from such a scene as it has not often been my lot to witness. I thanked God heartily, on quitting the house and neighbourhood, that I found myself once more in the open air, cold, dark, and rainy, though it was. I breathed freely for the first time, since entering within the atmosphere of such horrible contamination. A rush of recollections of Miss B—, once virtuous, happy, beautiful; now guilty, polluted, dying—of former and present times—overwhelmed my mind. What scenes must this fallen creature have passed through! How was it that, long ere this, she had not laid violent hands upon herself,—that in her paroxysms of remorse and despair, she had not rushed from an existence that was hateful—hurried madly from the scene of guilt, into that of its punishment! I at once longed for and loathed a possible rehearsal of all. Full of such reflections as these, I found myself at the door of the dispensary. The hour was rather late, and it was with great difficulty that I could find such a person as I had undertaken to send. I prescribed the requisite remedies, and gave them to the nurse with all fitting directions, and dispatched her to the scene of her attendance, as quickly as possible—promising to be with her as early as I could in the morning, and directing her to send for me without hesitation at any hour of the night, if she thought her patient exhibited any alarming features. It was past eleven when I reached home. I told the reader, a little way back, that I knew I should break my



promise, that I could not help informing my wife of what had happened. I need hardly say the shock gave her a sleepless night. I think the present the fittest opportunity for mentioning, shortly to the reader, the circumstances under which we became first acquainted with the *sociable* Miss Edwards.

Several years before the period of which I have been writing, my wife's health required the assistance of change of scene and fresh country air. I therefore took her down, in the spring of the year, to what was then considered one of the fashionable watering-places, and engaged lodgings for her at the boarding-house of a respectable widow-lady, a little way out of the town. Her husband had been a captain in the East India service, who, as is but too frequent with that class of men, spent his money faster than he earned it; so that, on his death, nothing but the most active exertions of numerous friends and relatives preserved his widow and daughter from little less than absolute destitution. They took for Mrs B—— the house she occupied when we became her lodgers, furnished it with comfort, and even elegance; and, in a word, fairly set her a-going as the proprietress of a boarding-house. The respectability of her character, and the comforts of her little establishment, procured for her permanent patronage. How well do I recollect her prepossessing appearance as it first struck me! There was an air of pensive cheerfulness and composure about her features, that spoke eloquently in her favour; and I felt gratified at the thought of committing my wife and family into such good hands. As we were coming down stairs after inspecting the house, through the half-open door of a back parlour, I caught a glimpse of an uncommonly handsome and elegantly dressed girl, sitting at a desk reading.

"Only my daughter, sir," said Mrs B——, observing my eye rather inquisitively peering after her.

"Dear!—How like she is to the pictures of the Madonna!" exclaimed my wife.

"Yes, Madam. It is often remarked here," replied Mrs B——, colouring with pleasure; "and what's

far better, Ma'am, she's the best girl you'll meet with in a day's walk through a town! She's all I care for in the world!" she added with a sigh. We congratulated ourselves mutually; expressing anticipations of pleasure from our future intercourse. After seeing my family settled in their new quarters, I left for London—my professional engagements not allowing me more than a day's absence. Every letter I received from my wife, contained commendations of her hostess, and "the Madonna," her beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable daughter, with whom she had got particularly intimate, and was seldom out of her company. The visits "like angels", few and far between," that I was able to pay to —, made Miss B—— as great a favourite with me as with my wife—as with all that knew or saw her, I might better say. I found that she was well known about the place by the name of "the Madonna;" and was so much pestered with the usual impertinences of dandies, as to be unable to go about so much as she could have otherwise wished. The frank simple-hearted creature was not long in making a confidante of my wife; who, in their various conversations, heard with but little surprise, of frequent anonymous billet-doux, copies of verses, &c. &c., and flattering attentions paid by the most distinguished strangers; and, in one instance, even by Royalty itself. She had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, pressed upon her to a degree that was harassing, on the score of her mother, to whom she was passionately attached, and from whom she could not bear the thought of the most partial separation. Her education—her associations—her cast of character—her tastes and inclinations, were far beyond her present sphere. "I once should have laughed, indeed, at any one talking of my becoming the daughter of a lodging-house keeper," said the proud girl, on one occasion, to my wife, her swan-like neck curving with involuntary hauteur, which, however, was soon softened by my wife's calm and steady eye of reproach, as she assured her—"Eleanor, I thought it no harm to be such a daughter." This pride appeared to

my wife, though not to me, some security against the peculiar dangers that beset Miss B——.

"She's too proud—too high-spirited a girl," she would say, "to permit herself to tamper with temptation. She's infinitely above listening to nonsense. Trust me, there's that in her would frighten off fifty triflers a-day!"

"My view of the matter, Emily, is far different," I would say. "Pride, unless combined with the highest qualities, is apt to precipitate such a girl into the vortex that humility could never have come within sight or reach of. Pride dares the danger that lowliness trembles at and avoids. Pride must press forward to the verge of the precipice, to shew the ease and grace of its defiance. My Emily! merely human confidence is bad—is dangerous—in proportion to its degree. Consider—remember what you have both heard and read of the disastrous consequences attendant on the pride of a disappointed girl!"

The predominant taste of Miss B—— was novel-reading, which engaged her attention every spare hour she could snatch from other engagements. Hence what could she imbibe but false sentiment—what gather but the most erroneous and distorted views of life and morals? Add to this the consciousness of her own beauty, and the large tribute it exacted from all who saw her—the intoxicating, maddening fumes of flattery—ah, me! I should have trembled for her indeed, had she been a daughter of mine! The doting mother, however, seemed to see none of these dangers—to feel none of these apprehensions; and cruel, surely, and impertinent would it have been in us to suggest them. For nearly three months was my wife a guest of Mrs B——'s, and a familiar—an affectionate companion of her beautiful daughter. On leaving, my wife pressed Miss B—— (the mother was, of course, out of the question) to pay her a speedy visit in town, and exacted a promise of occasional correspondence. Long after our return to London was "The Madonna" a subject of conversation, and many were the anxious wishes and hopes expressed by my wife on her behalf. Miss

B—— did not avail herself of the invitation above mentioned, farther than by a hasty passing call at our house during the absence of both of us. One circumstance and another—especially the increasing cares of a family—brought about a slackening, and at length a cessation, of the correspondence betwixt my wife and her friend "the Madonna," though we occasionally heard of her by friends recently returned from ——. I do not think, however, her name was once mentioned for about three years before the period at which this narrative commences. Now, I suppose the reader can form some idea of the consternation with which I recognised in "Sally Edwards" the "Madonna" of a former day! The very watch-pockets at the back of our bed were the pretty presents of her whose horrid story I was telling my sobbing wife! I could have torn them from the bed-head, for the sake of their torturing associations! They would not let us sleep in peace. I was startled, during the night, from a doze rather than sleep, by the sobs of my wife.

"What's the matter, Emily?" I asked.

"Oh!" she replied; "*what* has become of poor Mrs B——! Rely on it she's dead of a broken heart!"

For two hours before my usual hour of rising, I lay awake, casting about in my mind by what strange and fatal course of events Miss B—— had been brought into the revolting, the awful circumstances in which I found her. Dreadfully distinct as was the last night's interview in my recollection, I was not wholly free from transient fits of incredulity. I *could* not identify the two—Eleanor B—— with *Sall Edwards*!—All such notions, however, were dissipated by nine o'clock, when I found myself once more by the bedside of "Miss Edwards." She was asleep when I entered; and I motioned the nurse to silence as I stepped noiselessly towards the chair she quitted to make room for me. Oh, my God! did the heart of man ever ache more than mine on that occasion! Was the pitiable object before me Eleanor B——? Were they *her* fair limbs that now lay beneath the filthy bed-clothes? Was the ashy face—the hollow cheek—



the sunken eye—the matted, disordered hair—did all these belong to Eleanor B——, the beautiful Madonna of a former and happier day! Alas for the black hair, braided so tastefully over the proud brow of alabaster, now clammy with the dews of disease and death, seen from amid the dishevelled hair like a neglected grave-stone, pressed down into the ground, and half-overgrown with the dank grass of the churchyard! Alas for the radiant eye! Woe is me!—where is the innocent heart of past years? Oh seraph! fallen from heaven into the pit of darkness and horror—how camest thou here!

Faint—vain attempt to embody in words some of the agitating thoughts that passed through my mind during the quarter of an hour that I sate beside my sleeping patient! Tears I did not—could not shed. My grief formed no other outlet than a half-smothered sigh—that ransacked, however, every corner of my heart. Every thing about me wore the air of desolation and misery. The nurse, wearied with her night's watch, sate near me on the foot of the bed, drooping with drowsiness. The room was small, dirty, and almost destitute of furniture. The rain, seen indistinctly through the few dirty panes of glass, was pouring down as it had been all night. The wind continued to sigh drearily. Then, the house where I was—the receptacle of the vilest of the vile—the very antechamber of hell! When shall I forget that morning—that quarter of an hour's silence and reflection!

And thou, FIEND! the doer of all this—would that THOU hadst been there to see it!

A sudden noise made by the nurse woke Miss Edwards. Without moving from the posture in which she lay—on her side, with her face away from me—as she had slept, I found, nearly all the night—she opened her eyes, and after looking steadfastly at the wall for a few moments, closed them again. I gently took hold of her hand, and then felt her pulse. She turned her head slowly towards me; and after fixing her eyes on me for an instant with an air of apathy, they widened into a strange stare of alarm, while her

white face seemed blanched to even a whiter hue than before. Her lips slowly parted—together, I protest my blood chilled beneath what I looked upon. There was no smile of welcome—no appearance of recognition—but she seemed as if she had been woken from dreaming of a frightful spectre that remained visible to her waking eyes.

“Miss B——, Miss Edwards, I mean. How are you?” I enquired.

“Yes—it—it *is*”—she muttered, scarcely audible—her eye fixed unwaveringly upon me.

“Have you been in any pain during the night?” I continued.

Without removing her eyes, or making me any answer, she slowly drew up her right hand, all white and thin as it was, and laid it on her heart.

“Ah!” I whispered softly, partly to myself, partly to the nurse—“’tis the opium—not yet recovered from it.” She overheard me, shook her head slowly—her eyes continuing settled on me as before. I began to wonder whether her intellects were disturbed; for there was something in the settled stare of her eyes that shocked and oppressed me.

“I thought I should never have woken again!” she exclaimed in a low tone, with a faint sigh. “Suicide! *hereafter!*” she continued to murmur, reminding me of the words with which I had quitted her over-night, and which no doubt had been flickering about her disturbed brain all night long. I thought it best to rouse her gently from what might prove a fatal lethargy.

“Come, come, you must answer me a few questions. I will behave kindly to you”——

“Oh, Doctor ——!” exclaimed the poor girl, in a reproachful tone, turning her head slowly away, as if she wondered I thought it necessary to tell her I would use her kindly.

“Well, well, tell me then—how are you?—how do you feel?—have you any pain in breathing? Tell me in the softest whisper you can.”

“Alive, Doctor—that’s all. I seem disturbed in my grave! What has been done to me?—Who is that?” she enquired faintly, looking at the nurse.

“Oh! she has been sitting by you

all night—she has been nursing you.” Miss Edwards opened her hand towards the nurse, who gently shook it. “You’re very kind to me,” she murmured; “I—I don’t deserve it.”

“Every one, Miss Edwards, must be attended when they are ill. We want no thanks—it is our duty.”

“But I am such a base girl!”—

“Pshaw! you must not begin to talk in that way. Have you felt any fulness—a sort of choking fulness—about your chest, since I saw you last?” She did not seem to hear me, as she closed her eyes, and gave me no reply for several minutes. I repeated the question.

“I—I *can’t* speak,” she sobbed, her lips quivering with emotion.

I saw her feelings overpowered her. I thought it better to leave at once, and not agitate her; so I rose, and entreating the nurse to pay her all the attention in her power, and give her medicine regularly, I left, promising to return, if possible, at noon. Her state was extremely precarious. Her constitution had evidently been dreadfully shattered; every thing, in short, was at present against her recovering from the injury her lungs had sustained from the ruptured vessel. The least shock, the least agitation of her exquisitely excitable feelings might bring on a second fit of blood-spitting, and then all was over. I trembled when I reflected on the dangerous neighbourhood, the disgusting and disease-laden atmosphere she was breathing. I resolved to remove her from it, the instant I could do so with safety, to the Dispensary, where cleanliness and comfort, with change of scene, and assiduous medical attendance, awaited her. My wife was very anxious to visit her, and contribute all in her power, towards her double restoration of body and mind; but that of course was impossible, as long as Miss Edwards lay in ——— Court.

I need not, however, delay the course of the narrative, by dwelling on the comparatively eventless week that followed. I attended my miserable patient on an average twice and thrice a-day, and was gratified at finding no relapse; that she even recovered, though slowly, from the fierce and sudden attack that had been made on her exhausted constitution. During this time, as I never

encouraged conversation, confining my enquiries to the state of her health, she said nothing either of interest or importance. Her mind was sunk into a state of the most deplorable despondency, evidenced by long, frequent, deep-drawn sighs. I learned from the nurse, that Miss Edwards sometimes moaned piteously during the night,—“Oh mother!—mother!—my mother!” She would scarcely open her lips from morning to night, even to answer the most necessary questions. On one occasion, I found she opened a little purse that lay under her pillow, took out a solitary five-pound note, and put it unexpectedly into the nurse’s hands, which she clasped at the same time within her own, with a supplicating expression of countenance, as if begging of her to retain the money. When she found that the nurse was firm in her refusal, she put it back into her purse in silence.—“And your heart would have felt for her,” said the nurse, “if you had seen her sad face!” I need hardly perhaps mention, that she had pressed the little relic of her wretched gains upon me in a similar manner, till she desisted in despair. On Friday morning, as I was taking my leave of her, she suddenly seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and, with more energy than her feeble state could well bear, gasped,—“Oh, that I could but get out of bed to fall down on my knees before you to thank you!—Oh, it would relieve my heart!”

*Monday, October 15th.* Yesterday morning I told Miss Edwards that I thought we might venture to remove her to our Dispensary on the following day; an intimation she appeared to receive with indifference, or rather apathy. I also informed the infamous landlady of my intention, directing her to furnish me with whatever account she might have for lodging, &c., against my patient. Oh! how my soul abhorred the sight of, and sickened at speaking with that hideous bloated old monster! This morning I was at ——— Court by ten o’clock. Finding nobody stirring about the door, passage, or stairs, I ascended at once to the room of Miss Edwards. As I was passing the landing of the first floor, I overheard, through a half-open door, the voices of persons



conversing together. No apology can be necessary for stating that on distinguishing the words "Sall Edwards" I paused for a moment to listen what plot might be hatching against her.

"I tell you, we'd better lose no time," said the voice of a man in a gruff under-tone; "we've been here shilly-shallying day after day to no purpose all the week, till it's nearly too late. I know the — keeps it always under her pillow."

"But that creature he has brought to stop with her," replied a female voice—that of the hateful harridan who owned the house; "what the — are you to do with *her* the while?"

"Slap her face for her—knock her down, and be off—that's my way of doing business. Do you remember old Jenkins, eh?"

There was a faint laugh.

"But why couldn't *you* go up, mother, under pretence of making the bed, and so slip off with the purse?—Now that would be doing it snug, as I calls it."

"Lord—I make the bed? You know how Sall hates me; and, besides, what's that woman up stairs for, but to make the bed, and such like? It won't do—no, it won't."

"Well—I suppose I *must*."

"Then again, Ikey—there's that d—— officious doctor of hers."

"Oh, of course, he's as much on the look-out after it as we is, for the matter of that! He's waiting to grab the blunt himself! *He* calls it his 'fee!' ha, ha! *We* makes no bones on it, but calls it plain robbery—don't we, mother?"

"But, mother," said a female voice I had not heard before, "remember poor Sall's dying."

"Well, slut," replied the old woman, "and what if she is? Then the loss of a few pounds can't signify, as she's a-going to the 'spensary, where they pays nothing."

"Well, well, mother," resumed the man's voice; "there's not a moment to be lost. I'd better do what I said."

I slipped like lightning down stairs—met nobody—hurried into the street—and instinctively ran towards the police-office, which was not far off. I soon procured the assistance of an officer, with whom I

hastened back to — Court. On our way I hurriedly explained to him the state of matters, and directed him to continue in Miss Edwards' room till she was removed to the Dispensary. When we reached the outer door of the house, I suppose my well-known companion was instantly recognised, for a girl at the door, no doubt on the look-out to see if the coast was clear, no sooner set eyes on him than she rushed back into the passage, followed by the officer and me. As she was setting her foot upon the stairs, the powerful hand of the officer snatched her back again into the passage. She was on the point of shouting out; but he silenced her by fiercely shaking his staff in her face.

"Aha, my lass! Only speak a word, and I'll break your head open!" said he. "Doctor, do you go up at once; and I'll follow you before you've reached the door. I only want to keep this young woman quiet till then."

I sprung up stairs in an instant. I met no one; but, on opening Miss Edwards's door, to my unutterable astonishment, I saw my usual seat by her bedside occupied by a burly ruffian of the lowest order. He seemed sitting quietly enough;—though the nurse was speaking to him in great agitation. On my entering the room, he turned round; then suddenly thrust his hand beneath Miss Edwards's pillow, and made for the door, with a hasty air of defiance. Before he had reached it, the officer on the stairs had thrust it open.

"Stop that man—he has stolen something," said I, in as low a tone as my alarm would allow me; and the officer instantly collared him.

"I stolen something, you — liar?" exclaimed the ruffian, in a low furious tone, turning towards me.

"Come—none of that there jaw, Dick! Be quiet—be quiet, man!" and he presented to him a pistol ready cocked. "Now, will you come down with me quietly?—or, will you be carried down with your brains blown out? Quick."

His prisoner appeared preparing for a struggle.

"I'm sorry for the sick lady, sir," said the officer hurriedly to me;

"'twill frighten her;—but I *must* fire!"

"For God's sake avoid it if possible," I gasped in the utmost trepidation.

"Now, listen, Dick ——," said the officer, furiously tightening his grasp, till his bony knuckles seemed buried in the flesh of his prisoner—"if you stop a moment, d—— me—but I'll fire at you—come what may!" The pistol was almost touching his ear, and I turned away with horror, expecting every instant to hear the fatal report. I wished to heaven the fellow had taken all the money quietly!

"Why—you devil! would you murder me!"—shouted the prisoner, dropping into a passive attitude—"where's your warrant?"

"Here!" replied the officer, pressing his pistol against his prisoner's cheek—"off with you!"

"Oh mercy! mercy! mercy!"—shrieked the voice of Miss Edwards, whom the loud voice of the thief had awoke from the deep sleep procured by sedative medicines. She started suddenly up in bed, into a kneeling posture, her hands clasped together—and her face turned towards the group at the door with the wildest terror. I hurried to her side—implored her to be calm—and told her it was nothing but a slight disturbance—that I would protect her.

"Mercy! mercy! murder! mercy!" she continued to gasp, regardless of all I could say to her. The officer had by this time prevailed on his prisoner to quit the room peaceably—calling to me to bolt the door after him, and stay in the room till he came back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstasy of apprehension. I expected to see a second fit of blood-spitting come on—to hear the vile people of the house rush up to the door, and burst it open. I knew not what to do. I explained to Miss Edwards, as she lay panting in bed, that the man who was taken off had entered the room for the purpose of robbing her of her five pounds.

"I saw—I saw his face!" she gasped—"they say—it is said—he murdered one of the" ——, she could utter no more, but lay shaking from head to foot. "Will he come back again?" she enquired in the

same affrighted tone. By degrees, however, her agitation ceased, and, thank God!—(though I could not account for it)—there was no noise, no uproar heard at the door, as I had apprehended. I gave my patient a few drops of laudanum, in water, to aid in quieting her system; and prayed to God, in my heart, that this fearful accident might not be attended with fatal consequences to her!

The drowsy effects of the laudanum were beginning to appear, when the officer, accompanied by another, gently knocked at the door for admission.

"He's safe enough, now, sir, and we've secured the money," he whispered, as I met him half-way, with my finger on my lips.

"The hackney-coach, sir, is waiting at the door," said he in a low tone—"the coach you ordered from the Dispensary, they say. I ask your pardon, sir, but hadn't you better take the lady away at once?—the sooner she leaves such a place as this—the better. There may be a disturbance, as these houses swarm with thieves and villains of all kinds, and there are but two of us here to protect you!"

"How is it," said I, "that the people of the house make no disturbance, that they let you take off your man so easily—?"

"Lord, sir, they durs'n't! They're all at home—but they know us, and durs'n't shew their faces. They know 'tis in our power to take them off to the office as accomplices if we like! But hadn't you better make up your mind, sir, about removing of her?"

True. I stood for a moment considering. Perhaps his advice was the best; and yet, could she bear it, after all this agitation? I stepped to the bedside. She was nearly asleep (our conversation had been carried on in the lowest whisper), and her pulse was gradually calming down. I thought it, on the whole, a favourable moment, for at least making the attempt. I directed the nurse, therefore, to make the few necessary preparations immediately. In less than a quarter of an hour's time, we had Miss Edwards well muffled up, and wrapped in a large cloak. Her few clothes were tied up in a bundle: and the officer carried her down with



as much ease as he could an infant. There was no noise, no hurry: and as the coach set off with us, I felt inexpressibly delighted, that at all events I had removed her from the hateful situation in which I had found her. We had not far to go. Miss Edwards, a little agitated, lay quietly in the nurse's arms, and, on the whole, bore the fatigue of removing better than could have been expected. The coachman drove through the quietest streets he could find: and by the time we stood before the Dispensary gates, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, be it remembered, the influence of the recently-given laudanum was upon her. On alighting, the nurse helped her into my arms. Poor creature! Her weight was that of a child! Though not a strong man, I carried her across the yard, and up stairs to the room that had been prepared for her, with all the ease imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing, and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysteric starts, made me apprehensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I consoled myself, however, with the recollection, that under the peculiar exigencies of the case, we could have pursued no other or better course; and that my unhappy patient was now where she would receive all the attention that could possibly be paid to one in her melancholy situation. As I gazed at her, there seemed fewer traces than before, of what she had been formerly. She looked more haggard—more hopelessly emaciated than I had before seen her. Still, however, I did not despair of in time bringing her round again. I prescribed a little necessary medicine, and, being much behind-hand with my day's engagements, left, promising to call, if possible, again in the evening. I comforted myself throughout the day with hopes of Miss Edwards's recovery, of her restoration, even, in some measure, to society—aye, even of introducing once more into the fold this "tainted wether of the flock!"

[Monday Evening to Saturday—inclusive.]

Really there does seem something  
VOL. XXXII. NO. CCII.

almost magical in the alteration visible in Miss Edwards! I am not the only one that thinks so. Some of her worst symptoms seem disappearing. Though she eats as little as ever, that little is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was; the pain in her chest is not so oppressive; her spitting sometimes intermits; the fierce evening fever burns slacker; the wasting night sweats abate a little. I am not, however, prematurely sanguine about her; I have seen too many of these deceitful rallyings to be easily deluded by them. Alas! I know too well that they may even be looked upon as symptomatic of her fatal disorder! But courage! *Nil desperandum, auspice deo*: she is in THY hands—I leave her there, and bow!

Then again, may we not hope, in turn, to 'minister' successfully 'to the MIND diseased'—to 'cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff'—which, not removed, will defy all the efforts of human art? Yes, let us hope, 'though against hope'—for methinks there is stealing over her features an aspect of serenity of which they have long been stripped—there are signs of rejoicing in the desert—of gladness in the wilderness and solitary place, and of blossoming in the rose!

Rays of her former sweetness of temper and manner are perceptible—which, with the knowledge of her sufferings, endear her to all around her. She has so won upon the attentive affectionate nurse, that the faithful creature will not hear of her place being supplied by another.

"Well, Eleanor," said I to her this morning, "I'm delighted to find your pulse and tongue speak so well of you; that the nurse can bear witness to the good night's rest you have had! I don't hesitate to say, that if you go on in this way a little longer, I think I can hold out to you strong hopes of recovery!"

"Recovery!" she exclaimed, with a deep sigh, shaking her head, "do you think I am glad to hear it?"

"Dear me," exclaimed the nurse, impatiently, "that's just the way the young lady keeps on with all the night and day through! I tell her 'tis wrong, Doctor—is'n't it?"—

"'Tis always wrong, surely," I replied, with a serious air, "to be un-

thankful to the Almighty for his blessings, especially such as Miss Edwards has received."

"Ah, Doctor, you wrong me! I wish you could read my heart, and then tell me how it beats with gratitude towards Him I have so heavily offended! But why should I recover? What is there in life for me? Forgive me, if I say, Oh that Heaven, in its mercy, would let me die now! I am happy, yes, happy, in the prospect of death; but when I think of *life*, my joy fades suddenly!"

"Resign yourself, Eleanor, to the will of God! He in his infinite wisdom must choose for you, life or death! Learn to obey, with fear and trembling!"

"But how should I be otherwise than shocked at returning to the world—the scene of my horrible guilt—my black"—she paused, and turned pale. "Who would not spurn me with loathing? The worms would turn against me!—Even this kind woman!"

"La, ma'am—and what of *me*? Bless you! Do you think I hate you?" interrupted the honest nurse, with tears in her eyes.

"And, Eleanor—remember: did my *wife*, at any of the times she has been here?"

"No! no! no!" murmured the poor sufferer, her tears starting—and snatching my hand to her lips—"forgive me! but how can I help it!" \* \*

"Don't be distressed, Eleanor—if you should recover—about your future prospects," said I, as the nurse left the room—"there are ways of securing you a comfortable though perhaps a humble retreat! The bounty of one or two kind individuals!"

"Doctor—Doctor"—she interrupted me: when her emotion would not suffer her to say more.

"Don't be oppressed, Eleanor—don't over-estimate a little kindness," said I, thinking she overrated the small services I spoke of—"It will be but little, and that little cheerfully given, among five or six persons—and those ladies"—her emotion seemed to increase. "Well, well—if you dislike so much the sense of obligation, why cannot you lighten the sense of it, by trying to contribute a little to your own sup-

port? Your accomplishments would easily admit of it."

"Dear Doctor—you mistake me!" she interrupted, having regained a measure of calmness—"I could tell you a secret that would astonish you!"

"A secret!"—I echoed, with a smile—"Why, what about?"

"I will tell you," said she, looking towards the door, as if apprehensive of interruption. I rose and bolted it.

"I am at this moment, believe me when I say it,—worth L.3000, and more than that; all—all at my absolute command!"

I stared at her, first with astonishment, then with incredulity; and finally with concern—thinking her intellects disordered. I shook my head, involuntarily, at her.

"Doctor—disbelieve me, if you choose," she continued calmly,—“but I am serious. I do not speak, as you seem to imagine, deliriously—No, no! This sum of money is really mine—mine alone; and every farthing of it is in the funds at this moment!"

"Ah!" I interrupted her, the thought suddenly occurring to me, "your destroyer baited his hook splendidly!"

All the colour that had mantled her cheeks vanished suddenly, leaving them white as marble. She gazed at me for a few moments in silence—the silence I knew not whether of sorrow or scorn.

"No," she replied at length, with a profound sigh, closing her eyes with her left hand, "It has never been polluted by his touch; it should perish if it had! No, no—it is not the price of my shame! Oh, Doctor, Doctor! am I then fallen so deeply, lower than I suspected even, in your estimation? Could you think I would sell myself for MONEY!" She said this with more bitterness of tone and manner than I had ever seen in her.

"Well, Eleanor, be calm! Forgive me! I am very sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings!" She continued silent. "Eleanor, don't you forgive me?" I enquired, taking her hand in mine.

"You have not offended me, Doctor; you cannot," she replied, in tears. "It was the thoughts of my



own guilt, my own infamy, that shocked me; but it is over! Oh, is it for such a vile wretch as me!"—She ceased suddenly, and buried her face in her hands.

"Doctor," at length she resumed, calmer, though in tears, "I say this large sum of money is mine—wholly mine. It came to me through the death of a cousin at sea; and was left me by my uncle. *They* knew not of the polluted hands it was to fall into!" Again she paused, overpowered with her feelings. "But though I knew it was become mine, could *I* claim it? A wretch like me? No; the vengeance of God would have blighted me! I have never applied for it; I never will! I have often been starving; driven to the most fearful extent of crime, scarce knowing what I was about; yet I never dared to think of calling the money mine! Guilty, depraved as I was, I hoped that God would view it as a penance, an atonement for my crimes! Oh, God! didst thou, wilt thou now accept so poor, so unworthy a proof of my repentance! Even in dust and ashes it is offered!"

She ceased. My soul indeed felt for her. Poor girl,—what a proof, though a mistaken one, was here of the bitterness, the reality, of her contrition and remorse! I scarce knew what reply to make to her.

"I have now, however, made up my mind how to dispose of it; in a manner which I humbly hope will be pleasing to God; and may he accept it at my hands! I wish"—At this moment the returning footsteps of the nurse were heard. "To-morrow—to-morrow, Doctor—along history," she whispered hastily.

I took the hint, opened the door, and the nurse entered. Miss Edwards was much exhausted with the efforts she had made in conversation; and I presently took my leave, reminding her, significantly, that I should see her the next evening. Her concluding words led me to expect a narrative of what had befallen her; but unless she proved much better able than she seemed now to undertake such a painful task, I determined to postpone it.

The next evening convinced me that I had acted imprudently in suffering

her to enter into any conversation on topics so harrowing to her spirits. I found she had passed a very restless disturbed night; and one or two painful symptoms re-appeared during the day. I resolved, for a long time to come, to interdict any but medical topics; at least, till she could better sustain excitement. Acting on this principle, little of interest transpired during any of the almost daily visits I paid her for the long period of eleven weeks. I persevered in the most anxious efforts, which I also enjoined on all about her, to supply her mind with cheerful topics, in the shape, chiefly, of works of innocent entertainment, chess, sewing, &c. &c.; any thing, in short, that could give her mind something to prey upon, instead of itself.

But let me here make devout and thankful mention of the inestimable support and comfort she received in the offices of that best, nay, that only solace of the bed of sickness and death—RELIGION. Let me also bear testimony here to the honourable and unwearied exertions in her behalf made by the intelligent and pious chaplain of the institution. If he be now alive, and I have no reason for supposing he is not, I know he will feel that satisfaction in reflecting upon the services this narrative must call to his recollection, if he see it, which not even the most flattering and public acknowledgment can supply to him. He watched over her with a truly pastoral care, an untiring zeal, that found its reward in bringing her to a full sense of her mournful condition, and in softening her heart to the hallowing and glorious influences of Christianity. He was at her bedside almost every other day, during the long interval I have mentioned. She several times received the sacrament; and though she was more than once unexpectedly brought to the very margin of the grave, her confidence was not shaken. Truly, in the language of Scripture, "a new heart was given unto her." On one occasion of her receiving the sacrament, which she did with all the contrition and humility of Mary Magdalen of old, I heard from Mr W—— that she was so overcome, poor girl, as that, in the

very act of taking the cup into her hand, she burst out into hysteric weeping. The excitement increased; he described her features as wearing an expression of all but sublimity; and she presently burst into a strain of the most touching and passionate eloquence.

"Oh, Saviour of the world," she exclaimed, her hands clasped in an attitude of devotion, and her eyes fixed upwards, "for my polluted lips to kiss thy blessed feet! that thou shouldst suffer me to wash them with my tears! Oh, to stand behind thee, to hear thee forgive me all! Yes, to hear thee speak! To feel that thou hast changed me! Thou hast gone into the wilderness; thou hast sought out the lost sheep, and brought it home with thee rejoicing! Let me never wander from thee again! My heart breaks with thankfulness! I am thine! Do with me as thou wilt."

Nor were such expressions as these the outpourings of mere delirium—rant, uttered in a transient fit of enthusiasm—but indications of a permanently altered state of feeling. Surely, call it what you will—enthusiasm, delirium, rant, canting—if it produce such effects as these, it must be blessed beyond all description; and, Father of the spirits of all flesh! vouchsafe unto *me*, when in the awful agonies of passing from time into eternity—into Thy presence—oh, wilt thou vouchsafe to me *such* enthusiasm, *such* delirium!

The little attentions my wife paid Miss Edwards in calling with me to see her, and sending her, from time to time, such delicacies as her circumstances required, called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude. My pen can do no justice to the recollections that force themselves upon me, of her constant, overflowing thankfulness—of the peace and cheerfulness she diffused around her, by the unwavering serenity and resignation with which she bore her sufferings. She persisted in expressing her convictions that she should not recover; that she was being carried gently, not flung with headlong horror, into eternity. If ever a gloomy shadow would pass over her mind, and blanch her features, it was when her mind sud-

denly reverted to the dreadful scenes from which she had been so providentially rescued. The captive could not look back with wilder affright upon the tortures of the Inquisition, from which he was flying in unexpected escape, his limbs yet quivering with recollections of the rack!

It was an evening in March, in the ensuing year, that was appointed by Miss Edwards for communicating to me the particulars of her history—of her sufferings and her shame. She shrunk from the dreadful task—self-imposed though it was—saying, the only satisfaction she should experience in telling it, would be a feeling that it was in the nature of an expiation of her guilt. I had promised the preceding day to spend a long evening with her for the purpose of hearing her story. I arrived about half-past six o'clock, and the nurse, according to her instructions, immediately retired.

I wish the reader could have seen Miss Edwards as I saw her on that evening! She reclined, propped up by pillows, upon a couch that had been ordered for her, and which was drawn near the fire. In the beautiful language of Sterne, "affliction had touched her appearance with something that was unearthly." Her raven-black hair was parted with perfect simplicity upon her pale forehead; and the expression of her full dark eyes, together with that of her pallid wasted features, and the slender, finely-chiselled fingers of the left hand, which was spread open upon her bosom, reminded me forcibly of a picture of the Madonna, by one of the greatest old painters. I defy any person to have seen that unfortunate girl's face, even in total ignorance of her history, and ever to have forgotten it. On my entering the room, she laid aside a book she had been reading, and seemed, I thought, a little fluttered, aware of my errand—of the heavy task she had undertaken. I apprise the reader at once, that I fear I can give him but a very imperfect account of the deeply-interesting narrative which I received from Miss Edwards's lips. I did not commit it to paper till about a week after I had heard it, circumstances preventing my doing it earlier.<sup>3</sup> I have, however, endeavoured to pre-



serve, throughout, as much of her peculiar turns of expression—sometimes very felicitous—as possible.

“Doctor,” said she, speaking faintly at first, “how I have longed for, and yet dreaded this day!” She paused, unable to proceed. I rung for a glass of wine and water; and after she had taken a little, her agitation gradually subsided.

“Take time, Eleanor,” said I, gently—“don’t hurry yourself.—Don’t tell me a syllable more than is perfectly agreeable to yourself. Believe me—believe me, I have no impertinent curiosity, though I *do* feel a profound interest in what you are going to tell me.”

She sighed deeply.

“But, Doctor, the blessed Scriptures say, that if we *confess* our sins”—the poor girl’s voice again faltered, and she burst into tears. I was affected and embarrassed—so much so, that I hesitated whether or not I should allow her to go on.

“Forgive me, Doctor,” she once more resumed, “if I am shocked at finding myself beginning my bitter and disgraceful history. I do it in the spirit of a most humble confession of my errors. It will relieve my heart, though it may make you hate the poor fallen creature that is talking to you. But I know my days on earth are numbered.”

“Eleanor! Don’t say so; I assure you I have great hopes”—

“Doctor—forgive me,” said she emphatically, waving her arm with a serious air, “I do not doubt your skill; but I shall never recover; and if it be the will of God, I would a thousand times rather die than live!—Oh, Doctor! I find I must begin with the time when you saw me both happy and virtuous, living with my mother. How little did I then think of what was before me!—how differently you were hereafter to see me! Perhaps I need scarcely tell you that my heart in those days was rank with pride—a pride that aided me in my ruin! My poor mother has often, I dare say, told you of the circumstances which led her to seek a livelihood by keeping a boarding-house at a summer watering-place. I endured the change of circumstances; my mother reconciled herself to them—and a thousand times I strove, but in vain, to bend the stub-

born heart of her daughter into acquiescence with the will of Providence. I concealed my rebellious feelings, however, out of pity to her; but they often choked me! They said, Doctor, that at that time I was beautiful. Yes, Doctor, look at me now,” said she with a bitter smile, “and think that I was once called beautiful!—Beautiful!—oh! that this face had been the ugliest of the ugly—frightful enough to scare off the Serpent!—But Heaven is wise! I am not vain enough to hesitate about owning that I saw how much I was admired—and admired sometimes in quarters that made my pulse beat high with ambitious hopes—hopes framed in folly, and to be, I need hardly say, bitterly disappointed. I read daily in the hateful novels which helped to unsettle my principles, of beauty alone procuring what are called high marriages; and would you believe, Doctor—foolish girl that I was—I did not despair of becoming myself the wife of a man of rank—of wearing a coronet upon my brow!—Oh! my guilty heart aches to think of the many worthy and admirable young men who honoured me with proposals I spurned with scorn—with insolence. If reason—if common-sense had guided me—had I rather listened to the will of Heaven, uttered through the gentle remonstrances and instructions of my poor mother—I might have been, to this hour, a blooming branch upon the tree of society, and not a withered bough soon to fall off—but not, oh, no, my gracious God and Father!—not into the burning!” exclaimed Miss Edwards, her voice faltering, and her eyes lifted up towards Heaven with a kind of awful hope.—“I need not weary you with describing the very many little flattering adventures I met with; and which, alas! I met with too often to allow of the common duties of life being tolerable to me. Your lady, Doctor, in happier times, would listen to them, and warn me not to be led away by them.

\* \* \* \* \*

“But let me come at once to the commencement of my woes. You may recollect the pleasant banks of the —? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there! I was walking,

one Sunday evening, along the river side, reading some book—I now forget what—when I almost stumbled against a gentleman that was similarly engaged. He started back a step or two—looked at me earnestly for a moment—and, taking off his hat, with a high-bred air, begged my pardon. He looked so hard at me, that I began to fancy he knew me. I coloured—and my heart beat so quick and hard, that I could hardly breathe; for I should, indeed, have been blind not to see that my appearance struck him; how *his* affected *me*, let the remainder of my life from that hour tell in sighs and groans of anguish! He was the handsomest man I think I have ever seen. He seemed about thirty years old. There was something about his face that I cannot express; and his voice was soft—his manners were kind and dignified. Indeed, indeed, it was the hour of fate to me! He said something about ‘blaming not each other for the interruption we had experienced, but the authors, whose works kept us so intently engaged,’ in such a gentle tone, and his dark eyes looking at me so mildly, that I could not help listening to him, and feeling pleased that he spoke to me. I begged that he would not blame himself, and said he had done nothing to apologize for. He said not another word on the subject, but bowed respectfully, and talked about the beautiful evening—the silence—the scenery—and in such language! so glowing, so animated, so descriptive, that I thought he must be a poet. All the while he was speaking, there was a diffident distance about him—a sort of fear lest he was displeasing me, that charmed me beyond what I could express, and kept me rooted to the spot before him.

“‘I presume, madam, as you are so fond of waterside scenery,’ said he, ‘you often spend your evenings in this way?’

“‘I replied that I often certainly found my way there.

“‘Well, ma’am,’ said he with a sweet smile, ‘I cannot think of interrupting you any longer. I hope you will enjoy this lovely evening.’

“‘With this he took off his hat, bowed very low, and passed on. If he had but known how sorry I was to

see him leave me! I felt fascinated. I could not help looking behind me to see him, and, to be sure, caught him also looking towards me. I would have given the world for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more; so I closed my book, sate down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but this strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than towards a mere stranger. I went home. I sate down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I obeyed, but made so many mistakes, that she got angry, and wrote it herself after all. All night long did I think of this fascinating stranger. His soft voice was perpetually whispering in my ear; his bright piercing eyes were always looking at me. I woke almost every half hour, and began to think I must be surely, as they say, *bewitched*. I got quite alarmed at finding myself so carried away by my feelings. Can you believe all this? You may call it love at first sight—any thing you choose. Would to Heaven it had been *hatred* at first sight! That evening fixed a spell upon me. I was driven on I do not know how. I could not help taking a walk the next evening. It was nonsense—but I must needs take my book with me. My heart beat thick whenever I saw the figure of a gentleman at a distance; but I was disappointed, for he whom I looked for did not come that evening. The next evening, and the one after that, foolish woman that I was!—did I repair with a fluttering heart to the same spot—but in vain—the stranger did not make his appearance. On the Sunday evening, however, I unexpectedly met him, arm in arm with another gentleman. Gracious Heaven! how pale and languid he looked—and his right arm in a sling! He bowed—smiled rather pensively at me—coloured a little I thought—and passed me. I found soon afterwards that a duel had been



fought in the immediate neighbourhood, on Tuesday last, the day but one after the meeting I have described, between a Lord — and Captain —, in which the latter was wounded in the arm. Yes—then there could be no doubt—it was Captain — whom I had talked to. And he had been in a duel! Oh, Doctor, I dropped the newspaper which told me the circumstance. I trembled—I felt agitated, as if he had been, not a stranger, but a relative. There was no concealing the truth from myself. I felt sick and faint at the thought of the danger he had been exposed to; and such an interest in him altogether, as I could not describe. Doctor—fool, wretched, weak fool that I was—already I loved him.—Yes, an utter stranger—one who had never given me even a look or word beyond the commonest complaisance! The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I thought of fate, and that it was possible our feelings were mutual—with much more nonsense of the same sort. I was bewildered all day—and told my mother I felt poorly. Poor, good, deceived mother! she was for having *advice* for me!

“Two or three evenings after, we met again. My heart melted to see his pale features, his languid air. Somehow or another—I forget how—we got again into conversation; and I at once taxed him with having fought a duel. What—oh what could have prompted me? He blushed, and looked quickly at me, with surprise but not displeasure; saying, in a low tone, something or other about his ‘pride at being an object of my sympathy.’ Doctor —, I can but again and again ask you to bear with me in this history of my guilt and folly! Before we parted, I was actually imprudent enough to accept his arm. We often met at that spot afterwards, and by appointment. I was enchanted with my new companion, there was something so elegant, so fashionable, so refined about him. I found he was an officer in a regiment of cavalry, and staying at —, on account of ill health. He must have been blind, indeed, not to have seen that I doated—yes, sigh, Doctor!—that I doated upon him; but when I was one evening infatuated, mad enough, to beg him *not to ap-*

*pear to know me*, if he should happen to meet me walking with my mother, or any one else, you will surely believe that I must have been possessed by Satan! The moment the fatal words were out of my mouth, I snatched my arm out of his, started back, and turned very pale and faint. I am sure I must—for he instantly asked me with alarm if I was ill. Ill! I was ready to sink into the earth out of his sight! His winning ways, however, soon made me forget all—forget even, alas, alas! that I now stood fatally committed to him! When I returned home, I felt oppressed with a guilty consciousness of what I had done. I could not look my mother in the face. I felt stupified at recollecting what I had said, but with great effort concealed all from my mother. It is needless to say, that after this Captain — and I met on the footing of lovers; I expecting him, on each occasion, to propose marriage; and he walking by my side, talking in a strain that set my soul on fire with passionate admiration for him. What a charming, what a delightful companion! Forgetting, for a moment, all the nonsense of novels, I felt I could have adored him, and made him my husband, had he been the poorest of the poor! When he was not with me, he would write me sometimes two or three letters a day—and such letters! If you—even you, had seen them, you would have owned how unequal was the struggle! At length I felt piqued at his hesitation, in not saying something decisive and satisfactory on the subject that was nearest my heart; but on the very morning when I thought I had made up my mind to tell him we must part, for that I should get myself talked of in the town, and alarm my mother—he saved me all farther anxiety, by telling me, in enthusiastic terms, that he felt he could not live without me, and asked me if I had any objection to a private marriage; adding, that his father was a haughty, selfish man, and all the other falsehoods that have ruined—and alas, alas! will yet ruin, so many wretched girls! Woe, woe, woe is me that I listened to them—that I believed all—that, indeed, Captain — could have scarce said any thing I would not have believed!

I must have been, alas! given over to destruction not to understand—never once to reflect on the circumstance of his refusal ever to come to our house to see my mother, or allow me to breathe a hint about what had passed between us! Alas, had but a daughter's heart glowed with a thousandth part of the love towards her mother, with which that mother's yearned towards *her*—a moment's sigh—an instant's confidence—would have broken the charm—would have set me free from the spoiler! 'I must keep my old father in the dark about this matter, as you your mother, Eleanor,' said he, 'till the marriage is over, and then they cannot help themselves!' He talked to me in this strain for nearly a month; for my better angel helped me to fight against him so long—flashing incessantly before me the figure of my poor, precious, heart-broken mother—and I refused to listen to his proposals. But at last he prevailed. He talked me to death on the subject; persuaded me, that if I would elope, I could leave a letter, telling my mother how soon she would see me the wife of Captain —; and at last I began to think in the same way.

"Dear, dear Captain —! How much I am trusting to you!" said I, one night, weeping, after he had wrung a reluctant consent from me. 'Oh, don't, don't bring down my poor mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!'

"My dear, dear, good girl!" he exclaimed, folding me fondly in his arms, and kissing me in a sort of transport. I felt then confident of my safety! That very evening did I write the proposed letter to my mother, telling her of all. Oh how I tried to crowd my whole heart into every word! My colour went and came—my knees shook—my hands trembled—my head swam round—I felt cold and hot by turns. I got the letter written, however, and stepped into bed—a sleepless one you may imagine. That night—that very night—I dreamed a dream that might have saved me: that I looked out of bed, and saw a beautiful but venomous snake gliding about under the chest of drawers, near the windows. It shocked me as I gazed shudderingly at it, but I did not once

think of Captain —. Alas, I have since!

"The next day, my injured, unsuspecting mother had fixed for paying a visit to a friend who lived some few miles off, from whence she would not return till the day after. Monster—monster—perfidious creature that I was! I chose the first night that my mother and I had been separated for years—the time when she had left all in my care—to forsake her and home, to elope at midnight with my destroyer in a coach and four for Gretna Green! We set off—oh that horrible night—that!"—Here Miss Edwards turned suddenly deadly pale. Her manner had for some time shewn increasing agitation, though she spoke with undiminished energy till she uttered the last words.

"I cannot suffer you to proceed any farther this evening, Eleanor," said I, forcing on her some wine and water, "your efforts have exhausted you!"

She nodded, and attempted to speak, but her voice failed her.

"To-morrow shall I come, if you find yourself better?" She nodded acquiescence. I called in the nurse immediately, ordered some little quieting medicine for Miss Edwards, and left the nurse to prepare her for bed.

I have omitted much that she told me—much that might have added to the powerful effect her simple and touching mode of telling it might have produced upon the reader, had I given it entire—lest I should fatigue his attention.

The next evening found us again together as on the preceding. I entreated her not to resume her narrative, if it were painful to her—observing her in tears when I entered.

"Yes, Doctor—indeed I am pained; but, let it wring my heart as it may, I must go on with the black story I have commenced. Do but be prepared to hear with forgiveness much that will shock you—that will make you look on me with loathing—no, no then—I will say, pity!"

"I cannot pain you with a particular account of the means by which my destroyer succeeded in effecting my ruin. Once in the accursed tra-



veiling-carriage, we went; I afterwards found, in a far different direction to that of Gretna Green. I think I must have been mad throughout the journey. I recollect nothing distinctly; all seems yet in a mist—a mist of excitement, of mingled apprehension and delight. Captain — was all tenderness, all persuasion. He kept me in a constant whirl. He never suffered me to be left alone for an instant—to think of what I was doing. No—that was not his plan! For two days, I do not think I had leisure to look back, and reflect on what I had left. I felt—strange, dreadful to say—no uneasiness. Oh, my very heaven was to be in the company of Captain —, to look at him, to hear him speak to me, to think he was now *mine*, mine for life! But on the morning of the third day—here she shuddered from head to foot, and paused—“I awoke in a fright; for I had been dreaming about the serpent I had dreamed of before we eloped. Then it glided about under the drawers at a distance; now it was writhing about on the very bed on which I lay! The vividness of my dream awoke me, as I said, in horror. Alas, my eyes were opened! BESIDE me lay the serpent!

“I shrieked aloud—I sprung out of bed—I tore my hair with frantic gestures. He leaped out after me in consternation, and attempted to pacify me, but in vain. My cries brought an elderly, respectable female into the room. He told her that ‘his wife’ was only in hysterics—that I was unfortunately subject to them. I recollect nothing more distinctly of that dreadful day. By the next, with Belial cunning and persuasion, he had soothed and flattered me into something like my former insensibility to my situation. I felt as if it was useless to resist his influence! Before the week was over, we were in Paris. Not all the myriad gaieties of that place, however, could lull or distract the worm from gnawing at my heart! For three weeks I was incessantly in tears—often in hysterics. Captain — behaved to me with exquisite tenderness. He spent immense sums in procuring me amusement; and, in a month longer, I found—spite of myself—my sorrow wearing off. He

had accustomed me gradually to wine, and at length he was obliged to check my increasing propensity to it with anger. Once—once only, do I recollect having mentioned the sacred name of my mother. He presently produced me a letter, which he pretended to have received from a friend at —, where I had lived; which said that my mother, on finding out what I had done, burnt the letter I had left for her—cursed me—called me by an infamous name, and vowed solemnly never to receive or acknowledge me again. How I recollect one sentence he read me!

“‘The old woman goes on much as usual, only very furious when her daughter’s name is mentioned. She says, as the slut has made her bed, so she must lie upon it!’

“How—oh, how could I be for an instant deceived by such a shallow—such an infamous fabrication? I know not; strange as it may seem, I *wished* to think it true, to pacify myself—to blunt the horrid sting of remorse. The Devil, too, had blinded me!

“From that time, I began to find my feelings dulled, and got in a manner satisfied with my situation. I had talked about *marriage* till he almost struck me in his fury; and I got wearied and frightened out of my importunities. We spent some time on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and travelled over the most delicious parts of Switzerland; after which we returned again to Paris. Altogether, we spent about seven months in France. Towards the latter part of that time, stupified as I was, I discovered a gradual but melancholy change in his manner towards me. He seemed trying, I thought, to disgust me with him! He introduced to our table some English friends of his, noblemen and others, and did not seem to care how pointedly they paid their attentions to me, nor how I received them. Then he began to get piqued at my ‘impropriety,’ he said. That gave him a handle of offence against me. Our life was one of incessant bickering. He began to talk about his leave of absence having expired—that he must return to England. He told me, at length, abruptly, that he had but ten days longer to continue in France, as his regiment was un-

expectedly ordered off for India, and I must return to England with him instantly. Return to England? The thought was horror! The day before that fixed for our return to England, I eloped with Lord —, an extravagant, dissipated, but handsome young man; and we bent our course towards Rome. There I did indeed blazon my shame. I was allowed whatever dress—whatever ornaments I chose to order. I quite shone in jewelry—till I attracted universal attention. Alas, too well I knew the answer given to the perpetual enquiry—‘Who is she?’—Bear with me, kind Doctor—bear with me in my guilty story, when I tell you that in less than three months I quitted Lord —, for the society of an Italian nobleman; his, for that of a French Count—and there I shall pause!

“Within two years of my first arrival in France, I found myself in Paris—alone. Ill health had considerably changed my appearance, and of course unfitted me, in a measure, for the guilty splendours of the life I had been leading. My spirits had fallen into the lowest despondency; so that Sir —, the man with whom I had last lived, quitted me in sudden disgust, with not more than a hundred pounds in my pocket—to manage as I could for myself.

“I lived alone at Paris for nearly three weeks, doing little else than drink wine and take laudanum. Then I began to long for England, though I dreaded to see it. The flutter of my heart almost choked me when I thought of home.

“Restless as an evil spirit, I knew not what to do with myself, or whither to go. Still something drew me to England, and accordingly I abruptly left France, and arrived at London in December. In the packet, I happened to meet a gentleman I often met at Captain —’s table. Careless and stupified, I heeded not what I did; so he had but little difficulty in persuading me to accept his lodgings in London as mine. I lived with him about a month. Is not all this frightful, Doctor?” exclaimed Miss Edwards, abruptly. I shook my head, and sighed.

“Yes!” she resumed, echoing my sigh from the very depths of her bosom; “it is an awful catalogue of

crime indeed; but let me hasten through it, Doctor, while I have strength, for I sicken with the story.

“When I was left alone in London, my spirits grew more and more depressed. I felt sinking into what is called melancholy madness. I went one evening to Drury-Lane Theatre, almost stupified with wine, which I had been drinking alone, for I should really have destroyed myself but for the excitement of wine. I need hardly say to what part of the boxes a young woman, elegantly dressed, and alone, was ushered. It was that allotted to my miserable sisters in guilt. I sat at the corner of the boxes, a large shawl almost concealing me from head to foot. The orchestra was playing the overture. Oh, how sick, how faint that music made me, which all others listened to with ecstacy. It was of a pensive description, sad, but sweet beyond imagination; and it affected me so powerfully, that I was obliged to rush from the place, and seek fresh air. I returned in about half an hour. The vast house had completely filled while I was away; all was light and splendour; and the merry audience was shaking with laughter at the scenes of a favourite comedy. I—I could not laugh, but rather scream with the agonizing intensity of my feelings.

“‘La, how she sighs!—Mighty fine, to be sure,’ exclaimed a rude wretch that sat beside me glaring in finery. My heart drooped under the insult. I could not resent it. I gazed languidly at the happy people occupying the private boxes. How I envied them! In casting my eye round them, it fell on a party in that nearest but one to me. Gracious God! it was Captain — with three ladies, one of them very beautiful; and he was paying her the most anxious attentions.

“I remember no more till I found myself, early in the morning, in bed at my lodgings, attended by a girl in fine clothes. I then found, on enquiry, that I had suddenly fallen back on the floor of the boxes in a swoon, and was immediately carried out, attended by a girl that sat near me, who, having found by a paper in my pocket where I lived, brought me home. The woman of the house insisted on my quitting it immediate-



ly. 'I owed her no rent; 'But that was all one,' she said; 'I was a slut, and must be off!' The girl I spoke of refused to leave my room till I had a little recovered; and easily persuaded me to accompany her to her lodgings. I had about L.30 with me, and a few articles of elegant and expensive dress. I lay in bed at my new residence for two days, without once rising; and no words can tell the horror that was upon me! At the end of that time my companion prevailed upon me to accompany her to the play—whither, half intoxicated, I went. But I cannot pause over the steps by which I hurried on to the vilest excesses of infamy. My money exhausted—all the dress, except what I wore, pawned; what was to become of me? With the wages of shame and sin, I strove madly to drink myself to death; yes, Doctor, to death! I tried to live hard, that my health might fail—that I might die, if it were the death of a dog. I was soon obliged to leave my companion in guilt. She was more dreadfully addicted to drinking even than I; and in one of her sudden frenzies abused me, and at last struck me a blow with a decanter, that felled me in an instant, stunned and bleeding to the floor. See, Doctor, I have the mark of it!" said Miss Edwards, pushing aside her hair, and disclosing a large scar over the corner of her left forehead.

"You may wonder, Doctor, that I have said so little about my mother; but must not suppose that I *thought* little of her. Her injured image was always before my eyes, and served but to drive me into deeper despair. My own shame and misery were tolerable indeed, when I thought of what *her* sufferings must be! I never dared to make any enquiries about her. How, indeed, could I? Suddenly, however, I resolved, I knew not why—for the thought came over me like a flash of lightning—to go down to —, come what would—to see her, if possible, in disguise, without her knowing me. I exchanged my gay clothes with a poor woman of the town for her wretched rags; painted my face, concealed all my hair under my bonnet; and, with little more than money enough to pay my coach-hire down

—careless about the means of coming up—got upon the — coach, by night.

"It rained, and blew cruelly cold—but I had no umbrella—no protection against the inclement weather, but an old worn-out green cloak, that was comparatively useless to me. No one on the coach—indeed there were but three beside myself—would speak to such a wretched object as I looked, or offer me additional clothing! By five o'clock in the morning of the 10th of February 18—, at about two miles' distance from the town, I told them to set me down. I was so numb with cold, that I could scarcely keep my feet, till I found my way to a very small ale-house by the road side, where I called for gin, and drank off two glasses of it. Indeed, by the way, you would be horrified to know how I had accustomed myself to the use of raw spirits! Without waiting, I hastened onward. It was dark and dismal, truly. The rain, and the bitter wind, chilled my very heart within me, but I saw—felt—heard—thought of nothing but my wretched—my heart-broken mother. It was nearly seven o'clock when I entered the town. How my guilty, wearied heart beat, as I recognised the places about me! I drew my bonnet over my face—fearful lest, disguised as I was, I should by any chance be recognised—and skulked, like a thief, towards the street in which our house stood. I was often obliged to stop and lean against the walls and railings, to rest my aching limbs. At length I neared the dreaded spot. I looked—I strained my eyes, till they ached. Alas! what was once *our* house, was now a shop, newly painted, with a strange name in great glaring gold letters over the bow-window. Oh my God! what feelings shot through my quivering heart at that moment!—I sat down upon the wet steps of a house nearly opposite. I wrung my hands—I bit my lips with the intensity of my anguish—for I was afraid of alarming the yet sleeping neighbourhood with a shriek. At length an old man came slowly past, leading a horse. I asked him, with a faltering voice, where Mrs — (my mother) lived? He was deaf—and I was obliged to

shout the name into his ear—though the effort seemed to exhaust all the little breath I had.

“Oh—Mrs——?—why—let me see! Her whose daughter ran off with the officer some time since?”

“Nodded, though my eyes could no longer distinguish the person I was speaking to.

“Why—poor old lady—she’s been dead this year and a half”——

“I heard no more. I did not faint—I did not fall—I did not utter a sound—but while he was speaking, walked away steadily and rapidly. My body seemed to swell as I went on. I felt as if I hardly touched the ground. Strange lights were before my eyes. My head seemed whirling round and round. As I walked in this strange way, a coach passed me. I stopped it—found it was going up to London, and got on at once.

“Going all the way up to London, young woman?” said the gruff guard.

“I told him I was—and spoke not a word more, till we reached the coach-office in London. I had no money about me except a shilling or two, and the fare was a pound. They helped me off the coach; and when they found I could not pay my fare, abused me dreadfully—called me an impostor—and handed me over to a constable, who took me to the police-office as a swindler. The magistrate, who was just leaving, soon disposed of the case. The coachman made his charge; and the magistrate sternly enquired how I dared to act so dishonestly? I fell down on my knees, scarce knowing where I was, or what I was doing. He looked hard at me, and seemed to pity me.

“Is it worth while to press for sentence on such a wretched creature as this?” he said, and flung me a small piece of silver. I fell down at full length on the floor, with a faint scream; and was, in an hour or two, sent off to the hospital. There I lay for six weeks, ill of a brain fever, which had several times nearly put an end to my wretched existence. When I was discharged, I had nothing to put on, and no home to go to. At the same time, another young woman left the hospital; who, seeing my utter destitution, invited me home with her, for at least a day, till I could turn myself about. She con-

ducted me to a regular house of infamy! I wrote immediately to a gentleman, who had promised to send me money whenever I asked him. It was my first application, and was successful. He sent me L.10 immediately, begging me not to write to him any more.—Shall I go on!

“With part of this sum, I purchased gay clothes, and commenced—yes, the accursed life of a common prostitute! I seemed altogether changed since my visit to ——, and my illness in the hospital. My poor mother now dead—murdered—murdered by her vile daughter—I had scarce a relation in England that I knew of. Society, I was shut out from for ever. I lived in a state of mind that I cannot describe; a sort of calm desperation—quite indifferent what became of me—often wishing that I might drop down dead in the streets. I seldom passed three hours in the day sober; every farthing of money I could procure was instantly changed for the most scorching *spirits*! But I will not torture you with describing the life I led for a year after this; it was that of a devil! A few things, however, I may mention. As I was standing at the box-entrance of the theatre one night, in company with several other women like myself, I unexpectedly saw Captain ——, handing a splendidly-dressed lady out of a carriage. Without my wishing it—before, indeed, I was aware of it, his eye fell upon me, and he knew me. He turned ghastly pale; and was obliged to return back into the carriage with the lady, his wife I suppose, and drive home. Perhaps he thought I should make myself known; but no—I turned fainter far than he, and staggered away to some steps, on which I sat down to recover myself. By means of a Court Guide, which, by some accident or other, found its way into my hands, I soon afterwards found out where he lived. I often went, late at night, when it was dark and wet, so that no one seemed likely to be stirring, and paced to and fro before the large house where he lived, with feelings none can tell. How often has my heart’s fluttering half-choked me, while I have listened to the sound of the piano in the drawing-room! No



doubt, thought I, his wife is playing to him, and he is leaning on the sofa looking at her fondly! Oh! the hours—the nights I have passed in this wretched way! I thought myself more like a fiend haunting him, than any thing human. And yet, dreadfully as he had injured me, I would have died before I could have annoyed him! And, Doctor, I have done the same often towards another house in London. There, also, have I paced for hours—bitter hours—and that house was *yours*!” She burst into tears, and was several minutes before she could resume her narrative. I suggested that I would hear her proceed with her history at some future day—but she told me it was now nearly over. At length she resumed.

“I once walked several streets after you and Mrs —, and felt as if I could have kissed the ground you walked on. I dared not draw near, lest I should pollute you—lest I might, horrid creature, be seen and recognised; and when I lost sight of you, I had nothing for it but to hurry home, and drown my agony in drink. Did you never hear of my elopement, Doctor, before now?” she enquired abruptly. I answered that I had not; that, as the air did not suit my wife, we never went again to —; and that after she and Miss Edwards had ceased corresponding, the pressure of domestic and professional engagements prevented our enquiring after her. She sighed, and proceeded.

“I have often seen in places of amusement, and in the streets, some of the persons to whom Captain — introduced me in France, but they either could not, or would not, recognise me—and I never attempted to remind them of me. At length, however, even liquor was insufficient to keep up my spirits. I wandered about the streets—I herded with the horrible wretches about me—as if I was only half aware of what I did and where I was. I would have lived alone—but I dared not! The most dreadful thoughts assailed me. The guilt of my past life would often gleam back upon me in a way that almost drove me mad, and I have woke a whole house with my moanings! To occupy my thoughts, when obliged to be alone, I used to send for the papers, in one of which, while

carelessly casting my eyes over the list of deaths, I saw the name of my cousin, by which I knew at once that I was entitled, as I told you before, to the sum of L.3000. I instantly determined never to touch it—never to apply for it. I felt I had no business with it; that the dead would shake in their graves if I stretched out my hands towards it. Once I saw my name at the head of an advertisement, stating that by applying somewhere or other I should hear of something to my advantage! I had resolved, in my own mind, to leave the whole, when I died, to a particular charity, on condition that they would not allow my name to be known. You can guess the charity I mean, Doctor?” She paused, as if waiting for an answer.

“The Magdalen Hospital,” said I, in a low tone.

“Yes,” she replied with a sigh—“but to return, Doctor, let me now tell you of a dreadful circumstance, marking indeed the hand of Providence, which occurred only about six months before the period when you first saw me at — Court. As I was walking about five o’clock in the afternoon, in Oxford Street, miserable as I always was, both at home and abroad, I heard a sudden shout of alarm in the street; and on turning round, saw every thing clearing hastily out of the way of a horse galloping along like lightning towards where I stood, its rider evidently almost falling from his seat. As I stood near one of the cross-streets, the horse suddenly shot past me, round the corner, and, frightful to tell, in the act of turning round, swift as light, being, I suppose, startled by some object or other, threw its unfortunate rider over its head with stunning force against a high iron pump, and galloped off faster than before. A crowd of course collected instantly about the sufferer; and I could not help joining it, to find out whether or not the gentleman was killed. The crowd opened suddenly in the direction where I stood, making way for two men who were carrying their stunned and bleeding burden to a doctor’s shop close by. He was quite motionless, and the blood pouring from his head. The sight made me, you may suppose, sick and faint, but”—She paused—

"Doctor," she continued with a gasp, her face blanching with the recollection, "a glance at the countenance, half covered with blood though it was, shewed me the features of Captain——!" Here Miss Edwards again became exceedingly agitated, trembling from head to foot, and continuing deadly pale. I also felt deeply shocked at the incident she had been telling. At length, in a broken and rather indistinct tone, she proceeded, "I shrieked at the spectacle, and swooned, and was helped by some bystanders to an adjoining shop, which it was nearly an hour before I could leave, in a hackney-coach, for my lodgings. I never recovered the shock of that terrible occurrence. The next day's newspaper, which you may believe I bought with sickening apprehension, announced that Captain—— had been killed on the spot, and that his heart-broken widow was within only a few days of her confinement.

"The moment I recognised the bleeding body as I have told you, a strange pain shot across my breast. I felt—I knew it was my death-stroke—I knew I had not long to live—that the destroyer and his victim would soon be once more within the dreadful sight of each other!—My health and spirits—if it is not a mockery to call them such, soon broke down altogether; every night was I scared with the spectre of Captain——, every day tortured with the recollections of his bleeding corpse, and the horrid associations of my past and present guilt!—Unable to follow my foul, revolting line of life as before, I wandered like a cursed spirit, from one house of infamy to another, each worse than the former,—frequently beaten with cruel violence, half-starved, and sometimes kicked out of doors into the street, because—I would *not work*!—Twice have I been dragged disgracefully before a magistrate, on false accusations of robbing the vile wretch that owned the house in which I lived!—I have lodged in places that were filthier than hog-sties; I have heard robberies planned—and have listened with silent horror to schemes for entrapping the innocent of both sexes to their destruction. Once—once only I dared a whisper of remonstrance—and it earned me a blow from the old

Jewess with whom I lived, that stretched me senseless on the floor amid the laughter and derision of the wretches around us. Pressed by horrid want, I have plied the detestable trade I exercised—and been compelled to smile and caress those who chose to call for me—to drink with them—at the moment when my heart was dying within me! when I felt that consumption was working deeper and deeper into my vitals!

"About three weeks before you saw me, I happened to be prowling about the streets, when my haggard appearance struck a gentleman who was passing by on horseback. He eyed me earnestly for some moments, and then suddenly dismounted, and gave his horse into the hands of his servant. He had recognised me—spite of the dreadful alteration in my appearance—told me he had known me in what he called, alas! my 'earlier and better days'—and I recognised in him the nobleman for whose company I had quitted Captain——! He could hardly speak for the shock he felt. At length he uttered a word or two of commiseration—and taking out a bank-note from his pocket-book, which I afterwards found was for twenty pounds—he gave it me, telling me to look after my health—and, a little agitated, I thought, left me, as if ashamed to be seen for an instant speaking with such a wretched object as myself!—I, who had L.3000 and more at my command, accepted the *charity*—the bitter charity of this gentleman, with sullen composure—or resignation—as I thought; fancying, that by so doing, I was, in a manner, atoning for the enormity of my crimes. At the moments of my uttermost need, when fainting beneath the agonies of starvation—I felt a savage pleasure in thinking how much money I had within my reach, and yet refused to touch!—Guilty—ignorant creature—as if this could be viewed with satisfaction by Him—Him whom I had most offended! With the help of this L.20, which I was afraid to trust myself with in the house where I then resided, for fear of being robbed—perhaps murdered by those about me, I went over to a distant part of the town, and took up my residence—I forget how—in the filthy place from which you rescued me. I had



not been there a week, when I took to my bed, finding it impossible to drag my aching—my trembling limbs more than a few steps at a time. I felt that death had at last got his cold arms completely around me; and, partly in despair—partly under an influence I knew not how to resist—kind, inestimable Doctor, I sent off the line which brought you like an angel of mercy to my bedside!—My life at that place, though for so short a period, was a perpetual Hell—worse, I found—far worse than any I had before known.

“Why did not I, you may ask, with the L.20 I have been speaking of, seek out a decent and virtuous place of residence? I can only answer—ask the Devil—the Devil that never once left me! Guilty myself, I went naturally to the scenes of guilt: I could not—I dared not go to any other!—And suppose I had taken lodgings at a place of good character—that such people would have received a wretch such as I too plainly appeared—what was I to do when the L.20 was gone?—No—I preferred keeping in the black waters of pollution, till they closed over me! But I was saying how dreadfully I was treated in the last house to which I removed, and where you found me. When too late, I discovered that it was a noted house of call for—thieves, in addition to its other horrors; and the scenes I was compelled to witness, I cannot attempt to describe!—Would you believe it, Doctor?—one morning, the woman who called at your house actually struck me upon the mouth, till the blood gushed out, because I told her I was too ill to get out of bed and accompany the rest of her wretched flock to some place of low entertainment!—I submitted to it all, however, as to purgatory—thinking I might as well die there as any where else!—Believe me, Doctor—in my ignorance, my blindness to the horrors of hereafter—I looked on death, and longed for it—as a worn-out traveller looks out for the place of his evening’s rest! I expected to find in the grave, the peace, the quiet, the forgetfulness which the world denied me: and as for any thing *beyond*, my mind had grown unable to comprehend the thoughts of it—to understand any thing about it. But from this long

and dismal dream—this trance of guilt and horror—the Providence of God”——

Miss Edwards here paused, and languidly drew her handkerchief over her face, which shewed me, alas, by its colour and expression, how much she was exhausted. While I was speaking to her, in as kind a tone of sympathy as my emotion would admit of—for I need hardly say how I felt overcome with her long and melancholy narrative—she fainted. Though I used every known means, on the impulse of the moment, to recall her to consciousness, they seemed of no avail: and greatly alarmed, I summoned in the nurse, and the apothecary. As the latter entered, however, she slowly opened her eyes, and a sigh evidenced the return of consciousness. I continued by her side for nearly an hour longer, speaking all the soothing things my heart could devise—imploping her not to harrow herself with useless recollections of the past.

“But—what a wretch—what a monster must you think me, Doctor!” she exclaimed, faintly, averting her face. “Is not the air I breathe, pollution?”

“Eleanor, Eleanor! The Redeemer of the world said not so to the trembling one that washed his feet with her tears.” The poor girl, overpowered with the recollection, sobbed hysterically several times, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of emotion—murmuring, but so indistinctly I could scarce catch the words—“He said—go in peace!”

\* \* \* \*

“That blessed history,” she continued, when a little recovered, “is all that makes life tolerable to me. I cling to it, as an earnest of the pardon of Heaven! Oh, it was written for me—for the guilty such as me—I feel, I *know* it was!—Oh! world, cruel world—I can bear your scorn! I can bear the finger of contempt pointed at me! I can submit to hear you curse me—I turn from you my eyes—I look to Him, I listen only to Him that looked on Mary, and forgave her!”

“Well, Eleanor, such thoughts as these are sent to you from heaven! He you speak of has heard, and answered you!—But I must not stay here. I see your

feelings are too much excited; they will injure you. You must be got into bed immediately—and, if you wish it, the chaplain shall read a prayer beside you! Farewell, Eleanor, till to-morrow! May your thoughts this night be of happier hue! Sleep—sleep easier, breathe freely, now that so black a burden has been removed from your feelings!”

She uttered not a word, but grasped my hand with affectionate energy, and kissed it. I returned home, filled with mournful recollections of the sad story I had heard, and humble hopes that the mercy of Heaven might yet beam brightly upon the short period that was allotted her upon the earth! The next day, as indeed I anticipated, I found Miss Edwards in a very low depressed frame of mind, suffering the re-action consequent upon excitement. Poor girl, she would not be persuaded but that I only *forced* myself to see her, from a sense of duty; that her touch, her presence, was intolerable; that what I had listened to of her confession, had made me despise her.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, with bitter emotion, “how I abhor and hate myself for having told you so much; for having so driven from me my only friend!” Not all my most solemn assurances availed to convince her how deeply she was mistaken. She shook her head and wrung her hands in silent wretchedness. She even despaired of the mercy of Heaven. All this, however, I saw, was only a temporary mood of feeling, which I hoped would shortly disappear. She would not allow me, but with difficulty, to shake hands with her on leaving. Her whole frame shrunk from me as she exclaimed,—“Oh, touch me not!” To my great regret, and even astonishment, she continued in this melancholy humour for a whole week, till I accused myself of imprudence and cruelty in suffering her to tell me her history. My wife, on her return to London, called upon her; and her cordiality and affection a little reassured the sorrow-smitten sufferer, and had far more effect than all the medicine of the Dispensary and the physicians there could do for her.

We supplied her, at her own earnest wish, with a little employment,

to divert her mind from preying upon her already lacerated feelings. She worked at small articles of sewing, embroidery, &c., &c., which were afterwards taken, at her desire, to a charitable bazaar in the neighbourhood. The interest taken in her case by the other medical attendants at the Dispensary, was almost as great as that I felt myself. All that our united experience could suggest, was anxiously done for her. Every symptom of danger was anxiously waited for, watched, and, with the blessing of Providence, expelled. All the nourishment she was capable of receiving, was given her in the most inviting frame. My wife, the chaplain, myself, and the resident apothecary, were frequent visitors, for the purpose of keeping her spirits in cheerful and various exercise; and, with the aid of Heaven, these combined efforts proved eminently successful. I have very rarely, in the case of consumption, known a patient recover from such a hopeless degree of bodily and mental prostration, so satisfactorily as Miss Edwards. Her whole nature, indeed, seemed changed; her gentle, cheerful, graceful piety—if I may be allowed the expression—made piety lovely indeed. Not that she gave way to what is too often found to be the exacerbations arising from mere superstition acting upon weakened powers; that she affected what she did not feel, and uttered the sickening language of cant or hypocrisy. There was a lowliness, a simplicity, a fervour, a resignation about her, that could spring from sincerity alone!

The chaplain had given her a copy of the incomparable—the almost divine “*Saints’ Rest*” of Baxter. Morning, noon, and night, did she ponder over its pages, imbibing their chastening, hallowing, glorifying spirit; and would often lay down the book in a kind of transport, her features glowing with an expression that rivalled my recollections of her former beauty. \* \*

She was soon able to bear the motion of a hackney-coach, and, attended by her faithful nurse, took several drives about the airiest parts of the suburbs. In short, her recovery was marked by the most gratifying signs of permanency. How my heart leaped with joy, after so long,



painful, and anxious, often hopeless, an attendance on her, to enter her neatly-arranged room, and see her, not stretched upon the bed of agony and death—not turning her pale face to the wall, her soul filled with frightful apprehensions of an infinitely more frightful hereafter, but sitting “clothed, and in her right mind,” reading, beside the window, or walking to and fro, supported by the nurse, her figure, elegant and beautifully moulded, yet painfully slender, habited in a neat dark dress; for “white,” she said with a sigh, “she was now unworthy to wear,”—white—the vesture of the innocent! With what honest pride, too, did the nurse look at her,—her affectionate heart overjoyed at witnessing a recovery her own unwearied attentions had so-materially conducted to ensure!

Finding Miss Edwards’s convalescence so encouraging and steady, I proposed to her, seriously, to make claim, through a respectable solicitor, to the property she was entitled to, and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer-weather passed away. I suggested my advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost, the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

“Come, Eleanor, now, what possible rational objection can you have to all this?” I enquired, finding she listened to my proposal in seriousness and silence.

“Only,” she replied, with a sad, sweet smile, “only that it would make me too—too happy!” Matters were soon arranged. A respectable solicitor was duly instructed to put her in the proper way of obtaining what was due to her. There was little difficulty in doing so. The solicitor of her uncle, when written to, came up to town, acknowledged her right, and recognised her in a moment, though he had delicacy enough to abstain from any appearance of surprise, or unnecessary enquiry. There was, consequently, no obstacle on the score of identity; and the property was at once conveyed to

her, absolutely. I inserted in the newspapers such an advertisement as I spoke of, and it was answered the next day by the proprietor of precisely such a place as I wanted, which, therefore, I at once engaged, on Miss Edwards’s behalf, for a year, and made arrangements for her immediate removal thither. Before quitting the Infirmary, unknown to me, the grateful girl slipped a L.50 note—much more than she could afford with comfort—into the poor-box of the institution; and no remonstrance of mine could make her recall it.

I shall not soon forget the day selected for removing Miss Edwards from the Infirmary; and I cannot help telling it a little particularly. We had a large glass-coach at the Dispensary door by eleven o’clock, in which were my wife, and two of my eldest children, to whom I had granted a holiday, for the purpose of accompanying us in this happy little journey—so different, thank God, from a former one! Miss Edwards, with her nurse, filled up the inside, and I rode upon the coach-box. Oh, that happy—that bright, beautiful morning! That moral harvest-home! Never did I feel the sun shine so blessedly, the summer-breeze richer, or the country more charming. Again I say—that happy morning! Heaven! then indeed was thy smile upon us, shedding into all our hearts peace and gladness! That five miles’ drive was such an one as I may never have again—

“When the freshness of heart and of feeling were mine,

As they never again may be!”

I wonder what the coachman must have thought of me? for I could scarcely check the exuberant spirits which animated me.

As for Miss Edwards, I learnt from my wife that she spoke but little all the way. Her feelings could scarce content themselves with the silent tears which perpetually forced themselves into her eyes—the tears of ecstasy. When my wife spoke to her, she often could not answer her.

The cottage was very small, but sweetly situated, at some little distance from the high-road. Its little

white walls peeped from amid honey-suckle and jessamine, like a half-hid pearl glistening between the folds of green velvet.—As my two children trotted on before us with the basket of provisions, and my wife and I followed, with Miss Edwards between us, and the nurse behind, I felt that I was living months of happiness in a few moments of time. My good wife, seeing the difficulty with which Miss Edwards restrained her feelings, woman-like, began to help her fortitude, by bursting into tears, and kissing her. This quite overcame the poor girl. As we neared the cottage, she grew paler and paler—leaned more and more upon our arms—and, as we entered the parlour door, fainted. She soon recovered, however; and gently disengaging herself from my wife and the nurse, sunk upon her knees, elevated her trembling hands towards heaven, looked steadfastly upward, in a silence we all felt too sacred to disturb; and the tears at length flowing freely, relieved a heart overcharged and breaking with gratitude. That was a solemn—a blessed moment; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I felt too overpowered myself with my feelings, that I was compelled to quit the little room abruptly, and recover myself presently in the garden.

Sneer, ye ignorant of the human heart! Laugh, ye who have never known the luxury of being an instrument chosen by Heaven to assist in relieving the wretched, and bringing back the contrite mourner to peace and happiness; smile, ye whose hearts are impervious to the smiles of an approving Providence; sneer, I say—smile, laugh on—but away from such a scene as this! The ground is holy—oh, profane it not!

My heart is so full with recollections of that happy day, that I could spend pages over it; but I leave the few touches I have given as they are. I add not a stroke to the little picture I have here sketched, in all the humility of conscious imperfection.

We did not quit till about eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Edwards lay on the sofa as we took leave of her, exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of the day.

“Doctor, if you should ever write

to me,” whispered the poor girl, as I held her hands in mine, “call this—*Magdalen Cottage!*”

We paid her frequent visits in her new residence, and I found her, on each occasion, verifying our most anxious hopes of her permanent recovery. The mild summer—the sweet country air—a mind more at ease, and supported by the consolations of religion—did wonders for her. It was refreshing to one’s feelings to be with her! She got worshipped by the few poor in her immediate neighbourhood—for whom she was daily engaged in little offices of unassuming charity—and who spoke of her always as “the good lady at the cottage.” She was always dressed in a simple species of half-mourning; and her pale and interesting features looked more so, by contrast with the dark bonnet and veil she wore. I understand that she passed for a widow among the poor, and others that concerned themselves with enquiring after her; and the nurse—now rather her servant—kept up the notion.

I do not wish to represent Miss Edwards as being always, as it were, on the stilts of sentiment, or perpetually in ecstasies—no such thing. She was placid, peaceful, humble, contented, pious; and all this is consistent with a pervading tone of subdued pensiveness, or even occasional sadness. Heart’s ease—sweet flower! is not less heart’s ease, because it may occasionally bloom in the shade!

Three years, nearly, did Miss Edwards reside at Magdalen Cottage, as she touchingly styled it; her health, though extremely delicate, was on the whole satisfactory. The nurse was a perfect treasure to her. I was almost tired of expressing to her my approbation and thanks. In the beginning of the second winter, however, I regretted deeply to hear from her, that Miss Edwards, in coming from evening service at the church, about a mile off, to which, though the weather was most inclement, she had imprudently ventured—caught a severe cold, which soon revived several slumbering and startling symptoms. She had received, in short, her deathblow. Alas! alas! how soon I began to hear of profuse night-



sweats—of destructive coughing—and all the other fearful train of consumptive symptoms! Her appearance, too, soon began to tell of the havoc that disease was making with her constitution—already too much shattered to resist even the slightest attacks! I cannot pain the reader with dwelling on the early progress of her last symptoms. She soon left off her daily walks to the poor, and very soon took to her bed. Disease did indeed stride apace; and by the malignant intensity of suffering he inflicted, seemed revenging himself for his former defeat! The victim was indeed smitten; but it lay calmly awaiting the stroke of dismissal. She bore her last affliction with extraordinary meekness and fortitude. I thought she was really—unaffectedly rejoiced at the prospect of her removal. The poor nurse was infinitely the more distressed of the two: and the most serious reproofs I found necessary, to check the violence of her feelings. I must now, however, content myself with a few hasty entries from my Diary.

*Wednesday, January 18th.*—I called on Miss Edwards about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found, from the nurse, that she was sitting up in bed, hearing three little girls, daughters of a neighbouring peasant, their catechism. I was remonstrating in the parlour with the nurse for permitting Miss Edwards to act so imprudently, when a little girl came clattering hastily down stairs into the room, with a frightened air, saying, "Come! come!" I hastened up, and found that the poor girl had fainted in the midst of her pious task; and the two terror-struck children were standing by in silence, with their hands behind them, staring at the ghastly paleness and motionlessness of their preceptress. The book had fallen from her hands, and lay beside her on the bed. I sent the children away immediately, and addressed myself to my sweet, suffering, but imprudent patient. When I had succeeded in recovering her from her swoon, the first words she uttered, were, in a faint tone—"Go on, love"—"My dear Eleanor—Eleanor!—It's I,—Doctor——," said I, gently.

"Well, then, *you* must try it, Mary," she continued after a pause,

in the same soft tone.—"Poor lady! she thinks she's got the children—she's not sensible," whispered the nurse, in tears. What a lovely expression was there in Miss Edwards's face, blanched and wasted though it was!

"I'm afraid, my dear," she commenced again—her head still running on the pious duty from which she had been surprised by her swoon—"I'm afraid you've been playing, instead"—"Come, Eleanor," said I gently.

"No, love, I'm better, now! Go on—that's a good girl!" My vinaigrette served at length to dispel the illusion. With a faint start, she recovered herself.

"Oh! Doctor——! How are you? But"—she added, after a pause, "where are the children?"

"They are gone, Eleanor! Really, really, my dear, you must not do so again! It is much more than your strength can bear! Forgive me, Eleanor, but I have forbid them to come again," said I, kindly, not peremptorily. She looked at me with a little surprise, and in silence.

"Poor things!" she at length exclaimed, "how little they thought it was the last time!"

The tears came into her eyes.

"Nurse," said she softly, "please did you give them the little cakes I told you of?"

The poor woman shook her head in silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you feel to-day, Eleanor?" I enquired, feeling her pulse.

"Very, very weak; but so happy! I am sorry I heard the children, if you thought I did wrong—but"—her face brightened, "He that loved little children seemed with me!"

"My dear Eleanor, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you miscalculate your strength! Indeed, indeed, you don't know how weak you are! Now promise me not to do so again!"

"I will, dear Doctor, I will! For my flesh is weak! But how is Mrs——?" (my wife.)

"She is well, and begs her love to you. I have brought with me some calves'-foot jelly; she made it herself for you, and hopes you will relish it."

"She's *very* good to me—very," sobbed the poor girl. "I'll try to take a little this evening. But—I shall not want it long, Doctor," she added, with a sad smile; "I am going, I hope—to Heaven!"

She paused. I spoke not.

"If," she resumed, "such a poor guilty thing as I shall be permitted to do so—dear Doctor—I will—I will always watch over you and your"——

Her emotions were becoming too violent, and I thought it best to take my leave, promising to be with her the next day. Alas, I saw her sweet sad spirit was not long to be excluded from that blessed place, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!" Indeed, it was hard to part with her!

*January 19th to the 24th inclusive.*

During this interval Miss Edwards declined rapidly; but her sufferings never once seemed to shake her firm confidence in the mercy of God. She was occasionally elevated, partly through hysteric excitement, to a pitch of inspiration; and uttered such eloquence as I have seldom heard from female lips. The clergyman of the parish administered the sacrament to her once or twice, and it was consolatory, he said, to see the spirit in which she received it.

On one day during this interval, my wife (herself indisposed) accompanied me to Miss Edwards's bedside; and the poor, fond, grateful girl's feelings got quite uncontrollable. I was obliged to remove my wife, almost fainting, from the room; and I fear the shock of that interview—which I afterwards blamed myself much for allowing—hurried Miss Edwards more rapidly to her end. On one of the days in question, she calmly arranged about the disposal of her little property; leaving the interest of L.1000 to the nurse for her life; L.200 to the poor of the parish; a trifle to me and my wife, "for rings—if they will wear them;" and the rest to the Magdalen Hospital, on condition that it was given anonymously, and no attempt made to discover from what quarter it proceeded beyond me. I put the whole into the hands of my solicitor, and he got her will duly drawn and executed.

*Wednesday, January 25th.* Miss Edwards was sweetly calm and composed on this visit. She spoke to me of her funeral, begging it might be in the simplest way possible—followed by the nurse, three poor women, to whom she bequeathed black dresses for that purpose—and, if "I would honour her poor unworthy dust," by myself; that there should be no name, no plate upon the coffin-lid, and no grave-stone in the churchyard. She repeatedly and solemnly enjoined me to observe her wishes in this respect.

"Let me not leave my stained name behind me! No one would feel pleasure in seeing it—but, I believe—I humbly hope, it is written in the Books of Forgiveness above! Let me go gently, and in silence, into my mother Earth, and be thankful for so peaceful a resting-place!" The tone in which she uttered this echoes yet in my ear!

"I am happy, Eleanor," said I, much affected—"I am *very* happy to see you so composed in the prospect of death! Rely upon it, Heaven is very near you."

"Yes—the Friend of Publicans and Sinners—I think He will not refuse to receive me!" she replied, the tears dropping from her eyes.

"How bright—how clear is all before you!"

In a solemn, slow whisper, she looked upwards with an air of awful confidence in the truth of what she was saying, and quoted the sublime language of Scripture. "'I know that my Redeemer liveth—and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth: And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!'"

"Amen, Eleanor!" I exclaimed, taking her hand in mine—"we may meet again, my love," said I, but paused abruptly. I felt choked.

"Oh, Doctor, yes!" she replied, with thrilling emphasis, gently compressing my hand. "You must not, Doctor, when I am gone, quite forget me! Sometimes, Doctor, think of the poor girl you saved from ruin—and believe she loved you!" Our tears fell fast. I could not open my lips. "I know I am not worthy to be in your thoughts—but, dear Doctor! *you* will be among the last thoughts in my heart! Will you—



kiss me, and promise that you will sometimes remember poor Eleanor!"

Almost blinded by my tears—unable to utter a word—I bent over her and kissed her. "God bless thee, Eleanor," I faltered. She spoke not, but shook her head with unutterable emotion. I could bear it no longer; so I faltered that she should see me again within a very few hours—kissed her with a second solemn—it might be final kiss, and left the room. I had ridden half way home before I could at all recover my self-possession. Every time that the pale image of Eleanor B— came before me, it forced the tears afresh into my eyes, and half determined me to return instantly to her bedside, and continue there till she died.

*Thursday, January 26th.*—As I hurried up, about twelve o'clock, to the cottage, I saw an elderly woman, a stranger, in the act of closing the parlour shutters. Then my sweet patient was gone! I stepped into the parlour.

"She is dead, I suppose?" I enquired with a faltering voice.

"Ah, poor, good lady, she *is* gone! She's hardly been dead five minutes, though! Poor nurse is in a sad way about it."

At that moment the nurse came down stairs, wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "Oh—I wish I had died with her! Poor Miss Eleanor—I have lost you! I shall never"—and she cried as though her heart were breaking.

"I hope she died easily?" I enquired when she had grown calmer.

"Yes—yes, sir! She had been go-

ing fast ever since you left yesterday, though she tried, poor, dear thing! to do something for you which she had long been about—and—she died with it in her hands!"

Without uttering a word more, I went up into the bedroom. I cannot describe the peculiar feelings of awe with which I am struck on seeing a very recent corpse—before it has been touched—before any thing has been stirred or altered in the room about it. How forcibly I felt them on the present occasion!

"Did she say any thing before she died?" I enquired of the nurse, as we stood watching the remains.

"She sighed—and said softly—'Kiss me, nurse!—I'm leaving you!'—and died in a few minutes after, as if she was falling asleep!" replied the nurse.

She lay on her left side, her black hair half-concealing her face; and in her hand was a sampler, which she had been working at, I found, frequently during her illness, with a view of having it given to me after her death—and which was not yet finished. I gently disengaged it from her insensible grasp—and let the reader imagine my feelings, on seeing nothing but the letters—

"MARY MAGDALEN—  
E——"

The other letter of her initials—"B."—the finger of death had prevented her adding.

I shall never part with that sampler till I die!—Oh, poor Mary Magdalen!—I will not forget thee!

## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE PIRATE'S LEMAN.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can sooth her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away !

The only art her guilt can cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom, is to die."

Vicar of Wakefield.

"Ay Dios, si sera posible que he ya hallado lugar que pueda servir de escondida sepultura a la carga pesada deste cuerpo, que tan contra mi voluntad sostengo?"

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

THE next morning after breakfast I proceeded to Santiago, and landed at the custom-house wharf, where I found every thing bustle, dust, and heat; several of the captains of the English vessels were there, who immediately made up to me, and reported how far advanced in their lading they were, and enquired when we were to give them convoy, the latest news from Kingston, &c. At length I saw our friend Ricardo Campana going along one of the neighbouring streets, and I immediately made sail in chase. He at once recognised me, gave me a cordial shake of the hand, and enquired how he could serve me. I produced two letters which I had brought for him, but which had been forgotten in the bustle of yesterday; they were introductory, and although sealed, I had some reason to conjecture that my friend Mr Pepperpot Wagtail had done me much more than justice. Campana, with great kindness, immediately invited me to his house. "We foreigners," said he, "don't keep your hours; I am just going home to breakfast." It was past eleven in the forenoon. I was about excusing myself on the plea of having already breakfasted, when he silenced me. "Why, I guessed as much, Mr Lieutenant, but then you have not lunched; so you can call it lunch, you know, if it will ease your conscience." There was no saying nay to all this civility, so we stumped along the burning streets, through a mile of houses, large massive buildings, but very different in externals

from the gay domiciles of Kingston. Aaron Bang, who was with me, whispered that they looked more like prisons than dwelling houses, and he was not in this very much out. Most of them were built of brick, and plastered over, with large windows, in front of each of which, like the houses in the south of Spain, there was erected a large heavy wooden balcony, projecting far enough from the wall to allow a Spanish chair, such as I have already described, to be placed in it. The front of these verandahs was closed in with a row of heavy balustrades at the bottom, of a variety of shapes, and by clumsy carved woodwork above, which effectually prevented you from seeing into the interior. The whole had a Moorish air, and in the upper part of the town there was a Sabbath-like stillness prevailing, which was only broken now and then by the tinkle of a guitar from one of the afore-said verandahs, or by the rattling of a crazy *volante*, a sort of covered gig, drawn by a broken-kneed, and broken-winded mule, with a kiln-dried old Spaniard or Doña in it.

The lower part of the town had been busy enough, and the stir and hum of it rendered the quietude of the upper part of it more striking.

A shovel-hatted friar now suddenly accosted us.

"*Senor Campana—ese pobre familia de Cangrejo! Lastima! Lastima!*"

"*Cangrejo—Cangrejo!*" muttered I; "why, it is the very name attached to the miniature."



Campana turned to the priest, and they conversed earnestly together for some moments, when he left him, and we again held on our way. I could not help asking him, what family that was, whose situation the "*padre*" seemed so feelingly to bemoan.

"Never mind," said he, "never mind; they were a proud family once, but that is all over now—come along."

"But," said I, "I have a very peculiar cause of interest with regard to this family. You are aware, of course, of the trial and execution of the pirates in Kingston, the most conspicuous of whom was a young man called *Federico Cangurejo*, from whom"—

"Mr Cringle," said he, solemnly, "at a fitting time I will hear you regarding that matter; at present I entreat you will not press it."

Good manners would not allow me to push it farther, and we trudged along together, until we arrived at Don Ricardo Campana's door. It was a large brick building, plastered over, as already described, and white-washed. There was a projecting stair in front, with a flight of steps to the right and left, with a parapet wall towards the street. There were two large windows, with the wooden verandah or lattice projecting into the street, on the first floor, and on the second a range of smaller windows, of the same kind. What answers to our ground floor, was level with the street, and was occupied by warehouses, filled with dry goods, sugar, coffee, hides, and a vast variety of miscellaneous articles. We ascended the stairs, and entered a lofty room, cool and dark, and paved with large diamond-shaped bricks, and every way desirable for a West India lounge, all to the furniture, which was meagre enough; three or four chairs, a worm-eaten old leathern sofa, and a large clumsy hard-wood table in the midst.

There were several children playing about, little sallow devils, although, I daresay, they could all of them have been furnished with certificates of white parentage, upon whom one or two negro women were hovering in attendance beyond a large folding door, that fronted the entrance.

When we entered, the eldest of the children, a little girl of about eight years old, was sitting in the door-way, playing with a small blue toy that I could make nothing of, until on a nearer inspection I found it to be a live land-crab, which the little lady had manacled with a thread by the foot, the thread being fastened to a nail, which was driven into a seam of the floor.

As an article of food, I was already familiar with this creature, but I had never seen a living one before; it was in every respect like a sea-crab, only smaller, the body being at the widest not above three inches across the back. It fed without any apparent fear, and while it pattered over the tiled floors with its hard claws, it would seize a piece of bread in its forceps, and feed itself like a little monkey. By the time I had exchanged a few words with the little lady, the large door that opened into the hall on the right hand moved, and mine hostess made her appearance; a small woman, dressed in a black gown, very laxly fitted. She was the very converse of our old ship, she never *missed stays*, although I did cruelly.

"This is my friend, Lieutenant Cringle," said mine host.

"*A las pies de usted, Senora,*" responded your humble servant.

"I am very glad to see you," said the lady; "but breakfast is ready; welcome, sir, welcome."

The food was not amiss, the coffee decidedly good, and the chocolate, wherein, if you had planted a teaspoon, it would have stood upright, was excellent. After we had done with substantials, *Dulce*, that is the fruit of the guava, preserved, in small wooden boxes, (like drums of figs,) and made into a kind of jam, was placed on the table, and after mine host and his spouse had eaten a bushel of it a-piece, and drank a gallon of that most heathenish beverage, cold clear water, the repast was considered ended; but after a hearty meal, and a pint of claret, I felt rather inclined to sit still and expatiate for an hour or so, when Campana roused me, and asked whether or not I felt inclined to go and look at the town. I had no apology, and although I would much rather have sat still, I rose to accompany him,

when in walked Captain N——. He was also kindly received by Don Ricardo.

"Glad of the honour of this visit," said he in French, with a slight *lift* of the corner of his mouth; "I hope neither *you* nor your boat's crew took any harm after the *heat* of yesterday."

N—— laughed.

"Why, you did beat us very neatly, Don Ricardo. Pray, where got you that canoe? But a lady—Mrs Campana, I presume?—Have the goodness to introduce me."

The skipper was presented in due form, the lady receiving him without the least *mauvaise honte*, which, after all, I believe to be indigenous to our island. Aaron was next introduced, who, as he spoke no lingo, *as I knows of*, to borrow Timotheus Taitackle's phraseology, but English, was rather posed in the interview.

"I say, Tom, tell her I wish she may live a thousand years. Ah, so, that will do."

Madama made her *congé*, and hoped "*El Senor, tomaria una sienta.*"

"*Mucho, mucho*," sung out Bang, who meant by that that he was *much* obliged.

At length Don Ricardo came to our aid. He had arranged a party into the country in the morning, and invited us all to come back to a *tertulia* in the evening, and to take beds in his house, he undertaking to provide *bestias* to carry us.

We therefore strolled out, a good deal puzzled what to make of ourselves until the evening, when we fell in with one of the captains of the English ships then loading, who told us that there was a sort of hotel a little way down the street, where we might dine at two o'clock at the *table d'hôte*. It was as yet only twelve, so we stumbled in to this said hotel to reconnoitre, and a sorry affair it was. The public room was fitted with rough wooden tables, at which Spaniards, Americans, and Englishmen, sat and smoked, and drank sanguree, hot punch, or cold grog, as best suited them, and committed a vast variety of miscellaneous abominations during their potations. We were about giving up all thoughts of the place, and had turn-

ed to go to the door, when in popped our friend Don Ricardo. He saw we were somewhat abroad.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if I may ask, have you any engagement to dinner?"

"No, we have none."

"Well then, will you do me the honour of partaking of my family fare, at three o'clock? I did not venture to invite you before, because I knew you had other letters to deliver, and I wished to leave you masters of your own time." We gladly accepted his kind offer; he had made his bow, and was cruising amongst the smokers, and punch-drinkers, where the blue-coated masters of the English merchantmen, and American skippers, were hobbing and nobbing with the gingham-coated Dons, for the whole Spanish part of the community were figged out in Glasgow and Paisley gingham; when the priest, who had attracted our attention in the morning, came up to him, and drew him aside. They talked earnestly together, the *clerico*, every now and then, indicating by significant nods and glances towards us, that we formed the burden of his song, whatever that might be. Campana seemed exceedingly unwilling to communicate the message, which we guessed he had been intreated to carry to us, and made one or two attempts to shove the friar in *propria persona* towards us, that he might himself tell his own story. At length they advanced together to where we stood, when he addressed me.

"You must pardon me, lieutenant; but as the proverb hath it, 'strange countries, strange manners;' my friend here, *Padre Carera*, brings a message from *El Senor Picador Cangrejo*, one of our magnates, that he will consider it an especial favour if you will call on him, either this forenoon or to-morrow."

"Why, *who is this Cangrejo*, Don Ricardo? if he be not the father of the poor fellow I mentioned, there must be some mystery about him."

"No mystery," chimed in the monk; "no mystery, God help us, but *mucho, mucho, miseria hijo mio*; much misery, sir, and more impending, and none to help save only"—  
He did not finish the sentence, but



taking off his shovel-hat, and shewing his finely turned bald head, he looked up to heaven, and crossed himself, the tears trickling down his wrinkled cheeks. "But," continued he, "you will come, Mr Cringle?"

"Certainly," said I, "to-morrow I will call, if my friend Don Ricardo will be my guide." This being fixed, we strolled about until dinner time, friend Aaron making his remarks regarding the people and their domiciles with great *naïveté*.

"Strange now, Tom, I had expected to see little else amongst the slave population here than misery and starvation; whereas, so far as I can observe, they are all deucedly well cared for, and fat, and contented; and from the enquiries I was making amongst the captains of the merchantmen"—("Masters," interjected Captain N., "*Master of a merchantman, Captain of a man-of-war.*") "Well, captains of merchantmen,—masters, I mean,—I find that the people whom they employ are generally free; and, farther, that the slaves are not more than three to one, to one free person, yet they export a great deal of produce, Captain N.—must keep my eyes about me." And so he did, as will be seen by and bye. But the dinner hour drew near, and we repaired to Don Ricardo's, where we found a party of eight assembled, and our appearance was the signal for the repast being ordered in. It was laid out in the entrance hall. The table was of massive mahogany, the chairs of the same material, with stuffed bottoms, covered with a dingy coloured morocco, which might have been red *once*. But devil a dish of anykind was on the snow-white table cloth when we sat down, and our situations, or the places we were expected to fill at the board, were only indicated by a large knife and silver fork and spoon laid down for each person. The company consisted of Don Ricardo *Campana*, *Le Senora Campana*, and a brother of his, two dark young men, his clerks, and three young women, ladies, or *senoras*, as I ought to have called them, who were sitting so far back into the shade, at the dark end of the room, when we entered, that I could not tell what they were.

Our hostess was, although a little woman, a good-looking dark Spaniard,

as already mentioned, not very polished, but very kind; and seeing that our friend Aaron was the most helpless amongst us, she took him under her especial care, and made many a civil speech to him, although her husband did not fail to advertise her, that he understood not one word of Spanish, that is, of all she was saying to him. However, he replied to her kindnesses by his never-failing exclamation of "*mucho, mucho*," and they appeared to be getting on extremely well. "Bring dinner," quoth Don Ricardo, "*trae la Comida*;" and four black female domestics entered, the first with a large dish of pillaffe, or fowls smothered in rice and onions; the second with a nondescript mélange, flesh, fish, and fowl apparently, strongly flavoured with garlic; the third bore a dish of jerked beef, cut into long shreds, and swimming in *seba* or lard; and the fourth bore a large dish full of that indescribable thing known by those who have read Don Quixote, as an *olla podrida*. The sable handmaidens began to circulate round the table, and every one helped himself to the dish that he most fancied. At length they placed them on the board, and brought massive silver salvers, with snow-white bread, twisted into strands in the baking, like junks of a cable; and water jars, and yams nicely roasted and wrapped in plantain leaves. These were in like manner handed round, and then deposited on the table, and the domestics vanished.

We all got on cheerily enough, and both the captain and myself were finishing off with the *olla podrida*, with which, it so happened, we were familiar, and friend Bang taking the time from us, took heart of grace and straightway followed our example. There was a pause—rather an irksome one from its continuance, so much so indeed, that knocking off from my more immediate business of gorging the aforesaid *olla podrida*, I looked up, and as it so happened, by accident towards our friend Bang—and there he was, munching and screwing up his energies to swallow a large mouthful of the mixture, against which his stomach appeared to rebel. "Smollet's feast after the manner of the ancients," whispered N—. At length he made a vigorous effort and straightway sung out—"L'eau de

*vie*, Don Ricardibus—some brandy, *mon ami*—for the love of all the respectable saints in your heathenish calendar.”

Mine host laughed, but the females were most confoundedly posed. The younger ones ran for aromatic salts, while the lady of the house fetched some very peculiar distilled waters. She, in her kindness filled a glass and helped Bang, but the instant he perceived the flavour, he thrust it away.

“Anniseed—damn anniseed—no, no—obliged—*mucho, mucho*—but brandy *plaino*, that is simple of itself, if you please—that’s it—Lord love you, my dear madam—may you live a thousand years though.”

The pure brandy was administered, and once more the dark beauties reappeared, the first carrying a bottle of vindegrave, the second one of vinotinto, or claret, and the third one of *l'eau de vie*, for Aaron’s peculiar use. These were placed before the landlord, who helped himself to half a pint of claret, which he poured into a large tumbler, and then putting a drop or two of water into it, tasted it, and sent it to his wife. In like manner, he gave a smaller quantity to each of the other senoras, when the whole female part of the family drank our healths in a volley. But all this time the devil a thing drinkable was there before we males, but goblets of pure cold water. Bang’s “*mucho mucho*” even failed him, for he had only in his modesty got a thimbleful of brandy to qualify the *olla podrida*. But in a twinkling a beautiful long-necked bottle of claret was planted at each of our right hands, and of course we lost no time in returning the unlooked for civility of the ladies. Until this moment I had not got a proper glimpse of the three virgins of the Sun, who were seated at table with us. They were very pretty Moorish-looking girls, as like as pease, dark hair, black eyes, clear colourless olive complexion, and no stays; but young and elastic as their figures were, this was no disadvantage. They were all three dressed in black silk petticoats, over a sort of cambric chemise, with large frills hanging down at the bosom, but gown, properly so called, they had none, their arms being unencumbered with any clothing heavier than a

shoulderstrap. The eldest was a fine full young woman of about nineteen; the second was more tall and stately, but sligher; and the youngest, was—oh, she was an angel of light—such hair, such eyes, and such a mouth; then her neck and bosom—“Oh, my Norah’s gown for me, to rise and fall as nature pleases,” when the wearer *is*, as in the present case she *was*, young and beautiful. They all wore a long plain white gauze strap, like a broad ribbon, (little Reefpoint said they all wore boat pennants at their mast heads,) I don’t know what Madam Maradongarçon would call it, in their hair, which fell down from amongst the braids nearly to their heels, and then they replied in their magnificent language, when casually addressed during dinner, with so much *naïveté*. We, the males of the party, had drank little or nothing, a bottle of claret or so a-piece, and a dram of brandy, to qualify a little vindegrave that we had flirted with during dinner; when our landlord rose, wished us a good afternoon, and departed to his counting-house, saying he would be back by dark, leaving the captain and I, and friend Bang, to amuse the ladies the best way we could, as the clerks had taken wing along with their master. Don Ricardo’s departure seemed to be the signal for all hands breaking loose, and a regular romping match took place, the girls producing their guitars, and we were all mighty frolicsome and happy, when a couple of *padres* from the convent of La Merced, in their white flannel gowns, black girdles, and shaven crowns, suddenly entered the hall. We, the foreign part of the society, calculated on being pulled up by the *clericos*, but deuce a bit; on the contrary, the young females clustered round them, laughing and joking, while the *Senora Campana* presented them with goblets of claret, in which they drank our healths, once and again, and before long they were gamboling about, all shaven and shorn; like a couple of three-year olds. Bang had a large share of their assiduity, and to see him waltzing with a fine active, and what I fancy to be a rarity, a clean-looking priest, with his ever recurring “*mucho, mucho*,” was rather entertaining.

The director of the post-office,



and a man who was called the "*Corrector de Tobacco*," literally the "corrector of tobacco," dropped in about this time, and one or two ladies, relatives of Mrs Campana, and Don Ricardo, returning soon after, we had sweetmeats, and liqueurs, and coffee, and chocolate, and a game at monte, and maco, and were, in fact, very happy. But the happiest day, as well as the most miserable, must have an end, and the merry party dropped off, one after another, until we were left all alone with our host's family. *Madama* soon after took her departure, wishing us a good night. She had no sooner gone, than Bang began to shoot out his horns a bit. "I say, Tom, ask the Don to let us have a drop of something hot, will you, a tumbler of hot brandy and water, after the waltzing, eh? I don't see the bedroom candles yet." Nor would he, if we had sat there till doomsday. Campana seemed to have understood Bang, the brandy was immediately forthcoming, and we drew in to the table to enjoy ourselves, Bang waxing talkative. "Now what odd names,—why, what a strange office it must be for his Majesty of Spain to employ at every port a *corrector of tobacco*; that his liege subjects may not be imposed on, I suppose—what capital cigars this same *corrector* must have, eh?"

I suppose it is scarcely necessary to mention, that throughout all the Spanish American possessions, tobacco is a royal monopoly, and that the officer above alluded to is the functionary who has the management of it. Don Ricardo, hearing something about cigars, took the hint, and immediately produced a straw case from his pocket, and handed it to Bang.

"*Mucho, mucho*," quoth Bang; "capital, real Havannah."

So now, since we had gotten all fairly into the clouds, there was no saying how long we should have remained in the seventh heaven—much would have depended upon the continuance of the supply of brandy—but two female slaves presently made their appearance, each carrying a *quatre*. I believe I have already described this easily rigged couch somewhere; it is a hardwood-frame, like what supports the loose top of

a laundry table, with canvass stretched over the top of it, but in such a manner that it can be folded up flat, and laid against the wall when not in use, while a bed could be immediately constructed by simply opening it and stretching the canvass. The handmaidens accordingly set to work to arrange two beds, or *quatre*s, one on each side of the table where we were sitting, while Bang sat eyeing them askance, in a kind of wonderment as to the object of the preparations, which were by no means new either to the Captain or me, who, looking on them as matters of course, continued in close confabulation with Don Ricardo during the operations.

"I say, Tom," at length quoth Bang, "are you to be laid out on one of these outlandish pieces of machinery—eh?"

"Why, I suppose so; and comfortable enough beds they are, I can assure you."

"Don't fancy them much, however," said Bang; "rather flimsy the framework."

The servants now very unceremoniously, no leave asked, began to clear away all the glasses and tumblers on the table.

"Hillo," said the skipper, casting an enquiring glance at Campana, who however did not return it, but, as a matter of course apparently, rose, and taking a chair to the other end of the room, close by the door of an apartment which opened from it, began in cold blood to unlace, and disburthen himself of all his apparel, even unto his shirt.

This surprised us all a good deal, but our wonderment was lost on the Don, who got up from his seat, and in his linen garment, which was deucedly laconic, made his formal bow, wished us good-night, and presenting the reverse of his medal, which was extremely picturesque, he vanished through the door. By this, the ebony ladies had cleared the table of the crystal, and had capped it with a yellow leather mattress, with pillows of the same, both embossed with large tufts of red silk; on this they placed *one* sheet, and leaving a silver apparatus at the head, they disappeared—"Buenos noches, Senores—las camas estan listas."

Bang had been unable to speak

from excess of astonishment; but the skipper and I, finding there was no help for it, had followed Campa-na's example, and kept pace with him in our *peeling*, so that by the time he disappeared, we were ready to topple into our *cuatres*, which we accordingly did, and by this time we were both at full length, with our heads cased each in one of Don Ricardo's silk night-caps, contemplating Bang's appearance, as he sat in disconsolate mood in his chair at the head of the table, with the fag-end of a cigar in the corner of his cheek.

"Now, Bang," said N——, "turn in, and let us have a snooze, will ye?"

Bang did not seem to like it much. "Zounds, N——, did you ever hear of a gentleman being put to bed on a table? Why, it must be a quiz. Only fancy me dished out, like a great calipee in the shell! However, here goes—But surely this is in sorry taste; we had our chocolate a couple of hours ago—capital it was by the by—in vulgar Staffordshire china, and now they give us silver!"

"Be decent, Bang," cut in the skipper, who was by this time more than half asleep. "Be decent, and go to bed—that's a good fellow."

"Ah, well"—Aaron undressed himself, and lay down, and there he was laid out, with a candle on each side of his head, his red face surmounted by a redder handkerchief tied round his head, sticking out above the white sheet; and supported by Captain N—— and myself, one on each side. All was now quiet. I got up and put out the candles, and as I fell asleep, I could hear Aaron laughing to himself—"dished, and served up, deuced like Saint Barts. I was intended for a doctor, Tom, you must know. I hope the Don is not a medical amateur; I trust he won't have a touch at me before morning. Rum *subject* I should make. Possibly he may want to practise cutting for the stone—he! he!" All was silent for some time.

"Hillo—what is that?" said Aaron again, as if suddenly aroused from his slumbers,— "I say, none of your fun, N——."

A large bat was *flapping* about, and I could hear him occasionally *whir* near our faces.

"Oh, a bat—hate bats—How the skipper snores! I hope there be no resurrection men in St Jago, or I shall be stolen away to a certainty before morning. How should I look as a skeleton in a glass-case, eh?"

I heard no more, until, it might be, about midnight, when I was awakened, and frightened out of my wits, by Bang rolling *off* the table *on* to my *cuatre*, which he broke in his fall, and then we both rolled over and over on the floor.

"Murder!" roared Bang. "I am bewitched and bedevilled. Murder! a scorpion has dropped from the roof into my mouth, and stung me on the nose. Murder! Tom—Tom Cringle—Captain—N——, my dear fellows, awake and send for the doctor. Oh my wig—oh dear—oh dear!"

At this uproar I could hear Don Ricardo striking a light, and presently he appeared with a candle in his hand, more than half naked, with *La Senora* peering through the half-opened door behind him.

"*Ave Maria purissima*—what is the matter? Where is *el Senor Bang*?"

"*Mucho, mucho*," shouted Bang from below the table. "Send for a doctoribus, Senor Richardum. I am dead and t'other thing—help!—help!"

"*Dios guarda Usted*," again ejaculated Campana. "What has befallen him?" addressing the skipper, who was by this time on his head's antipodes in bed, rubbing his eyes, and in great amazement.

"Tell him, my dear N——, that a scorpion fell from the roof, and stung me on the nose."

"What says he?" enquired the Spaniard.

Poor N——'s intellect was at this time none of the clearest, being more than half asleep, and not quite so sober as a hermit is wont to be; besides, he must needs speak Spanish, of which he was by no means master, which led to a very comical blunder. *Alacran*, in Spanish, means scorpion; and *Cayman*, an alligator, not very similar in sound certainly, but the *termination* being the same, he selected in the hurry the wrong phrase.

"He says," replied N—— in bad Spanish, "that he has swallowed



an alligator, or something of that sort, sir." Then a loud yawn.

"Swallowed a what?" rejoined Campana, greatly astonished.

"No, no," snorted the captain—"I am wrong—he says he has been stung by an alligator."

"Stung by an alligator!—impossible."

"Why, then," persisted the skipper, "if he be not stung by an alligator, or if he has not *really* swallowed one, at all events an alligator has either stung or swallowed him—so make the most of it, Don Ricardo."

"Why this is absurd, with all submission," continued Campana; "how the deuce could he swallow an alligator, or an alligator get into my house to annoy him?"

"D—n it," said N——, half tipsy and very sleepy, "that's his look out. You are very unreasonable, Don Ricardo; all that is the affair of friend Bang and the alligator; my purpose is solely to convey his meaning *faithfully*"—a loud snore.

"Oh," said Campana, laughing, "I see, I see; I left your friend *sobre mesa*, (on the table,) but now I see he is *sub rosa*."

"Help, good people, help!" roared Bang—"help, or my nose will reach from this to the Moro Castle—Help!"

We got him out, and were I to live a thousand years, which would be a tolerably good spell, I don't think I could forget his appearance. His nose, usually the smallest article of the kind that I ever saw, was now swollen as large as my fist, and as purple as a mulberry—the distension of the skin, from the venomous sting of the reptile—for stung he *had been* by a scorpion—made it semi-transparent, so that it looked like a large *blob* of currant jelly hung on a peg in the middle of his face, or a gigantic leech, gorged with blood, giving his visage the semblance of some grotesque old-fashioned dial, with a fantastic gnomon.

"A poultice—a poultice—a poultice, good people, or I shall presently be all nose together,"—and a poultice was promptly manufactured from mashed pumpkin, and he was put to bed, with his face covered up with it, as if an Italian artist had

been taking a cast of his beauties in plaster of Paris.

In the application of this said poultice, however, we had nearly extinguished poor Aaron amongst us, by suffocating him outright; for the skipper, who was the operating surgeon in the first instance, with me for his mate, clapped a whole ladleful over his mouth and nose, which, besides being scalding hot, sealed those orifices effectually, and indeed about a couple of tablespoonfuls had actually been forced down his gullet, notwithstanding his struggles, and exclamations of "Pumpkin—bad—softened with castor oil—d—n it, skipper, you'll choke me"—spurt—sputter—sputter—"choke me, man."

"Cuidado," said Don Ricardo; "let me manage"—and he got a small tube of wild cane, which he stuck into Bang's mouth, through a hole in the poultice cloth, and set a negro servant to watch that it did not sink into his gullet, as he fell asleep, and with instructions to take the poultice off whenever the pain abated; and there he lay on his back, whistling through this artificial beak, like a sick snipe.

At length, however, all hands of us seemed to have fallen asleep, but towards the dawning I was awakened by repeated bursts of suppressed laughter, and upon looking in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, I was surprised beyond all measure to observe N—— in a corner of the room in his trowsers and shirt, squatted like a tailor on his hams, with one of the sable damsels on her knees beside him holding a candle, while his Majesty's Post Captain was plying his needle in a style and with a dexterity that would have charmed our friend Stultz exceedingly, and every now and then bending double over his work, and swinging his body backwards and forwards with the water welling from his eyes, laughing all the while like to choke himself. As for his bronze candlestick, I thought she would have expired on the spot, with her white teeth glancing like ivory, and the tears running down her cheeks, as she every now and then clapped a handkerchief on her mouth to smother the uncontrollable uproariousness of her mirth.

"Why, captain, what spree is this?" said I.

"Never you mind, but come here. I say, Mr Cringle, do you see him piping away there"—and there he was, sure enough, still gurgling through the wild cane—with his black guardian, whose province it was to have removed the poultice, sound asleep, snoring in the huge chair at Bang's head, wherein he had established himself, while the candle at his patient's cheek was flickering in the socket.

My superior was evidently bent on wickedness.

"Get up and put on your trowsers, man."

I did so.

"Now wait a bit till I cooper him—Here my darling"—to the sable virgin, who was now on the *qui vive*, bustling about—"here," said the captain, putting out a leg of Bang's trowsers, "hold you there, my dear!"—

She happened to be a native of Haiti, and comprehended his French.

"Now hold *you* that, Mr Cringle."

I took hold of the other leg, and held it in a fitting position, while N—— deliberately sewed them both up.

"Now for the coat sleeves!"—

We sealed them in a similar manner.

"So—now for his shirt."

We sewed up the stem, and then the stern, converting it into an outlandish-looking pillow-case, and finally both sleeves; and last of all, we got two live land-crabs from the servants, by dint of persuasion and a little *plata*, and clapped one into each stocking foot.

We then dressed ourselves, and when all was ready, we got a piece of tape for a landyard, and made one end fast to the handle of a large earthen water-jar, full to the brim, which we placed on Bang's pillow, and passed the other end round the neck of the sleeping negro.

"Now get you to bed," said the captain to the dingy handmaiden, "and stand by to be off, Mr Cringle."

He stepped to Don Ricardo's bedroom door, and tapped loudly.

"Hillo!" quoth the Don. On this hint, like men springing a mine, the

last who leave the sap, we sprang into the street, when the skipper turned, and taking aim with a large custard apple which he had armed himself with, (I have formerly described this fruit as resembling a russet bag of cold pudding,) he let fly. Spin flew the apple—bash on the blackamoor's obtuse snout. He started back, and in his terror and astonishment threw a *somersault* over the back of his chair—gush poured the water—smash fell the pipkin—"murder" roared Bang, dashing off the poultice cast with such fury that it lighted in the street—and away we raced at the top of our speed.

We ran as fast as our legs would carry us, for two hundred yards, and then turning, walked deliberately home again, as if we had been out taking a walk in the cool morning air.

As we approached, we heard the yells of a negro, and Bang high in oath.

"You black rascal, nothing must serve your turn but practising your John Canoe tricks upon a gentleman—take that, you villain, as a small recompense for floating me out of my bed—or rather off the table," and the ludicrousness of his couch seemed to come over the worthy fellow once more, and he laughed loud and long—"Poor devil, I hope I have not hurt you? here, Quashi, there's a pistole, go buy a plaster for your broken pate."

By this we had returned in front of the house, and as we ascended the front stairs, we again heard a loud racketing within; but blackie's voice was now wanting in the row, wherein the Spaniard and our friend appeared to be the *dramatis personæ*—and sure enough there was Don Ricardo and Bang at it, tooth and nail.

"Allow me to assist you," quoth the Don.

"Oh no—*mucho—mucho*," quoth Bang, who was spinning round and round in his shirt on one leg, trying to thrust his foot into his trowsers; but the garment was impervious; and after emulating Noblet in a piroquette, he sat down in despair. We appeared—"Ah, N——, glad to see you—some evil spirit has bewitched



me, I believe—overnight I was stung to death by a scorpion—half an hour ago I was deluged by an invisible spirit—and just now when I got up, and began to pull on my stockings, Lord! a land-crab was in the toe part, and see how he has scarified me”—forking up his peg—“I then tried my trowsers,” he continued in a most doleful tone—“and lo! the legs are sealed. And look at my face, saw you ever such an unfortunate? When shall we return to Kingston, eh? I can’t stand this work long, I assure you.”

The truth is that our amigo Aaron had gotten an awful fright on his first awakening after his cold bath, for he had given the poor black fellow an ugly blow upon the face, before he had gathered his senses well about him, and the next moment seeing the blood streaming from his nose, and mixing with the custard-like pulp of the fruit with which his face was plastered, he took it into his noddle that he had knocked the man’s brains out. However, we righted the worthy fellow the best way we could, and shortly afterwards coffee was brought, and Bang having got himself shaven and dressed, began to forget all his botherations. But before we left the house, *Madama*, Don Ricardo’s better-half, insisted on anointing his nose with some mixture famous for reptile-bites; his natural good-breeding made him submit to the application, which was neither more nor less than an infusion of indigo and ginger, with which the worthy lady painted our friend’s face and muzzle in a most ludicrous manner—it was *heads* and *tails* between him and an ancient Briton. Reefpoint at this moment appeared at the door with a letter from the merchant captains, which had been sent down to the corvette, regarding the time of sailing, and acquainting us when they would be ready. While Captain N—— was perusing it, Bang was practising Spanish at the expense of Don Ricardo, whom he had boxed in a corner; but all his Spanish seemed to be scraps of schoolboy Latin, and I noticed that Campana had the greatest difficulty in keeping his countenance. At length Don Ricardo approached us—“Gentlemen, I have laid out a little plan for the day; it is my wife’s

saint’s-day, and a holiday in the family, so we propose going to a coffee property of mine about ten miles from Santiago, and staying till morning—What say you?”

I chimed in—“I fear, sir, that I shall be unable to accompany you, even if Captain N—— should be good enough to give me leave, as I have an errand to do for that unhappy young fellow that we spoke about last evening—some trinkets which I promised to deliver; here they are”—and I produced the miniature and crucifix.

Campana winced—“Unpleasant, certainly, Lieutenant”—said he.

“I know it will be so myself, but I have *promised*”—

“Then far be it from me to induce you to break your promise,” said the worthy man. “My son,” said he, gravely, “you must have noticed a friar draw me aside more than once yesterday—he is confessor to *Don Picador Cangrejo’s* family, and his object was to obtain an interview with you, for it is known that you were active in capturing the unfortunate men with whom young *Federico Cangrejo*, his only son, was leagued. Oh that poor boy! Had you known him, gentlemen, as I knew him, poor, poor Federico!”

“He was an awful villain, however, you must allow,” said the captain.

“Granted in the fullest sense, my dear sir,” enjoined Campana; “but we are all frail, erring creatures, and he was hardly dealt by. He is now gone to his heavy, heavy account, and I may as well tell you the poor boy’s sad story at once. Had you but seen him in his prattling infancy, in his sunny boyhood! He was the only son of a rich old father, an honest but worldly man, and of a most peevish, irascible temper. Poor Federico, and his sister Francisca, his only sister, were often cruelly used; and his orphan cousin, my sweet god-daughter, Maria Olivera, their playmate, was, if any thing, more harshly treated; for although his mother was and is a most excellent woman, and always stood between them and the old man’s ill temper, yet at the time I speak of she had returned to Spain, where a long period of ill health detained her for upwards of three

years. Federico by this time was nineteen years of age, tall, handsome, and accomplished, beyond all the youth of his rank and time of life in Cuba: But you have seen him, gentlemen, in his extremity, it is true; yet, fallen as he was, I mistake if you thought him a *common* man. For good, or for evil, my heart told me he would be conspicuous, and I was, alas the day! too true a prophet. His attachment to his cousin, who, on the death of her mother, had become an inmate of *Don Picador's* house, had been evident to all but the purblind old man for a long time; and when he did discover it, he imperatively forbade all intercourse between them, as, forsooth, he had projected a richer match for him, and shut Maria up in a corner of his large mansion. Federico, haughty and proud, could not stomach this. He ceased to reside at his father's estate, which had been confided to his management, and began to frequent the billiard-table, and *monte-tables*, and taverns, and in a thousand ways gave, from less to more, such unendurable offence, that his father at length shut his door against him, and turned him, with twenty doubloons in his pocket, into the street.

"Friends interceded, for the feud soon became public, and, amongst others, I essayed to heal it; and with the fond, although passionate father, I easily succeeded; but how true it is, 'that evil communication corrupts good manners!' I found Federico, by this time, linked in bands of steel with a *junto* of desperadoes, whose calling was any thing but equivocal; and implacable to a degree, that, knowing him as I had known him, I had believed impossible. But, alas, the human heart is indeed desperately wicked. I struggled long with the excellent Father *Carera* to bring about a reconciliation, and thought we had succeeded, as Federico was induced to return to his father's house once more, and for many days and weeks we all flattered ourselves that he had reformed; until one morning, about four months ago, he was discovered coming out of his cousin's room about the dawning by his father, who immediately charged him with seducing his ward. High words en-

sued. Poor Maria rushed out and threw herself at her uncle's feet. The old man, in a transport of fury, kicked her on the face as she lay prostrate; whereupon, God help me, he was felled to the earth by his own flesh, and bone, and blood—by his abandoned son. The rest is soon told;—he joined the pirate vessels at Puerto Escondido, and, from his daring and reckless intrepidity, soon rose to command amongst them, and was proceeding in his infernal career, when the God whom he had so fearfully defied at length sent him to expiate his crimes on the scaffold."

"But the priest," said I, much excited—"he who has twice fastened on you, what does he want with me?"

"True," continued Don Ricardo, "he is the very Padre *Carera* of whom I spoke, and brought a joint message from his poor mother, and sister, and—and, oh my darling god-child, my heart-dear Maria"—And the kind old man wept bitterly. I was much moved.

"Why, Mr Cringle," said N—, "if you *have* promised to deliver the trinkets in *propria persona*, there's an end, *take leave*—nothing doing down yonder—send Tailtackle for clothes. Mr Reefpoint, go to the boat and send up Tailtackle; so go you must to these unfortunates, and we shall then start on our cruise to the Coffee Estate with our worthy host."

"Why," said Campana, "the family are in the country; they live about four miles from Santiago, on the very road to my property, and we shall call on our way; but I don't much admire these interviews—there will be a *scene*, I fear"—

"Not on my part," said I; "but *call* I must, for I solemnly promised"—and presented the miniature to Don Ricardo.

Campana looked at it. It was exquisitely finished, and represented a most beautiful girl, a dark, large-eyed, sparkling, Spanish beauty.—"Oh my dear, dear child," murmured Don Ricardo, "how like this *was* to what you *were*; how changed you are *now* from what it *is*—alas! alas! But come, gentlemen, my wife is ready, and my two nieces,"—the pretty girls who were of our party the previous evening—"and here are the horses."



At this moment the little midshipman, Master Reefpoint, a great favourite of mine by the bye, re-appeared, with Taitackle behind him carrying my bundle. I was regularly caught, as the clothes, on the *chance* of a lark, had been brought from the ship, although stowed out of sight under the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Here are your clothes, Mr Cringle," quoth *middy*.

"Devil confound your civility," internally murmured I.

The captain twiggged, and smiled. Upon which little Reefy stole up to me—"Lord, Mr Cringle, could you but get *me* leave to go, it would be such a"—

"Hold your tongue, boy, how can I"—

N— struck in—"Master Reefpoint, I see what you are driving at; but how shall the Firebrand be taken care of when *you* are away, eh? besides, *you* have no clothes, and we shall be away a couple of days most probably."

"Oh, yes, sir, I have clothes; I have a hair-brush, and a tooth-brush, and two shirt-collars, in my waistcoat pocket."

"Very well, can we venture to lumber our kind friends with this giant, Mr Cringle, and can we really leave the ship without him?" Little Reefy was now all alive. "Taitackle, go on board—say we shall be back to dinner the day after to-morrow," said the captain.

We now made ready for the start, and certainly the cavalcade was rather a remarkable one. First, there was an old lumbering family *volante*, a sort of gig, with four posts or uprights supporting a canopy covered with leather, and with a high dash-iron or splash-board in front. There were curtains depending from this canopy, which on occasion could be let down, so as to cover in the sides and front. The whole was of the most clumsy workmanship that can be imagined, hung by untanned leather straps in a square wooden frame, from the front of which again protruded two shafts, straight as Corinthian pillars, and equally substantial, embracing an uncommon fine mule, one of the largest and handsomest of the species which I had seen. The harness-

ing partook of the same kind of unwieldy strength and solidity, and was richly embossed with silver and dirt. Astride on this *mulo* sat a household negro, with a huge thong of bullock's hide in one hand, and the reins in the other. In this *voiture* were ensconced *La Senora Campana*, a portly concern, as already mentioned, her two bright black-eyed laughing nieces, and Master Reefpoint, invisible, as he lay smothered amongst the ladies, all to his little glazed cocked hat, who was jabbering away in a most unintelligible fashion, so far as the young ladies, and eke the old one, were concerned. However, they appeared all mightily tickled by little Reefy, either mentally or physically, for off they trundled, laughing and *skirling* loud above the noise and creaking of the *volante*. Then came three small, ambling, stoutish, long-tailed ponies, the biggest not above fourteen hands high; these were the barbs intended for mine host, the skipper, and myself, caparisoned with high demipique old-fashioned Spanish saddles, mounted with silver stirrups, and clumsy bridles, with a ton of rusty iron in each poor brute's mouth for a bit, and curbs like a piece of our chain-cable, all very rich, and, as before mentioned with regard to the *volante*, far from clean. Their pace was a fast run, a compound of walk, trot, and canter, or rather of a trot and a canter, the latter broken down, and frittered away through the instrumentality of a ferocious Mameluke bit, but as easy as an arm-chair; and this was, I speak it feelingly, a great convenience, as a sailor is not a centaur, not altogether of a piece with his horse, as it were; yet both Captain N— and myself were rather goodish horsemen for nauticals, although rather apt to go over the bows upon broaching too suddenly. Don Ricardo's costume would have been thought a little out of the way in Leicestershire; most people put on their boots "when they do a riding go," but he chose to mount in shoes and white cotton stockings, and white jean small-clothes, with a flowing yellow-striped gingham coat, the skirts of which fluttered in the breeze behind him, his withered face shaded by a huge Panama hat, and with

enormous silver spurs on his heels, with rowels two inches in diameter.

Away lumbered the *volante*, and away we pranced after it. For the first two miles the scenery was tame enough; but after that, the two gently swelling eminences on each side of the road rose abruptly into rugged mountains; and the dell between them, which had hitherto been verdant with waving guinea grass, became covered with large trees, under the dark shade of which we lost sight of the sun, and the contrast made every thing around us for a time undistinguishable. The high-road continued for two miles further, only broken by a small cleared patch now and then, where the sharp spiked limestone rocks shot up like minarets, and the trunks of the felled trees stood out amongst the rotten earth in the crevices, from which, however, sprung yams and cocoas, and peas of all kinds, and granadillos, and a profusion of herbs and roots, with the greatest luxuriance.

At length we came suddenly upon a cleared space; a most beautiful spot of ground, where, in the centre of a green plot of velvet grass, intersected with numberless small walks, gravelled from a neighbouring rivulet, stood a large one-story wooden building, built in the form of a square, with a court-yard in the centre. From the moistness of the atmosphere, the outside of the weather-boarding had a green damp appearance, and so far as the house itself was concerned, there was an appearance of great discomfort. A large open balcony ran round the whole house on the outside; and fronting us there was a clumsy wooden porch supported on pillars, with the open door yawning behind it.

The hills on both sides were cleared, and planted with most luxuriant coffee-bushes, and provision grounds, while the house was shaded by several splendid star-apple and kennip trees, and there was a border of rich flowering shrubs surrounding it on all sides. The hand of woman had been there!

A few half-naked negroes were lounging about, and on hearing our approach they immediately came up, and stared wildly at us. "All fresh

from the ship, these," quoth Bang.—"Can't be," said N——, "Try and see." I spoke some of the commonest Spanish expressions to them, but they neither understood them, nor could they answer me. Large flocks of cattle were grazing on the skirts of the wood, and about one hundred mules were scrambling and picking their food in a rocky river-course which bisected the valley.

The hills, tree-covered, rose around this solitary residence in all directions, as if it had been situated in the bottom of a punch-bowl; while a small waterfall, about thirty feet high, fell so near one of the corners of the building, that when the wind set that way, as I afterwards found, the spray moistened my hair through the open window in my sleeping apartment. We proceeded to the door, and dismounted, following the example of our host, and proceeded to help the gentlewomen to alight from the *volante*. When we were all accounted for in the porch, Don Ricardo began to shout, "*Criados, Criados, ven aca—Pendejos, ven aca!*" The call was for some time unattended to; at length two tall, good-looking, decently-dressed negroes made their appearance, and took charge of our *bestias* and carriage; but all this time there was no appearance of any living creature belonging to the family.

The dark hall into which the porch opened was paved with the usual diamond-shaped bricks or tiles, and was not ceiled, the rafters of the roof being exposed; there was little or no furniture in it, that we could see, except a clumsy table in the centre of the room, and one or two of the leathern-backed reclining chairs, such as Whiffle used to patronise. Several doors opened from this comfortable saloon, which was innocent of paint, into other apartments, one of which was ajar.

"*Estrano,*" murmured Don Ricardo, "*mui estrano!*"

"Coolish reception this, Tom," quoth Aaron Bang.

"Deucedly so," said the skipper. But Campana, hooking his little fat wife under his arm, while we did the agreeable to the nieces, now addressed himself to enter, with the constant preliminary ejaculation of all well-bred Spaniards in crossing a friend's threshold, "*Ave Maria pu-*



*risima*," when we were checked by a loud tearing fit of coughing, which seemed almost to suffocate the patient, and female voices were now heard from the room beyond, in great alarm.

Opening into the hall, presently a little anatomy of a man presented himself at the door of the apartment, wringing his hands, and apparently in great misery. Campana and his wife, with all the alacrity of kind-hearted people, immediately went up to him, and said something to him, which I did not overhear, but the poor creature to whom they spoke appeared quite bewildered. "What is it, Don Picador?" at length we could hear Campana say, "What is it? Is it my poor dear Maria who is worse, or what?—speak man—may my wife enter?"

"Si, si—yes, yes," said the afflicted Don Picador—"yes, yes, let her go in—send—for I am unable to think or act—send one of my people back post to Santiago for the doctor—haste, haste. *Sangre, hecha sangre por la Bocca.*"

"Good God, why did you not say so before?" rejoined Campana.

Here his wife called loudly to her husband, "*Ricardo, Ricardo, por amor de su alma—manda por el medico*—she has burst a bloodvessel, Maria is dying!"

"Let me mount myself; I will go myself."—And the excellent man pushed for the door, when the poor heart-broken Don Picador clung to his knees.

"No, no, don't leave me. Send some one else!"—

"Take care man, let me go!"—

N—— and I volunteered in a breath—"No, no, I will go myself," continued Don Ricardo; "let go, man—God help me, the old creature is crazed, *el viejo no vale.*"

"Here, here, help, Don Ricardo!" cried his wife.

Off started N—— for the doctor, and into the room rushed Don Picador and Campana, and, from the sounds in the sick-chamber, all was bustle and confusion; at length the former appeared to be endeavouring to lift the poor sufferer, so as to enable her to sit up in bed; in the meantime her coughing had gradually abated into a low suffocating convulsive gasp.

"So, so, lift her up, man," we could hear Campana say; "lift her up—quick—or she will be suffocated."

At length, in a moment of great irritation, excited on the one hand by his intense interest in the poor suffering girl, and anger at the peevish, helpless Don Picador, Don Ricardo, to our unutterable surprise, rapped out, in *gude* broad Scotch, as he brushed away Senor Cangrejo from the bedside with a violence that spun him out of the door—"God—the auld doited deevil is as fussionless as a docken."

My jaw dropped—I was thunder-struck—Bang's eye met mine—"Murder," quoth Bang, so soon as his astonishment let him collect breath enough, "and here I have been for two whole days practising Spanish, to my great improvement no doubt, upon a Scotchman—how edified he must have been!"

"But the docken, man," said I—"fussionless as a docken—how classic! what an exclamation to proceed from the mouth of a solemn Don!"

"No gibes regarding the docken," promptly chimed in Bang; "it is a highly respectable vegetable, let me tell you, and useful on occasion, which is more."

The noise in the room ceased, and presently Campana joined us. "We must proceed," said he, "it will never do for you to deliver the jewels now, Mr Cringle; she is too much excited already, even from seeing me."

But it was more easy to determine on proceeding than to put it in execution, for a heavy cloud that had been overhanging the small valley the whole morning, had by this time spread out and covered the entire face of nature like a sable pall; the birds of the air flew low, and seemed to be perfectly gorged with the superabundance of flies, which were thickly betaking themselves for shelter under the evergreen leaves of the bushes. All the winged creation, great and small, were fast betaking themselves to the shelter of the leaves and branches of the trees. The cattle were speeding to the hollows under the impending rocks; negroes, men, women, and children, were hurrying with their hoes on their shoulders past the windows to their

huts. Several large blood-hounds had ventured into the hall, and were crouching with a low whine at our feet. The large carrion crows were the only living things which seemed to brave the approaching *chubasco*, and were soaring high up in the heavens, appearing to touch the black agitated fringe of the lowering thunder clouds. All other kinds of winged creatures, parrots, and pigeons, and cranes, had vanished by this time under the thickest trees, and into the deepest coverts, and the wild-ducks were shooting past in long lines, piercing the thick air with outstretched neck and clanging wing.

Suddenly the wind fell, and the sound of the waterfall increased, and grew rough and loud, and the undefinable rushing noise that precedes a heavy fall of rain in the tropics, the voice of the wilderness, moaned through the high woods, until at length the clouds sank upon the valley in boiling mists, rolling halfway down the surrounding hills; and the water of the stream, whose scanty rill but an instant before hissed over the precipice in a small transparent ribbon of clear glass-green, sprinkled with white foam, and then threaded its way round the large rocks in its capacious channel, like a silver eel twisting through a desert, now changed in a moment to a dark turgid chocolate colour; and even as we stood and looked, lo! a column of water from the mountains, pitched in thunder over the face of the precipice, making the earth tremble, and driving up from the rugged face of the everlasting rocks in smoke, and forcing the air into eddies and sudden blasts, which tossed the branches of the trees that overhung it, as they were dimly seen through clouds of drizzle, as if they had been shaken by a tempest, although there was not a breath stirring elsewhere out of heaven; while little wavering spiral wreaths of mist rose up thick from the surface of the boiling pool at the bottom of the cataract, like miniature water-spouts, until they were dispersed by the agitation of the air above.

At length the swollen torrent rolled roaring down the narrow valley, filling the whole water-course, about fifty yards wide, and advancing with a solid front a fathom *high*—a fathom *deep* does not convey the idea—like

a stream of lava, or as one may conceive of the Red Sea, when, at the stretching forth of the hand of the prophet of the Lord, its mighty waters rolled back and stood heaped up as a wall to the host of Israel.

The channel of the stream, which but a minute before I could have leaped across, was the next instant filled, and utterly impassable.

"You can't possibly move," said Don Picador; "you can neither go on nor retreat; you must stay until the river subsides." And the rain now began pattering in large drops, like scattering shots preceding an engagement, on the wooden shingles with which the house was roofed, gradually increasing to a loud rushing noise, which, as the rooms were not ceiled, prevented a word being heard.

Don Ricardo began to fret and fidget most awfully,—“beginning of the *season*—why, we may not get away for a week, and all the ships will be kept back in their loading.”

All this time, the poor sufferer's tearing cough was heard in the lulls of the rain; but it gradually became less and less severe, and the lady of the house, and Señora Campana, and Don Picador's daughter, at length slid into the room on tiptoe, leaving one of Don Ricardo's nieces in the room with the sick person.

"She is asleep—Hush." The weather continued as bad as ever, and we passed a very comfortless forenoon of it, Picador, Campana, and myself, perambulating the large dark hall, while the ladies were clustered together in a corner with their work. At length the weather cleared, and I could get a glimpse of mine hostess and her fair daughter. The former was a very handsome woman, about forty; she was tall, and finely formed; her ample figure set off by the very simple, yet, to my taste, very elegant dress formerly described: it was neither more nor less than the plain black silk petticoat over a chemise, made full at the bosom, with a great quantity of lace frills; her dark glossy hair was gathered on the crown of her head in one long braid, twisted round and round, and rising up like a small turret. Over all she wore a loose shawl of yellow silk crape. But the daughter, I never shall forget her. Tall and full, and magnificently shaped—every motion was instinct



with grace. Her beautiful black hair hung a yard down her back, long and glossy, in three distinct braids, while it was shaded Madonna-like off her high and commanding forehead; her eyebrows—to use little Reefy's simile—looked as if cut out of a mouse's skin; and her eyes themselves, large, dark, and soft, yet brilliant and sparkling at the same time, however contradictory this may read; her nose was straight, and her cheeks firm and oval, and her mouth, her full lips, her ivory teeth, her neck and bosom, were perfect, the latter if any thing giving promise of too mutually a womanhood; but at the time I saw her, nothing could have been more beautiful; and, above all, there was an *inexpressible* charm in the clear transparent darkness of her colourless skin, *into which you thought you could look*; her shoulders, and the upper part of her arms, were peculiarly beautiful. Nothing is so exquisitely lovely as the upper part of a beautiful woman's arm, and yet we have lived to see this admirable feature shrouded and lost in those abominable gigots.—Why won't you, Master Kit North, lend a hand, and originate a crusade against those vile appendages? I will lead into action if you like,—“Woe unto the women that sew pillows to all armholes,” Ezekiel, xiii. 18. May I venture on such a quotation in such a place?—She was extremely like her brother; and her fine face was overspread with the pale cast of thought—a settled melancholy, like the shadow of a cloud in a calm day on a summer landscape, mantled over her fine features; and although she moved with the air of a princess, and was possessed of that natural politeness which far surpasses all artificial polish; yet the heaviness of her heart was apparent in every motion, as well as in all she said.

Many people labour under an unaccountable delusion, imagining, in their hallucination, that a Frenchwoman, for instance, or even an Englishwoman—nay, some in their madness have been heard to say that a Scotchwoman—has been known to *walk*. Egregious errors all! An Irishwoman of the true Milesian descent can *walk* a step or two sometimes, but all other women, fair or brown, short or tall, stout or thin,

only stump, shuffle, jig, or amble—none but a Spaniard can *walk*.

Once or twice she tried to enter into conversation with me on indifferent subjects; but there was a constant tendency to approach (against her own pre-arranged determination) the one, all-absorbing one, the fate of her poor brother. “Oh, had you but known him, Mr Cringle—had you but known him in his boyhood, before bad company had corrupted him!” exclaimed she, after having asked me if he died penitent, and she turned away and wept. “*Francisca*,” said a low hoarse female voice from the other room; “*Francisca, ven aca, mi querida hermana*.” The sweet girl rose, and sped across the floor with the grace of Taglioni, (oh the *legs taglionis*! as poor dear Bang would have ventured to have said, if he had been extant until now,) and presently returned, and whispered something to her mother, who rose and drew Don Picador aside. The waspish old man shook himself clear of his wife, as he said, with indecent asperity—

“No, no, she will but make a fool of herself.”

His wife drew herself up,—

“She never made a fool of herself, Don Picador, but once; and God forgive those who were the cause of it. It is not kind of you, it is not kind.”

“Well, well,” rejoined the querulous old man, “do as you will, do as you will,—always crossing me, always crossing.”

His wife took no farther notice, but stepped across the room to me,—“Our poor dying Maria knows you are here; and probably you are not aware that *he* wrote to her after his”—her voice quavered—“after his condemnation, the night before he suffered, that you were the only one who shewed him kindness; and she has also read the newspapers giving an account of the trial. She wishes to see you—will you pleasure her? Yet it will be too agitating. Senora Campana has made her acquainted that you are the bearer of some trinkets belonging to him, from which she infers you witnessed his last moments, as one of them, she was told, was her picture, poor dear girl; and she knew that *must* have grown to *his heart till the last*. But it will be too agitating. I will try and dissuade her

from the interview until the Doctor comes, at all events."

The worthy lady stepped again into Maria's apartment, and I could not avoid hearing what passed.

"My dear Maria, Mr Cringle has no objection to wait on you; but after your severe attack this morning, I don't think it will be wise. Delay it until Dr Bergara comes, at any rate—until the evening, Maria."

"Mother," she said, in a weak, plaintive voice, although husky from the phlegm which was fast coagulating in her throat—"Mother, I already have ceased to be of this world; I am dying, dearest mother, fast dying; and oh, thou All-good and All-merciful Being, against whom I have fearfully sinned, would that the last struggle were now o'er, and that my weary spirit were released, and my shame hidden in the silent tomb, and my sufferings and very name forgotten!" She paused and gasped for breath; I thought it was all over with her; but she rallied again and proceeded—"Time is rapidly ebbing from me, dearest mother,—for mother I must call you, more than a mother have you been to me—and the ocean of eternity is opening to my view. If I am to see him at all, I must see him now; I shall be more agitated by the expectation of the interview than by seeing him at once. Oh! let me see him now, let me look on one who witnessed *his* last moments."

I could see Senora Cangrejo where she stood. She crossed her hands on her bosom, and looked up towards heaven, and then turned mournfully towards me, and beckoned me to approach. I entered the small room, which had been fitted up by the poor girl with some taste; the furniture was better than any I had seen in a Spanish house before, and there was a mat on the floor, and some exquisite miniatures and small landscapes on the walls. It was her boudoir, opening apparently into a bedroom beyond. It was lighted by a large open unglazed window, with a row of wooden balustrades beyond, forming part of a small balcony. A Carmelite friar, a venerable old man, with the hot tears fast falling from his old eyes over his wrinkled cheeks, whom I afterwards found to be the excellent *Padre Carera*, sat in a large chair by the bedside, with a silver

cup in his hand, beside which lay a large crucifix of the same metal; he had just administered extreme unction, and the *viaticum*, he fondly hoped, would prove a passport for his dear child to another and a better world. As I entered he rose, held out his hand to me, and moved round to the bottom of the bed.

The shutters had been opened, and, with a suddenness which no one can comprehend who has not lived in these climates, the sun now shone brightly on the flowers and garden plants which grew in a range of pots on the balcony, and lighted up the pale face of a lovely girl, lovely even in the jaws of death, as she lay with her face towards the light, supported in a reclining position on cushions, on a red morocco mattress, laid on a sort of frame or bed.

"Light was her form, and darkly delicate  
That brow, whereon her native sun had  
sat,  
But had not marr'd"—

She was tall, so far as I could judge, but oh, how attenuated! Her lower limbs absolutely made no impression on the mattress, to which her frame appeared to cling, giving a ghastly conspicuousness to the œdematous swelling of her feet, and to her person, for, alas! she was in a way to have become a mother—

"The offspring of *his* wayward youth,  
When he betray'd Bianca's truth;  
The maid whose folly could confide  
In *him*, who made her not his bride."

Her hand grasping her pocket-handkerchief, drenched, alas, with blood, hung over the side of the bed, thin and pale, with her long taper fingers as transparent as if they had been fresh cut alabaster, with the blue veins winding through her wrists, and her bosom wasted and shrunk, and her neck no thicker than her arm, with the pulsations of the large arteries as plain and evident as if the skin had been a film, and her beautiful features, although now sharpened by the near approaching death agony, her lovely mouth, her straight nose, her arched eyebrows, black, like penciled jet lines, and her small ears, and oh, who can describe her rich black raven hair, lying combed out, and spread all over the bed and pillow? She was



dressed in a long loose gown of white crape; it looked like a winding-sheet; but the fire of her eyes—I have purposely not ventured to describe them—the unearthly brilliancy of her large, full, swimming eye!

When I entered, I bowed, and remained standing near the door. She said something, but in so low a voice that I could not catch the words; and when I stepped nearer, on purpose to hear more distinctly, all at once the blood mantled in her cheeks and forehead and throat, like the last gleam of the setting sun; but it faded as rapidly, and once more she lay pale as her smock—

“Yet not such blush, as mounts when health would show

All the heart's hue in that delightful glow;  
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care,  
That for a burning moment fever'd there;  
And the wild sparkle of her eye seem'd caught

From high, and lighten'd with electric thought;

Though its black orb these long low lashes fringe

Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge.”

Her voice was becoming more and more weak, she said, so she must be prompt. “You have some trinkets for me, Mr Cringle?” I presented them. She kissed the crucifix fervently, and then looked mournfully on her own miniature. “This was thought like *once*, Mr Cringle.—Are the newspaper accounts of his trial correct?” she next asked. I answered, that in the main facts they were. “And do you believe in the commission of all these alleged atrocities by him?” I remained silent. “Yes, they are but too true. Hush, hush,” said she, —“look there.”

I did as she requested. There, glancing bright in the sunshine, a most beautiful butterfly fluttered in the air, in the very middle of the open window. When we first saw it, it was flitting gaily and happily amongst the plants and flowers that were blooming in the balcony, but it gradually became more and more slow on the wing, and at last poised itself so unusually steadily for an insect of its class, that even had Maria not spoken, it would have attracted my attention. Below it, on the window sill, near the wall, with head erect, and its little basilisk eyes

upturned towards the lovely fly, crouched a camelion lizard, its beautiful body, when I first looked at it, was a bright sea-green. It moved into the sunshine, a little away from the shade of the laurel bush, which grew on the side it first appeared on, and suddenly the back became transparent amber, the legs and belly continuing green. From its breast under the chin, it every now and then shot out a semicircular film of a bright scarlet colour, like a leaf of a tulip, stretched vertically, or the pectoral fin of a fish.

This was evidently a decoy, and the poor fly was gradually drawn down towards it, either under the impression of its being in reality a flower, or impelled by some impulse which it could not resist. It gradually fluttered nearer and more near, the reptile remaining all the while steady as a stone, until it made a sudden spring, and in the next moment the small mealy wings were quivering on each side of the camelion's tiny jaws. While in the act of gorging its prey, a little fork, like a wire, was projected from the opposite corner of the window; presently a small round black snout, with a pair of little fiery blasting eyes, appeared, and a thin black neck, glancing in the sun. The lizard saw it. I could fancy it trembled. Its body became of a dark blue, then ashy pale; the imitation of the flower, the gaudy fin was withdrawn, it appeared to shrink back as far as it could, but it was nailed or fascinated to the window sill, for its feet did not move. The head of the snake approached, with its long forked tongue shooting out, and shortening, and with a low hissing noise. By this time about two feet of its body was visible, lying with its white belly on the wooden beam, moving forward with a small horizontal wavy motion, the head and six inches of the neck being a little raised. I shrunk back from the serpent, but no one else seemed to have any dread of it; indeed, I afterwards learned, that this kind being good mousers, and otherwise quite harmless, were, if any thing, encouraged about houses in the country. I looked again; its open mouth was now within an inch of the lizard, which by this time seemed utterly paralysed and mo-

tionless; the next instant its head was drawn into the snake's mouth, and gradually the whole body disappeared, as the reptile gorged it, and I could perceive from the lump which gradually moved down the snake's neck, that it had been sucked into its stomach. Involuntarily I raised my hand, when the whole suddenly disappeared.

I turned, I could scarcely tell why, to look at the dying girl. A transient flush had again lit up her pale wasted face. She was evidently greatly excited. "Can you read me that riddle, Mr Cringle? Does no analogy present itself to you between what you have seen, between the mysterious power possessed by these subtile reptiles, and—Look—look again."

A large and still more lovely butterfly suddenly rose from beneath where the snake had vanished, all glittering in the dazzling sunshine, and after fluttering for a moment, floated steadily up into the air, and disappeared in the blue sky. My eye followed it as long as it was visible, and when it once more declined to where we had seen the snake, I saw a most splendid dragon-fly, about three inches long, like a golden bodkin, with its gauze-like wings, moving so quickly, as it hung steadily poised in mid air, like a hawk preparing to stoop, that the body seemed to be surrounded by silver tissue, or a bright halo, while it glanced in the sunbeam.

"Can you not read it yet, Mr Cringle? can you not read my story in the fate of the first beautiful fly, and the miserable end of my Federico, in that of the lizard? And oh, may the last appearance of that ethereal thing, which but now rose, and melted into

the lovely sky, be a true type of what I shall be. But that poor insect, that remains there suspended between heaven and earth, shall I say hell, what am I to think of it?"

The dragon-fly was still there. She continued—"In purgatorio, ah Dios, tu quedas en purgatorio," as if the fly had represented the unhappy young pirate's soul in limbo. Oh, let no one smile at the quaintness of the dying fancy of the poor heart-crushed girl. The weather began to lower again, the wind came past us moaningly—the sun was obscured—large drops of rain fell heavily into the room—a sudden dazzling flash of lightning took place, and the dragon-fly was no longer there. A long low wild cry was heard. I started, and my flesh crept. The cry was repeated. "*Es él—El mismo, y ningun otra, me venga Federico, me venga, mi querido,*" shrieked poor Maria, with a supernatural energy, and with such piercing distinctness that it was heard shrill even above the rolling thunder.

I turned to look at Maria—another flash. It glanced on the crucifix which the old priest had elevated at the foot of the bed, full in her view. It was nearer, the thunder was louder. "Is that the rain-drops that are falling heavily on the floor through the open window?" Oh, God! Oh, God! it is her warm heart's-blood, which was bubbling from her mouth like a crimson fountain. Her pale fingers were clasped on her bosom in the attitude of prayer—a gentle quiver of her frame—and the poor broken-hearted girl, and her unborn babe, "slept the sleep that knows no waking."



## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.\*

Those who are conscious of a good cause, and of the support of historical facts, should never despair of making truth triumph, even under circumstances the most adverse and apparently hopeless. When we began to treat of the French Revolution two years ago, never did a resolute journal attempt to stem a more vehement torrent of public opinion. It was almost like striving in the days of Peter the Hermit against the passion for the Crusades. The public mind had been so artfully prepared by the incessant abuse of the revolutionary press in France and England for years before, against Charles X. and the Polignac Administration, to receive the worst impressions concerning them; they were so completely deceived by the same channels as to the real nature of the Parisian revolt, the objects to which it was directed, and the consequences with which it was attended, that it was all but hopeless to resist the torrent. But we knew that our case was rested on historical facts; and, therefore, though not possessed of any information concerning it, but what we derived from the public journals, and shared with the rest of our countrymen, we did not scruple to make the attempt.

We had looked into the old Almanack, and we did not find it there recorded, that constitutions cast off like a medal at a single stroke, were of long duration; we did not find that the overthrow of government by explosions of the populace in great cities had been found to be instrumental in increasing the happiness or tranquillity of mankind; we did not know of many examples of industry thriving during the reign of the multitude, or expenditure increasing by the destruction of confidence, or credit being augmented by a successful exertion of the sacred right of insurrection; and we saw no reason

to conclude that a government arranged in a back-shop in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville, by half-a-dozen democrats, supported by shouting bands of workmen, and hot-headed students, and sent down by the diligence or the telegraph to the provinces of France, was likely to meet the views, or protect the interests, of thirty-two millions of souls in its vast territory. For these reasons, though possessed of no private information in regard to that important event, we ventured from the very first to differ from the great majority of our countrymen regarding it, and after doing all we could to dispel the illusion, quietly waited till the course of events should demonstrate their justice.

That course *has come*, and with a rapidity greatly beyond what we anticipated at the outset. The miserable state of France since the glorious days, has been such as to have been unanimously admitted by *all* parties. Differing on other subjects as far as the Poles are asunder, they are yet unanimous in representing the state of the people since the Revolution as miserable in the extreme. The Royalists, the Republicans, the Orleanists, the Doctrinaires, vie with each other in painting the deplorable state of their country. They ascribe it to different causes; the Republicans are clear that it is all owing to Casimir Perier and the Doctrinaires, who have arrested the people in the middle of their glorious career, and turned to gall and wormwood the sweet fruits of popular conquest; Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the Doctrinaires, ascribe it to the mad ambition of the democrats, and the incessant efforts they have made to agitate and distract the public mind; Saint Chamans and the Royalists trace it to the fatal deviation from the principle of legitimacy, and the interminable dissensions to which

\* Saint Chamans sur la Revolution de 1830, et ses Suites. Paris, 1832.

Peyronnet—Questions Concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction. Paris, 1831; and Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Polignac—Considerations Politiques sur l'Epoque Actuelle. Paris, 1832; and Blackwood, 1832.

the establishment of a right in the populace of Paris to choose their sovereign must necessarily lead; while Marshal Soult has a clear remedy for all the disorders of the country, and without stopping to enquire whether they are revolting from starvation, ambition, or experienced evils, cuts them down by grape-shot, and charges their determined bands by squadrons of cuirassiers. Men in this country may vary in the causes to which they ascribe these evils, according to the side to which they incline in politics; but in regard to their existence and magnitude, after such a concurrence in the testimony of unwilling witnesses, no doubt can be entertained by Tory, Reformer, or Radical.

One single fact is sufficient to place in the clearest light the disastrous effect of this convulsion upon the internal industry of the country. It appears from the Returns of the French Commerce lately published, that their imports before and after the Three Glorious Days stood thus:

|                                     | Francs.     |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| General imports, 1830,              | 638,338,000 |
| Do. 1831,                           | 519,825,000 |
| Decrease,                           | 118,513,000 |
| Imports for home consumption, 1830, | 489,242,000 |
| Do. 1831,                           | 374,188,000 |
| Decrease,                           | 11,054,000  |

Thus it appears, that although the Revolution did not break out till July 1830, so that one-half of the imports of that year was affected by the revolt of July, yet still the general imports in 1831, as compared with 1830, had fallen nearly *a fifth*, and those for home consumption about *a fourth* in a single year! Such is the deplorable effects of popular triumph upon public industry, and the suffering and starvation brought upon the poor by the criminal ambition of their demagogues.

The progress of events, and, above all, the necessity under which Marshal Soult was laid, of quelling the insurrection of June 1832, by "a greater number of armed men than combated the armies of Prussia or

Russia at Jena or Austerlitz,"\* and following up his victory by the proclamation of a state of siege, and ordinances more arbitrary than those which were the immediate cause of the fall of Charles X., have gone far to disabuse the public mind on this important subject. In proof of this, we cannot refer to stronger evidence than is afforded by the leading Whig Journal of this city, one of the warmest early supports of the Revolution of July, and which is honoured by the communications of all the official men in the Scottish metropolis. The passage is as honourable to their present candour, as their former intemperate and noisy declamation in favour of democratic insurrection was indicative of the slender judgment, and limited historical information, which they bring to bear on political questions. It is contained in the preface with which the "*Caledonian Mercury*" ushers in to their readers a series of highly interesting and valuable papers, by a most respectable eye-witness of the Parisian revolt:

"It has appeared to us desirable to lay before our readers a view of a great event, or rather concatenation of events, so different from any which they have hitherto been accustomed to have presented to them; and we have been the more easily induced to give insertion to these papers, because hitherto one side of the question has been kept wholly in the shade,—and because, differing as we do, *toto calo*, from the author in general political principle, we are, nevertheless, perfectly at one with him in regard to the real origin or *primum mobile* of the Revolution of July, as well as the motives and character of the chief personages who benefited by that extraordinary event. The truth is, that, in this country, we prejudged the case, and decided before enquiry, upon the representations of one side, which had the advantage of victory to recommend and accredit the story which it deemed it convenient to tell: nor—first impressions being proverbially strong—has it hitherto been found possible to persuade the public to listen with patience to any thing that might be alleged in justification, or even in extenuation of the party which had had the misfortune to play the losing game. Of late, however, new light has begun to break in upon the public.



All have been made sensible that the Revolution has retrograded; that its movement has been, crab-like, backwards; and that 'the best of republics' has *shown itself the worst, because the least secure, of actual despotisms*; while the 'throne, surrounded by republican institutions'—that monster of fancy, engendered by the spirit of paradoxical antitheses—has proved a monster in reality, broken down all the fantastic and baseless fabrics by which it was encircled, and swept away the very traces of the vain restraints imposed upon it. The empire, in short, has been reconstructed out of the materials cast up by a democratical movement; with this difference only, that, instead of a Napoleon, we now see a Punchinello at the head of it; and hence the same public, which formerly believed Louis Philippe to be a sort of Citizen Divinity, now discover in that personage only a newly-created despot, without any of the accessories or advantages which give, even to despotism, some hold on public opinion. A reaction has accordingly taken place; and men are in consequence prepared to listen to things, against which, previously, they, adderwise, closed their ears, and remained deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

But although from the very first we clearly discerned and forcibly pointed out the disastrous effects on the freedom, peace, and tranquillity, first of France, and then of the world, which the Parisian revolt was calculated to produce, yet we were not aware of the strong grounds in constitutional law and public justice there were for the Ordinances of Charles X. We considered them as a *coup d'état* justified by necessity, and the evident peril in which Charles stood of losing his crown, and throwing the nation back to the horrors of revolution, if he did otherwise; but as confessedly an infraction of the constitution. Upon this subject we are now better informed: The great and energetic ability of the royalist party has been exerted in France to unfold the real grounds of the question, and it is now manifest that the Ordinances were not only imperiously called for by State necessity, but strictly justified by the charter and the constitutional law of France. Many of those who now admit the lamentable effects of the overthrow of Charles X., are not disposed to go this length,

and are not aware of the grounds on which it is rested. Let such persons attend to the following considerations:—

The King's defence of the Ordinances is contained in the following propositions:—

1. That by an article of the charter, granted by Louis XVIII. to the French, and the foundation of the constitution, power is reserved to the King to make such regulations and ordinances as are necessary for the execution of the laws, and the *safety of the State*.

2. That matters, through the efforts of the Revolutionists, had been brought to such a pass, that the Ordinances of July were necessary "for the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state."

The 14th article in the Charter is in these terms—"Reserving to the King the power to make regulations and ordinances necessary to ensure the execution of the laws, and the *safety of the State*." On these words we will not injure, by attempting to abridge, the argument of M. Peyronnet.

"The alleged treason is a violation of the Charter; and how can the Charter have been violated by the exercise of a power, of which it authorized the use. It has been asserted repeatedly, that the Charter authorized the King to make regulations and ordinances, necessary for the *execution of the laws, and for the safety of the state*. 'The execution of the laws, and the safety of the state;' these words demand attention. They were not written without a motive, nor without their signification and force being understood. Those who introduced these words into the Charter, well knew that they expressed two things, between which there was still more difference than analogy.

"If the first words had sufficed, the latter would not have been added. It is quite obvious, that if the framers of the Charter had understood that the *safety of the state* was in every case to be provided for *only by the execution of the laws*, these last words would have been sufficient. Why give an explanation in a special case, of the *execution of the laws*, after having decreed a general rule, including every case, whatever it might be? Can it be imagined, that a legislator could have spoken thus,—'You are to execute the laws; and, farther, if the *safety of the state* be in danger, still you will execute the laws?'

"A very obvious necessity demands the admission, either, that the power to provide for the safety of the state, was independent of the power to enforce the execution of the laws; or, that the rules commonly admitted in legislation must be abandoned, to the extent of assuming that a positive provision, which has a known object—an evident meaning—a natural and important reference—means, however, nothing by itself, but is confounded and lost, as though it did not exist in the preceding provision, to which it adds nothing. Lawyers—literary men—all men of sense—well know that such an assumption is inadmissible. When the law is clear, nothing remains but to execute it; and even when it is obscure, the right of interpretation only extends to the preferring one meaning to another; it does not authorize the declaring it of no effect. The interpreter of the law does not annihilate it. He expounds and gives it life. '*Quoties oratio ambigua est, commodissimum est id accipi, quo res de quâ agitur in tuto sit.*' Whenever the meaning of a law is doubtful, that interpretation is to be adopted which will ensure its effect. This is what the law pronounces of itself; and this maxim has been transmitted to us by the Romans.

"Besides, what are the true interpreters of the law? They are, at first, example; and, subsequently, the opinions of persons of authority, expressed at the period of the publication of these laws. Let the provisions of the Charter be submitted to this double test, and it will be seen, that, from the first days of the Restoration, the most enlightened, the most esteemed, and the most impartial men, have explained this provision as I have done. Of this, the *Moniteur* has collected the proofs. It will be farther seen, that in 1814, 1815, and 1816, even the founder of the Charter exercised without dispute the right I refer to,—sometimes as regarded the press—sometimes in relation to the enemies of the Crown—and sometimes, but in an opposite sense, as regarded the elections. No one has, however, asserted that the Ministers who signed the ordinances have been impeached as traitors, and threatened with death. On the contrary, they were not only obeyed, but applauded. Some have thought the ordinances of 1815 to have been just; others have considered those of 1816 salutary. Approval was general, and was given by all parties in succession. The measures were various, it is true, and could not fail to produce different results; but the source whence they sprang was the same—the right to dictate them was the same; and

thus, whoever has approved of these measures, has consequently admitted this right."

M. Peyronnet proceeds to confirm, by examples, what is here adduced in regard to the power reserved to the King by this clause, and the practice which had followed upon it. The following instances, in *none of which* the exercise of the dispensing power was challenged as illegal, afford sufficient evidence of this position.

"In 1822, when the law relating to the censorship of the press was proposed, the following declaration was addressed to the Chamber of Deputies by its commissioners:

"In virtue of the 14th article of the Charter, the King possesses the right to decree by an ordinance the measure which is submitted to you, and under this view it might be thought that this proposition was not necessary. But since the government has thought that the intervention of the Chambers would be attended with some advantages, they cannot hesitate to consent to it."

"In 1828, when a new law was framed to abrogate and replace the former one, the commissioners, by their reporter M. Siméon, addressed the Chamber of Peers in the following terms:

"The 14th article of the Charter reserves to the King the power to make the regulations and ordinances necessary to ensure the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state. It is *not therefore necessary that the law should confirm to him that which he holds from the Charter*, and from his prerogative as supreme head of the state. If any danger be imminent, a dictatorship, to the extent of providing against it, devolves upon him during the absence of the Chambers. He may also, in case of imminent danger, suspend personal liberty."

"But all this is only theory. Let us refer to acts. The Charter declared, that the laws which were not inconsistent with it should remain in force till they should be legally repealed. (Art. 63.)

"It declared, also, that the election of deputies should be made by the electoral colleges, the organization of which would be regulated by the laws. (Art. 35.)

"Thus, then, according to the letter of the Charter, the electoral laws existing previous to 1814, were to continue in force until new laws were made. 'New laws,' be it well remembered.

"What happened, however? On the 13th July 1815, and on the 5th Sep-



tember 1816, two new and different systems of election were created in turns; and they were created by ordinances.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"But this is little: The Charter declares that no one can be elected who is not forty years of age, and that no one can be an elector under the age of thirty. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"What happened, however? On the 13th of July 1815, it was decreed that a person might exercise the right of an elector at the age of twenty-one, and be chosen deputy at the age of twenty-five.

"And how was this decreed? By what act was this important change in the Charter effected? By a law? No!—By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"This is still but of minor importance: The Charter declared that each department should return the same number of deputies which it had hitherto done. (Art. 36.) What, however, happened?

"On the 13th July, 1815, *the number of deputies was augmented from two hundred and sixty-two to three hundred and ninety-five; and by what authority? By an ordinance.*

"Again, what happened? In 1816, when it was resolved to return to the number of deputies fixed by the Charter, instead of five deputies being returned for the department of l'Ain, three deputies for Corsica, and two for the department of Finistère, as was the case in 1814,—three were allotted to the first, two to the second, and four to the third: and by what act? By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"Farther, the Charter declared that those persons only could be electors who themselves paid direct taxes to the amount of three hundred francs, and those only be deputies who paid them to the extent of one thousand francs. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"However, what happened? In 1816, it was decided, that to become an elector, or a deputy, the individual need not possess property in his own right chargeable with those taxes, but that it was sufficient if the requisite sums were paid by a wife, a minor child, a widowed mother, a mother-in-law, a father-in-law, or a father.

"What then happened? In 1815, and again in 1816, it was decided that

members of the Legion of Honour might be admitted to vote in the minor assemblies of the arrondissement, without paying taxes of any kind; and, on paying only three hundred francs, in the superior assemblies of the departments, where only those were entitled to vote, who were assessed at the highest rate of taxation.

"How were all these things decreed? By ordinances. And where was the right to act thus found? Evidently it existed only in the 14th article of the Charter. Now, let us recapitulate these facts. A double change of system—a double change of numbers—a double change as to age—a double change as to taxation—a change as to the particular rights of three departments. All this without any law. A direct, formal, and essential encroachment on the articles 35, 36, 38, 40, and 63, of the Charter. All this without any law; all established by ordinances; all this by virtue of the 14th article; all this without crime—without condemnation—without even accusation: and now!"

These examples are worthy of the most serious consideration, and, in truth, are decisive of this legal question—How is it possible to stigmatize that as illegal in 1830, which had been exercised to *fully as great an extent*, on more than a dozen different occasions, from 1815 onwards? How is the change on the electoral law in 1815 and 1816 to be vindicated? And who ever complained of this? But, above all, attend to the important changes introduced in 1815, on the qualification of electors, and the representative body, by ordinances. The age of an elector was lowered from 30 to 21 years, and of a deputy from 40 to 25; the number of deputies increased from 262 to 395, by an ordinance. Did the French Liberals ever complain of these ordinances as illegal? Did they ever object to that which declared that the 300 francs a-year, which is the qualification for an elector, might be paid not only by the elector, but his wife, child, mother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, or father? Or that which admitted members of the Legion of Honour to vote in the minor assemblies without paying any taxes? Why were not the Ministers impeached who signed the ordinances *in favour of the Liberal party*? Not a whisper was heard of their ille-

gality on any of these occasions. But this is the uniform conduct of the Revolutionists in all ages and countries, and in all matters, foreign and domestic. Whatever is done in their favour is lauded to the skies, as the height of liberality, wisdom, and justice; whatever is aimed at their supremacy, is instantly stigmatized as the most illegal and oppressive act that ever was attempted by a blood-thirsty tyrant. Had the Ordinances of July, instead of restoring the number of deputies to something approaching to that fixed by the charter, and, restraining the licentiousness of the press, been directed to the increase of democratic power, they would have been praised as the most constitutional act that ever emanated from the throne; and Charles X., for the brief period of popularity allotted to conceding monarchs, been styled "the most popular monarch that ever sat on the throne since the days of Charlemagne."

There are many other instances of the exercise of the same power by the Crown. In particular, in a Report made in 1817 to the Chamber of Peers, respecting the jury law, which also contained several enactments, it is declared, to remove the fears expressed by the adversaries of the project of the law, that if these fears were realized, "the King would have the resource of using the *extraordinary power provided by the 14th article of the charter.*" This Report was received without opposition by the liberal part of the Chamber. Prince Polignac has adduced two instances, among a host of others which might be adduced, of the manner in which these acts of the Crown were received by the Liberal party in France. "The charter," says the National, "without the 14th article, would have been an absurdity." The founder of the charter said, and was right in saying, "I am willing to make a concession; but not such a concession as would injure me and mine. If, therefore, experience proves that I have con-

ceded too much, I reserve to myself the faculty to revise the constitution, and it is that which I express by the 14th article. This was perfectly reasonable; those who supported legitimacy and the restoration, were right in insisting that the King was not to yield up his sword."\*

An equally decisive testimony was borne by a learned writer, in the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, now a minister of France. "When the charter appeared in 1814, what did the supreme authority do? It took care to put in the preamble the word 'octroyé,' and in the text the 14th article, which conferred the power of making ordinances for the safety of the State; that is, he attributed to himself before the charter an anterior right prior to the charter, or, in other words, a sovereign, constituent, absolute power."†

It is quite another question, whether it was wise or constitutional to have conferred this power on the Crown. Suffice it to say, that it *did* possess it; that its exercise had repeatedly taken place on many different occasions, with the full concurrence and applause of the popular party; and therefore that the *legality* of the ordinances is beyond a doubt.

The question remains, whether the exercise of the power was justified by necessity, or called for by expedience?

Upon this subject, if any doubt existed, it has been removed by the events of the last two years. No one who contemplates the state of France during that period can doubt, that the power of the democracy has become too great, not merely for royalty, but for freedom; that the balance has been altogether subverted; and that the martial law, arbitrary measures, and relentless prosecution of the press, which has distinguished the administrations of Casimir Perier and Marshal Soult, were imperatively called for, to restrain the anarchy which was rapidly conducting society in France to its dissolution. What the power of the democracy was—what

\* National, June 20, 1831.

† Sitting of Dec. 29, 1830.—Polignac, 51, 52. Polignac justly disclaims so arbitrary a power as is here attributed to the 14th article by the Liberals, and contends only for such a power as is essential to save the remainder of the constitution.



formidable weapons it possessed—how complete was its organization, is proved by what it has done. It has subverted the most beneficent government that ever ruled in France since the days of Clovis; whose wisdom and moderation had gone far to close the frightful wounds of the Revolution; which gave perfect freedom to individuals, and absolute protection to property, during the fifteen years of its rule; and the unexampled prosperity resulting from whose administration all the anarchy and wretchedness consequent on the Revolution of July have not been able altogether to extinguish. The Revolutionists were victorious in the strife; they got a king of their own choosing, and a government of their own formation; their journalists were made Ministers of State, and the system for which they contended established; and what was the consequence? Why, that out of the triumph of the Liberals has arisen such turbulence, anarchy, and wretchedness, as rendered it absolutely necessary for the Liberals themselves to re-enact Prince Polignac's Ordinances with still more arbitrary clauses, and support them by a bloody fight in the streets of Paris, and the array of "a greater number of armed men," as Sarrans tells us, "than combated Prussia or Russia at Jena or Austerlitz." This result is decisive of the question; it is the *experimentum crucis* which solves the doubt: It proves that Polignac and Charles were correct in their view of the terrible nature of the power they had to combat; that they foresaw, two years before they occurred, what the progress of events was destined to bring forth, took the measures best calculated to prevent them, and erred only by not duly estimating the magnitude of the physical strength which their adversaries had at their disposal.

On this subject we cannot do better than quote the able and eloquent observations of the Viscount Saint Chamans:—

"The Ordinances of July, and the sedition which followed them, were no more the cause of the Revolution of July, than the dismissal of M. Neckar, and the storming of the Bastille, were the cause of the Revolu-

tion of 1789. I see in both these events the first acts of a Revolution, of which the causes had existed long before, but not the origin of that Revolution itself. You might just as well say that the battle of Arbela was the cause of the ruin of Darius: as if, when the enemy had invaded your territory, and penetrated to the heart of your dominions, you had any chance of safety by laying down your arms and submitting to his terms—as if it was not better to risk a struggle which would save you, if it was gained, and renders you no worse than you were before, if it is lost. Such was the position of Charles X. He is unjustly accused of having committed suicide; but there are many others to whom the reproach can with more reason be applied.

"Louis XVIII. committed suicide on his race, when he caused his Ministers, in 1817, to bring forward a *democratic law for the election of Deputies* to Parliament, drawn in such a manner as gave little chance of success to the real friends of the monarchy, and when he created sixty Peers to hinder the reparation of that fatal step when it was yet time.

"The Chamber of Peers committed suicide, when, with a childish desire for popularity, they joined themselves to the Opposition (an unnatural union) to overturn the Minister, who stood out as the last defender of monarchical and aristocratic principles, and to give a triumph to liberal ideas. They have received their reward in the overthrow of the hereditary Peerage.

"They committed suicide, the Royalists of every shade and description, who enrolled themselves under the Liberal banners, from whence, after the triumph was completed, they were ignominiously expelled.

"The courtiers committed suicide when they weakly joined the Liberals, not seeing that the principles of that party are inconsistent with their existence.

"The crowd of commercial and industrious persons committed suicide, when, become the soldiers and pioneers of Liberalism, they attacked with all their might, and finally overturned, that constitution which had conferred such blessings on them, and prosperity on their country, and

under which France had enjoyed a prosperity without example.

"It is in the faults of these parties, in the situation of parties anterior to the Ordinances which resulted from these faults, that we must seek for the causes of the catastrophe, and not in the faults of Charles X. or his Ordinances. It is evident that the event has not created the situation, but only brought it to light; that his sceptre did not fall in pieces at the first stroke, from being then for the first time assailed, but because the blow unfolded the rottenness of the heart, brought about by anterior causes."—*St Chamans*, 3, 4.

We had begun to underline the parts of this striking passage, which bear in an obvious manner on the recent events in this country, now, alas! beyond the reach of redemption, but we soon desisted. Every word of it applies to our late changes; and demonstrates a coincidence between the march of revolution in the two countries, which is almost miraculous. At the distance of about ten years, our liberal Tories and revolutionary Whigs have followed every one of the steps of the Jacobins and Doctrinaires of France. While they were hastening down the gulf of perdition at a gallop, we followed at a canter, and have adopted every one of the steps which there rendered the downward progress of the Revolution irremediable, and spread unheard-of misery through every part of France. We too have had Royalists of every shade inclining to liberal ideas; and the courtiers entering into alliance with their enemies, and a crowd of commercial and manufacturing citizens combining to overturn the constitution under which they and their fathers had, not for 15, but 150 years, enjoyed unheard-of prosperity; and the Crown bringing forward a new and highly democratical system of election; and the concurrence of the Peers forced by a threatened creation of sixty members. Having sown the same seed as the French, can we hope to reap a different crop? May Heaven avert from these realms the last and dreadful catastrophe to which these measures led on the other side of the Channel!

With regard to the conduct of Charles X. after ascending the

throne, the following account is given by the same writer:—

"The goodness of Charles X., his love for his people, his beneficence, his affability, his piety, his domestic virtues, doubtless have placed his private character beyond the reach of attack. Let us see whether his public conduct justifies any more the accusations of his enemies.

"On ascending the throne, he resisted the natural desire of giving the direction of affairs to his political confidants, and, sacrificing his private affections to his public duty, he retained the administration of his deceased brother who had raised France to so high a pitch of happiness. When, shortly after, public opinion, misled by the press, became weary of the prosperity of France, and overturned in its madness the Ministers who had restored its prosperity within, and regained its consideration without, did Charles X. make use of any coup d'état to maintain in his government the principles which he deemed necessary to the salvation of France? No. He yielded: he sacrificed all his own opinions, he changed his ministers and his system, and in good faith embraced the new course which was prescribed to him. He conceded every thing that was demanded. As the reward of the many sacrifices made to opinion, he was promised a peaceable, beloved, and cherished existence. But bitter experience soon taught him that what was conceded passed for nothing, or rather was considered only as the means of obtaining fresh concessions; that the party which he hoped to have satisfied, multiplied one demand on another, moved incessantly forward from session to session, and evidently would not stop till it had fallen with him into the gulf of democracy; that public opinion, that is to say, *its tyrant, the press*, was soon as much irritated at the new Ministers as it had been at those which preceded them; that his government was harassed with as great obstacles as before; that the sacrifice made was therefore useless, and that the system on which, against his better judgment, he had entered, instead of being followed by the advantages which had been promised, was in fact precipitating him into those



evils, the foresight of which had at first inclined him to a contrary system.

“Charles X., confirmed by that essay in his first ideas, reverted then to his own opinions, and the men who shared them; and, whatever calumny may assert to the contrary, neither those men nor those opinions were contrary to the Charter. The real violators of the Charter were to be found in the majority of the Chamber of Deputies; in the 221 who refused to respect the constitutional right of the Monarch to choose his Ministers, and who were resolved to force him to dismiss them, though they could not allege a single illegal act of which they had been guilty. And, in truth, their administration was perfectly legal and constitutional, down to the promulgation of the Ordinances, on which opinions are so much divided, and which necessity alone dictated to prevent the crown being taken off the head of the Sovereign.

“Let the truth then be proclaimed boldly: Prior to the Ordinances, Charles X. merited reproach as little in his public as his private life. I may defy his most implacable enemies and his daily libellers, who have with such fury attacked a fallen victim, to point out one real grievance, or single illegal act of his whole reign. Are there any more reproaches to make to the family who surrounded him? You will find, on the contrary, in them an assemblage of all the virtues, of the noblest courage in the extremities of misfortune. If these virtues, these qualities, the inheritance of a noble race, are lost to us by our ingratitude, they are at least springing up again in another generation; they are yet growing for France.”—*St Chamans*, 7. 9.

In this particular, our own experience of the illustrious exiles in this city fully corroborates the testimony of the French Royalists. Never, in truth, did simple unobtrusive virtue work a more surprising change in favour of any family than that of Charles X. did in the opinion of this city. When he first arrived here, he was regarded by the great majority of the citizens, deluded by the Revolutionary press, as a blood-thirsty tyrant, who took a pleasure in cutting down the people by dis-

charges of grape-shot, and was intent only on the most arbitrary proceedings. His followers took no pains whatever to disabuse the public mind; not a pamphlet, nor a newspaper paragraph, issued from Holyrood; they lived in retirement, and were known only to a limited circle by the elegance of their manners, and to all by the extent and beneficence of their charities, and the sincere and unaffected discharge of their religious duties. By degrees the mask placed by the Revolutionists dropped from their faces; instead of a blood-thirsty tyrant, a beneficent Monarch, bravely enduring the storms of adversity, was discovered; and before the Royal Family departed for the Continent, they had secured the interest, and won the affection, of all classes of the citizens.

“Were, then,” continues M. St Chamans, “the Ordinances the cause of the catastrophe which ensued? Yes! if the Ordinances were useless—if the Throne and the Constitution were not in danger; or if, though in danger, they could have been saved without a *coup d'état*. Not, if they were necessary and unavoidable; if the Throne, the Dynasty, the Constitution, were about to perish; if the illegal attacks of the enemies of the Monarchy had left the King no other resource but a desperate effort. What signifies whether you perish of the operation, or the progress of the disease?

“What was the situation of affairs at the epoch of the Ordinances? On that depends the solution of the question.

“The Chamber had been dissolved, because the majority was hostile; the elections had sent back a majority still more numerous and hostile; the Chamber was to assemble on the 3d August.

“Charles X. could not govern France with that Chamber, but by composing a Ministry in harmony with the majority of its members; that is, by assuming nearly the same men, who, after the 7th August, formed the Cabinet of Louis Philippe, and adopting the same system; for such a Ministry could not have existed a day without conceding the same democratic demands which were granted in the modified Charter

of August 7th. We may judge, then, of the situation in which Charles X. would have been placed, by that in which we now see Louis Philippe. Now, if, in the short space of eighteen months, three Administrations have been overturned; if the Throne itself is shaken—without authority, without force, without consideration—what must have been the fate of the royalty of Charles X.? If the Liberal party has acted in this manner by a King whom they regarded as their own—the darling of their own creation, and who by his conduct and his personal qualities possessed all the sympathies of the Revolutionary party; if, in spite of so many titles to their favour, that Prince has been obliged to throw them out two or three Administrations as morsels to devour; if the journals, the caricatures, the tumults, have troubled his days and his nights; if he has been obliged to deliver up to them even the arms of his race, and to degrade his own palace by effacing the fleur-de-lis; if they have thus treated their friend, their chosen Prince, their Citizen King, is it conceivable that they would have respected the crown of a King, the object of their hatred and jealousy, under which they would have incessantly trembled for concessions evidently extorted by force? Who can doubt that in these circumstances the Throne of Charles X. would have perished some months sooner than that of Louis Philippe? Charles X. delivered over to a Ministry and a Chamber chosen from his enemies, would have found himself nearly in the same position as Louis XVI. in 1792. The result would have been the same. If, then, the danger of destruction awaited him equally, whichever course he adopted, it was far better to perish when combating like a King of France than in weakly yielding. An open strife offered at least the chance of safety; concessions offered none.”

—*St Chamans*, 11, 12.

“And that *necessity* is a sufficient ground for such violent measures as coups d’etat, cannot surely be denied by those whose subsequent conduct has been entirely founded on that basis. What authorized them to revolt against the authority of the King? They answer, Necessity, in default of constitutional means of

resistance. Who gave them a right to change the dynasty? They answer, Necessity. Who authorized them to overturn the charter sworn to by all the French? Necessity. Who authorized them to mutilate the Chamber of Peers, and to change into a liferent their rights of eternal property? They answer, Necessity. Necessity is their sole law: and, if necessity justifies measures evidently calculated to overturn, not only the throne but the constitution, with what reason can it be pretended that it does not justify a measure intended to preserve both?”—*Ibid.* 18, 19.

Saint Chamans gives an account of the *real causes* of the Revolution of July. These are, the democratic law of Feb. 5, 1817, regarding the elections; the licentious press; and the centralization of all the powers of France in Paris. This part of the subject is of the utmost importance, and is treated by our author with his usual ability. We shall endeavour only to do justice to the subject in our translation.

“Two causes have, in an especial manner, precipitated the monarchy into the abyss from which there was no escape. These were the license of the daily press, and the democratic law of elections. It was against them that the Ordinances were directed.

“I will not here repeat what I have often advanced in regard to the periodical press. I will only say, that ever since it has been unrestrained, it has engaged in a battle of life and death with the authority, whatever it was, which held the reins of government: that it stabbed to the heart the constitutional monarchy of 1791, established in the first fervour of the Revolution; that it afterwards slew the Girondists, who had overthrown the monarchy; that it itself was crushed on three different occasions, first by the Reign of Terror, then by the cannons of the 13th Vendemiaire, when Napoleon overthrew the sections, and again by the transportations which followed the 18th Fructidor; that having reappeared after an interval of twenty years, it destroyed the Ministry of 1819, and shook the Throne of the Restoration; that it overturned successively the Ministry of Villele, of Martignac, and after that at one fell



swoop the Ministry, the Throne, the Charter, and the Constitutional Monarchy: that since that time it has slain the Ministry of the Duke de Broglie and Guizot, and of M. Laffitte; the two last in a few months, and the third has no better lease of life than the popular throne. That is to say, during twenty years that the press has been unfettered since 1789, it has uniformly come to pass, that in a short time it has either overturned the authority of Government, or been overturned by it, through a violent coup d'état. It was the shock of these opposing powers, each of which felt that its existence could be secured only by the destruction of its enemy, which produced the terrible struggle and the catastrophe of 1830. To appreciate, in a word, all the force of that demon-like power, it is sufficient to recall to recollection that the press succeeded in a few months in making the weak and unfortunate Louis XVI. pass for a bloodthirsty tyrant; and that latterly it created that strong disaffection, which, in the crisis of their fate, Charles X. and his noble family experienced in the population of Paris and its environs; the very men who were daily witnesses of their virtues, and literally overwhelmed with their benefactions.

"As to the law of elections, it was framed in the true spirit of democracy; the necessary result of which was, that it delivered the whole influence in the state into the hands of the middling class, incapable of any practical instruction in public affairs, passionately devoted to change and disorder, from which it hopes to obtain its elevation to the head of affairs, as if it ever could maintain itself there. That law annulled at once the influence both of the higher classes intrusted in the preservation of order, and of the lower, ever ready, no doubt, to disturb the public peace, by the prospect of pillage, but who can never be led into long disorders, by the dream of governing the state. It follows, from these principles, that the law of February 5, 1817, whose enactments regulated three-fifths of the electors, gave the majority, and, by consequence, the control of the state, *precisely to the class the most dangerous to the public order*, and ever disposed to support revolutions,

from the belief that it will benefit by their progress." — *St Chamans*, 21, 22.

"The Revolution long previously prepared, broke out on occasion of the Ordinances, which were directed to the coercion of the press, and an alteration on the law of elections. The press could have been placed under no restraints, if the elections had returned a Chamber of Deputies, enemies alike to order and public repose. It was the law of the elections, therefore, that alone rendered indispensable the employment of a violent remedy. The law of the election of 5th Feb. 1817, with the ordinance of 5th September following on it, and the creation of Peers which was its result—these were the true causes of the Revolution of 1830, and these causes existed before the reign of Charles X. He therefore is not to be blamed for it. If the throne has perished, it is not because the battle was engaged, but because it was lost. It was reduced to such a state, that nothing but a victory gained could have saved it.

"These were the causes which directly produced the catastrophe; but it would neither have been so complete nor so rapid, had it not been for the effects of that absurd centralization, of which the Constituent Assembly prepared the scourge, by dividing France into so many departments, nearly equal, and breaking down all the ties of the provinces cemented by time. That universal levelling paved the way for tyranny, by concentrating the whole moral strength of the nation in Paris. The universal destruction of the provinces has deprived France of all internal strength; the whole remainder of the country has been reduced to mimic the movements of Paris, and ape its gestures, like a reflection in a glass. Since that period, the provinces, or rather the departments, have not had a thought or a wish, but what they received from Paris; they have changed masters ten times, without knowing why, almost always against their will, beginning with the 10th August, 1792, and ending with the 29th July, 1830. How, in fact, can an *eighty-sixth* part of France organize any resistance to the central authority? The neighbouring

departments first receive the impulse, which is instantly communicated like an electric shock to the others. All France being concentrated in Paris, there is neither force nor opinion beyond that limited spot. The moment that Paris falls, the whole kingdom instantly falls under the yoke of the stranger; the vast monarchy of France is reduced to the circuit of a single city. It was not thus with old France. A King of England reigned sixteen years in Paris, but the provinces resisted and saved France. Guise and the League, and latterly the Fronde, chased the King from Paris; but the provinces did not abandon their sovereign, and not only preserved his throne, but led him back in triumph to Paris.

“What a deplorable change is now exhibited? The great centralization of Paris is repeated in detail in the little centralization of the chief towns of the departments, which communicate their movement to all the districts of which they are the head. In each of these, a few of the rabble, headed by half a dozen advocates, make a little revolution, always following the model of the great one. This is what has been seen in our days, but never before in so extraordinary and disgraceful a manner. Who would believe it? A few thousand workmen and students, who had obtained the mastery in Paris by means of a sedition, changed the colours of the nation, and hoisted the tri-color flag. The departments instantly covered themselves with white, blue, and red. Throughout all France they changed their colours, without knowing whose they were to mount; whether those of a republic, a military despotism, or a democratic government. They knew nothing of all this; but, as mobs must have a rallying cry, they called out, *Vive la Charte*, when they were supporting a faction which had overturned it. If you asked them what they wanted, what they complained of, whom they served, what they proposed to themselves? they answered, ‘We will tell you when the next courier arrives from Paris.’ They are in transports, and ready to lay down their life—for whom? Why, for the ruler whose name shall be proclaimed from the first mail-coach. Unhappily this is no plea-

santry; the tri-color was received in several departments many days before they knew what sort of government it was to bring them.—Thirty or forty shopkeepers in Paris had as many millions in our noble France at their disposal, as if it were a matter which they could mould according to their will. They made use of our illustrious country as a statuary does of a block of marble, who asks himself, ‘Shall I make a god, a devil, or a table?’ Be he whom he may, it is certain that he is the very man whom the provinces would most desire, and whom they would instantly love with transport the moment he is on the throne. Who can be surprised after that, if these revolutionary improvisators are not supported by the same profound affections which ancient habits and old feelings have implanted in the hearts. How disgraceful to the age to see our countrymen, and precisely those amongst them who are most vociferous in support of liberty, make themselves the mute slaves of Paris, and accept with their eyes shut whoever is crowned there, whether he be a Nero, a Caligula, or a Robespierre!”—*St Chamans*, 24—27.

These observations are worthy of the most serious attention. The utter and disgraceful state of thralldom in which France is kept by Paris—in other words, by twenty or thirty individuals commanding the press there—has long been proved, and was conspicuous through all the changes of the Revolution; and without doubt, the destruction of all the provincial courts, and the annihilation of the whole ancient distinctions of the provinces, has gone far to break down and destroy the spirit of the remainder of France. But the evil lies deeper than in the mere centralization of all the influences of France in Paris; its principal cause is to be found in the destruction of the higher ranks of the nobility, which took place during the first Revolution. In no part of France are there now to be found any great or influential proprietors, who can direct or strengthen public opinion in the provinces, or create any counterpoise to the overwhelming preponderance of the capital. Here and there may be found an insulated proprietor who lives on his estates; but, generally speaking,



that class is extinct in the provinces, and so far from being able to resist the influence of Paris, its peasant landholders are unable to withstand the ascendant of their Prefect, or the chief town of their department. Napoleon was perfectly aware of this. He knew well, that in consequence of the destruction of the higher orders, regulated freedom was impossible in France, and he therefore signalized his first accession to the throne by the creation of a new order of noblesse, who, he flattered himself, would supply the place of that which had been destroyed. Imperfectly as a nobility, for the most part destitute of property, can supply the place of one who centre in themselves the great mass of the national property, it yet contributed something to preserve the balance of society; and of this the great prosperity and regulated freedom of the Restoration afforded decisive evidence. But this did not answer the purpose of the Revolutionists. It raised few of them to supreme power; the editors of journals were not yet Ministers of State, and therefore they never ceased agitating the public mind, and spreading the most false and malicious reports concerning all men in authority, till at length they succeeded in overturning, not only the throne, but the hereditary peerage, and have thus destroyed the last bulwark which stood between the Parisian mob and despotism, over the whole of France. Such is the unseen but resistless manner in which Providence counteracts the passions of individuals, and brings out of the furnace of democracy the strong government, which is ultimately destined to coerce it, and restore society to those principles which can alone ensure the safety or happiness of its members.

Let us now hear M. St Chamans on the effects of that great triumph of democracy.

"Let us now attend to the deplorable effects of the Revolution of 1830. To riches has succeeded misery; commerce, flourishing when the Glorious Days began, is now in the depth of suffering; industry, then so active, is languishing; the bankers, so splendid before that catastrophe, now attract the public at-

tention by nothing but the eclat of their bankruptcies. Before it, consumption was continually increasing, order and tranquillity reigned universally in France; the public revenue was abundant and easily collected: since it, consumption has greatly decreased; disorder and disquietude trouble every man in the country; the public receipts are constantly diminishing, and becoming of more difficult collection. Contrast the moderate imposts which were sufficient when peace was certain, with the extraordinary expenses and total deficiency of the ordinary receipts which have taken place since the Revolution disturbed the peace of Europe, and the disastrous effects of this calamitous event will distinctly appear.

"Instead of the perfect order which under the Restoration prevailed in France, we now see universally violence going on against churches, priests, juries, electors and inoffensive citizens; against the collectors of the public revenue, their registers and furniture; against the organs of the press, and the press itself; royalty is obliged everywhere to efface the word "Royal;" government addressing to the departments telegraphic dispatches, which the prefects are in haste to affix on their walls, and which the public read with avidity; the great, the important news is, that on such a day, the 14th or 28th of July, *Paris was tranquil*. Paris was tranquil! Why, tranquillity was so usual under the former reign, that no one thought of mentioning it, more than that the sun had risen in the morning.

"Nor have the effects of the Three Glorious Days been less conspicuous in every other department. We see regiments, ill-disciplined, acting according to their fancy; sometimes raging with severity against the insurrections; sometimes regarding, without attempting to suppress them; sometimes openly joining their violence; the theatres alternately shocking religion, its ministers, manners, and public decency; the Minister opposing nothing to that torrent of insanity, though he knows where to apply the scissors of the censorship when the license extends to his own actions."—*Ibid.* 31, 32.

"Thus the Revolution, without

having given us one of the ameliorations so loudly demanded by the Liberals, has exhibited no other result but anarchy and misery; the one the object of well-known terror to every friend to his country, the other universal suffering. It is needless to give any proofs of this state of decay and suffering; we have only to open our eyes to see it; all the world knows it, and not the least the authors of the Revolution of July; not only those who have been its dupes, but those who have been enriched by it, (if indeed it has benefited any one,) make no attempt to conceal the state of anarchy and disquietude into which France is plunged; on the contrary, they seek to turn it to their profit, by constantly exhibiting before the public eye a dismal perspective of evils suspended over our heads; disorder, anarchy, a republic, pillage, popular massacres, in fine, the Reign of Terror. They do not pretend that their rule can give us prosperity, but only that it stems the torrent of adversity.

"These disastrous consequences are maturing throughout France with a frightful rapidity. The inhabitants of Paris, and possibly the government, are not aware of the extent to which the principles of anarchy have spread in every part of France. They believe that the earth is undermined only where explosions have taken place, but they are in a mistake; it is every where, and on all sides a *bouleversement* is threatened. Certainly, if any thing is more deplorable than the present state of things, it is the future, which to all appearance is in store for us.

"Discord and anarchy have penetrated everywhere; into most of the regiments of the army, into almost all the departments of France. In the army, it is well known that the non-commissioned officers have more authority than the officers; in the villages, the electors of the magistrates and municipal councils, with the officers of the National Guard, have everywhere created two parties, and distracted every thing. The source of their discord is deeper than any political contests; it is the old struggle of the poor against the rich; it is the efforts of the demo-

cracy in *waistcoats*, trying to subvert the intolerable aristocracy of *coats*.

"The disastrous effects of the Revolution of 1830 have not been confined to political subjects. To complete the picture of our interior condition, it is necessary to add, that anarchy has spread not only into the state, but into religion, literature, and the theatres, for it will invariably be found that disorder does not confine itself to one object; that the contagion spreads successively into every department of human thought. It was reserved for the lights of the 19th century to draw an absurd and incredible religion from the principle, that 'labour is the source of riches.' The first consequence they deduce is, that there is no one useful in the world but he who labours; those who do not are useless: The second, that all the good things of this world should belong to those who are the most useful, that is the day-labourers. M. St Simon thence concludes, that a shoemaker is more useful to society than the Duchess d'Angouleme. He never hesitated as to his divine mission, and gave himself out for the prophet of a new religion, the high priest of a new church.

"In literature what a chaos of new and extravagant ideas,—what a torrent of absurd revolting madness has burst forth in a short period! It is especially during the last eighteen months, that all men of reflection have become sensible of the reality of our state of perfection; they have seen that the inefficiency of our literary and political character is at least equal to their pride, and nothing more can be said of them.

"One would imagine in truth, that Providence had intentionally rendered the triumph of the Revolutionists so sudden and complete, expressly in order to open the eyes of those by a new example, to whom the first would not suffice. Nothing has contended against them but the consequence of their own principles, and yet where are they? They have declaimed for fifteen years against the undue preponderance of the royal authority, and the want of freedom; and yet they have proved by their actions that they could take nothing from that authority, and add no-



thing to that freedom, without plunging us into anarchy. Follow attentively their reign—their own principles have been sufficient to destroy them, without the intervention of a human being. The first Ministry, M. Guizot and the Duke de Broglie, had the favour of the King, and of the majority in both Chambers. Under the Restoration a Ministry could never have been overturned which stood in such a situation; but nevertheless it did not exist three months; without being attacked it perished; disappeared in the midst of a tumult. The repression of that disorder was the nominal; the principles of the government itself the real cause. The same causes overthrew in a few months more the succeeding Ministry. The administration of Casimir Perier had also the support of the King and of the Chambers, and no one attacked it; but nevertheless it was compelled to purchase a disgraceful and ephemeral existence, by the suppression of the hereditary peerage. Such is the state of this government; with all the elements of force, it is incapable of governing; with 500,000 men, and an annual budget of 1500,000,000, (L.64,000,000), which it has at its disposal, it is not obeyed. At Paris, nothing has occurred but revolt upon revolt, which could be suppressed only by abandoning to their fury the Cross, the emblem of Christianity, the palace of the Archbishop, and the arms of the throne; while in the provinces insurrections have broken out on all sides, sometimes against the authority of the magistrates, sometimes with their concurrence, which have led to such a stoppage of the revenue, as has led to the contraction of debt to the amount of L.20,000,000 sterling a-year.

“Whence is it, that with the same elements from whence Charles X. extracted so much prosperity, and maintained such perfect peace, nothing can be produced under Louis Philippe but misery and disorder? It is impossible to blink the question; it is with the same capital that industry and commerce are perishing; with the same manufactures that you cannot find employment for your workmen; with the same ships that your merchants are star-

ving; with the same revenues that you are compelled to sell the royal forests, contract enormous loans, pillage the fund laid aside for the indemnity of individuals, and incessantly increase the floating debt; that it is with peace both within and without that you are obliged to augment the army, and restore all the severity of the Conscription. How is it that the ancient dynasty preserved us from so many misfortunes, and the new one has brought us such terrible scourges? I will explain the cause.

“Confidence creates this prosperity of nations. Disquietude and apprehension cause it to disappear. Security for the future, given or taken away, produces activity or languor, riches or misery, tranquillity or trouble.—You have made your election for the wrong side of that alternative, when instead of Right you substitute Might: because Right, which never changes, bears in itself all the elements of stability, while Power, which changes every day, brings home to every breast the feeling of instability. I know well, that to the present triumph of power its leaders strive to annex an idea of right; but it will be just as easy, when the next heave of the revolutionary earthquake displaces the present authority, to clothe that which succeeds it with a similar title to permanent obedience. Every successive party in its turn can rest its pretensions to sovereignty on the authority of the People. On the other hand, our right of succession depends on an immovable basis. If Charles X. or Henry V. is on the throne, every one knows that no person can claim the crown on the same title as that by which they held it: but under the present government, how is it possible to avoid the conviction, that if it pleases 300 persons at Metz or Grenoble to proclaim a Republic, or 300 others at Toulouse or Bordeaux Henry V., and if a general stupor, arising from the weakness of each of the departments taken singly, prevents any effectual resistance, the new government will immediately acquire the same title to obedience as that which now fills the throne?”—*St Chamans*, 57, 58.

“It is therefore in the principle on which the government is founded, that we must look for the cause of

our suffering and our ruin. If to this cause we add the consequences not less powerful of a democratic constitution, that is, to an organized anarchy, we may despair of the safety of our country, if it is not destroyed by the seeds of destruction which such a government carries in its bosom. In no country, and in no age, has democracy made a great state prosper, or established it in a stable manner; and even though it should become inured to the climate elsewhere, it would always prove fatal in France. The foundation of the French character is vanity; and that feeling which, under proper direction, becomes a noble desire for illustrators, which has been the source of our military glory, and of our success in so many different departments, is an invincible bar to our essays in democracy, because every one is envious of the superiority of his neighbour, conceives himself qualified for every thing, and pretends to every situation."—*Ibid*, 60.

"The revolution of 1830 has lighted anew the torch of experience on many controverted points, and I appeal with confidence upon them to the many men of good faith who exist among our adversaries. They seek like us the good of our common country, and the welfare of humanity; they hold that in the charter there was too little political power conferred upon the people. Let them judge now, for the proof has been decisive. They will find that on every occasion, without one exception, in which political power, unrestrained by strict limits, has been conferred upon the people, *personal liberty has been destroyed*; that the latter has lost as much as the former has gained. Such an extension of political power is nothing but democracy or supreme authority lodged in the hands of the people. Reflect upon the fate of personal freedom under the democratic constitutions which promised us the greatest possible extension of individual liberty. Was there liberty under the Constituent Assembly, for those who were massacred in the streets, and whose heads they carried on the ends of pikes? Was there liberty for the seigniors whose chateaux they burnt, and who saved their lives only by flight? Was there liberty for those

who were massacred at Avignon, or whom the committee of Jacobins tore from the bosoms of their families to conduct to the guillotine? Was there liberty for the King, who was not permitted to move beyond the barriers of Paris, nor venture to breathe the fresh air at the distance of a league from the city? No, there was liberty only for their oppressors: the only freedom was that which the incendiaries, jailors, and assassins enjoyed.

"Since the Revolution of July, has there been any freedom for the clergy, who do not venture to shew themselves in the streets of Paris, even in that dress which is revered by savage tribes; for the Catholics, who can no longer attend mass but at midnight; for the Judges, who are threatened in the discharge of their duties by the aspirants for their places; for the Electors, whose votes are overturned with the urns which contain them, and who return lacerated and bleeding from the place of election; for the Citizens arbitrarily thrust out of the National Guard; for the Archbishop of Paris, whose house was robbed and plundered with impunity, at the very moment when the Ministers confessed in the Chambers they could allege nothing against him; for the Officers of all grades, even the generals expelled from their situations at the caprice of their inferiors; for the Curates of churches, when the government, trembling before the Sovereign multitude, close the churches to save them from the profanation and sacking of the mob; for the King himself, condemned by their despotism, to lay aside the arms of his race?"

"These evils have arisen from confounding personal with political liberty; a distinction which lies at the foundation of these matters.

"I call *personal* freedom the right to dispose, without molestation, of one's person and estate, and be secure that neither the one nor the other will be disquieted without your consent. *That liberty* is an object of universal interest; its preservation the source of universal solicitude. I support the extension of that species of liberty to the utmost extent that society can admit; and I would carry it to a much greater length than ever has been imagined by our democrats. I would have every one's property



held sacred; his person and estate inviolable, without the consent of his representatives, or the authority of the law; absolute security against forced service of any kind, or against either arrest or punishment, but under the strongest safeguard, for the protection of innocence.

"The other species of liberty, called Political Liberty, is an object of interest to the great body of the citizens; it consists in the right of taking a part in the government of the state. It cannot affect the great body, because in every country the immense majority can influence government neither by their votes nor their writings. This latter kind of liberty should be restrained within narrow limits, for experience proves it cannot be widely extended without destroying the other."

These observations appear to be as novel as they are important. They are not, strictly speaking, new; for in this Magazine for February 1830,\* the same principles are laid down and illustrated; and this furnishes another proof, among the many which might be collected, of the simultaneous extrication of the same original thought, in different countries at the same time, from the course of political events. But to any one who calmly and dispassionately considers the subject, it must be manifest that they contain the true principle on the subject. The difference, as St Chamans says, between personal and political liberty, or, as we should say in this country, between Freedom and Democracy, is the most important distinction which ever was stated; and it is from confounding these two different objects of popular ambition, that all the misery has arisen, which has so often attended the struggle for popular independence, and that Liberty has so often been strangled by its own votaries.

To produce the greatest amount of personal freedom and security with the smallest degree of political power in the lower classes; to combine the maximum of liberty with the minimum of democracy is the great end of good government, and should be the great object of the

true patriot in every age and country. There is no such fatal enemy to Freedom as Democracy; it never fails to devour its offspring in a few years. True liberty, or the complete security of persons, thoughts, property, and actions, in *all* classes, from injury or oppression, never existed three months under an unrestrained Democracy; because the worst of tyrannies is a multitude of tyrants. The coercion of each class of society by the others; of the impetuosity and vehemence of the populace and their demagogues by the steadiness and weight of the aristocracy; of the ambition and oppression of the aristocracy by the vigour and independence of the commons, is indispensable to the equilibrium of government and the preservation of freedom; but it is precisely the state of things which the Revolutionists will ever assail with most vehemence, because it affords the most effectual coercion to their passions and despotic ambition. The Spirit of Democracy, that keen and devouring element which has produced, and is producing, such ravages in the world, is to the political what fire is to domestic life. Political freedom cannot exist without it, and when properly regulated, it vivifies and improves every department of society; but if once allowed to get ahead, if not confined within iron bars, it will instantly consume the fabric in which it is placed.

Napoleon has left the following picture of the manner in which freedom was devoured by democracy, during the first French Revolution:—"Liberty," said he, "was doubtless the first cry of the people when the Revolution arose; but that was not what they really desired. The first lightning of the Revolution shewed what talents then existed, which the levelling principle would restore to society for the advantage and glory of the state. Thus it was *Equality* which the French people always desired; and to tell the truth, *Liberty has never existed since it was proclaimed*. For the proper definition of liberty is the power of freely exercising all our faculties; and with the exception of some speeches which

\* French Revolution, No. 2. February 1830.

the orators of the sections were allowed to make in 1795, shew me a period when the people were at liberty to say or do what they wished since 1789? Was it when the crowds of women and malecontents besieged the Convention? Begone; think of your business, said they; and yet these poor people only asked for bread. Will any one pretend that the years 1793 or 1794 were the eras of freedom? Under the Directory, no one dared to open their mouth; and after the 18th Fructidor in 1797, a second Reign of Terror arose. Never have the people, even under Louis XI. or Cardinal Richelieu, or in the most despotic states, *had less liberty than during the whole period which has elapsed since the first Revolution broke out.* What France always wished, what she still wishes, is Equality; in other words, the equal partition of the means of rising to glory and distinction in the state.”\*

This lesson would not suffice. The Revolutionists saw their despotic rule melting away under the just and equal sway of the Bourbons, and therefore they inflamed the public mind till they got their government overthrown. Despotism of one kind or another instantly returned: that of the National Guard, the Parisian *Emeutes*, or Marshal Soult's cannoniers, and Liberty has been destroyed by the demagogues who roused the people in its name. Thus it ever has been; thus it ever will be to the end of time. Individuals may be instructed by history or enlightened by reflection; the great masses of mankind will never learn wisdom but from their own suffering.

This distinction between individual freedom and political power, between Liberty and Democracy, is the great point of separation between the Whigs and Tories. The Conservatives strive to increase personal freedom to the utmost degree, and to effect that they find it indispensable to restrain the efforts of its worst enemies, the Democracy. The Whigs attend only to the augmentation of popular power, and in so doing they instantly trench on civil liberty. When were persons, property, life, and thoughts, more free, better protected or secured, than in Great Britain from 1815 to 1830, the days when the Democracy was restrained? When have they been so *ill secured* since the time of Cromwell, as during the last two years, illuminated as\* they have been by the flames of Bristol, and the conflagration of Jamaica, the days of democratic ascendancy? Ireland, at present under the distracting rule of O'Connell, the demagogue, is the prototype of the slavery to which we are fast driving, under the guidance of the Whigs: England, from 1815 to 1830, the last example of the freedom from which we are receding, established by the Tories. What farther evils the farther indulgence of this devouring principle is to produce, we know not, though experience gives us little hopes of amendment till we have gone through additional suffering; but of this we are well assured, that the time will come when these truths shall have passed into axioms, and experience taught every man of intelligence, that the assassins of freedom are the supporters of democratic power.

---

\* Napoleon, en Duchesse Abrantes, vii. 169, 170.



## THE CÆSARS.

## CHAP. II.

## AUGUSTUS.

THE situation of the Second Cæsar, at the crisis of the great Dictator's assassination, was so hazardous and delicate, as to confer interest upon a character not otherwise attractive. To many, we know it was positively repulsive, and in the very highest degree. In particular, it is recorded of Sir William Jones, that he regarded this Emperor with feelings of abhorrence so *personal* and deadly, as to refuse him his customary titular honours whenever he had occasion to mention him by name. Yet it was the whole Roman people that conferred upon him his title of *Augustus*. But Sir William, ascribing no force to the acts of a people who had sunk so low as to exult in their chains, and to decorate with honours the very instruments of their own vassalage, would not recognise this popular creation, and spoke of him always by his family name of Octavius. The flattery of the populace, by the way, must, in this instance, have been doubly acceptable to the Emperor, first, for what it gave, and secondly, for what it concealed. Of his grand-uncle, the first Cæsar, a tradition survives—that of all the distinctions created in his favour, either by the senate or the people, he put most value upon the laurel crown which was voted to him after his last campaigns—a beautiful and conspicuous memorial to every eye of his great public acts, and at the same time an overshadowing veil of his one sole personal defect. This laurel diadem at once proclaimed his civic grandeur, and concealed his baldness, a defect which was more mortifying to a Roman than it would be to ourselves, from the peculiar theory which then prevailed as to its probable origin. A gratitude of the same mixed quality must naturally have been felt by the Second Cæsar for his title of *Augustus*, which, whilst it illustrated his public character by the highest expression of majesty, set apart and sequestered to public functions, had also the agreeable effect of withdrawing from the general remembrance his obscure descent. For the Octavian house [*gens*] had in neither

of its branches risen to any great splendour of civic distinction, and in his own, to little or none. The same titular decoration, therefore, so offensive to the celebrated Whig, was, in the eyes of Augustus, at once a trophy of public merit, a monument of public gratitude, and an effectual obliteration of his own natal obscurity.

But, if merely odious to men of Sir William's principles, to others the character of Augustus, in relation to the circumstances which surrounded him, was not without its appropriate interest. He was summoned in early youth, and without warning, to face a crisis of tremendous hazard, being at the same time himself a man of no very great constitutional courage; perhaps he was even a coward. And this we say without meaning to adopt as gospel truths all the party reproaches of Anthony. Certainly he was utterly unfurnished by nature with those endowments which *seemed* to be indispensable in a successor to the power of the Great Dictator. But exactly in these deficiencies, and in certain accidents unfavourable to his ambition, lay his security. He had been adopted by his grand-uncle Julius. That adoption made him, to all intents and purposes of law, the son of his great patron; and doubtless, in a short time, this adoption would have been applied to more extensive uses, and as a station of vantage for introducing him to the public favour. From the inheritance of the Julian estates and family honours, he would have been trained to mount, as from a stepping-stone, to the inheritance of the Julian power and political station; and the Roman people would have been familiarised to regard him in that character. But, luckily for himself, the finishing, or ceremonial acts, were yet wanting in this process—the political heirship was inchoate and imperfect. Tacitly understood, indeed it was; but, had it been formally proposed and ratified, there cannot be a doubt that the young Octavius would have been pointed out to the vengeance of the patriots, and included in the scheme of the

conspirators, as a fellow-victim with his nominal father; and would have been cut off too suddenly to benefit by that reaction of popular feeling which saved the partizans of the Dictator, by separating the conspirators, and obliging them, without loss of time, to look to their own safety. It was by this fortunate accident that the young heir and adopted son of the first Cæsar not only escaped assassination, but was enabled to postpone indefinitely the final and military struggle for the vacant seat of empire, and in the mean time to maintain a coequal rank with the leaders in the state, by those arts and resources in which he was superior to his competitors. His place in the favour of Caius Julius was of power sufficient to give him a share in any triumvirate which could be formed; but, wanting the formality of a regular introduction to the people, and the ratification of their acceptance, that place was not sufficient to raise him permanently into the perilous and invidious station of absolute supremacy which he afterwards occupied. The *felicity* of Augustus was often vaunted by antiquity, (with whom success was not so much a test of merit as itself a merit of the highest quality,) and in no instance was this felicity more conspicuous than in the first act of his entrance upon the political scene. No doubt his friends and enemies alike thought of him, at the moment of Cæsar's assassination, as we now think of a young man heir-elect to some person of immense wealth, cut off by a sudden death before he has had time to ratify a will in execution of his purposes. Yet in fact the case was far otherwise. Brought forward distinctly as the successor of Cæsar's power, had he even, by some favourable accident of absence from Rome, or otherwise, escaped being involved in that great man's fate, he would at all events have been thrown upon the instant necessity of defending his supreme station by arms. To have left it unasserted, when once solemnly created in his favour by a reversionary title, would have been deliberately to resign it. This would have been a confession of weakness liable to no disguise, and ruinous to any subsequent pretensions. Yet, without preparation of means, with no developement of resources nor

growth of circumstances, an appeal to arms would, in his case, have been of very doubtful issue. His true weapons, for a long period, were the arts of vigilance and dissimulation. Cultivating these, he was enabled to prepare for a contest which, undertaken prematurely, must have ruined him, and to raise himself to a station of even military pre-eminence to those who naturally, and by circumstances, were originally every way superior to himself. The qualities in which he really excelled, the gifts of intrigue, patience, long-suffering, dissimulation, and tortuous fraud, were thus brought into play, and allowed their full value. Such qualities had every chance of prevailing in the long run, against the noble carelessness and the impetuosity of the passionate Anthony—and they *did* prevail. Always on the watch to lay hold of those opportunities which the generous negligence of his rival was but too frequently throwing in his way—unless by the sudden reverses of war and the accidents of battle, which as much as possible, and as long as possible, he declined—there could be little question in any man's mind, that eventually he would win his way to a solitary throne, by a policy so full of caution and subtilty. He was sure to risk nothing which could be had on easier terms; and nothing, unless for a great overbalance of gain in prospect; to lose nothing which he had once gained; and in no case to miss an advantage, or sacrifice an opportunity, by any consideration of generosity. No modern insurance-office but would have guaranteed an event depending upon the final success of Augustus, on terms far below those which they must in prudence have exacted from the fiery and adventurous Anthony. Each was an ideal in his own class. But Augustus, having finally triumphed, has met with more than justice from succeeding ages. Even Lord Bacon says, that, by comparison with Julius Cæsar, he was "*non tam impar quam dispar*," surely a most extravagant encomium, applied to whomsoever. On the other hand, Anthony, amongst the most signal misfortunes of his life, might number it, that Cicero, the great dispenser of immortality, in whose hands (more perhaps than in any one man's of any age) were the



vials of good and evil fame, should happen to have been his bitter and persevering enemy. It is, however, some balance to this, that Shakspeare had a just conception of the original grandeur which lay beneath that wild tempestuous nature presented by Anthony to the eye of the indiscriminating world. It is to the honour of Shakspeare that he should have been able to discern the true colouring of this most original character, under the smoke and tarnish of antiquity. It is no less to the honour of the great Triumvir, that a strength of colouring should survive in his character, capable of baffling the wrongs and ravages of time. Neither is it to be thought strange that a character should have been misunderstood and falsely appreciated for nearly two thousand years. It happens not uncommonly, especially amongst an unimaginative people like the Romans, that the characters of men are cyphers and enigmas to their own age, and are first read and interpreted by a far distant posterity. Stars are supposed to exist, whose light has been travelling for many thousands of years without having yet reached our system; and the eyes are yet unborn upon which their earliest rays will fall. Men like Mark Anthony, with minds of chaotic composition—light conflicting with darkness, proportions of colossal grandeur disfigured by unsymmetrical arrangement, the angelic in close neighbourhood with the brutal—are first read in their true meaning by an age learned in the philosophy of the human heart. Of this philosophy the Romans had, by the necessities of education and domestic discipline not less than by original constitution of mind, the very narrowest visual range. In no literature whatsoever are so few tolerable notices to be found of any great truths in Psychology. Nor could this have been otherwise amongst a people who tried every thing by the standard of social value; never seeking for a canon of excellence, in man considered abstractedly in and for himself, and as having an independent value—but always and exclusively in man as a gregarious being, and designed for social uses and functions. Not man in his own peculiar nature, but man in his relations to other men, was the station

from which the Roman speculators took up their philosophy of human nature. Tried by such standard, Mark Anthony would be found wanting. As a citizen, he was irretrievably licentious, and therefore there needed not the bitter personal feud, which circumstances had generated between them, to account for the *acharnement* with which Cicero pursued him. Had Anthony been his friend even, or his near kinsman, Cicero must still have been his public enemy. And not merely for his vices; for even the grander features of his character, his towering ambition, his magnanimity, and the fascinations of his popular qualities,—were all, in the circumstances of those times, and in *his* position, of a tendency dangerously uncivic.

So remarkable was the opposition, at all points, between the second Cæsar and his rival, that, whereas Anthony, even in his virtues, seemed dangerous to the state, Octavius gave a civic colouring to his most indifferent actions, and, with a Machiavelian policy, observed a scrupulous regard to the forms of the republic, after every fragment of the republican institutions, the privileges of the republican magistrates, and the functions of the great popular officers, had been absorbed into his own autocracy. Even in the most prosperous days of the Roman State, when the democratic forces balanced, and were balanced by, those of the aristocracy, it was far from being a general or common praise, that a man was of a civic turn of mind, *animo civili*. Yet this praise did Augustus affect, and in reality attain, at a time when the very object of all civic feeling was absolutely extinct; so much are men governed by words. Suetonius assures us, that many evidences were current even to his times of this popular disposition (*civilitas*) in the Emperor; and that it survived every experience of servile adulation in the Roman populace, and all the effects of long familiarity with irresponsible power in himself. Such a moderation of feeling, we are almost obliged to consider as a genuine and unaffected expression of his real nature; for, as an artifice of policy, it had soon lost its uses. And it is worthy of notice, that with the army he laid aside those popular manners

as soon as possible; addressing them as *milites*, not (according to his earlier practice) as *commilitones*. It concerned his own security, to be jealous of encroachments on his power. But of his rank, and the honours which accompanied it, he seems to have been uniformly careless. Thus, he would never leave a town or enter it by daylight, unless some higher rule of policy obliged him to do so; by which means he evaded a ceremonial of public honour which was burdensome to all the parties concerned in it. Sometimes, however, we find that men, careless of honours in their own persons, are glad to see them settling upon their family and immediate connexions. But here again Augustus shewed the sincerity of his moderation. For upon one occasion, when the whole audience in the Roman theatre had risen upon the entrance of his two adopted sons, at that time not seventeen years old, he was highly displeased, and even thought it necessary to publish his displeasure in a separate edict. It is another, and a striking illustration of his humility, that he willingly accepted of public appointments, and sedulously discharged the duties attached to them, in conjunction with colleagues who had been chosen with little regard to his personal partialities. In the debates of the Senate, he shewed the same equanimity; suffering himself patiently to be contradicted, and even with circumstances of studied incivility. In the public elections, he gave his vote like any private citizen; and, when he happened to be a candidate himself, he canvassed the electors with the same earnestness of personal application as any other candidate with the least possible title to public favour from present power or past services. But, perhaps, by no expressions of his civic spirit did Augustus so much conciliate men's minds, as by the readiness with which he participated in their social pleasures, and by the uniform severity with which he refused to apply his influence in any way which could disturb the pure administration of justice. The Roman juries (*judices* they were called) were very corrupt; and easily swayed to an unconscientious verdict, by the appearance in court of any great man on

behalf of one of the parties interested: nor was such an interference with the course of private justice any ways injurious to the great man's character. The wrong which he promoted did but the more forcibly proclaim the warmth and fidelity of his friendships. So much the more generally was the uprightness of the Emperor appreciated, who would neither tamper with justice himself, nor countenance any motion in that direction, though it were to serve his very dearest friend, either by his personal presence, or by the use of his name. And, as if it had been a trifle merely to forbear, and to shew his regard to justice in this negative way, he even allowed himself to be summoned as a witness on trials, and shewed no anger when his own evidence was overborne by stronger on the other side. This disinterested love of justice, and an integrity, so rare in the great men of Rome, could not but command the reverence of the people. But their affection, doubtless, was more conciliated by the freedom with which the Emperor accepted invitations from all quarters, and shared continually in the festal pleasures of his subjects. This practice, however, he discontinued, or narrowed, as he advanced in years. Suetonius, who, as a true anecdote-monger, would solve every thing, and account for every change by some definite incident, charges this alteration in the Emperor's condescensions upon one particular party at a wedding feast, where the crowd incommoded him much by their pressure and heat. But, doubtless, it happened to Augustus as to other men; his spirits failed, and his powers of supporting fatigue or bustle, as years stole upon him. Changes, coming by insensible steps, and not willingly acknowledged, for some time escape notice; until some sudden shock reminds a man forcibly to do that which he has long meditated in an irresolute way. The marriage banquet may have been the particular occasion from which Augustus stepped into the habits of old age, but certainly not the cause of so entire a revolution in his mode of living.

It might seem to throw some doubt, if not upon the fact, yet at least upon the sincerity, of his *civism*, that undoubtedly Augustus cultiva-



ted his kingly connexions with considerable anxiety. It may have been upon motives merely political that he kept at Rome the children of nearly all the kings then known as allies or vassals of the Roman power: a curious fact, and not generally known. In his own palace were reared a number of youthful princes; and they were educated jointly with his own children. It is also upon record, that in many instances the fathers of these princes spontaneously repaired to Rome, and there assuming the Roman dress—as an expression of reverence to the majesty of the omnipotent state—did personal “suit and service” (*more clementium*) to Augustus. It is an anecdote of not less curiosity, that a whole “college” of kings subscribed money for a temple at Athens, to be dedicated in the name of Augustus. Throughout his life, indeed, this Emperor paid a marked attention to all the royal houses then known to Rome, as occupying the thrones upon the vast margin of the empire. It is true that in part this attention might be interpreted as given politically to so many lieutenants, wielding a remote or inaccessible power for the benefit of Rome. And the children of these kings might be regarded as hostages, ostensibly entertained for the sake of education, but really as pledges for their parents’ fidelity, and also with a view to the large rever-sionary advantages which might be expected to arise upon the basis of so early and affectionate a connexion. But it is not the less true, that, at one period of his life, Augustus did certainly meditate some closer personal connexion with the royal families of the earth. He speculated, undoubtedly, on a marriage for himself with some barbarous princess, and at one time designed his daughter Julia as a wife for Cotiso, the king of the Getæ. Superstition perhaps disturbed the one scheme, and policy the other. He married, as is well known, for his final wife, and the partner of his life through its whole triumphant stage, Livia Drusilla; compelling her husband, Tiberius Nero, to divorce her—notwithstanding she was then six months advanced in pregnancy. With this lady, who was distinguished for her beauty, it is certain that he was deeply in love; and that might be

sufficient to account for the marriage. It is equally certain, however, upon the concurring evidence of independent writers, that this connexion had an oracular sanction—not to say, suggestion; a circumstance *which was long remembered*, and was afterwards noticed by the Christian poet Prudentius:

“Idque Deum sortes et Apollinis antra  
dederunt

Consilium: nunquam melius nam cedere  
tædas

Responsum est, quàm cum prægnans nova  
nupta jugatur.”

His daughter Julia had been promised by turns, and always upon reasons of state, to a whole muster-roll of suitors; first of all, to a son of Mark Anthony; secondly, to the barbarous king; thirdly, to her first cousin—that Marcellus, the son of Octavia, only sister to Augustus, whose early death, in the midst of great expectations, Virgil has so beautifully introduced into the vision of Roman grandeurs as yet unborn, which Æneas beholds in the shades; fourthly, she was promised (and this time the promise was kept) to the fortunate soldier, Agrippa, whose low birth was not permitted to obscure his military merits. By him she had a family of children, upon whom, if upon any in this world, the wrath of Providence seems to have rested; for, excepting one, and in spite of all the favours that earth and heaven could unite to shower upon them, all came to an early—a violent—and an infamous end. Fifthly, upon the death of Agrippa, and again upon motives of policy, and in atrocious contempt of all the ties that nature and the human heart and human laws have hallowed, she was promised, (if that word may be applied to the violent obtrusion upon a man’s bed of one who was doubly a curse—first, for what she brought, and, secondly, for what she took away,) and given to Tiberius, the future Emperor. Upon the whole, as far as we can at this day make out the connexion of a man’s acts and purposes, which, even to his own age, were never entirely cleared up, it is probable that, so long as the Triumvirate survived, and so long as the condition of Roman power or intrigues, and the distribution of Roman influence, were such as to leave a possibility that any new Triumvi-

rate should arise—so long Augustus was secretly meditating a retreat for himself at some barbarous court, against any sudden reverse of fortune, by means of a domestic connexion, which should give him the claim of a kinsman. Such a court, however unable to make head against the collective power of Rome, might yet present a front of resistance to any single partisan who should happen to acquire a brief ascendancy; or, at the worst, as a merely defensive power, might offer a retreat, secure in distance, and difficult access; or might be available as a means of delay for recovering from some else fatal defeat. It is certain that Augustus viewed Egypt with jealousy as a province, which might be turned to account in some such way by any aspiring insurgent. And it must have often struck him as a remarkable circumstance, which by good luck had turned out entirely to the advantage of his own family, but which might as readily have had an opposite result, that the three decisive battles of Pharsalia—of Thapsus—and of Munda, in which the empire of the world was three times over staked as the prize, had severally brought upon the defeated leaders a ruin which was total, absolute, and final. One hour had seen the whole fabric of their aspiring fortunes demolished; and no resource was left to them but either in suicide (which, accordingly, even Cæsar had meditated at one stage of the battle of Munda, when it seemed to be going against him) or in the mercy of the victor.

That a victor in a hundred fights should in his hundred-and-first,\* as in his first, risk the loss of that particular battle, is inseparable from the condition of man, and the uncertainty of human means; but that the loss of this one battle should be equally atal and irrecoverable with the loss of his first, that it should leave him with means no more cemented, and resources no better matured for retarding his fall, and throwing a long succession of hinderances in the way of his conqueror, argues some essen-

tial defect of system. Under our modern policy, military power—though it may be the growth of one man's life—soon takes root; a succession of campaigns is required for its extirpation; and it revolves backwards to its final extinction through all the stages by which originally it grew. On the Roman system this was mainly impossible from the solitariness of the Roman power; co-rival nations who might balance the victorious party, there were absolutely none; and all the underlings hastened to make their peace whilst peace was yet open to them, on the known terms of absolute treachery to their former master, and instant surrender to the victor of the hour. For this capital defect in the tenure of Roman power, no matter in whose hands deposited, there was no absolute remedy. Many a sleepless night during the perilous game which he played with Anthony, must have familiarized Octavius with that view of the risk, which to some extent was inseparable from his position as the leader in such a struggle carried on in such an empire. In this dilemma, struck with the extreme necessity of applying some palliation to the case, we have no doubt that Augustus would devise the scheme of laying some distant king under such obligations to fidelity as would suffice to stand the first shock of misfortune. Such a person would have power enough, of a direct military kind, to face the storm at its outbreak. He would have power of another kind in his distance. He would be sustained by the courage of hope, as a kinsman having a contingent interest in a kinsman's prosperity. And finally, he would be sustained by the courage of despair, as one who never could expect to be trusted by the opposite party. In the worst case, such a prince would always offer a breathing time and a respite to his friends, were it only by his remoteness, and if not the means of rallying, yet at least the time for rallying, more especially as the escape to his frontier would be easy to one who had long forecast

---

\* "The painful warrior, famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
Is from the book of honor razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."



it. We can hardly doubt that Augustus meditated such schemes; that he laid them aside only as his power began to cement and to knit together after the battle of Actium; and that the memory and the prudential tradition of this plan survived in the Imperial family so long as itself survived. Amongst other anecdotes of the same tendency, two are recorded of Nero, the Emperor in whom expired the line of the original Cæsars, which strengthen us in a belief of what is otherwise in itself so probable. Nero, in his first distractions, upon receiving the fatal tidings of the revolt in Gaul, when reviewing all possible plans of escape from the impending danger, thought at intervals of throwing himself on the protection of the barbarous King Vologesus. And twenty years afterwards, when the Pseudo-Nero appeared, he found a strenuous champion and protector in the King of the Parthians. Possibly, had an opportunity offered for searching the Parthian Chancery, some treaty would have been found binding the Kings of Parthia, from the age of Augustus through some generations downwards, in requital of services there specified, or of treasures lodged, to secure a perpetual asylum to the posterity of the Julian family.

The cruelties of Augustus were perhaps equal in atrocity to any which are recorded; and the equivocal apology for those acts (one which might as well be used to aggravate as to palliate the case) is, that they were not prompted by a ferocious nature, but by calculating policy. He once actually slaughtered upon an altar a large body of his prisoners; and such was the contempt with which he was regarded by some of that number, that when led out to death they saluted their other proscriber, Anthony, with military honours, acknowledging merit even in an enemy, but Augustus they passed with scornful silence, or with loud reproaches. Too certainly no man has ever contended for empire with unsullied conscience, or laid pure hands upon the ark of so magnificent a prize. Every friend to Augustus must have wished that the twelve years of his struggle might for ever be blotted out from human remembrance. During the forty-two

of his prosperity and his triumph, being above fear, he shewed the natural lenity of his temper.

That prosperity, in a public sense, has been rarely equalled; but far different was his fate, and memorable was the contrast, within the circuit of his own family. This lord of the universe groaned as often as the ladies of his house, his daughter and grand-daughter, were mentioned. The shame which he felt on their account, led him even to unnatural designs, and to wishes not less so; for at one time he entertained a plan for putting the elder Julia to death—and at another, upon hearing that Phœbe (one of the femaleslaves in his household) had hanged herself, he exclaimed audibly,—“Would that I had been the father of Phœbe!” It must, however, be granted, that in this miserable affair he behaved with very little of his usual discretion. In the first paroxysms of his rage, on discovering his daughter’s criminal conduct, he made a communication of the whole to the Senate. That body could do nothing in such a matter, either by act or by suggestion; and in a short time, as every body could have foreseen, he himself repented of his own want of self-command. Upon the whole, it cannot be denied that, according to the remark of Jeremy Taylor, of all the men signally decorated by history, Augustus Cæsar is that one who exemplifies, in the most emphatic terms, the mixed tenor of human life, and the equitable distribution, even on this earth, of good and evil fortune. He made himself master of the world, and against the most formidable competitors; his power was absolute, from the rising to the setting sun; and yet in his own house, where the peasant who does the humblest chares claims an undisputed authority, he was baffled, dishonoured, and made ridiculous. He was loved by nobody; and if, at the moment of his death, he desired his friends to dismiss him from this world by the common expression of scenical applause, (*vos plaudite!*) in that valedictory injunction he expressed inadvertently the true value of his own long life, which, in strict candour, may be pronounced one continued series of histrionic efforts, and of excellent acting, adapted to selfish ends.

BRISTOL. THE TRIAL OF THE MAGISTRATES, AND REACTION  
AMONG THE OPERATIVES.

IN the view we took last March of the causes of the Bristol Riots, we were quite certain that our statements could not be set aside. The radical press of the devoted city did indeed send forth, with virulent malignity, their anathemas against the light of truth which was pouring into the dens of conspiracy; but venom and anathema were innocuous to our arguments, and the facts we brought forward remained undisputed. We have the satisfaction to believe our efforts were not lost upon the better-disposed, though deluded citizens. The mists have gradually dispersed from their eyes, and the fantastic images they had assumed to their heated imaginations vanished. The experience of every subsequent day has proved to them that they have not been enriched, nor enjoyed more peace and security, nor more exercise of the dearer charities of social life, from the ruinous distraction which the political fanaticism of revolutionary demagogues has fatally effected. They have thus from suffering been taught to reflect and examine,—to take less upon the trust of those who have every thing to gain in a general scramble and confusion, and to place more confidence in those, to whom, in safer and happier times, they had been wont to look up with deserved respect. And what is the consequence? They loathe, to detestation, the arts which they now discover were too successfully practised against them.

We repeat, we were quite sure that our statements were true. They have received the confirmation of a Court of Law; the unimpeachable testimony on oath of numerous and most respectable witnesses—and the decision of a jury, given too with unusual emphasis and energy—establish our whole view. The causes of the Bristol riots will be henceforth conspicuously manifest for the future historian of the disastrous Reign of Terror, the first days of England's peril.

Had we been so disposed, we might in March last have extended our accounts of those deplorable

events by ample details; for the trial of the Mayor of Bristol has brought forward but little that ourselves, in common with hundreds, were not then acquainted with; and knowing as we do, that even a slight enquiry, if not confined to the persecuting party, would have furnished the Solicitor to the Crown, or any agent, with nearly all that has appeared upon the trial, we are astonished that a prosecution so utterly disgraceful to the Government should have been proceeded in—and how proceeded in? They have allowed the Magistracy of so important a city as Bristol, and under such extraordinary irritation, whom more particularly it behoved them to reinstate and maintain in authority and respect—to be subjected to the evil scrutiny of every slanderer, the pointed malice of a wicked press, the malignity of a secret inquisition (notoriously under Ministerial sanction)—to the seeing their civic authority daily held up to the contempt of the lawless, their characters exposed to unjust odium, and their persons to unprovoked danger, during the long space of twelve months—at any period of which, this same Government, if they did not know, might have ascertained beyond a question, not only their entire innocence, but the praiseworthy zeal and activity of the Magistrates to preserve the city, when both it and themselves were abandoned to revolutionary fury. They would have discovered this, if decent pains had been taken to sift the evidence of their own informers. But the fact is, Government did not want the knowledge—they know and knew too well the causes of the Bristol riots. The prosecution was at the dictation of those whom it was in their system to obey; and upon the slightest intimation from that party of a desire to put the Magistrates on their trial, though the necessarily consequent suspense of authority, where authority was more imperatively required, must ensue, they instantly gave their sanction to a self-constituted body of accusers—established a SECRET TRIBUNAL—an Inqui-



sition, of which themselves are but the Alguazils, the inferior officers and persecuting agents of the superior tyranny.

And who was the Grand Inquisitor-General? One of inveterate enmity to the civic body; who had, before the Bristol riots, proclaimed to assembled mobs, that "It was time that Corporations should be interfered with!!" It is a fearful state of things if such local inquisitions are to be set up by, and in secret correspondence with, a Government, and if the members shall be generally dissenters from the church or political creed of the Magistracy in each district. If such local inquisitions, we say, are to be established, themselves perhaps under the command of another Directory or Political Union, there will soon be an end to justice and to liberty. It is the most important step of revolution, and such as the demons of anarchy are ready to hail with an uproar of delight. We cannot too seriously and solemnly call the attention of the country to this secretly working tyranny—this formal denunciation and degradation of the Magistracy—this establishment of Whig or Radical information offices, (and the first experiment, at least in England, is before us)—these Lions' mouths, where any scoundrel may drop in his perfidious accusation—these new Star Chambers, where every libeller may be welcomed, and dignified and invested with the authority and impunity of a Government spy, whom envy, malignity, private hatred, and revenge, or political conspiracy, may urge to the task of infamy. We do not mean that the force of these expressions should be received to represent the characters of the committee of citizens at Bristol, at whose instigation this prosecution has been undertaken. They may have been actuated by various motives, according to their natures, good and bad. But this we do know of them, from evidence before the Court, that they were generally men of a strong party bias—hostile to the corporation as a corporation—and it is worthy of notice, and accordingly so pointed out by Sir James Scarlett as a singular circumstance, "that the greater part of the witnesses for the prosecution are either Catholics, or dissenters from

the Church of England." But we do say that the establishment of such an inquisitorial authority may lead to the vilest of tyrannies; and the subjecting the Magistracy of the country to any such tribunal, is of fearful omen and example, that should rouse to an expression of their abhorrence all who have still a regard for civil liberty.

Another cause for these trials may be found in this, that they would avert for a time the public mind from the real delinquents. A whole year's exemption from reprobation, from public indignation, during the Reform rage, may have been considered cheaply purchased at the cost of some peril to a city already in part sacked and burnt, and the sacrifice of a few provincial aldermen. But never was popular indignation more iniquitously directed, than it has been during the last twelve months, with extraordinary ferocity against the highly praiseworthy Magistrates of Bristol.

In our article of last March, we shewed the general contempt of authority throughout the kingdom, by the evil coalition between the Whigs, and those who desired, and still desire, nothing so much as the subversion of the Monarchy, and all its glorious institutions—their reckless hunting down of the Tories and Tory principles—the entire immunity proclaimed to sedition—even the high rewards offered to agitation, and particularly in the sickening, disgusting Ministerial patronage, adulation, and royal favour to O'Connell, when the indignant country, trusting to the openly declared promise of the Ministry, looked but for his punishment as a culprit. We pointed out the profligacy of the press, maddening, by a systematic daily repetition of audacity, lying, and fatal promises, the people to rebellion against the constitution, and all constituted authorities;—that atrocious riots, and attacks upon the most eminent persons and their property, had been deemed unworthy the notice of the Ministry;—that while the Demagogue and Revolutionist were set free to disseminate their poisonous principles, the conduct of the Government covered them with the sanction of the King's name, and led the people to believe that Riot was but another

name for Loyalty, and that therefore impunity was secured to them, whatever outrages they might commit. We pointed out the incessant vituperation thrown at the clergy, the threatening language adopted towards the Bishops, and the significant recommendation "to set their houses in order;" and how that mandate had been echoed by the irreligious, the wicked, and the desperate in all parts, and how literally it was understood by them. We shewed that nowhere was this violent agitation more in activity than in Bristol; and we gave some specimens of the intemperance of the local orators and press, by which the mass of the citizens were kept in constant irritation, taught to consider taxation and imposts on commerce as the exactions of tyranny, the clergy of their cathedral as "vermin" and "filth;"—that if a more desperate mob should be urged to violence, to destroy the depositories of taxation, revenue, and houses of civic authority, or the sacred edifice of the cathedral, it must be expected that the citizens, in their delirium, (the effect of the poison of the Demagogues,) would rather exult in the ruin, than combine to avert it. We shewed that in the riots they *did* in masses *rejoice*, as long as the devastation was confined to public or corporation property; and though this fact has been the boast, and, as occasion suited, denied by the Radical press, it is now confirmed by evidence on oath. We pointed out that the Corporation was not a political body,—that opposed to them was a very large party, mostly of Radical principles, who strained every nerve to subvert their authority. We shewed that the Corporation—fully aware of the general relaxation of all the usual restraints, and "a determination" formed and insisted on by citizens much above the lower rank, to offer gross insult to Sir Charles Wetherell, though about to sit as the judicial representative of the King's Majesty—aware of intended and formidable riots, and that their own means of protecting the city, from the causes above mentioned, were weakened, or nearly annihilated—fully represented this state of things to the Government, soliciting military aid;—that in this they were thwarted by one of the members for Bristol, Mr

Protheroe, the mere tool of the Political Union, whose extraordinary letter to Mr Herapath, the Vice-President of the Union, as it is important, and could not appear in evidence in Court, we again lay before the reader:

"SIR,—On Thursday night I received a note from Lord Melbourne to wait upon his Lordship, as did my colleague, Mr Baillie. I had bets that the subject related to the Cholera or Wetherell. I found a deputation in the room for military to protect the city from riot, and Wetherell from attack. I argued against the policy of the proposal, and stated, that if we could be secured from thieves and adventurers from other places, that I could, with the aid of friends, (the Union,) keep all in perfect order. I offered my services to attend Wetherell, and to do all this, *provided* I might be allowed to enable the people of Bristol, thus constrained, to express in some measure their strong and unalterable disapprobation of Sir Charles Wetherell's political conduct, that we might all be insured from the insidious conduct of the Tories, who, *if the people are quiet*, would say there is a reaction against the Bill."

We shewed that the Government did not think fit to send, though strongly urged, a sufficient military force;—that not one hundred men were sent, and these under such conditions and restrictions, as rendered it extremely perilous to the civil Magistrate to call them in. We stated that the Magistrates behaved with judgment and spirit, to the utmost of their power, and threw themselves unsparingly into frequent peril,—that they were deserted both by the military and by the citizens. And we now firmly believe it was most fortunate for them, personally, that they were unable to quell the riots by obedience to their authority; for had the extent of the devastation been prevented, by a proper exercise of a sufficient force that Government might have furnished, and one life had been lost, who can doubt that the Government would willingly, or by compulsion, have put them all upon their trials for murder? The same instigators for the prosecution of Captain Lewis, who accidentally, by a blow from a ruffian on his arm when holding a pistol, shot a boy whom he did



not see, would have been loud and imperative in their demands for instant persecution, even to death. The Jury on the trial of the Mayor of Bristol have by their verdict confirmed our statements, with regard to the transactions at Bristol, with the single exception of the conduct of Mr Protheroe, which did not come before the Court, and which stands confirmed, by his own admission, by his own letter.

We may now venture to make a few remarks upon the Mayor's trial. We were truly astonished at the weakness of the case—the charges were loose and general—they were in no particular tangible. We fully agree in the severity of the rebuke given by Sir James Scarlett in his appeal to the Jury:—

“For if you are to convict the defendant on the evidence you have heard, or the statement which the Attorney-General has laid before you, there would be no safety for any Magistrate in the kingdom,—no honesty, no integrity, no zeal could save him from the malice or the vengeance of his enemies.”

The defendant has been subject to no ordinary tyranny. Persecution is even to invade the sanctity of justice. In a case where his honour, all he holds most dear to him, the issue of which is to determine whether he is to be branded with infamy, (though conscious of having fully performed his duty,) by which it is to be determined if he is for the remainder of his life to live in reputation among his fellow-citizens, or to be hooted for ever from the city, perhaps from the kingdom, at the sacrifice of every interest,—at such a juncture, overwhelmed by the whole power and ability of an Attorney-General, and a Government prosecution, and all the unknown evidence a secret and hostile committee might rake together, he has to defend himself against the tyranny of the press, an attempt by a perverted report, a misrepresentation of evidence, to influence the jury and exasperate the country against him! The scoundrel who did make that false report of the evidence, saw the probability that the Jury would refer to his report to refresh their memories. The object, therefore, is manifest: it was an act of villainy that will meet its reward. What is

the evidence of Mr Roberts, a dissenting minister?—

“I was astonished at the infatuated apathy of the *inhabitants of Bristol*, when the town was about to be burnt before their eyes.” Now mark the report of this in the *Times*. “I had a strong impression of the dangerous consequence of the infatuated apathy of the *Civic authorities* in permitting the city to be occupied and ravaged by a mob.” Fortunately this wicked perversion did not escape the eye of Sir James Scarlett, and he accordingly put the jury on their guard. But a question arises, *did* the reporter *so* report the evidence? or was it *so* perverted in the manufactory of the Principal Liar?

Loose and general as the charges are, we may pick out, if we attend closely to the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution, the following, as the crimes and misdemeanours imputed to the Magistrates, or, if we are to confine ourselves to this trial, the Mayor. It has been charged against him that he did not authorize the troops to fire. Now it is proved by evidence that he *did* order them “to fire if necessary,” but that Colonel Brereton, who had received *his instructions* from Government, declared it was “unnecessary,” and that he would take the responsibility upon himself.

It is said he should have put arms into the hands of the citizens. Major Mackworth, a military man, considers such a measure at all times unsafe; and it must have appeared evident to any one who had read a small portion of this trial, that if three hundred special constables could not be obtained, and the people were, to say the least, in apathy, the danger of arming bands of ruffians among the citizens must have been extreme. In this respect the Magistrates shewed cool judgment, for they secretly conveyed arms out of the reach of the rioters to a place of safety, and, with discretion, kept it to themselves; and when a Mr Goss, who, for aught they knew, might have been connected with the rioters, was very forward and busy questioning them, they very wisely told him by all means to throw the arms into the float, which they had already secured. And yet, so weak is the case, this Mr Goss, the important correspondent

of the Minister, is paraded forward with his foolish testimony, which proves only that the Magistrates of Bristol were wiser than his Majesty's Ministers and their Attorney-General, and would not trust him. It has been proved on oath that several, the most active leaders of the mob, appeared in the character of constables. "I will," replied the witness Harmer, an attorney, "swear to that fact; they were armed on the Monday with a long knife, or rather a weapon between a knife and a sword. I headed a body of special constables who *were menaced* by those who were armed." The Mayor is charged with not having during the riots collected a sufficient body of citizens, who might have quelled them. But it is proved every attempt was made to procure a civic force, that the Mayor went forth into the streets himself, as did the Magistrates, called at the citizens' houses, and headed parties—that many refused assistance, saying, why should we go and protect the Corporation property, let them protect their own property; that the force the Mayor and his brother Magistrates *did* collect were maltreated and in danger of their lives by the troops the Ministers had provided. It is proved that when an attempt is made to rescue property from the Bishop's palace, the culprit is allowed to escape, and the special constable threatened by Colonel Brereton that he would cut him down. "I went to the palace and attempted," says Mr Harmer, "to rescue some property. I was then armed with a sword, when Colonel Brereton commanded me to put up the sword, or he would cut me down. I was very indignant, and made some angry answer. As the rioters came out of the palace, laden with plunder, the soldiers made room for them to pass through their ranks. I caught one man, having first struck him with my sword—he was laden with plunder—when a soldier said to me, 'you have been before told to put the sword up, and if you don't do so instantly I will cut you down.' Having before seen the Bishop's butler wounded in the face, I thought it better to do so, and the prisoner escaped. The butler had captured a man who had robbed the palace, which was then on fire, and he was struggling with him,

when a soldier ordered him to let the man alone. The butler refused, saying he was put there to protect his master's property, and he would do so, upon which the soldier struck him a violent blow with his sabre, and cut his nose; had he been a few inches nearer to him, from the force of the blow, he would unquestionably have cut off his head. Of course the prisoner escaped. We had succeeded in putting out the fire in the palace, and in capturing some of the ringleaders, when one of the special constables came in and told us that the soldiers had left us; upon which it was agreed to make a rush and escape, as it was hopeless to attempt to defend the palace. We were a good deal pelted, but we did escape. Mr Franklin, a special constable, was seriously wounded." Now, from this evidence it appears that the force the Mayor provided did their duty, but were not equal to defend themselves both against the rioters and his Majesty's troops—that they might, in this place, have preserved the palace and the plunder, had not they been threatened to be cut down and actually struck by the troops—and it appears that neither Colonel Brereton nor his soldiers (the 3d) were averse to cut people down, provided they were not rioters and plunderers. Every one must wonder why the severity of his Majesty's troops should be exercised only on the conservatives and real constables. It will be necessary that Parliament should demand the production of the secret orders sent to Colonel Brereton. It is charged as a crime upon the Mayor that he did not call out the *posse comitatus*, which, as it required time, he could not do; nor could he have been secure of his force, where so large a portion of the citizens were infected, that in the commencement he could not obtain three hundred special constables. But it may be worth while to take the evidence of one witness on this feeling—the Rev. J. Bulwer, examined by Mr Follett. "He was in different parts of the city during the Sunday of the riots. He heard the approbation of the mob expressed when public property was destroyed, but when private property was destroyed the feeling changed. He mingled with the crowd, and heard them say, as the jail was on



fire, 'It serves them right, the villains, for bringing that arrogant fellow, Sir C. Wetherell, down to Bristol to insult the citizens.' These expressions were used by persons with silk umbrellas over their heads, and having females under their arms with silk gowns on. At the toll-gate he heard the people say that there would be enough for all, and that the rascally lords took the bread out of the people's mouths, and then sent down soldiers to do for them. He saw the mob then move on Lawford's Gate, holding up bars of iron, and asking every respectable person if he was for Reform. As the mob passed along, the inhabitants were standing at their doors, but offered no opposition to the mob. He subsequently heard the mob cheered by such expressions as 'Go it, my boys.' He saw Lawford's Gate prison destroyed. He was subsequently with the Mayor and Mr Sergeant Ludlow in the evening, and heard them solicit persons to join and put down the mob; the request was not obeyed."

These then were the persons who would have formed the *posse comitatus*, and could they be depended upon to avert the destruction at which they rejoiced? We see now the effects of the intemperate abuse so lavishly thrown at the Lords, in and out of Parliament. We see how the poison of that tyranny worked; how ready the people must have been for a revolution thus maddened into such a frenzy as to see, rejoicing spectators, the public buildings of their city burnt and plundered by a ferocious mob.

But what were the Political Union doing all this while? Let us take the evidence of one witness on this point, and we shall see whether the L.75 paid them for their *services* (for whatever their services were, they were paid for), might not have been saved. Mr Brunell is examined—"Is an engineer, and son of Mr Brunell an engineer. On the Saturday night he was in Queen Square, where he saw a multitude of persons assembled, calling out something about 'the King and Reform.' He assisted in apprehending some of the rioters, and one of the prisoners was rescued by persons whom he afterwards recognised as special constables and Members of the Political Union."

We must here remind the reader, that Mr Herapath, Vice-President of the Union, had written to Mr Alderman Daniel, one of the Magistrates, in the information, on 26th October, "that it,—the intention to employ an armed force,—had produced effects upon the Council of the Union, which the Magistrates alone must be answerable for!" And that the day preceding the 25th October, "The Council of the Union," under the sign-manual of J. P. Venn, secretary, "By order of the Council," had demanded of the Magistrates the resignation of their offices, that they should "suffer the civic authorities to be elected by a majority of the votes of their fellow-citizens." Probably, it may be thought, that it was in preparation to set up a Provisional Government "by Order of the Council,"—and there may be some colour for such a suspicion, from the evidence of Mr John Ward, who deposed that he had told the Magistrates, that "he had seen Venn, the secretary, leading on and cheering the mob on the Saturday night,"—he further adds, that "he deposed to these facts before the Committee of Enquiry." It is obvious here to remark, that this deposition of Mr John Ward did not meet the instructions of the Attorney-General. It was much safer to the Government to charge a whole body of Aldermen and Magistrates, than one single secretary of a Political Union. But as this information was given [deposed] before the Committee of Enquiry, it may not be amiss here to drop in a little evidence as to the character of this Committee; and that we may receive it from the best authority, we will take that of the president himself. Mr Cunningham is under examination—"Was friendly to Reform. He acted as chairman at the meeting at the Commercial Rooms with reluctance, and was also chairman of the Committee then appointed, but he withdrew from the Committee, because it seemed to be the desire of other members rather to prosecute the magistrates, than to call for a general enquiry. The Committee had had communication with Lord Melbourne and the members for the city, but he declined attending the Committee, on finding that their object was a party one." So then it is proved that the Govern-

ment, or Lord Melbourne and the members for the city, were in correspondence with, and sanctioning a committee "whose object was a party one;" and whose chief desire was "*to prosecute the Magistrates.*" And it is from the information raked up by such a party, that this solemn and iniquitous absurdity—The Trial—is got up at great cost and sacrifice to individuals and the public. And it may be asked, why were this Committee so desirous of directing the public attention to the Magistrates, who were not guilty? Was it cunningly to screen and provide for the safety of those who were? And had the Secretary for the Home Department, and the secretary "for the Council," and the secretary perhaps of the Committee, a fellow feeling? One heavy item among the charges is, that the Catholic priest, Mr Edgeworth, was not allowed to bring his two hundred armed *sober* Irishmen into the field. But this was on the Monday; how the two hundred *sober* Irishmen were previously employed, does not appear; and as the military preparations on the *Monday* were sufficient without these light-armed forces, they seem to make a very unnecessary parade before the Court; and it may be possible, that the Magistrates considered the previous language of this Catholic priest as one of the strong exciting causes of the outbreak. We really think it deserving of some attention, that a violent-minded Catholic priest should be able, on a sudden emergency, to marshal two hundred *sober* Irishmen either for or against the peace of the city. We have all heard that Catholic priests have occasionally shewn great talent in thus marshalling forces.

Another small item against his worship the Mayor, is, that he was not, in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, at everyone's elbow that chose to ask for him. It is presumed that he hid himself, sneaked away; and there is a base attempt to throw ridicule and an air of lowest cowardice over his proceedings. Now, what says evidence? It is proved that he was almost every where, and that his personal exertions were beyond praise; that he remained at the Mansion-House, until he was burnt and stormed out, and even then

retired (made his escape if you please, Mr Vituperator and Revolutionist) with great reluctance, and only when urged to do so, with the gallant Major Mackworth, who escaped with him. He headed bands who deserted him, knocked at the citizens' doors. In one word, this item in the charges, if all are false, is a *base lie*—a determined calumny.

Another small item is, that he could not ride. But of this no proof is given—and no necessity shewn for his skill in horsemanship; no necessity that he should have made himself ridiculous by aping a sergeant of dragoons, nor of impeding the progress of the soldiers by his ignorance of their movements—nor, by standing still or turning to the right when he should have wheeled to the left, have found himself in the midst of some of those amiable constables, whether of the Union or not, who carried "something between knives and swords," and threatened the specials. Nor perhaps would he have thought himself too safe thus accoutred as a dragoon, without his implements of defence, either amidst those troops who have taken their degrees at the University of Paris, and who may read the Edinburgh Review, nor even amidst the two hundred Irishmen, though all *sober*, with Mr Edgeworth at their head.

Another item—that he did not, with the eye of a Cæsar, or at least a modern engineer, seize upon the plan of some absolute-wisdom-monger—we believe Mr Herapath,—to shut up the rioters in a certain island. But no proof is brought of any facility—all that is presupposed. We hear nothing of difficulties, impossibilities, or inexpedien-  
cies. We are not told how many docks and locks and swing-bridges were to be stoutly guarded—how many boats to be taken possession of—how many men it would have required, nor where they were to be found—nor of the immense property that the mob would inevitably destroy, from downright vengeance, when they should have beheld the attempt. A great part of that island-property, belonging to a member of the corporation, would certainly have been a desirable sacrifice at that time, in the eyes of many citizens—and, consisting mostly of timber, would



have made a grand illumination in honour of the Three Glorious Days of Bristol.

But blowing away these flimsy items, as so much thistle-seed, which will again rise up for ever and ever in worthless and unprofitable soils, the brains of the real culprits and revolutionists, though now scattered to and fro with the winds, let us remark, that in the attempt to make any thing of them, according to Mr Justice Littledale, there are at least two instances of perjury. Besides which, he gives it as his opinion, that "the man who sent the Doddington troop from Fisher's," (upon the matter of which troop so much stress has been laid,) "must have been connected with the rioters, or known nothing about the stables; for Fisher, the owner, said that he was engaged in lighting up the stables for that troop, and that too by the direction of the Magistrates." Mr Justice Littledale has an aversion to the word "organize," as of new introduction into our law and language, and never saw it in a declaration or information. We beg leave to point out to Mr Justice Littledale that he is not singular in his abhorrence. The Committee of Secrecy, appointed by Parliament in 1799, entertained a similar dislike; for, exposing the plans of the United Irishmen, they remark, "Having thus '*organized*' (as it is termed) the several counties and populous towns, a committee, called a subordinate directory, was erected," &c.

The term, in this case of the Bristol trials, may have been at the suggestion of the Committee in correspondence with Government. We believe *organized* was a term used likewise by the Birmingham Political Union, and has been practically enforced by a few hundred thousand sober Irishmen of the Union, that is, the United; as occasion may have required; and for which organization a Catholic priest, O'Coigly, was, in the language of the Directory, "sacrificed." Perhaps the term organization will be not the less pleasing to some, nor the less displeasing to others, if reference be made to the objects to which, in England, it was to have been applied. We will turn a moment to the Committee of Secrecy appointed by Parliament, who

discovered those objects. "They" (the Corresponding Society) "exhorted each other to prepare courageously for the struggle which they meditated, and openly avowed that they meant to obtain the redress which they professed to seek, not from Parliament, not from the Executive Government, but from themselves, and from their own strength and valour; from their own laws, and not from the laws of those whom they termed their plunderers, enemies, and oppressors. For the purpose of assembling such a convention, and of preparing the people at large to look to its proceedings with respect, and to adopt and countenance the doctrine and practices which it might recommend, itinerant members of the societies above mentioned, (various Unions,) dispersed themselves throughout different parts of the country, proceeding from town to town, and from village to village, endeavouring to inculcate into the minds of those with whom they conversed, the necessity of such a measure as that which they had in contemplation, for the reform of the abuses of the government, and the redress of the grievances of the people; and describing, in language varied according to the passions or prejudices of different classes whom they addressed, the nature and extent of the different political purposes which might be effected by a convention once assembled. The dispersion of Paine's works, and other works of a similar tendency, was at the same time continued with increased industry; and the societies flattered themselves, that they had by these means really made progress towards preparing a large portion of the nation to favour their project. The zeal, indeed, of many of the country societies appears to have outrun the instructions of the agents, and to have carried them into discussions beyond those limits which the persons who planned and instigated the measure thought it prudent in the first instance to prescribe. The agents were instructed to confine the views of the several societies to whom they were deputed, and to point the wishes of individuals purely to the attainment of universal suffrage, from which, once established, it was represented that

all the reforms which could be desired would naturally flow; and it appears to have been the design of those who directed the business, to prevent the premature discussion of any of those points which they represented as subordinate, until after the convention should have been assembled, and this primary object of universal suffrage obtained. No caution or prohibition, however, could prevent many of the country societies from shewing how confidently they anticipated, as the result to which the deliberations of that convention must necessarily lead, the abolition of the monarchy, of aristocracy, and of other establishments which they deemed equally oppressive; and the substitution of a representative government, founded on the new doctrine of the rights of man, and uniting in one body all the legislative and executive powers of the state."—*Report of Committee of Secrecy.*

In the first few lines of this long quotation, respecting "the struggle," and the force to be used against the plunderers, &c., we think we recognise the speech of one of the Bristol orators, now revolutionizing elsewhere, previous to the Bristol riots. Whether we have digressed or not, it little matters, for a question arises out of our quotation which may have a considerable bearing on the subject of the Bristol riots. Are there now any societies entertaining such views? Doubtless there are! working both openly and in secret; and the more openly on one hand, the more is the danger from the secret parts and movements of the conspiracy. We entertain no doubt whatever, that secret societies had long previously prepared the Bristol riots, and that they were upon a plan. We believe the plot originated in France. That French emissaries in this country have been busy, and French pay in circulation, from the moment of the conspiracy in France to overthrow the government of Charles X. And we believe the plot will one day be fully developed, and that our own press will be found to have been deeply implicated in it, and to have received their full portion of the bribes. Be not startled at the supposition—such things have been proved.

The Committee of Secrecy reported that "an attempt was made to give the ships in mutiny the name of a Republic, and this attempt was countenanced both by papers published in France, and by a paper here called the *Courier*, which has on many occasions appeared almost equally devoted to the French cause." And has not the *Courier* more recently been found playing the same game? But we believe the press at this moment to be largely in the French pay, and promoting solely the French interests. But as to revolutionary conspiracies, what preceded the burnings in this country? Those in Normandy; incendiarism originated in France. Why were not those of Normandy discovered? Because the intended object was attained, and those taken into custody on suspicion by the old government were liberated by the new. But have we not the instance of one of the agents having fallen into disgrace with the new French government, raising his plea of merit, that he had fomented the discontents throughout England, and established the "European Society" in London, for disseminating revolutionary principles? He could not have made such a plea, if those to whom he made it did not know it to be true, and they probably had themselves the documents in proof.

The publication of M. Sarrans, aide-de-camp to La Fayette, makes pretty clear discoveries of the Propagandism of the overthrowing party; that to them were owing the Revolution in Belgium, Poland, and the outbreaks in Italy. We believe they knew well their intended Revolution in France could not stand unless they could create in Europe generally a revolutionary spirit. And hence Propagandism extended its baneful influence to our shores, and was soon as conspicuous as in Normandy, in conflagrations, agitation, and an unexampled tyranny of the press. We believe that innumerable secret agents were about in this country, and that by them the riots at Bristol and other places were planned; that a simultaneous rising was intended, and the establishment of provisional governments. If it be said that such things must have been discovered, we ask, have, excepting



on this solution, the plots of the incendiaries, which we know must have existed, been traced to their causes? We ask, if we were not on the eve, within a few hours, of the outbreaking of a desperate rebellion in Ireland, under Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when hundreds of thousands were ready upon the instant to rise up in arms; and then, only a few hours before its accomplishment, the Government had no suspicion. But here there are many circumstances to lead us to the belief, and we have heard statements of details relating to the Bristol riots, which to our minds confirm it. We do not think that *all* the parties that have acted were in the plot—they have been made the dupes, and have played another's game.

But to return to the trial of the Mayor of Bristol. With all that has been proved, and all that has not been proved, or rather, all that has been disproved before the understanding of the Court, what could have possessed the Attorney-General, that he should have ventured to carry his official and professional zeal or habit so far as to outrage common sense and the decency of truth, and that, too, when the Mayor only is on his trial, as to include all the Magistrates in a charge of equal guilt with the ruffians who were hanged as the perpetrators of the horrible conflagrations? Were the Magistrates—was it ever pretended they were, but by the ruffian Times—accomplices with the incendiaries? Or what is the meaning of this conclusion of his address to the Jury: "For he could not help expressing the opinion he entertained, that, in his judgment, the Magistrates shared equally with the men who had suffered for violating the law, the responsibility of the calamity which befell the city of Bristol!" This is too bad!—detestably too bad! But when we find that this Ministerial bluster is all thrown away; and that the good sense and honesty of the Jury, as well as Judges, are not to be averted from a plain case and acquittal by such ill-timed virulence, we cannot help thinking that the Attorney-General makes no very splendid figure. There is something ludicrous in his position. He reminds us of Dingdong, who would have

taken his sheep to the devil's market; but the more cunning Panurge, determined to prevent him, by his superior management gets the big ram out of his hands, tosses him over the rail, and the whole flock follow and escape. We do not think the Attorney-General will imitate Dingdong, and try to cling to one out of the many, for Dingdong was carried away and lost in the attempt. But what will he have to carry back to the Ministers? Where is the victim, they will cry, and he will shew them the verdict. What will the Premier say to it? What will the Secretary for the Home Department say to it? It may suggest to them that there are days of enquiry, and days when the people have a desire for victims. But as the verdict is at least gratifying to us, it may as well be recorded in *Maga*—and here it is—

"We are unanimously of opinion that Charles Pinney, Esq., the late Mayor of Bristol, is Not Guilty of the misdemeanours charged in the information."

After a short pause, the foreman added:

"We are also of opinion that the late Mayor of Bristol, when under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, menaced and opposed by an infuriated and reckless mob, unsupported by any adequate civil or military force, and deserted by those from whom he might reasonably have expected assistance, discharged his duty with zeal and personal courage."

Not an infuriate, observe, but an *infuriated* mob—rendered infuriate. And, again,—unsupported by any adequate civil or *military force*.—Who, it will be asked, should have determined the military force? And deserted, again, is a strong word. This is too important a verdict to rest here.

And here we fearlessly charge his Majesty's Ministers, that they have raised a spirit of insubordination and contempt of law throughout the kingdom, and made it a scene for the plots of conspirators and revolutionists—that they have denounced by their language, and the language of their patronised abettors, and encouragement of a daring and systematically lying press, the greater

part of the aristocracy of the land, the Peerage and the Bishops more particularly—that they have fostered with peculiar favour illegal Political Unions, deliberating upon a refusal to pay taxes—that they have followed a system of persecution of the magistracy when they have zealously endeavoured to do their duty, and protect the lives and property of the innocent—that, by allowing nearly universal impunity, they have given, as it were, a license to every outrage—that, in consequence, the revolutionary schemes of desperate men have had full scope, and every interest of the country been brought to danger of irremediable convulsion—and that, but for this system of non-government, the riots at Bristol would never have taken place, when, with wild passions, loosened from old restraint, infuriated multitudes rushed to the destruction of property to which their hatred had been directed, and hence houses of taxation, of civic authority, castles of nobility, and the palace of a Bishop, have been reduced to ashes. We charge them, that when the Magistrates of Bristol, finding their authority nearly annihilated, pointed out the danger impending over and threatening their ancient and important city,—that then, they did not take the necessary steps to protect it; but sent a military force under embarrassing restrictions, and such as a jury have pronounced inadequate. And, after these woful events had occurred, we charge them with a timid submission to the mobs, and insult to the King's Judge, in the person of Sir Charles Wetherell, by a careful abstinence from any particularly directed expression of their sense of the atrocious attempt upon his life. And we charge them with a cruel persecution of the Bristol Magistrates, whose entire innocence they might have ascertained by a decent enquiry; and with demeaning themselves to correspond with, and become the inflicting agents of a committee self-elected, in inquisitorial authority over their fellow-citizens; and whose chief object was, not enquiry, but the ruin of the Corporation. And we charge them with leaving the city twelve months deprived of that wholesome cure, authority, it so much required, and which it could not obtain while its Magi-

strates were considered as the culprits who had laid it in ruins.

From the greater we may come to lower delinquents. We charge the local orators, that by their highly inflammatory speeches, they directed the mob to atrocious violence,—to an unjust hatred of their better fellow-citizens—of the resident Bishop and clergy,—that they had, as it were, broken up the peace and order of the city;—and we charge them as in this way being the promoters of all the conflagrations, and their consequences.

We charge Edward Protheroe, Esq., member for the city, with having thwarted the Magistrates in their attempts to procure protection for the city, and with having issued an order to the Political Union that the people should not “be quiet.”

We believe, firmly, the time will come when all these guilty parties will in one way or another be put upon their trials.

It may be asked—What is the present state of that venerable and once bright city? Too many, indeed, within it have thrown about their firebrands—have raised their sacrilegious hands, and lifted their voices against the holy temple, and have said—“Down with it, down with it, even to the ground;” and have bowed in the very streets to the new deity they have set up, Revolution. Her priests have painted and wrapped round the image with a vesture of many colours to hide the blood-stained deformity. But the people in their zeal of adoration have approached too near, and have torn away the embalmments and tri-colored wrappings of the Idol Mummy, of more than Egyptian superstition, and have discovered that they have worshipped but the concealed carcass of an ape.

During a great part of the last twelve months of slander, calumny, and persecution of the Magistrates, during which our culpable Government have put in abeyance that due civic respect and authority which could alone ensure the recovery of the city, it has presented a scene of internal mistrust and distraction, decay of trade, and failure of merchants, unexampled. The admirers of confusion have been gratified to their heart's content. But there is now a reaction!



The mass of citizens have awakened from the gross delusion, and have again called upon those excellent Conservatives, that in anxious retirement have waited the time. Those very parties paraded by the Revolutionists in bands, the Operatives of the Trades, have been the first to come forward and shake off the bondage, the unbearable bondage, of their new tyrants, and have proclaimed their return to conservative principles. They have forsaken the heat and uproar of the Pandemonium revels; have retired, "in the cool of the day," to hear a better "voice, and be afraid." The Conservatives in Bristol, it is gratifying to know, are now as strong and powerful as in any part of the kingdom. The reaction has made them, we believe, supreme. They have invited Sir R. Vyvyan, one of the firmest and most talented champions of the constitution. Of his success over the Radicals, no doubt can be entertained. That the virulent party will still make every effort that malignity, defeat, and disappointment can suggest, must be expected; for too many of them are of an insanity that no hellebore can remove, and will roar and brawl to the end. But the mass of citizens look to their ruined homes, their ruined fortunes; they see what the city is, and remember what it has been. They ask themselves, if it shall resemble the "Cities of the Plain," that after the fire has consumed them, and the waters of desolation have gone over their ruins, rise no more, but send forth, as memorials of their existence and crime, the scum and stench from beneath—or shall it rise, purified from its pestilential vapours and the scum that has risen to the surface—shall it emerge from the "sea of troubles" that has so long overwhelmed it, in renovated loyalty and prosperity?—We believe it will.

In consequence of this verdict of acquittal of the Magistrates, (for no man in his senses can doubt the acquittal extends to all,) Sir R. Vyvyan has, with the best feeling and judgment, addressed the citizens.

"The calamities of last year," says Sir Richard, "it is now solemnly determined, are not attributable to the misconduct of your local authorities. Therefore, as the cause

of the injury which the public, as well as individuals, have sustained, was not local, but national, it is my opinion that, in strict justice, the charges of compensation ought also to be national." The jury have pretty clearly determined where the blame rests. The city of Bristol should loudly demand to be released from the burthen which now so heavily presses on them. If this subject, as it ought, be brought before Parliament, we venture to assert that the unsuccessful experiment of "The Movement" at Bristol has prevented a more dangerous revolutionary attempt and simultaneous movement in most of the large cities and towns of the kingdom. We venture to assert that a deep-laid conspiracy may be discovered, affecting the whole empire.

The case of the excellent Bishop, whose palace has been burnt to the ground, and property plundered, is one of peculiar hardship. The loss to him is irreparable. Something more than idle sympathy is required. It would not be unreasonable that he should request of Earl Grey, this time, to "set his house in order" for him. Perhaps if the Premier took this charge upon himself, *his* people would not again level it to the ground.

If we are to remain a Christian people, let all well weigh the matter—that there can scarcely a greater disgrace befall them than patiently to see their religion and its ministers insulted and injured without reparation.

The citizens of Bristol should remember, that, if they would pray for the peace of their Jerusalem; "if they would have peace within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces," they should have a zealous care for the servants of the God to whom they offer their petitions. As they rejoice, and they do rejoice, in this acquittal and proved honourable conduct of their Magistrates, let them look to more sure protection, and remember that they have received a prophetic warning from their forefathers, in the choice of the motto to their public seal—that "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

"Nisi Deus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit."

## THE FAREWELL TO EARTH.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

MUST, must I die? leave all I've loved or known,  
 Possess'd or cherish'd, call'd and dream'd mine own,  
 This glad bright world, this laughing air and sky,  
 This blessed home of love—must, must I die?  
 O beautiful hath life seem'd unto me,  
 Death—hence! away! thou ghastly mystery!

Youth's flushing characters o'er-paint my cheek,  
 Round my bright path the glitt'ring moments break  
 In sudden star-showers, or soft vernal dews,  
 Till life but wears the rose's sumptuous hues;  
 My heart is borne on gusts of quivering joy,  
 Must Fate its fervid happiness destroy?

A power is given to wood and breezy hill,  
 My soul with gushing tenderness to fill;  
 A magic pour'd through clouds, and leaves, and streams,  
 Mantling with glory all my gladsome dreams;  
 The very breeze is murmuring, Stay! oh, stay!  
 A chain winds round me with each morning ray.

How can I, poor, reluctant trembler, part  
 From the beloved ones of my yearning heart—  
 How turn my lingering, aching sight away  
 From the familiar glories of the day—  
 Whilst summer's breathings float so sweetly round,  
 And morning's unisons of gladness sound?

Even now warm southern winds are faintly flowing  
 Through answering leaves and flowers of June's bestowing;  
 And Death is in the world, and on his way,  
 Rushing like midnight in its haughty sway—  
 Unpitying 'mongst all gentle loving things,  
 O'ersweeping *all* with his vast shadowy wings!

And thou, my home! Thy dim and antique bowers,  
 Must they no more, while glow noon's conquering hours,  
 Shade me with woven veil of scented boughs,  
 Through which no arrowy beam its pathway ploughs?  
 Thy singing birds shall yet haunt each loved gloom,  
 While I am in the dark unwhispering tomb!

Even now their full victorious joy is swelling,  
 Through the green leafy precincts of my dwelling,  
 Their glimmering colours glance along the air  
 Like rainbow-fragments, quivering restless there;  
 Far have ye journey'd, birds of summer's sky,  
 O'er waste and deep bearing rich melody.

Far have ye journey'd! but *my* journeyings *lone*  
 May not like yours with starry joys be strown,  
 To my green native earth no hurrying back,  
 On the spring's glorious and exulting track;  
 Alas! 'tis therefore with dejected eyes,  
 I mark the queenly morning's dawn and rise.

Yet doth it haste towards cloudy vapoury eve,  
 No brilliant record, no bright trace to leave,  
 Of all it hath been! so to mournful eld  
 My life will float if doom be now withheld;  
 'Tis o'er the grave the undying mornings glow  
 Triumphantly, though mournfully—I go!



## NOT NOW !

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Not now!—not now!—I would not sorrowing hear  
 Victorious music pealing sweet and clear,  
 Thrilling with Passion's heart-quakes!—Oh! not now!  
 A shadow and a pallor stain my brow;  
 Soft Echoes! bring me, to assuage my woe,  
 The broken music of th' Old Long ago!

Not now—alas! not now—would I behold  
 The festal hall that burns with sculptured gold,  
 Where pictured walls glance back the flood of light,  
 All spiritually intense and bright!  
 On such gay scenes mine eyes with tears I cast—  
 Give me a tremulous moon-ray of the past!

Not now—not now—could I delighted stray—  
 Where glistening waters singing on their way,  
 Make the earth jubilant with wakening sound,  
 Where flower-scents break forth from each greensward mound;  
 No! lead me to indulge my deepening gloom,  
 To the hushed precincts of some time-worn tomb.

Not now—not now—o'erworn with burdening woes,  
 Would I the Poet's glorious page unclose,  
 Whence thoughts like breathing sun-strokes flash and burn,  
 And Nature's founts stream free as from an urn!  
 No! to an altered heart—Earth's weariest thing—  
 Memory! thy pale and cloud-dimm'd picture bring.

## THE TWO MONUMENTS.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!  
WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high  
 In a dim Cathedral's nave,  
 Making a gorgeous canopy  
 O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,  
 With helm and crest array'd,  
 As on his battle bed of death,  
 Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,  
 Ere by the dark night seal'd,  
 And his head was pillow'd haughtily  
 On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy-pile  
 With the glory of his wing,  
 An eagle sat;—yet seem'd the while  
 Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,  
 There by the sculptor bound;  
 But in the light of his lifted glance  
 Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues  
From a storied window pour'd,  
There fell, there centred, to suffuse  
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues !—but *one* rich dye  
O'er all supremely spread,  
With a purple robe of royalty  
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose name  
Was a trumpet-note in war,  
His path-way still the march of fame,  
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown  
From the colour'd light one ray,  
Where a low and pale memorial stone  
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd *there*,  
Mourning for parted worth ;  
But the very heart of Love and Prayer  
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been  
As a hidden streamlet's course,  
Bearing on health and joy unseen,  
From its clear mountain source :

Whose young pure memory, lying deep  
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,  
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,\*  
A soft light meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd  
Unto Music's land away,  
Had won for God the earth's enthrall'd,  
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd  
In no high song of fame,  
The Pastor of the mountain-fold  
Left but to heaven his name.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,  
A blessed household sound—  
And finding lowly love on earth,  
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd  
That sainted image still ;  
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd  
The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd  
From those proud trophies nigh ;  
How my full heart within me burn'd,  
Like *Him* to live and die !

\* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.



## THE EARLY DEAD.

BY THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA NORTON.

WHY weep for thee? *Thou* heedest not  
 The tears that o'er thy tomb we shed—  
 Thou'rt happy! and thou needest not  
 Our sighs for thee, the Early dead!  
 Why weep for thee? *Thy* cares are o'er,  
 Forgotten now in yon bright skies;  
*Thy* bark hath reach'd its destined shore,  
 And lies, safe moored, in Paradise.

Why weep for thee? Thou'st only shared  
 The smiles of youth's most summer clime;  
 If *short* thy course, thou hast been spared  
 The lengthen'd risks and storms of time;  
 And if a cloud e'er tried to throw  
 A shadow o'er thy sunny day,  
 'Twas like the tear of infant woe,  
 Scarce seen ere charm'd by smiles away.

Then let us not shed tears for *thee*,  
 But check the vain and selfish flow;  
 Thou should'st a cause of *envy* be  
 To struggling mortals here below.  
 Then be thy tomb with roses twined,  
 And be thy grave with lilies spread;  
 Let's weep for those who're left behind,  
 But not for *thee*—the *happy* dead!

## THE NATOLIAN STORY-TELLER.

WHETHER justice will ever be done to the powers of the Asiatic mind, is one of those curious questions that must be left to the curiosity of the future. Asia is the victim of bad government. If there ever were a spot on earth where Revolution would be justified by its necessity, Asia would be the true spot for a fierce, remorseless, fiery burst of revolution. Nothing less could relieve that magnificent country of the weight of ruin that now breaks down and buries all her powers. While every successive realm in Europe has been seen coming forward laden with her noble share of contribution to the good, the knowledge, or the grandeur of mankind, Asia has sat, like a slave, in the perpetual chain, or, like an exile among the tombs of her illustrious and remote ages, totally helpless, useless, and nerveless, preserving a feeble and languid sense of life only to glut the ferocity, the fantastic vanity, or the merciless rapine, of a long train of ruling savages.

The Asiatic character has shared the fall of the country; it is utterly prostrate; a combination of weak-

nesses that seemed scarcely capable of existing together, and of evils that might seem to augur universal and immediate ruin. The individual is at once the victim and the oppressor, fevered alike by abject fear and furious rage; insubordinate, yet crouching to a tyranny that might rouse the utmost long-suffering of the human heart into desperate resistance; feeble and wavering, yet stubborn and incapable of conviction; credulous, yet suspecting all things and all men; jealous, yet libertine; careless of bloodshed, yet violent in its retaliation; vain of knowledge, yet embracing ignorance; passionate for destruction, yet loving to linger out existence in a contemptible waste of faculties and time; scornful of all the spirit of moral obligation, yet bitterly devoted to the tenets of a sect; displaying a perpetual practical scorn of religion, yet painfully fettered by the heaviest bonds of the most harassing superstition; ready with the dagger for the gratification of the grossest of the senses, for avarice, or for revenge, yet the shrinking slave of dreams and omens, and the per-

petual and notorious dupe of the Derveish, the Fakeer, the Brahmin, and the Magician.

Yet the Asiatic, and of all Asiatics the man of Natolia, still possesses every intellectual faculty that could establish a memorable people. The Turk is of another class—he is merely a splendidly dressed barbarian, differing from his savage ancestors of the Caucasus simply in the fineness of his turban, and the gold and jewels of his pipe or dagger. The Turk is absolutely irreclaimable. He disdains taste, grace, and knowledge, from a natural incapacity to feel their excellencies; the Law of his prophet was not necessary to prohibit his possession of statues or pictures—he has no eye for either; the mere repletion of his grossest appetites is the object of his life; and fierce and insatiable as the boa in gorging them, he falls into the same lethargy when they are gorged. But the Turk is to this hour an alien in his own territories. The native Natolian is a man of a totally distinct mould; he cowers before the Turk as his master, but he still looks upon him as a stranger, hates him as an usurper, and longs for the expected day when the brutal oppressor of the plains of Asia Minor shall be hunted back to herd once more with the kindred wolf and bear in the ravines of the Caucasus. The Natolian is a subtle, susceptible, luxurious being; fond of pomp, but of tasteful pomp; fond of the legends of his country, which find a location in every hill and valley, and a historian in every village. Undoubtedly a character too much adapted by its flexibility and love of ease to be a slave, but still offering to the eye that can bear to investigate it in its deep humiliation, a shape of mind, that, under all the bonds and degrading liveries of unchangeable servitude, retains something of the original muscle and beauty of the Greek of Ionia.

The present writer speaks of this fallen people with the more interest, from his having been indebted to them for many of those acts of personal kindness and willing hospitality, for a generous disinterestedness, which no man can find in his intercourse with the Turk; but which, where they occur among an unhappy and impoverished people, have a double

value. Some of those opportunities occurred in the well-known period of the French Revolutionary war. Happening to be in the diplomatic service of his country at Constantinople when the expedition under the late General Kœhler was organized to assist the troops of the Sultan in their movement against the French in Egypt, it became a part of his duty to communicate with the squadron of the British and Turkish fleets when stationed off Cyprus. For this purpose a long journey, from nearly north to south of this famous peninsula, was necessary. On the route he had to make some communications with the Governor of the district of Kiutaja, a Beglerbeg, whom he found holding a court with the Sangiacks of the surrounding commands, like a provincial Sultan. This was the time of universal favour for the English, who were then looked on, and with no slight justice, as the surest allies of the Porte. But the governor himself, a fine old Asiatic of the purest blood of Ionia, would probably have exhibited every kindness without so advantageous a claim on his hospitality. The rest is an extract from the journal kept on the road.

I am now in the heart of Nadoly, or, as we euphonize it, Natolia, the *Λυστολη*, the place of sunrise to the Greek of old, as from his islands he watched the sun dropping rubies and rosebuds over the borders of the Mediterranean. Round me are Phrygia, and Caria, and Lydia, and Pamphylia, the land of Hector and Homer and Thales, with the ground strewn with marbles, every one of them the fragment of some hero's or philosopher's, some statesman's or poet's, or beauty's tomb. Yet in this land of memory, not one in ten thousand knows more than that his right hand is not his left, and not one in ten times ten thousand knows more of the glorious dust on which he treads, than he knows of the Copernican System.

\* \* \* \*

The Governor has given me and the gentlemen of the suite a very handsome entertainment; has offered me a charger, which I have had no small difficulty in declining; and has forced upon me a case of French pistols, likely, from all appearances, to be to the full as hazardous to who-



ever uses them, as to the enemy. I observed a fierce-looking Sanguack, a genuine Turk, and a barbarian of course, with his hand bound up, as the result of a similar present; the Versailles manufacture, though covered over with ornaments, and with two or three large stones which glittered in the Turk's girdle, for he wore them still for the honour of the distinction, were found fit to bear any thing but powder and ball. For on the first trial, the pistol had burst, and sent his Excellency's finger and thumb into the elements.

\* \* \* \*

Towards twilight the entertainment broke up, and I was glad to find myself once more out of the din of the table, and able to enjoy the fresh air. It was delicious. It came in a current from the hills, perhaps some branches of Mount Taurus, and came with a refreshing coolness and spirit of life, which must be felt to be at all described. Perhaps the nearest conception to it would be that of an aerial dew, a dew suddenly refined into its essence, and sent floating on the air. But something of this, be it remembered, might be the result of contrast, for it followed a day of intolerable sultriness, with the sky burning like a roof of red-hot iron.

At a little distance from the tower, as I strayed on, I came to one of the vineyards belonging to the Beglerbeg; and in the very heart of the vineyard was surprised by finding the remnant, and by no means the imperfect remnant, of an old Greek temple. Its fortunate location in the Governor's grounds, had probably preserved it; for the Turk takes a child's pleasure in mischief, and peculiarly in breaking down every thing in the shape of ornament, that happens to lie within reach of his hand or his musket. The temple was now under the process of renovation, for a kiosk, or summer pleasure-house, one of the favourite fabrics of the men of Asia, and absolutely essential to any sense of enjoyment in this burning climate. The little area was filled with workmen, clumsily erecting some Saracen-looking pillars among the graceful remnants of a group of Corinthian capitals, still clinging to the architrave, though their shafts had long since given way to the general law

alike of temples and heroes. The pterugian, the cella, the richly carved tympanum, where the sculptures of some adventure of the favourite goddess, the great Diana of the Ephesians, were fading away into thin lines, like the ghosts of their old times, were still untouched by these rude renovators; and I looked long, and with great delight, at this fine relic. It would have made a capital subject for the pencil. The fragments of ruin that strewed the floor, half covered with the wild herbage, and wholly covered with a thousand rich stains of time, which gave them the look of Mosaic; the groups of the labourers, in their mantles and turbans, some toiling, some resting, some wondering at the beauty of the temple, as if it had awaked again their ancient sense of loveliness, and some gathering themselves into little circles, and conversing with the under tone and awed look which marks the superstition of the Asiatic, in a place where, as in this temple, no Asiatic can tread without thinking of either ghosts or treasures hidden by some necromancer, and guarded by his spell, were all curiously characteristic. But one of the most remarkable figures was that of a boy, with a perfectly Asiatic contour; dark, but with the grand model of countenance, the rather exaggerated style of features that looks so nobly in marble, and belongs by right divine to the heroes and sages of antiquity. He was half sitting, half lying, among a cluster of reeds, roses, and wild plants, that hung round and over him, like the unchecked vegetation that sometimes so beautifully gathers round a fallen statue. But he was no statue. Quite the contrary; he was full of animation, almost of inflammability, as I could perceive by his wrath at the tread of one of the workmen, which had accidentally touched the hem of his cloak, as it flowed on the ground. He sprang up like a young tiger, drew his dagger, and would probably have made serious use of it, but for my outcry at the sight, which, seconded by the immediate submission of the offender, had the effect of bringing him to his senses. He then threw himself down again on his place of repose, and taking from his mantle a small instrument of reeds, common in the

wilds of Natolia, and traceable, as I was told, by an unbroken lineage, up to the original pipe which Pan organized in the shades of Ida, began to amuse himself on it, with some very sweet, rambling tones, in true Oriental scorn of what the stranger, or the world, might be at that moment thinking of him. Still the whole scene, with its associations, was full of that pleasing mixture of thought without trouble, and melancholy without sadness, which is, perhaps, among the most pleasing moods of the mind. Before me were magnificent decay, and natural loveliness, fresh and reviving for ever; desolate majesty, sanctity forgotten, worship superseded, beauty, art, and talent, mouldering in every stone, and in the midst of all the decay of ancient taste, a fallen race of mankind, still not incapable of being raised again, and so far like the old temple in which they so indolently laboured, and lavishly gazed; and perhaps destined to be raised like that broken and beautiful fabric, to be filled with higher and purer aspirations than those of the most fabled days of their most fabled glory.

Before I left the vineyard to return to the palace of the Beglerbeg, where I was to spend the night, a story-teller had joined the party, come to gather a few aspers, or other small coin from the workmen, while they were at their suppers. He began his professional exertions as usual, and, if I were to judge from his effect, he succeeded very sufficiently; for he was accompanied by laughter through the principal parts of his story; and he had their aspers handsomely reinforced by some silver coins from the purse of the fiery boy. On my return, I was followed by both the story-teller and the boy, who were keeping up a somewhat eager dialogue on the propriety, as it afterwards appeared, of my making some application, as a favoured stranger, to the Governor, for an unusual extension of his patronage to the man of narrative.

HAMET BEN HAMET, THE PHILOSOPHER.

HAMET BEN HAMET, at the close of the famous campaign, in which the mightiest of the mighty, the Sultan Mustapha, whose glory is above the moon and the seven stars, beat all

The circumstance reached the Beglerbeg's ears, and on my next visit, I was introduced in form to the boy, who was then sumptuously costumed, and placed on a low sofa by the Governor's seat, and mentioned to me as the son of one of the most singular and opulent chieftains of the great peninsula; a Delhi, a Hadgi, a Fanariote, and, finally, settled down into a prince of the mountaintains, which I then saw stretching away in cloudy majesty, to the north-east, as far as the eye could extend. He had sent his son, with presents of chargers, and other valuable things, to the Sultan; and the boy was now waiting only for the setting forth of the Beglerbeg, his father's old friend, by whom he was to be guarded from the robbers of the wilderness, and from the still more hazardous trials and temptations of the famous capital of Islamism.

The story-teller's claims were next the subject of conversation, and the Governor gave way willingly to the request which I ventured to make, for the promotion of this poor fellow's object, which happened to be limited to the honour of wearing a green stripe in his turban, instead of a blue; he founding his right on a relation to the Prophet, a right, however, which had cost him the bastinado already from the neighbouring Pashia, and teemed with the prospect of blows from every Turkish soldier who met him; but which he swore by his ample beard, was dearer to him than his heart's blood. The scene ended by the usual introduction of coffee, in little gold enamelled cups, and the story-teller being called in to give a specimen of his qualities, he did so, with infinite pride and pleasure, in the story of the Mountain Prince, the Father of the Young Ambassador, Hamet ben Hamet, whose name he encircled with as many titles as would have enraptured a German Prince, or

"Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,  
Lord Lyon King at Arms!"

his enemies, and ended by losing his ships, his fortresses, and three grand viziers, through the ascendancy of his evil planet, for neither Potemkin nor his Russians could have done it,



resolved to finish his course of renown as became a true Moslem, and set out on the pilgrimage to Mecca. He travelled like the chieftain that he was, and many a pasha of three tails envied the beauty and spirit of his dozen barbs of the true Kholani blood, his fifty camels covered with Shiraz velvet and Smyrnesse silk, and his hundred Natolian horsemen, every one of them with a cuirass of silver. But when he had reached Mecca, had seen the procession of the Hadgis round the Caaba, had kissed the Black Stone which fell from Heaven, and drank of the well Zemzem, which all true believers know is daily filled from the fountains of paradise, he was still discontented. "And is this all," said the illustrious Hamet ben Hamet, "that the Hadgi comes from the ends of the earth to see? An old black curtain, a stone, a well of muddy water, and a hundred and fifty thousand fools ready to cut each other's throats, to kiss the one and swallow the other?" Terrible blasphemies were those; but Hamet ben Hamet had been a Delhi, and those tigers of war think more of cutting off heads than repeating creeds. He instantly ordered his horsemen to mount, turned his bridle homewards, and crossing Arabia and Syria at full gallop, reached his palace in the hills sooner than ever it was reached from Mecca before by mortal man.

In Natolia, Hamet ben Hamet was a proverb for happiness. The pilgrims passing from Constantinople to Damascus used to stop at the foot of the mountain on which his palace stood, bright as a new-born star, and wonder at the good fortune which had fixed a son of earth in a spot so like paradise. The people of the country, to a man, declared that since the prosperous days of the wisest of the wise, even Solomon ben David, there had not been prince, pasha, or padishah, who could compare with the fortune of the mighty Hadgi. They even went so far as to assert, that though he had four wives, he kept his household without an open quarrel. That his two daughters had never fled with Spahi or Janizary, and that his son had never expressed any known objection to his father's living even a dozen years longer. Still the illustrious Hadji

was discontented. "What is human happiness," he exclaimed, "but like the bubble in the cup of sherbet, no sooner seen than swallowed, and no sooner swallowed than forgotten? Or like the singing of the bullet from the musket, a perilous pleasure which a wise man would let pass by him, and none but a fool would desire to catch? The earth is a dungeon, from which the sooner a man gets free the better. Life is a struggle in a stormy sea, every man first tries to sink his neighbour, then to save himself, and all go to the bottom alike at last. Heaven either forgets the care of man, or sports with his feelings, or heaps on him a perpetual succession of the evils of nature, just light enough to let the wretch prolong his tortures, but heavy enough to make him hate every day that rises on his unlucky brow."

To reinforce his exhausted spirit, Hamet ben Hamet clapped his hands, a signal at which a troop of Nubian slaves brought in a banquet worthy of a Sofi. At the end of which, taking up a goblet of the most delicious wine of Chios in one hand, he pulled a pistol from his belt with the other—But before he should put a close to his misfortunes, by the old Delhi method of blowing out his brains, he thought that he might quench his feverish thirst without much injury to his resolution. The goblet was put to his lips and drained accordingly. The day was hot, the wine was exquisite; he thirsted again. To a man on the verge of bidding farewell to the world, a second goblet could be neither shame nor sin. The second goblet was filled, it touched his lip, it flew down with even more quickness than the former. The pistol was now examined, the priming looked to, the brace of balls again rammed down. A touch on the gold enamelled trigger would send the Hadgi to the bosom of Mahomet. But the day glowed still more like a furnace. "What is the earth," exclaimed the Hadgi, "but a round of wretchedness?" He laid the pistol on the table, filled a third goblet, it darted down his throat like lightning.

\* \* \* \*

He was sitting under the shade of one of the thousand bowers of his own vineyards. Before him the hori-

zon was like a huge shawl of scarlet, purple, and azure stripes; above him was a roof of grapes and roses, like living amethysts and rubies. "This may look well," said he, "but the world is wretchedness still." A thorn stuck in his finger as he listlessly dropped his hand into a knot of the moss roses of Chusistan, while his system grew rapidly upon him. "Why," said he, "am I to listen to the nonsense which talks of the happiness of my fellow wretches, when even here I cannot pluck a flower without paying the common penalty of pain. But what is there in the world, wide as it is, but pain? The skies, blue as they are, either scorch the very skin off our limbs, or drench us with torrents, that wash away our crops, our houses, and ourselves. The ground, with all its roses, teems with the poisonous reptile, and the more poisonous herb. The air brings pestilence from every point of the compass; parches us to the bone by day, or freezes us to the midriff by night. Fire blasts, withers, consumes, and kills; and yet, in the teeth of all this, there are dotards, with brains as dry as the dust they tread, who will talk of the bounty of nature; why, under Heaven, I cannot conceive!"

"Because they *are* dotards," said a voice behind him. Hamet started up to gaze on the intruder, and forgot his wound; the speaker was one of those pilgrims who are constantly travelling through Asia Minor on their way to and from Mecca; but his dress of travel, worn and sunburnt as it was, could not altogether conceal that this pilgrim was a tall and very noble-looking personage; that his air was soldierly, and that he had the keenest black eyes that Asia furnishes. The Pilgrim is a sacred character every where, and Hamet invited him to rest himself in the vineyard, and ordered water for his feet, and a repast to be set before him. The Pilgrim accepted of all these instances of hospitality with the grace of one who had sat at high feasts; and his conversation amply repaid his banquet.

He had travelled over all that the East had to shew of oddity, grandeur, and beauty. He had dived into the diamond caves of Golconda—he had traversed the golden courts of the

Mogul—he had drank of the living waters at the fount of the Ganges—and he had climbed the Mountains of the Moon. Among the potentates, he had eaten with his golden-footed majesty of Ava—drank souchong with the brother of the seven stars, Emperor of Emperors, the Long-tailed of Pekin—he had swallowed opium with the iron-handed chieftains of the Polygars—had imbibed the sacred milk of the white cow within the dome that held the Grand Lama of Thibet—and played chess with the topaz-girdled Negus of Abyssinia.

Hamet forgot the hour, as he listened to the vast and various discourse of his brilliant guest. But the charm was incomplete, until he had discovered that this man of all nations was entirely of his own opinion.

"Rely upon it," said Hamet, "that the utmost extent of human experience amounts only to this, that this globe is made for blockheads, just as blockheads are made for this globe."

"I fully agree with you, my hospitable entertainer," said the Pilgrim; "and, if mankind had a grain of sense in every ton of brains, they would acknowledge that they were miserable, and clear their heads of all the fine things taught us by nurses and priests about benevolence, and so forth; in man or nature, all is misery in this round world, or in any other, above or below."

Hamet was doubly delighted; in a rough-coated Pilgrim of the Hedjaz he had found a philosopher; in a stranger he had found a friend after his own heart. On the stranger's rising to take his staff and go on his journey, Hamet almost suffered his hospitality to overcome his politeness, for he fairly wrested it out of his hand. His cloak was next all but forced from his ample shoulders; and as the Pilgrim, divested of both cloak and staff, was scarcely entitled to call himself a pilgrim at all, he had now no alternative but to follow his entertainer into his mansion.

To a common eye nothing could have been a more direct answer to the theory of misfortune, than the spot into which they now entered. The sumptuous dresses of the at-



tendants, the rich furniture, the perfumes burning in vases of gold and alabaster, the carpets of Shiraz, the tables of sandal-wood, and the flowing cups of the vintage of Erzeroum, all looked so prodigiously like the reverse of human misery, that for some moments the Pilgrim held his tongue, and a smile even sat on his grave and lofty lip. But Hamet shewed himself the philosopher still.

"I see," said he, with a feeling of irrepressible triumph at his superiority to matters of the senses, "these trifles strike you, as perhaps placing me a little out of the line of our argument. But what is this house, and all that it contains? a thing which perpetually breeds discontent. The owner of such a dwelling may be fool enough to be proud of it, and if so, the more fool he to be proud of a thing which the first accident may bring in ashes about his ears, to say nothing of the storm, or the earthquake, that may carry it down to the centre of the globe."

"Besides," observed the pilgrim, "from what I can feel even in myself, experienced as I am in the emptiness of human enjoyments, the possession of those things by the one must excite vexatious feelings in the many. Thus the imperfect pleasure of the individual constitutes the actual suffering of hundreds, perhaps of thousands. So much for the exploded absurdity of universal benevolence."

Dinner was now served, and the two philosophers regaled themselves in a style that might have shaken the convictions of those who only saw them culling the peaches of Khorasan, and bathing their brows in the rose-water of Ashtacar. But philosophy disdains commonplaces, and the two friends ate, drank, and bathed their glowing foreheads, without losing a fragment of their theory.

"Yes, friend Hamet," said the stranger, "I perceive that you have manliness of mind sufficient to soar above the vulgar ideas of our position here. How any human being can be happy, or think that it was intended that he should be happy, while every peach he touches may choke him; while he may swallow poison in every dish he eats; while life is, in fact, but one long accident, and death, odious, painful, and mi-

serable as it is, is the only thing certain, is one of the most extraordinary libels on the understanding of our wretched species."

"And then, too," interrupted Hamet, "when we consider human life on the great scale, what is it but a succession of wars, pestilences, famines, flights, exiles, and overthrows; the general havoc and suffering of those myriads, who seem absolutely to be gifted with the power of feeling only to suffer?"

"Or," said the Pilgrim, grasping his hand, as if to fix conviction, "if we are to be told that all those mischiefs are but the work of man himself, what is to be said of Nature? From east to west, from the pole to the line—what do we see but an eternal war against the powers, the enjoyments, and the existence of man? The storm beats down his harvest, the lightning burns down his house, the whirlwind carries off house and tenant together, the flood rips up the bosom of the soil, and leaves him sand and stones for food. Then, look to the earth itself; what are three-fourths of Africa but a desert of red-hot sand; three-fourths of Asia but a desert of snow; three-fourths of Europe, but mountains fit for nothing but to produce the thistle, that is fit for nothing but to pasture the ass that grazes on them, true emblem of his master? What are three-fourths of America but swamp and forest, in which nothing can live but a frog or a snake, or perhaps a naked Indian, the only reasonable being of his miserable generation after all? for he lives in a thorough contempt of what fools call the beauty of Nature, and in a perpetual war against what equal fools call the brotherhood of man. And yet what does even he get by this attempt at a philosophical existence? Why, his life might envy the wolf, and his death make the scorpion forswear the stab of its own sting. He is hacked and hewn into pieces, one-half roasted and eaten, while the other half is looking on; and as his life has been privation by the malice of the elements, its close is torture by the cruelty of man, a death worse than being crushed between the jaws of the lion or the tiger."

"Incomparably true," said Ha-

met, pouring out a flagon of the favourite wine, which filled the room with odour. "The earth contains nothing worth a wise man's thought, or a rich man's enjoyment. Here, my friend, let us finish this flagon, merely to wash down this pie of pheasants' livers, and then let us think how best we shall get through the three hours which lie between our dinner and our beds, the only spot where a man can be fairly said to enjoy life, as it is the only one in which he leaves this worthless world behind him, and shuts his eyes and his memory together."

"Spoken like a hundred sages," exclaimed the Pilgrim, rising from his embroidered couch, and embracing him with an ardour of friendship which delighted Hamet beyond measure. Novice in philosophy, he felt it as an acknowledgment that he had already gone beyond his master, and the look of admiration which that master and pilgrim fixed on him with his deep large eyes, seemed to shoot into his very soul. The glance seemed even to stir up a new soul there. Hamet found eloquence grow upon him; it rolled in like a flood of words and feelings. Like all other orators new to their own genius, the exercise enchanted him, and he rushed along in a torrent of truisms, all wonderful to himself, and all welcomed with the keenest admiration by his hearer.

The Pilgrim's eyes were still fixed on the face of the orator, if that can be called fixed which was a perpetual variety of ardent expression, sometimes glancing to the heavens in lofty appeal, then plunging on the ground in solemn conviction, then reverting again to Hamet's visage, and darting out shafts and rays that glittered like arrow points. The gaze became at last so keen that the orator's powers began to be embarrassed, and when, in the triumph of his infant eloquence, he declared himself ready and willing to make a pilgrimage through the earth, if it were for no other purpose than to teach nations the absurdity of listening to the "hereditary nonsense of kings and priests," the eyes of the Pilgrim shot out a gleam, which, to Hamet's conception, differed in nothing from a flash of lightning.

The look dazzled him, it broke up the tissue of his metaphors, and he stopped in awe, mingled with something not far from alarm. But a second glance reassured him the eyes were quiet. The evening was stormy, a sultry day had been overclouded by tempest, and the rattle of the thunder, which had been forgotten in the orator's speech, was naturally combined with lightning, and the lightning with those glittering eyes. When he ventured to look again, the Pilgrim's countenance was calm, it had even resumed more than its usual gravity, and instead of gazing with a wild and even overwhelming keenness on the philosopher's face, it was raised with a noble, yet melancholy air, to the skies, where it seemed to be absorbed in following the issue of the lightnings from the mass of vapours, that, cloud on cloud, deepened round the horizon.

The sound of footsteps ended the contemplation on both sides, and Hamet, a little exhausted by his new faculty of conviction, was not sorry to be withdrawn from philosophy, tempest, and the sight of a melancholy visage, however sublime, by the appearance of the head of his harem, announcing that the dancers were in waiting, and that supper was on the table. The dancers came in; they were young, handsome, and adroit. They were superbly dressed, and their rose-coloured caftans were not rosier than their cheeks, nor the diamonds in their ears more sparkling than the diamonds in their eyes. Hamet forgot his philosophy from time to time, as this exquisite dance revolved before him in lines, curves, and wreathes of life and beauty. But the Pilgrim's handsome visage was inflexible. The supper, however, had its charms for him. He drank the rich variety of wines that the Syrian grape sends out to proclaim its honours through the world, and congratulated his entertainer on the wisdom which, among other superiorities to the vulgar, had allowed him to plunge deep into every vintage of Asia, in spite of the dead Prophet and the living Mufti.

The dawn found the Pilgrim, staff in hand, at the door of his friend's chamber; but the night had wrought



a revolution in the brains of Hamet ben Hamet. He felt his frame in a fever—his eyes dim, and his head bursting with intolerable pangs; in short, he begged to be allowed to put off his search for four-and-twenty hours longer.

"Not for a minute," was the answer of his persevering friend. "If a flask of the pernicious stuff that one set of blockheads brews to poison the other, were to overthrow the travels of a philosopher, Science must hang her head for ever. But who comes here? officers, pikemen, and the Cadi!"

The tale was true. Information of the last night's supper had been conveyed to the Cadi, who, being indignant at the drinking of so much excellent prohibited liquor, which he had not been invited as usual to share, had issued his immediate order for bringing the culprit to a sense of his guilt. The unlucky philosopher now had need of all his oratory. But the moment of inspiration was past; the Cadi's bastinado-men formed an apparition which drove all his appeal to the passions out of his head; and, gathering up his robes, he followed the angry magistrate to the seat of justice. The officers remained behind in charge of his house. Hamet gave a sigh as he saw the triumphant looks with which this armed rabble speculated upon his mother-of-pearl tables, his golden dishes, his silver urns, his japan cabinets, and his embroidered pearl-fringed sofas; but he must follow the minister of the law. He was thrown into a dungeon, bastinadoed, and half-starved. In five days, he was informed that he would be heard in his defence; in five months he was heard, and ordered to pay a fine of ten thousand piastres for entertaining pilgrims, of whom nobody knew any thing, and for having drunk wine without inviting the Cadi. The bastinado and the Cadi's blessing followed; and, lame as he was, half-starved, and half-pounded to a conserve, he ran with all the speed he could towards his own house. "There," said he, "I shall find refuge from the follies of mankind, from the miseries of nature, and from this brute of a Cadi, whose savageness, stupidity, and taste for bastinadoing, are only an epitome of human kind." But,

where was his house? He reached indeed a large field enclosed in half-a-dozen narrow streets, each as hot as a melon bed, and each of which he had wished, for the last fifty years, to be cooling itself a hundred fathom deep under the waters of the Mediterranean. But on the face of this field, house there was none; pavilions, verandas, baths, gardens, all had made to themselves wings!—Where were the attendants, the exquisite troop of dancers, the tribe of handmaidens, the four wives, the two daughters, the gold and silver plate, the embroidered saddles, and the Arab steeds that carried them? All was as smooth as the smoothest cheek of beauty. Hamet was undone! He was now as naked of all the incumbrances of life as the new-born babe.

He bore his calamity like most philosophers. In other words, he was alternately broken-hearted and furious—he bedewed his beard with his tears—he tore it in his indignation—he thought of imploring the law for redress—he next devoted the law and the lawyers, Cadi, Ulema, and all, to the hottest latitude on the earth or under the earth. Finally, when he had exhausted all his figures of wrath, he flung himself on the ground, and resolved to stir no more from that spot alive.

He was roused from the dust by a loud laugh, and a smart blow on his turban. He looked up—the Pilgrim was standing over him. "Rise, man," said this comforter; "am I to believe that you are like the rest of this world of simpletons after all? What have you lost? Nothing, but the trouble of carrying a purse; of punishing a gang of servants, who cheated you, notwithstanding, every hour they lived; of keeping four wives from poisoning each other; and of drinking more wine than your head was made to hold."

"Lost!" groaned the prostrate man. "Have I not lost all, every thing that made life valuable?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Pilgrim, with a more than contemptuous smile; "you have lost nothing but a little of your rotundity, a certainty of the gout, and five months of pleasant travel, from which I have just returned. You have not lost your appetite, I have no doubt; and if you

have it still, here, sit on this stone, and let me be your landlord, and on the site of your own house too." Some rough Khorasan cakes, and a bottle of vinegar wine, were taken from the Pilgrim's bag, and laid upon the fragments of a piece of snowy marble, which had once supported a range of gold-enamelled cups. Hamet was broken-hearted, but he was hungry. He sat up, broke his way through the gritty cakes, swallowed the sour wine without a writhe, and felt that long fasting was an excellent contrivance for cheap luxury.

"But what is to be done now?" said the ruined Natolian; "or shall I go to Mount Taurus, and close my eyes among the Dervishes?"

"Not the worst plan in the world, by any means," said the Pilgrim; "for those fellows rob all mankind, which shews that they have a proper sense of what mankind are made for; and, secondly, they contrive, like all public plunderers, to live excellently well. No holy beggars in all Asia can give you a better pillau, nor a better bottle of Cyprus wine after it. But I take it for granted you are above wearing a priest's cap. Half a year ago, I left you a first-rate philosopher. At daybreak I shall set out for Abyssinia."

The Pilgrim's flask, acid as it was, had produced a marvellous effect on the fainting sage; it seemed to run through his veins like new life. He started up, but still lingered over the ruins of his household. "Friend Hamet, let me give you one piece of advice, which may be of use to you in other places, as well as in Natolia," said the Pilgrim. "Begin your travels without delay. When a great man has done you one injury, never think of waiting till he does you two. The Cadi has fleeced you, for three reasons; because he is a scoundrel, a lawyer, and a Turk of Constantinople. If you stay another day whining like a woman over things that cannot be remedied, you will not stay a third on this side of the moon. My route is Abyssinia."

"Aye," said Hamet, with a sigh, "to the beggar all ends of the world are the same."

"Well, then, you are just now in the true condition for travelling," said the Pilgrim. "What, do you think of leaving this old bearded

knave nothing but your promise of vengeance in good time—this worthless city nothing but your scorn—this houseless spot the crumbs of your entertainment—and come with me to scoff at all mankind?"

Hamet was at first much astounded at being called on to do any thing but lament over his fallen fortunes. He had actually found a kind of pleasure in thinking that no man had ever been so thoroughly robbed, so bitterly bastinadoed, and so wickedly scoffed at by all mankind; and doing nothing more than think this, until the Cadi should give an order for his head, or the stones of his fallen dwelling lay upon his grave. But in this state he found that he must not stay; the Pilgrim's advice had the unaccountable force of a command. For the first time in his life, he found that he had something to do, and that he must do it. He got upon his feet, girt his tattered robe about him, and followed his conductor through the city-gate, with all the world before him.

\* \* \* \*

"The way was long and difficult, but here we are at last," said the Pilgrim; "beyond that hill are the fountains of the most famous river in the world. We must see them, and thus have the glory of seeing what all the sages of Europe and Asia have been longing to see for forty centuries, and have not seen yet." Hamet was tired to death—he had suffered deplorably in the journey through Arabia—the skin was worn off his feet—his clothing was in a thousand fragments—his eyes were half blinded with the sand—and his heart was more than half broken with perpetual terror of the robbers, the sheiks, with hunger, and with hardship.

"I can die here as well as beyond that hill," said he, in the genuine tone of despair.

"What folly!" exclaimed the Pilgrim. "Die—without having seen the fountains of the Nile, and you a Hadgi too—you, a son of holiness, who have travelled a thousand miles of sand already, to cut off a scrap of mouldering curtain, kiss a stone, and drink water as muddy as the Euphrates? Rise, and be famous for life."

Hamet had been so long in the habit of obeying the opinions of his



imperious friend, who no longer condescended to argue, that he rose and dragged his limbs over the hill. It was rugged, and covered with thicket of the Cactus, which stuck in his skin, tore his clothes into still more fragments, and completed the overthrow of his temper. The pilgrim only smiled at his vexations, pulled him over the precipices, extricated him from the thorny thickets, and finally brought him to the edge of the sacred springs. Hamet's contempt was now beyond concealment. "And is this what we have travelled at the risk of our lives, the waste of six months, and the loss of more than half our cuticle, to see!" exclaimed the disappointed philosopher; "this, a pair of pitiful wells that a single camel would empty at a draught! a miry ditch at the foot of an exaggerated molehill! Well may we speak with contempt of human ambition, when it is fixed on such discoveries as the beggarly fountains of the Nile." Hamet would have grown eloquent on the subject, but his gestures of indignation had already attracted the eyes of a party of the natives, to whom any doubt that those fountains were the wonders of the world, that they were holy besides, and most of all, that they placed Abyssinia at the head of all nations, would have been a worse offence than cutting off the ears and noses of the whole living generation. They began to listen accordingly, and in the interval inspected the points of their daggers and the priming of their matchlocks. Hamet's oration inflamed their patriotism to the highest pitch; they rushed upon him in a body, seized him, beat him with the handles of their lances, and finally dragged him and his companion down the hill, to bring them before the chief judge of Gondar, as guilty of worse than sacrilege, in the insult to their national Deity.

This tyranny raised Hamet's indignation to the highest; he railed against the savages and their superstition; but he had been taught prudence by the recollection of the Cadi and his bamboo, and his wrath was expressed only in whispers, and the whispers only to his friend. They were now dragged before the Judge of Gondar. Justice in Abyssinia is encumbered with none of the delays

of law more to the north. The culprits were simply offered their choice of being impaled, burnt alive, buried up to the neck, and left to be stung to death by the musquittoes, or shot with arrows on the next arrival of the Prince of the Agows, for whose marriage with the Princess of Gondar, the minister was busy in preparing all kinds of royal entertainments. Hamet would have preferred the quickest escape from a world for which he had imbibed the most sovereign contempt, be the way what it might. But his friend observing to him, that a man was so sure of dying at one time or other, that there was no use in hurrying the experiment, he chose the being turned into a wild beast, hunted, and shot for the amusement of the Prince of the Agows, remarking that the Prince might have a lance through his own midriff before the hunt; or the Princess might grow capricious, and the marriage be broken off; or that, at all events, there was something in having time to make up one's mind.

The friends were sent back to their dungeon accordingly, Hamet being first bastinadoed as the principal offender. In three days the Prince of the Agows arrived, a dwarfish and deformed savage, black as ebony, and ugly as a baboon. The Princess accepted him joyfully, for he brought with him a necklace of the largest glass beads that were ever seen in Gondar, as a bridal present; from that moment he was irresistible. The royal hunt was ordered, and Hamet and his friend, clothed in tiger skins, to favour the deception, were let loose at a bow-shot length from the royal marksman. As Hamet cast his eyes upon the circle of the Abyssinian court, in whose full gaze he stood, and saw the Prince waiting for his first step to send an arrow a fathom long through him, "Holy Prophet," he exclaimed, "is it for a set of human brutes like these, to hunt down the true Moslem! Is it for the sport of this mishapen son of hideousness, this barbarous biped, this turbaned baboon of the desert, that a true believer is to be put to his speed across rock and sand, to be starved, scorched, tired down to the very edge of death, and to be stuck as full of arrows

after all, as the pockets of the Cadi are of bribes, or the ears of his bitter wife are of stolen jewels?" His friend said nothing, but girt up his robe, and prepared for the race that he was to run in honour of the royal dwarf. The captives were led down to the valleys in the midst of the dissonance of cow-horns, conches, the barbarous music, and still more barbarous shouts of the half-naked multitude, all delighted with the prospect of seeing two Mussulmans hunted and shot. The Prince gave the word, having first stationed himself, with his bow in hand, in the pass of the hills through which the crowd were to force the captives.

The chase began. Hamet at first would have defied death where he stood, but his companion repeating his favourite maxim, that time is every thing, seized him by the shoulder, and set off with him at full speed. Hamet felt an extraordinary vigour in his limbs, such as he had never known in even the days of his most elastic youth. He flew on with a rapidity that astonished himself, and completely distanced his pursuers. At length the multitude on foot and horseback alike fell back in utter surprise, exclaiming that the fugitives were magicians, and that they might as well hunt the air. They now reached the pass where the Prince of the Agows stood waiting to shoot them, surrounded by a group of the ministers and blood-royal of Abyssinia. The royal bridegroom was evidently astonished to see his two victims running up the pass totally unpursued. But as he was not the less determined to indulge his taste for marksmanship, he laid the arrow on his bow. He was in the act of drawing it to the head, when, to his still greater astonishment, the Moslems reached with a joint bound the point of the promontory on which he stood, burst in among the group with a sudden force which scattered the whole down the precipice, and leaving them there to collect their broken limbs, grasped the startled Prince himself, and whirled him away between them through the valley with the speed of lightning. The dwarf struggled, roared, threatened, and execrated in vain. They still swept along, like the clouds which were now gathering in huge masses

in the horizon, and were rolling above their heads in a furious hurricane already raging in the upper regions of the air. The fugitives now reached the summit of a range of hills which were invisible from Gondar, but towered over a vast extent of Ethiopia. On the summit of the range they fixed the unlucky Agow, who no sooner found himself thus perched like a vulture on a precipice, than recovering his senses and his wrath together, he with a howl of rage again drew his bow. But he would have acted more wisely in delaying his vengeance, for the Pilgrim simply saying, "This fool knows nothing of the value of time," he sprung up the precipice once more, seized the struggling savage, and flung him into the torrent that swept at the foot of the hill, and promised to sweep him dead or alive into the Indian Ocean.

"And this," exclaimed Hamet, when he had recovered his breath, at the singular display of vigour in his fellow-traveller, "this is human nature? Men are born and live, but to be trampled on by such a monster as the being that I see now grasping at every weed by the side of that torrent, and thanks to justice, grasping in vain" — "Say nothing more on this point," interrupted his friend. "Agow princes are made for Agow subjects. One wild beast only keeps another in order. But we must now think of ourselves, and look for shelter from the storm where we can." Hamet glanced round the horizon, and was at a loss to discover what had roused his friend's spirit of precaution. The hurricane above had passed away, as if it had been propitiated by the death of the miserable savage. The clouds still lay on the hills, but they lay in the composed beauty of sunset, a lovely wilderness of fantastic shapes, and dazzling hues, palaces of pearl and ivory, valleys of endless vegetation, hills of immeasurable grandeur, floating forms that spread upon the soft wind, like immense lines and columns of marching troops, under banners of scarlet, purple, and sapphire. The defile through which they now descended, was to Hamet's eye like the valleys of Paradise, after the wild, wasted, parched, and rocky defiles through which they had been driven.



in the morning. Halfway up the sides, were the small tenements of the native shepherds, peeping out from among shades of every luxuriant and fresh shrub of Africa. Their path was overhung with the rose and the vine. The antic and spiry pinnacles that closed the strait, were of the whitest marble; and their stately height, the rich fretwork of time on their vast sides and columns, the profusion of wild flowers clustering their shafts and traceries, and the whole lighted up by the blaze of a Tropic sun, transfixed Hamet in wonder and delight. "These," said he; "are fit to be the portals of Heaven, and this the valley where the spirits of the brave await the opening of the gates of immortality. Yet," said he, musing, "what, in the name of wisdom, could have planted such a spot among the brutes of Abyssinia?" "Let that question settle itself," said the Pilgrim; "we shall have enough to do to take care of ourselves for the night; to-morrow we shall be on our way to Natolia." "Then you shall be on your way alone," said Hamet hastily. "I shall never leave this delicious spot, to be starved, scourged, imprisoned, and half killed, at the pleasure of every knave of a Cadi." The Pilgrim, in the meantime, busied himself in constructing a shelter, under the projection of a rock, with a bundle of tamarisk branches. He then laid out his supper on the turf, of which Hamet, indignant as he was, soon partook; but he disdained the shelter; and, wrapping his cloak round him, lay down in the open air, with his eyes contemplating the stars that shook and glittered above him, like living flames. In the enthusiasm of contentment, the philosopher fell asleep.

A roar, like that of the deepest thunder, roused him. The hurricane had come; the sky was a sheet of fire; the valley a vast torrent; the clouds that lay on the mountains, had suddenly discharged their contents, and the inundation had poured down from a thousand streams, into the lake at the entrance of the defile. In the utter and bewildering terror of the moment, Hamet was on the point of making a step forward, which would have plunged him headlong into the cataract, when he found himself caught by the vigorous grasp of his

friend, dragged to the shelter of the rock, and there protected against the tremendous bursts of wind, that tore up the trees like chaff. Day broke at last, but it was sullen and sunless, and the scene below was worthy of the lowering and melancholy sky. "And is this the work of a single night?" exclaimed Hamet, as he looked from the rising ground where the Pilgrim had wisely fixed his station. "Leave Nature to her own performances, and come to breakfast," said the Pilgrim. But Hamet, feeling an undisguised contempt for the man who could think of anything but the atrocities of Nature, at such a time, pushed forward to lay hold of the trunk of a mighty cedar, whose gnarled stem and spreading boughs seemed to have bid defiance to centuries. Grasping a large branch, he proceeded to look down the devastated valley. The attempt was ill-timed. While he was contemplating the general havoc of the tempest, with a double conviction of the malignity of nature, the torrent had been sweeping away the clay, from which the roots of the ponderous tree had sucked freshness for three hundred years. The moment of his grasp was the moment in which the last ounce of clay scattered its yellowness over the raging waters; his impulse completed the catastrophe; down went the cedar, with a fearful crash, and down with it went Hamet, with an outcry of agony, heard through the wildest roarings of the storm. He had no time to utter another; on he swept, the branches of the huge tree served him as a ship, and kept him afloat, but he was half choked, half blinded, and half drowned, by the foam, the spray, and the weight of the boiling surge. As he cast his last despairing glance upward, he saw the Pilgrim standing safely, but in great astonishment, on the summit of the precipice, gazing at his terrible progress. But a turn of the valley soon hid him, and he was now alone. He never had felt so total a sensation of terror before. The rapidity of the torrent increased every instant. All around, above, and below him, was fierce and dizzy motion. The banks seemed flying back to right and left; the promontories appeared for an instant, and glanced by; the trees, the scattered

huts of the peasantry, the marble peaks, seemed to have been suddenly winged—all shot back from him; the very sky seemed to have joined the universal whirl, and to roll away with the swiftness of the earth. But, while he began to think that he should thus be hurled onward, like a bubble on the waters, for ever, a sudden change occurred; the noise of the torrent died away; the huge, fretted surges sank; the torrent grew broad, silent, and placid. Still it swept on as rapidly as before; but the breadth, the silence, and the placidity increased. The movement was lulling, almost pleasing; and Hamet, still clinging to the tree, felt almost an inclination to sleep. The sun, still clouded, yet shot an occasional gleam over the waters; and the wind was utterly hushed. But in the midst of this strange tranquillity, a low murmur, like the shaking of the forest leaves in autumn, began to be heard; it deepened every moment; it sounded, by degrees, like the tread of multitudes, like the roar of multitudes, like the growling of thunder, like the tumult and burst of the whirlwind, like all together. At length the unfortunate Moslem felt the current receive a momentary check, and felt in that check a keener sense of undoing than in the wildest rapidity of the flood. But the check was at an end; with a roar as if the mountains had split asunder, the whole mighty mass of the torrent plunged into a gulf, at an invisible depth below. Hamet and his protecting tree were torn asunder, and with a sensation of unspeakable horror, he felt himself rushing down the precipice of waters.

A feeling of sickness and pain awoke him. He was lying on the bank under a ledge of rock, and with the Pilgrim standing over him, and endeavouring to bring back life into his limbs. "You see, friend Hamet," said he, "that Nature is not to be meddled with on some occasions; and that in times of tempest, it is better to take whatever refuge we can, than to find fault too closely with things as they are." But Hamet's philosophy was too firm to give way to this taunt; and, feeble as he was, he broke out with an angry query as to the possible good of sweeping away trees, cottages, and cattle, by deluges of

rain water; the necessity of tearing away the soil which might be cultivated for the purposes of human enjoyment, and the final object of hurling innocent men down cataracts a thousand feet high.

"There is good in all things," coolly observed the Pilgrim, "if we know where to look for it."

"Yes," exclaimed Hamet, "as the prey is good for the lion, the carcass for the vulture, and the battle for the lover of blood. But if I had the power of Providence, this tempest should have never been."

Night closed over the discussion, in which he still angrily argued that all evil was the result of a malignant principle; and that especially thunder-storms, torrents, and cataracts, should be expunged from the book of Nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was morning when Hamet heard the Pilgrim's voice rousing him from his couch of leaves. He opened his eyes with astonishment—the landscape seemed to be totally changed. He gazed round—the evidences of the change were still stronger every moment. He had gone to rest in a region of mountains—cliffs of marble, of vast height, had shot up to the heavens—forests, as ancient as the earth, had waved their thick and shadowy verdure above his head—a bright, vivid, and powerful stream had rushed through the shades, springing from rock to rock with bursts of foam, that looked like showers of silver—the soil was uncultured, and lay in the original richness of the virgin world. All was silence, except when it was broken by the scream of the eagle, or the fitful gush of the waterfall. But now every spot on which he looked was teeming with existence. The hand of man was every where. The land was level as a vast meadow, intersected by small canals, for the conveyance of a great central stream to gardens innumerable spread over its banks, and each garden loaded with fruits, herbs, and flowers. Vast fields were waving on every side with produce of the richest kinds—the high-roads were magnificent, and crowded with people. The central stream flowed along in gentle beauty through a long vista of harbours, meadows, and corn-fields. Hamet's astonishment and delight



long kept him dumb. "Here," he broke out at last, "here, at least, is no demon working capricious evil to man. But how came we here? This is not Abyssinia. What benignant power has led us into this delicious land? Here, at least, are no deluges, no tornadoes, no cataracts."

"You ask too many questions for one tongue to answer at once," said the Pilgrim, with a smile. "But one thing I shall tell you, that by whatever means you have come here, you will have come to but little purpose if you do not discover, that hitherto you have talked very like a philosopher without brains." This plain mode of speech had nearly overthrown Hamet's philosophy;—but friendship is sacred among the Moslems. He silently withdrew his hand from his Damascus dagger; but his wrath could not be staid so easily, and he set forward sullenly towards the gates of a distant city, that rose boldly against the splendid sunbeams of an African dawn.

As he advanced, however, he felt that the signs of public happiness were not without their shade. He observed great numbers of people gathering towards particular points on the river side, and looking anxiously at some pillars which stood on the margin. Still the farther he advanced, he found the groups more anxious, the murmurings deeper, and at last cries of fear, anxiety, and despair, issuing from every assemblage. He enquired the cause.

"The cause!" said the hollow-eyed Magrebin, to whom he had put the question. "Have you eyes? Look at the river; it has fallen half a foot within the last twelve hours, when we expected it to rise half a fathom. But where were you born, not to know, that upon the inundation of the Nile depends the existence of Egypt; and that the inundation depends upon the rains in Abyssinia?"

Hamet was conscience-struck by the recollection of his wishes, and his change of countenance caught the jealous glance of the Magrebin. "But, friend, who are you?" he asked. "We have been told the magicians of Abyssinia have power to stop the rains, whenever they take it into their heads to do mischief to the countries of the plain. Now I strongly suspect from your questions that you are

one of that accursed brood; and if so, by the beard of my fathers, you shall never leave this spot alive." The Magrebin drew his dagger at the word. Hamet protested against this menace, but protested in vain. The Magrebin could not reason, but he could strike; and nothing but Hamet's dexterity, or the fortunate thickness of his cloak, saved him from the stab of the vindictive savage. The cloak entangled the weapon, and the philosopher, wresting it from his assailant's hand, flung it far into the Nile. The baffled Magrebin, more than ever convinced that he was dealing with a necromancer, turned and fled with a wild outcry. Hamet, angry with man, and disgusted with nature, hurried on to reach the city, whose gates were now shining in the western sun.

He found the people gathered at the entrance full of still more anxious conjectures on the cause of the falling river; but the dagger had taught him its lesson, and he passed on to the place of rest for strangers without uttering a word. But the streets were full of wonderers, murmurers, and questioners. The fall of the Nile, the guilt of the magicians who caused the failure of the rains among the mountains, and the inevitable famine that must ensue, were the universal theme. By day-break the murmurs grew into fury, and the discontent assumed the shape of open violence; the river had continued to fall, and the hopes of the coming season were at an end; the labours of tens and hundreds of thousands were thus doomed to be in vain. The populace, already prepared for all violence, attempted to assault the public granaries. The troops of the governor were ordered out to repel them, and blood was shed. Day by day those scenes of riot, wrath, and despair, continued to increase, for it was now announced, that by the total fall of the river the harvest was hopelessly ruined. By degrees the truth transpired, in the wild and haggard countenances of the people. The seizure of the granaries, in the original impulse of popular violence, made all remedy impossible. There was neither corn nor oil, neither herb nor fruit, in the land. Famine produced its natural effects, in blind fury, hideous

suffering, ferocious outrage, silent decay. Thousands and tens of thousands died day by day. The only refuge from the agony of hunger was the grave. Yet even the grave was scarcely an asylum from the ravening hunger of the living. But famine was not long left to its solitary work. Pestilence, its natural companion, followed closely upon its steps. The most frightful form of all that Death takes among mankind, the Plague, now began to spread among the population. It first seized upon the worn-out victims of hunger—it consumed those remnants of human life—but its wings soon overshadowed the whole land. Its poison spread among the opulent, the noble, the cautious, the selfish,—all who, by despising the wants of the lower ranks, or by engrossing their subsistence, seemed to have placed themselves beyond the reach of human evil.

The pestilence made its way among them with impartial fury. Thousands who reckoned on their exemption from all the common chances of mortality, were approached in their sumptuous chambers, were seized in their palaces, by an enemy which no guard could keep out; and the mighty were stretched beside the menial, the prince mouldered on the same spot with the slave who had watched his dying agony. Another evil grew. The survivors of those fearful scenes, maddened by terror, and inflamed by the native superstitions of the land, now sought to discover the sources of the national calamity. They were long baffled. The air was serene, the sun rose in grandeur, and set in beauty, as of old; there was no flight of locusts to destroy the grain, and corrupt the atmosphere; but the river was reduced to a shallow pool. A catastrophe which had not occurred for a thousand years before, could not be attributed to any work of Nature. Man must have been the instrument, and man in preternatural malignity and power.

Hamet had lingered in the city from the beginning of this tremendous visitation, through mere perplexity and horror of mind. Where to go he knew not. The land was covered with death, or with life in its most repulsive, startling, and ferocious forms. The cities were

tombs, the highways were dens of robbers, the fields were the perpetual scene of agony, riot, and rapine. Crimes that in other times would have awakened the horror, or roused the vengeance of the community, were now wrought in the face of day. Men were openly tortured and slain, yet no one asked why, or attempted to pursue the murderers. The spirit of fiends was abroad, and the fair and fruitful land was now on the verge of becoming a desert or a dungeon. At length, conscious that he could not long survive the bitter privations, and still more preying terrors, which were exhausting his frame and his mind, he determined to escape. For this purpose, covering his head with his cloak, he set forth from the miserable land in which he had taken up his abode. He reached the city gate unmolested. All round him there was mortality; death had closed the eye of the vigilant, and withered the arm of the strong. But as he was on the point of passing through the high portal, whose noble sculptures of living things seemed to mock the mass of dead that lay heaped beneath, he found his robe caught by a feeble hand, and his ear arrested by a groan. The cloak fell from his face. He turned; the hand that had seized him was thrust out from a heap of corpses, but he recognised the countenance of the Magrebin; the slave was at the last gasp, but he collected his dying voice to bring public vengeance on the head of the unfortunate fugitive. He, too, had recognised the countenance, and he proclaimed him to be a necromancer, the son of evil, by whom the national ruin had been effected; the criminal above all criminals, by whom the clouds of Abyssinia had been held back upon the mountains, the salutary winds driven into the wastes of Ethiopia; and thus for the guilty caprice or desperate malice of a single worker of forbidden spells, the myriads of the land had been devoted to death in all kinds of miseries. Hamet was speechless at the accusation. The fierce energy of the dying African, which seemed to the bystanders to have been given in his last hour, for the express detection of guilt almost too terrible to be named, wrought a strange and shadowy impression of



its truth upon his mind. The thought, rapid as lightning, shot upon him, that to his hasty and rash condemnation of the course of nature, something at least of the evil might be due. The more, too, he thought of the extraordinary character of his companion in the mountains, his vigour, subtlety, and sarcastic scorn of man and human wisdom; the power by which he seemed gifted to master all difficulty, escape all casualty, and turn all minds to his purpose; the more he felt a conviction that the Pilgrim was either a magician possessed of the highest qualities of his art, or a being, whether good or evil, of a rank beyond that of the treaders on this earth. He recollected, too, the piercing glance, the noble form, the evident majesty of look and mind, that all his simple habits could not disguise. The thought, too, came with double force, of the singular rapidity of their journey from the mountains to the plain, from the wild fountains and roaring tempests of the Abyssinian solitudes to the smooth stream and perpetual serenity of the land of the Nile.

He even began to conceive, that, to punish his invective, this being had actually checked the descent of the waters. His palpable confusion answered all the purposes of an acknowledgment of his guilt; the multitude, always delighted with a spectacle, and now doubly delighted with the triumph of their sagacity, and the gratification of their revenge, seized on him at once, trampled the dying Magrebin out of the world, in their haste to execute the law, and dragged the unfortunate philosopher to a pile where they were burning the bodies of the dead. It was in vain, that, as the love of life instinctively returned to him at the moment when he was in the extreme hazard of losing it, he protested against this act of sweeping injustice. No eloquence of human lips would have been heard at that hour; they had made up their minds, and were not to be disappointed of a display; national vengeance must be done. He struggled, and now struggled boldly, but what were the sinews of one man to the fury of a rabble, mad with fanaticism, bitter with famine, and exulting in having discovered the supposed author of all their in-

juries? Hamet was forced, step by step, to the edge of the pile. He was already bound, and about to be flung into the centre of the consuming mass of dead, when he heard a voice calling out authoritatively to the people, to wait until more wood should be brought, and the flame raised to a pitch worthy of the crimes of a dealer in magic. The call was obeyed. The crowd paused. Hamet, in measureless disgust with all that bore the name of his species, recognised the Pilgrim in the voice which thus proposed to augment his tortures. He looked round, the Pilgrim was at his side.

"Why did you leave me at the moment when I was going on a most interesting journey?" said he, addressing the fettered man. "Was it to enjoy the pleasure of seeing how much better you and I might settle the world, than those who have hitherto managed its affairs?"

Hamet could answer only by a gesture of abhorrence.

"Ah, this is the true style of philosophy!" said the Pilgrim, standing before him, and giving him one of those glances that had formerly awed and penetrated his soul. "But unless you wish to be burned alive, listen. I bring you news from Abyssinia. The same spell which checked the stream from the hills, has let them loose again. Proclaim this news to the people, and pass for a prophet as well as a magician."

Hamet found himself at once animated by a love of life, and a conviction that the news was true. He called aloud to the multitude, and offered to undergo ten thousand burnings, if before evening the land were not cooled, purified, and irrigated, from one end to the other. The novelty of the offer struck some, the effrontery of the criminal amused others, the folly of the conception raised the scorn of a third party, the utter impossibility of the event engrossed the arguments of a fourth; but all paused. The hours wore away in the general conflict of opinion. But, at the moment when the advocates for burning a magician at any rate were carrying the day, a rushing sound was heard from the south; a gleam of yellow flashed over the horizon; a gusty wind, tearing up the sands of the desert, blew chill

upon the parched crowd; a pale vapour, skirting the sky, rapidly darkened and rose to the centre of the vault, that had till now worn an untinged blue of the deepest vividness. Clouds on clouds now began to roll up like marching armies; rain, a phenomenon the most unusual in the land, began to fall in the huge drops of a thunder-shower.

At length a sound which extinguished and absorbed all the minor echoes of the earth and heaven, suspended every sense in awe. The sound swelled; it came on like the roar of thunder. An outcry was heard from the distant multitudes. The sound still increased, till down came, in a vast torrent of dashing surge and brown foam, the new stream of the mountains. The Nile, reinforced by this powerful augmentation, rose instantly, and spread over the land. All was mixed and wild emotion through the land; all glad astonishment, joyful flight, and grateful terror, along the range of its replenished course. Still the mighty streamswept along exultingly, bounding over banks, fences, and all the temporary landmarks of the soil. The impurity, the desolation, the national misery, were covered from the human eye by the splendid stream, and their remembrance was lost in the more splendid hope of future fertility.

"You may now be a hero, or a prince, with those people," said the Pilgrim; "their madness has turned, like their ruin, and the whole history of lucky ambition is but that of taking things at the turn of the stream."

His words found speedy confirmation in the applause of the multitude, who came rushing round him with the homage due to a superior being.

"Be a king, friend Hamet," whispered the Pilgrim; "you will find it a much easier thing than to be a philosopher."

But Hamet had escaped too narrowly from the funeral pile in Egypt, to tempt the throne.

"Let me be safe alike from the love and hatred of the populace," said he, "and I may yet see Natolia, and die in my bed. Let us begone instantly."

\* \* \* \*

"This is a noble landscape," said the Pilgrim, as after a week of hazardous navigation they landed at the foot of one of the most magnificent objects of nature, a mountain of stupendous size, which they ascended. As far as the eye could glance, all was marked by the richest profusion. In the valley at their feet was a simple village, but of singularly picturesque beauty; the sides of the valley were sheeted with vineyards and orchards; a stream, clear as crystal, ran through its centre; sheep, snow-white, pastured on its meadows; a cheerful and handsome peasantry pursued their various occupations in its fields, with active and successful industry; all had the look of rustic enjoyment, of peace, plenty, and prosperity. The land, as it spread to the horizon, was a succession of similar softly undulating landscapes, diversified with hamlet, forest, and garden. But the grand feature was the mountain itself, vast, venerable, and sublime; its base covered like the steps of a mighty throne with tissues which no loom of earth ever equalled, a carpet of the most varied and high-coloured vegetation, the product of a soil unequalled for fertility; its higher portion surrounded with majestic forests, and its summit, like the crown and canopy of the seat of some more than human sovereign, alternately dazzling with the purity of silver, and with the effulgence of gold, an effect simply wrought as the sun shone or was clouded on the cone of snow. Hamet's enthusiasm was awakened into irrepressible admiration by this display of the combined grandeur and beauty of nature in the South of Europe. "This," said he, "has all, and more than all, the sublimity of the Abyssinian mountain range, without its dreary solitude; and all the richness of the plain of Egypt, without its intolerable heat, its monotony, its propensity to pestilence, and its dependence on a shower five hundred miles off for every fig it eats. Here I should be well content to take up my abode till my abode was in the tomb."

"And forsake Natolia, the Cadi, the bastinado-man, and the officers of justice, who take possession of houses, and rob according to law?" asked the Pilgrim, with a smile.



"But, friend Hamet, before we determine what is to be the course of our latter days, it would perhaps be wise to consider where we shall rest for the night. The landscape, lovely as it is, is beginning to darken; the sun will go down on the sublimest of all possible mountains, and we shall not be compensated by all the stars that are now ready to twinkle over this fine sky, for the want of a bed and supper."

The philosopher was recalled from his contemplation by the truth of the remark, which, however, he felt to be a sign of a remarkably earthly temperament in his friend. The Pilgrim led the way without further argument. The path now deepened into the valley, and even in the declining light it exhibited striking loveliness. The branches of innumerable elms forming an archway over their heads, coloured with the hues of the leaves in the various degrees of maturity, and lighted by the strong sunbeams above, resembled the arched roof of a temple of colossal height, and inlaid with the richest marbles. As they descended lower still, the roots of the grove branched into endless knots and curvings, forming a fantastic multitude of rural seats and recesses, which seemed to invite the traveller to rest, and which must have offered a delicious repose in the burning hours of the summer day. The birds, scarcely disturbed by the sight of man, sat singing on every bough, offering up that evening anthem to Nature, which of all sounds most conveys the sense of simple joy to the heart. Hamet, new to those forms of natural loveliness, would have paused and listened through half the night; but the Pilgrim urged him on, telling him that the doors of the house where he expected shelter would be shut, and that, sweet as the song of birds was, an Italian forest at midnight often exhibited minstrels whose performances were of a much more hazardous description. Hamet was a soldier, and brave, as became him; but as there was no necessity for his display of soldiership, and there was some necessity for his recruiting his strength, after a week of the misery of seamanship, he followed his guide.

Night had fallen before they reached a large building, which the Pil-

grim had pointed out as crowning with its turrets a grove of oaks at the further end of the valley. It was a convent. Hamet's orthodoxy was somewhat startled at the sight of their formalities, but he could admire their refectory, with its fine carvings, its painted windows, and its Saracenic architecture, the child of his own country. His eye, half Greek, was struck by the grace of its madonnas, and the muscular beauty of its dying martyrs. Besides, the monks had not forgotten to consult feelings not less congenial. They had provided an excellent supper; and the Moslem tacitly acknowledged that prejudice would have been but ill employed in making him refuse any one of the capital wines which the honest monks drank to the genius of hospitality. The convent bell at length tolled the hour of rest. Hamet had been peculiarly attracted by the conversation of an old monk, a man of silver hairs, and of a mild, unsuspecting countenance; his voice was blandness itself, and his few and brief remarks on the men and things of the country, gave the Moslem the full impression that here he had found a man capable of being made the depository of his inmost opinions. In fact, between the pride of knowledge, and the excellence of the wine, his wisdom had soared to the ambition of persuading a monk to think for himself. He launched out, in all the zeal of a converter, into discussions on the perverse management of matters in this world, with something more than a hint that, if philosophy had been consulted, things would have been on a smoother footing. The old monk listened with the softest complacency, assented to all his assertions, and congratulated Europe on the accession of a new light in its darkness. In one of the most active moments of persuasion, Hamet, accidentally lifting his eyes, observed the Pilgrim's fixed upon him with that vivid and piercing lustre, which had so often recalled him to his senses. But this was not the time for their recall. The look was construed into something of rebuke, and Hamet, in the pride of victory, only talked the more boldly. The supper was long concluded, but the monks remained, every ear drinking in the eloquent sarcasms which the

philosopher now poured out without restraint among his elected pupils. But midnight came, the lesson was given, and the whole brotherhood rose to retire. The old monk continued his attentions to the last, and saw Hamet to his chamber. The philosopher lay down in the full triumph of enlightening a convent. An uneasy sensation, however, struck him as he heard the door double-locked on the outside. He listened, heard the rustling of many feet, voices in agitation, and sprang out of bed; the door resisted all his strength; the treachery of Italians, the bigotry of monks, the malice of all mankind, now rushed on his perceptions. He shouted aloud for release; but the echoes of his cell were the only answer. He now traversed the room in indignation at the artifice by which a gang of old women had entrapped a philosopher. At length, in rage and despair, he flung himself on the floor. This was the most unlucky of all expedients. He had scarcely touched the boards, when they gave way, and he found himself plunged into a vault ten feet beneath; the floor closed above, and here he was to starve, to perish, to waste away into dust, unheard of by the world, the victim of philosophy and a brood of villainous monks.

Yet nature will have her course. In all his rage he found his eyes closing, his memory mixing all sorts of strange things together—the pilgrim, the monks, the Cadi, the pestilence, the cell, and the pile where he had so narrowly escaped being roasted alive; strange murmurs filled his ears; he heard cries, of what he thought distress, murmurs like the rolling of heavy vehicles, then a wild clamour of voices, and in the midst of them all fell into the solid slumber of fatigue. How long this lasted he knew not, but he was roused by a sensation of intolerable heat. The vault was like an oven. The horrible thought rushed into his mind that this was a monkish improvement on the burning propensities of the Egyptian mob, and that he was to be baked alive by those hoary-headed knaves. In his desperation he made a solemn vow against the slightest attempt in future to bring monks to the knowledge of the art of managing the world.

But the heat increased—he felt himself scorching—the air was fire—he was strangling; with the strength of desperation he rushed against a portion of the wall where the noise seemed to be loudest; he was repelled by the fiery touch of the stone; he now rushed against it once more, and tore it with his helpless hands, in the mere eagerness to let in death the sooner, and escape protracted misery. But on his second effort, he found some of the stones shaken by a violent impulse from without; a strong arm was evidently labouring to penetrate them; he gave his aid with the wild eagerness which felt that life and death hung in the moment. The wall sank, and he saw the Pilgrim standing on the outside with a heavy iron bar in his hand. But he had now no time for the eloquence of his gratitude; without a word, his friend grasped him by the arm, plucked him from the vault, and with an exertion of extraordinary strength and activity, forced him up the side of the valley. On the summit of the precipice Hamet breathed, and gazed round him at last. All was horror, but the sublime of horror. The mountain, which he had seen but a few hours before covered with green beauty, was now, from the summit to the base, an immense pillar of cloud and flame; the forests, the vineyards, the villages, were all a sheet of fire; from its summit burst up fierce explosions every instant that shook the precipice on which he stood; ten thousand globes of fire were shot up every instant to immeasurable heights, and on their fall burst, and scattered death and burning wherever they rolled. The valley at their feet was a lake of fire; broad streams of molten mineral, ruddy as flame, rushed down in cataracts from the crown of the mountain, filled the channels of the rivers, the innumerable ravines, the chasms of the surrounding hills, and all poured into the devoted valley. But the convent now became an object of terrible interest—it stood on a partial rise, which had saved it from the first flow of the eruption. But this seeming advantage was obviously becoming less and less every moment; each new roar of the volcano ushered a new cataract of liquid fire. The conflagration rapidly rose round



the convent; the monks, relying on their position, had delayed their escape until it was too late. A surge of blue and sulphurous flame now swept round the massive building like a mighty serpent. The solid walls gave way before the weight of the lava; the buttresses, raised of lava itself, rapidly melted into their congenial element. A cloud of livid smoke at length rolled over the spires and turrets; all was wrapt in the eruption. The dying outcries of the monks were extinguished in the roar of the mountain, the forests, and the flame.

The sight of this dreadful catastrophe subdued Hamet's remaining indignation at the fate which the monks had evidently constructed for the heretic. But the aspect of the lovely valley, thus utterly changed into a place of terror and ruin, instinctively prompted his question, "Why was this havoc done? Why was this waste of the means of life, of this scene of natural beauty, of this simple and lonely place of refuge from the passions and evils of the world?"

"You have forgotten your friends the monks already," said the Pilgrim. "This valley, lovely as it was, seems to have been by no means so effective in curing the passions of a set of profligates and murderers, as the liquid lava that now flows through it. The monks will never imprison mortal man again, nor leave him to die of hunger, or dash out his brains against their walls. But you grieve over these trees and rivulets as you grieved over the desert hills of Abyssinia."

"I grieve," said Hamet, with the quickness that shewed he felt still excitable on the subject, "over the unnecessary waste of human happiness, over the caprices of unbounded power, over the breach of the law of benevolence, the only law that I can recognise as belonging to a right state of things."

"In other words," said the Pilgrim, "you would cover old *Ætna* with its myrtles and roses again, crown him with his ancient snows, for the sole benefit of cooling the cups of the Sicilians, and shut up his old roaring furnaces for ever. You would not have a volcano in the world. However, there is no use in

our lingering here. Time flies. There is not a convent within sight; and, bad as the monks are, they are at least good for giving dinners and suppers."

They made their way through circuitous paths to a little arm of the sea, which now began to be covered with the feluccas of the neighbouring towns, awakened by the sight of the eruption. They embarked in one of these vessels, and sailed for Catania. Night soon fell, and the blaze of the mountain was their beacon along the Sicilian shore. In the course of the night, however, the wind rose, and the felucca began to shoot along the waves with great rapidity. At daybreak neither Catania nor Sicily was in sight. Hamet was in danger of losing his philosophy at the prospect of spending twenty-four hours more in an open boat on this stormy and broken sea, with a brutal captain, and a crew alternately falling on their knees to the Virgin, and on the point of stabbing each other. Another night passed, and at morning their hearts were gladdened with the cry of "land!"

Their next discovery was less cheering, for the land was ascertained to be Algiers. Yet, by a singular accident, Sicily and Algiers were then at peace; the *patrone*, coolly bidding his passengers rely upon his wisdom for their security, went on shore, lingered for an hour, during which he made his bargain for the sale of both Hamet and his friend, and returned with a boatful of armed Moors, and the villainous-visaged slave-dealer to whom he had disposed of them. Hamet's indignation at this treachery was beyond all bounds, and snatching a scimitar from one of the Moors, he made a single flourish of the weapon in the Sicilian *patrone's* face, which deprived him of a nose for the rest of his days. But the exploit was rewarded by chains, kicks from the whole Moorish guard, and the *bastinado* vigorously administered on the spot. As they were conveying to the shore, and shrinking at the dungeon-like aspect of the houses, and the scowling countenances of their miscreant population, the Pilgrim whispered to his friend, "Would you think a volcano misplaced in Algiers?" But Hamet's fears at this moment ab-

sorbed his philosophy, and, with agony starting through every fibre, he only wished himself and his tormentors drowned together.

Three months of African life thus passed over their heads. The Pilgrim and his friend were soon separated, and sold to different masters. Hamet fell into the hands of one of the chief dealers in piracy, and on the approach of the pirate season he was ordered to join his fellow-slaves, who were sent forth to scour the Mediterranean. His adventures were brief. The Algerine xebec was attacked by a French frigate, which in two broadsides sent her to the bottom. Hamet, with a few others, was picked up on a fragment of an oar, and carried on board the frigate, which now pursued her course to the Straits of Gibraltar. The Frenchman was bound to the Tagus, and Hamet, who for the first time had seen an European capital, was astonished at the proverbial beauty of Lisbon from the shore. His landing diminished the delight, but still he was not the less surprised at the vast extent, the multitude, the activity, which life seemed to assume in even this most indolent of European cities. On the shore, his surprise was heightened by the gratification of meeting his friend. The Pilgrim's narrative was brief. He had escaped on the first day of his slavery, and was now waiting only for a passage to Natolia. Hamet was loud in his expressions of amazement at the superiority of European arts, and the richness, variety, and magnificence of life in this western world. But as they were lingering on the great quay, looking at a fleet of India ships spreading over the bosom of the Tagus, the sky suddenly darkened. A roar that seemed to shake the very heavens was heard. The ground swelled under their feet like billows. The multitude sent up one universal shriek, and fled in disorder in all directions. The result was the same in all; houses, churches, palaces, all came rolling upon each other, and upon the wretched fugitives. The ships, to which thousands fled on the first shock, were plunged headlong into the deep. The great quay on which the friends stood, a huge solid mass of granite that seemed fixed as the foundations of the earth, now

became the last refuge of the distracted people. "A good volcano in Portugal," said the Pilgrim, "would be of service in times like these. But if we have not the volcano, we must be content to have the earthquake in its room." He had scarcely uttered the words, when the granite under their feet shook as if it were a tree shaken by the wind. In another moment it rose up as if it were torn from the foundations; in another it plunged down into a gulf of hideous depth. All were submerged in the waves. Hamet felt himself in the agonies of drowning; he struggled desperately; still he was going down. In the last paroxysm he still seemed to retain all his faculties; he saw with terrible distinctness every event of his life pictured before him; his later career rose accusingly on his eye, even in the darkness of the abyss; in all the agony of dying, in the fierce effort for life, in the feeble nervelessness, in the utter exhaustion, he saw and impeached himself as the murderer at Providence—the impugner of the wisdom which out of evil extracted good—the denier of that supreme knowledge which made the course of nature subservient to the happiness of man. The form of the Pilgrim, too, seemed to be looking down upon him through the unfathomable depth of waters in which he was still sinking; the piercing eyes were still darting reproach into his soul. With his last breath he recanted all his doubts, and abjured the impiety of thinking that the narrowness of the human understanding was more competent to judge of the ways of the Divine will, than the weakness of the human arm to assist the operations of Divine power. He had at last closed his eyes, and patiently sunk in resignation to his fate, when he heard a peal that exceeded the roar of the volcano and the earthquake. With a convulsive effort he turned to the quarter from which the sound was sent forth; in the effort his hand came in contact with some object floating in the depth of the waters. He grasped it—it rose towards the surface—he rose with it—a strong light appeared to break on his closed lids. He opened them. The sun was shining broad above. He was all amazement. He found himself lying on a sofa in a



splendid saloon. Before him was a table covered with delicious fruits; a golden flagon was on the table, an enamelled goblet had fallen on the floor. A pistol just discharged was grasped strongly in his hand. Where was he? What new scene of change and enchantment was expanded on his gaze? A voice was heard at his side. He instinctively looked round for the Pilgrim. His fair wife Zuleika stood beside him with a countenance of beauty mingled with alarm. She had heard the report of the pistol, and rushed from the Haram to seek her husband. The truth now flashed upon Hamet. He was in Natolia! Overpowered by the heat of the day, and the effect of the Chian grape, he had fallen into a slumber. The cup had dropped from his hand. Far as he had travelled in his slumber, long as he had been tried, and keenly as he had suffered, the unfinished draught in the goblet had not yet poured itself out upon the ground; for what are a thousand years in dreams? Or what speed can match the flight of the mind? In his falling on the sofa, he had grasped the table to support himself; his hand accidentally touched the trigger of his pistol, it had gone off, and it was this explosion which had awakened him. The whole was the work of a few moments. But he

was now fully awake; he was in his own palace; his own mountains raised their solemn heads round him; his agonies had been visionary, his joys were real. The overwhelming cataract, the deadly pestilence, the magnificent terrors of the volcano, the sweeping devastation of the earthquake, the prison, the tempest, the drowning, were all the imagery of a deeply excited mind. Life, and the joys of life, were visibly, tangibly, substantially, before him. But who shall measure the ways or the wisdom of Heaven? Who shall decide that even a dream may not be the minister of essential knowledge? Who shall forbid the angel Azrael to speak to the understanding in a dream, or the angel Gabriel to warn the heart of man in the hour of its rest?

"And what became of Hamet afterwards?" was my question. "Nothing," was the Story-teller's answer. "He made no more pilgrimages, but he held no more arguments. He took things as they came; enjoyed the bounties of Heaven, and made the best of the troubles of life; lived long without disputing upon matters above his knowledge, and died at last without troubling either the Sultan's bowstring or his own pistol. Happiness be to his name!"

#### THE BURIAL OF THE MIGHTY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

—Many an eye  
May wail the dimming of our shining star.

SHAKESPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—  
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant  
Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,  
A hollow murmur of the dying year,  
In the deep woods:—Let it be wild and sad!  
A more Æolian melancholy tone  
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!  
For *that* is passing from the darken'd land,  
Which the green Summer will not bring us back—  
Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant  
Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,  
The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—  
They bear him through the household paths, the groves,  
Where every tree had music of its own  
To his quick ear of Knowledge taught by Love—  
And he is silent!—Past the living stream  
They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice

On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—  
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,  
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light  
 Richer than Autumn's purple, now they move—  
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips  
 Were but unseal'd, and, lo! a thousand forms,  
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,  
 In glowing life upsprang:—Vassal and chief,  
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,  
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,  
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And still they live,  
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,  
 And from the mountain-mist still flashing by,  
 Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there,  
 To the Seer's voice: Phantoms of colour'd thought,  
 Surviving him who raised.—O Eloquence!  
 O Power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead!  
 Who shall wake *Thee*? Lord of the buried past!  
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,  
 Thy subject-host so long?—The wand is dropp'd,  
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand  
 Touch'd, and the Genii came!—Sing reverently  
 The funeral chant!—The Mighty is borne home—  
 And who shall be his mourners?—Youth and Age,  
 For each hath felt his magic:—Love and Grief,  
 For he hath communed with the heart of each:  
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity  
 May join the august procession, for to him  
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,  
 And all its accents known:—from field or wave,  
 Never was conqueror on his battle-bier  
 By the vail'd banner and the muffled drum,  
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,  
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,  
 The voiceless dwelling of the Bard is reach'd:  
 A still majestic spot! girt solemnly  
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay;  
 A stately couch midst ruins! meet for him  
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king  
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword  
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant  
 Over the honour'd grave!—the *grave*!—oh! say  
 Rather the shrine!—An altar for the love,  
 The light, soft pilgrim-steps, the votive wreaths  
 Of years unborn:—a place where leaf and flower,  
 By that which dies not of the sovereign Dead,  
 Shall be made holy things:—where every weed  
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift  
 From buried glory breath'd. And now, what strain,  
 Making victorious melody ascend  
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb,  
 Where He that sway'd the nations, there is laid,  
 The crown'd of men?

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be  
 Thy children's cry to thee,  
 Father divine!  
 A hymn of suppliant breath,  
 Owning that Life and Death  
 Alike are thine!



A spirit on its way,  
 Sceptred the earth to sway,  
     From thee was sent :  
 Now call'st thou back thine own—  
 Hence is that radiance flown—  
     To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,  
 The bright head bow'd we saw,  
     Beneath Thy hand !  
 Fill'd by one Hope, one Fear,  
 Now o'er a brother's bier,  
     Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd !—the Lord  
 Of each deep bosom-chord,  
     To meet thy sight,  
 Unmantled and alone,  
 On thy blest mercy thrown,  
     O Infinite !

So, from his Harvest-Home,  
 Must the tired peasant come ;  
     So, in our trust,  
 Leader and king must yield  
 The naked soul, reveal'd  
     To thee, All-Just !

The sword of many a fight—  
 What *then* shall be its might ?  
     The lofty lay,  
 That rush'd on eagle-wing—  
 What shall its memory bring ?  
     What hope, what stay ?

O Father ! in that hour,  
 When Earth, all succouring power  
     Shall disavow ;  
 When spear, and shield, and crown,  
 In faintness are cast down—  
     Sustain us, Thou !

By Him, who bow'd to take  
 The death-cup for our sake,  
     The thorn, the rod ;  
 From whom the last dismay  
 Was not to pass away—  
     Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,  
 We call on Thee to save,  
     Father divine !  
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
 Keep us, in Life and Death,  
     Thine, only Thine !

---

## PARTITION OF THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

It is related by Bourrienne, that it was during the visit of Napoleon to the shores of the ocean, by order of the Directory, in February 1798, to prepare for the invasion of England, that he first was struck with the vast importance of Antwerp as a naval station to effect that great object of Gallic ambition. The impression then made was never afterwards effaced; his eagle eye at once discerned, that it was from that point, that the army destined to conquer England was to sail. Its secure and protected situation, guarded alike by powerful fortresses and an intricate and dangerous inland navigation; its position at the mouth of the Scheldt, the great artery of the Flemish provinces of the Empire; its proximity on the one hand to the military resources of France, and on the other to the naval arsenals of the United Provinces; its near neighbourhood to the *Thamés* and the *Medway*, the centre of the power of England and the most vulnerable point of its empire, all pointed it out as the great central depot where the armament for the subjugation of this country was to be assembled, as the advanced work of French ambition against English independence. No sooner had he seized the reins of power than he turned his attention to the strengthening of this important station; all the resources of art, all the wealth of the imperial treasury, were lavished upon its fortification; ramparts after ramparts, bastion after bastion, surrounded its ample harbour; docks capable of holding the whole navy of France were excavated, and the greatest fleet which ever menaced England assembled within its walls. Before the fall of his power, thirty-five ships of the line were safely moored under its cannon; he held to it with tenacious grasp under all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and when the Allies approached its walls, he sent the ablest and firmest of the republicans, Carnot, to prolong even to the last extremity its means of defence. "If the allies were encamped," said

he in the Legislative Body, on the 31st March, 1813, "on the heights of Montmartre, I would not surrender one village in the thirty-second military division." Though hard pressed in the centre of his dominions, he still clung to this important bulwark. When the Old Guard was maintaining a desperate struggle in the plains of Champagne, he drafted not a man from the fortifications of the Scheldt; and when the conqueror was struck to the earth, his right hand still held the citadel of Antwerp.

In all former times, and centuries before the labour of Napoleon had added so immensely to its importance, the Scheldt had been the centre of the most important preparations for the invasion of England, and the spot on which military genius always fixed from whence to prepare a descent on this island. An immense expedition, rendered futile by the weakness and vacillation of the French Monarch, was assembled in it in the fourteenth century; and sixty thousand men on the shore of the Scheldt awaited only the signal of Charles VI.\* to set sail for the shore of Kent. The greatest naval victory ever gained by the English arms was that at *Sluys*, in 1340, when Philip of France lost 30,000 men and 230 ships of war in an engagement off the Flemish coast with Edward III,† a triumph greater, though less noticed in history, than either that of *Cressy* or *Poitiers*. When the great Duke of Parma was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain to take steps for the invasion of England, he assembled the forces of the Low Countries at Antwerp; and the Spanish armada, had it proved successful, was to have wafted over that great commander from the banks of the Scheldt to the opposite shore of *Essex*, at the head of the veterans who had been trained in the Dutch war. In an evil hour, Charles II., bought by French gold and seduced by French mistresses, entered into alliance with Louis XIV. for the coercion of Holland; the Lilies and the Leopards, the navies of France

\* Sismondi, *Hist. de France*, xi. 387.

† Hume, ii. 230.



and England, assembled together at Spithead, and made sail for the French coast, while the armies of the Grande Monarque advanced across the Rhine into the heart of the United Provinces; and the consequence was, such a prodigious addition to the power of France, as it took all the blood and treasure expended in the war of the Succession and all the victories of Marlborough, to reduce to a scale at all commensurate with the independence of the other European states. Mr Pitt, how adverse soever to engage in a war with republican France, was driven to it by the advance of the tri color standard to the Scheldt, and the evident danger which threatened English independence from the possession of its fortresses by the French armies; and the event soon proved the wisdom of his foresight. The surrender of the Low Countries, arising from the insane demolition of its fortresses by the Emperor Joseph, soon brought the French armies to Amsterdam; twenty years of bloody and destructive war; the slaughter of millions, and the contraction of eight hundred millions of debt by this country, followed the victorious march of the French armies to the banks of the Scheldt; while seventeen years of unbroken rest, a glorious peace, and the establishment of the liberties of Europe upon a firm basis, immediately succeeded their expulsion from them by the arms of Wellington.

Before these sheets issue from the press, an English and French fleet will have sailed from the British shores to co-operate with a French army in RESTORING ANTWERP TO FRANCE. The tri-color flag has floated alongside of the British pendant; the shores of Spithead, which never saw a French fleet but as prizes, have witnessed the infamous coalition, and the unconquered citadels of England thundered with salutes to the enemies who fled before them at Trafalgar! Antwerp, with its dockyards and its arsenals; Antwerp, with its citadel and its fortifications; Antwerp, the outpost and stronghold of France against English independence, is to be purchased by British blood for French ambition! Holland, the old and faithful ally of England; Holland, which has stood by us in

good and evil fortune for one hundred and fifty years; Holland, the bulwark of Europe, in every age, against Gallic aggression, is to be partitioned, and sacrificed in order to plant the standards of a revolutionary power on the shores of the Scheldt! Deeply has England already drunk, deeper still is she destined to drink, of the cup of national humiliation, for the madness of the last two years.

Disgraceful as these proceedings are to the national honour and integrity of England; far as they have lowered its ancient flag beneath the degradation it ever reached in the darkest days of national disaster, their *impolicy* is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Flanders, originally the instructor, has in every age been the rival of England in manufactures; Holland, being entirely a commercial state, and depending for its existence upon the carrying trade, has in every age been her friend. The interest of these different states has led to this opposite policy, and must continue to do so, until a total revolution in the channels of commerce takes place. Flanders, abounding with coal, with capital, with great cities, and a numerous and skilful body of artisans, has, from the earliest dawn of European history, been conspicuous for her manufactures; Holland, without any advantages for the fabricating of articles, but immense for their transport, has, from the establishment of Dutch independence, been the great carrier of Europe. She feels no jealousy of English manufactures, because she has none to compete with them; she feels the greatest disposition to receive the English goods, because all those which are sent to her add to the riches of the United Provinces. Belgium, on the other hand, is governed by a body of manufacturers, who are imbued with a full proportion of that jealousy of foreign competition which is so characteristic in all countries of that profession. Hence, the Flemish ports have always been as rigorously closed as the Dutch were liberally opened to British manufactures; and at this moment, not only are the duties on the importation of British goods greatly higher in Flanders than they are in Holland, but the recent policy of the former

country has been as much to increase, as that of the other has been to lower its import burdens. Since the Belgian Revolution, the duties on all the staple commodities of England, coal, woollens, and cotton cloths, have been *lowered* by the Dutch government; but the fervour of their revolutionary gratitude has led to no such measure on the part of the Belgians.

This difference in the policy of the two states being founded on their habits, interests, and physical situation, must continue permanently to distinguish them. Dynasties may rise or fall; but as long as Flanders, with its great coal mines and iron founderies, is the rival of England in those departments of industry in which she most excels, it is in vain to expect that any cordial reception of British manufactures is to take place within her provinces. The iron forgers of Liege, the woollen manufacturers or cotton operatives of Ghent or Bruges, will never consent to the free importation of the cutlery of Birmingham, the woollen cloths of Yorkshire, the muslins of Glasgow, or the cotton goods of Manchester. But no such jealousy is, or ever will be, felt by the merchants of Amsterdam, the carriers of Rotterdam, or the ship-masters of Flushing. Flanders always has been, and always will desire to be, incorporated with France, in order that her manufactures may feel the vivifying influence of the great home market of that populous country; Holland always has been, and always will desire to be, in alliance with England, in order that her commerce may experience the benefit of a close connexion with the great centre of the foreign trade of the world.

Every one practically acquainted with these matters, knows that Holland is at this moment almost the only inlet which continental jealousy will admit for British manufactures to the continent of Europe. The merchants of London know whether they can obtain a ready vent for their manufactures in the ports of France or the harbours of Flanders. The export trade to France is inconsiderable; that to Flanders trifling; but that to Holland is immense. It takes off £2,000,000 worth of our exports, and employs 350,000 tons of ship-

ping, about a *seventh* of the whole shipping of Great Britain. Were it not for the facilities to British importation, afforded by the commercial interests of the Dutch, our manufactures would be wellnigh excluded from the continent of Europe. The Scheldt, when guarded by French batteries, and studded with republican sails, may become the great artery of European, but unquestionably it will not be of English commerce. The great docks of Antwerp may be amply filled with the tri-color flag; but they will see but few of the British pendants. In allying ourselves with the Belgians, we are seeking to gain the friendship of our natural rivals, and to strengthen what will soon become a province of our hereditary enemies; in alienating the Dutch, we are losing our long established customers, and weakening the state, which, in every age, has been felt to be the outwork of British independence.

But it is not the ruinous consequences of this monstrous coalition of the two great revolutionary Powers of Europe against the liberty and independence of the smaller states which are chiefly to be deplored. It is the shameful *injustice* of the proceeding, the profligate disregard of treaties which it involves, the open abandonment of national honour which it proclaims, which constitute its worst features. We have not yet lived so long under Whig rule as to have become *habitué* to the principles of iniquity, to have been accustomed, as in revolutionary France, to have spoliation palliated on the footing of expedience, and robbery justified by the weakness of its victim. We have not yet learned to measure political actions by their success; to praise conquest to the skies when it is on the side of revolution, and load patriotism with obloquy when it is exerted in defence of regulated freedom. We are confident that the British seamen under any circumstances will do their duty, and we do not see how Holland can resist the fearful odds which are brought against her; but recollecting that there is a moral government of nations, that there is a God who governs the world, and that the sins of the fathers, in nations as well as individuals, will be visited upon the



children, we tremble to think of its consequences, and conscientiously believe that such a triumph may ultimately prove a blacker day for England, than if the army of Wellington had been dispersed in the forest of Soignies, or the fleet of Nelson swallowed up in the waves of Trafalgar.

What is chiefly astonishing, and renders it painfully apparent that revolutionary ambition has produced its usual effect in confounding and undermining all the moral feelings of mankind in this country, is the perfect indifference with which the *partition of Holland* is regarded by all the Movement Party, as contrasted with the unmeasured lamentations with which they have made the world resound for the *partition of Poland*. Yet if the matter be impartially considered, it will be found that our conduct in leaguings with France for the partition of the Netherlands, has been *much more infamous* than that of the eastern Potentates was in the subjugation of Poland. The slightest historical retrospect must place this in the clearest light.

Poland was of old, and for centuries before her fall, the standing enemy of Russia. Twice the Polish armies penetrated to the heart of her empire, and the march of Napoleon to the Kremlin had been anticipated five centuries before by the arms of the Jagellons. Austria had been delivered from Turkish invasion by John Sobieski, but neither that Power nor Prussia were bound to guarantee the integrity of the Polish dominions, nor had they ever been in alliance with it for any length of time. The instability of Polish policy arising from the democratic state of its government, the perpetual vacillation of its councils, and the weakness and inefficiency of its external conduct, had for centuries been such that no lengthened or sustained operation could be expected from its forces. It remained in the midst of the military monarchies a monument of democratic madness, a prey to the most frightful internal anarchy, and unable to resist the most inconsiderable external aggression. Its situation and discord ren-

dered it the natural prey of its more vigorous and efficient military neighbours. In combining for its partition, they effected what will ultimately prove, as Lord Brougham long ago observed,\* the most beneficial change for the ultimate happiness of its people, by forcibly repressing their democratical passions, and turning its wild but heroic spirit into the channels of regulated and useful patriotism. In dividing Poland, the three Powers incurred the guilt of robbers who plunder a caravan, which, from internal divisions, is unable to defend itself; Austria was guilty of black ingratitude in assailing her former deliverer; but Russia violated no oaths, broke no engagements, betrayed no treachery—she never owed any thing to Poland—she was her enemy from first to last, and conquered her as such. We attempt no vindication of this aggression; it was the work of ruthless violence, alike to be stigmatized in a monarchical as a republican Power.

But what shall we say to the partition of the Netherlands, effected by France and England in a moment of profound peace, when its dominions were guaranteed by both these Powers, and it had done nothing to provoke the hostility of either? Can it be denied that we, in common with all the Allied Powers, guaranteed to the King of the Netherlands his newly created dominions? The treaty of 1815 exists to disprove the assertion. Has Holland done any injury to Great Britain or France to justify their hostility? Has she laid an embargo on their ships, imprisoned their subjects, or confiscated their property? Confessedly she has done none of these things. Has she abandoned us in distress, or failed to succour us, as by treaty bound, in danger? History proves the reverse: for 150 years she has fought by our side against our common enemies; she has shared alike in the disaster of Lafelt and Fontenoy, and the triumphs of Ramillies and Oudenarde, of Malplaquet and Waterloo. Has she injured the private or public interests of either of the Powers who now assail her? Has she inva-

---

\* Colonial Policy.

ded their provinces, or laid siege to their fortresses, or blockaded their harbours? The idea of Holland, with her 2,500,000 souls, attempting any of these things against two nations who count above fifty millions of inhabitants in their dominions, is as ridiculous as it would be to suppose an infant in its nurse's arms to make war on a mounted dragoon of five-and-twenty. What then has she done to provoke the partition of the lords of the earth and the ocean? She has resisted the march of revolution, and refused to surrender her fortresses to revolutionary robbery, and therein, and *therein alone*, she has offended.

But this is not all. Unprincipled as such conduct would have been, if it had been the whole for which this country had to blush, it is *but a part* of the share which England and France have taken in this deplorable transaction. These Powers were not only allies of the King of the Netherlands; they had not only solemnly guaranteed the integrity of his dominions, but they had accepted, with the other allied Powers, the office of *mediators and arbiters* between him and his revolted subjects; and they have now united to *spoliate the party who made the reference*. To the violence of an ordinary robber, they have superadded the abandonment of a friend and the partiality of a judge. It is this lamentable *combination* of unprincipled qualities, which makes our conduct in this transaction the darkest blot on our annals, and will ultimately render the present era one for which posterity will have more cause to blush, than for that when John surrendered his dominions to the Papal legate, or Charles gifted away to French mistresses the honour and the integrity of England.

The Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, which has, for the last two years, steeped France in misery and Paris in blood, having excited the Revolutionary party in every part of Europe to unheard-of transports, Brussels, in order not to be behind the great centre of democracy, rose in revolt against its sovereign, and the King of Belgium was expelled from its walls. An attack of the Dutch troops, ill planned and worse executed, having been defeat-

ed, the King of the Netherlands applied to England to restore him by force to the throne which she had guaranteed. This took place in October 1830, when the Duke of Wellington was still in power.

To have interfered with the land and sea forces of England to restore the Dutch King to the throne of Belgium, would, at this juncture, have been highly perilous. It was doubtful whether we were bound to have afforded such aid,—the guarantee contained in the treaty of 1815 being rather intended to secure the dominions of the Netherlands against foreign aggression, than to bind the contracting parties to aid him in stifling domestic revolt. At all events it was certain that such a proceeding would at once have roused the Revolutionary party throughout Europe, and would have afforded France a pretext, of which she would instantly and gladly have availed herself, for interfering with her powerful armies, in favour of her friends, among the Belgian Jacobins. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, judged wisely, and with the prudence of a practised statesman, when he declined to lend such aid to the dispossessed monarch, and tendered the good offices of the Allied Powers to mediate in an *amicable way* between the contending parties. The proffered mediation coming from such Powers as Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England, could not possibly have been resisted by the Dutch States; and the offer of their good offices was too valuable to be declined. They agreed to the offer, and on this basis the London Conference assembled. This was the whole length that matters had gone, when the Duke of Wellington resigned in November 1830; and most unquestionably nothing was farther from the intentions of the British Ministry at that period, as the Duke of Wellington has repeatedly declared in Parliament, than to have acted in any respect without the concurrence of the other Powers, or to have made this mediation a pretext for forcible partition of the Dutch dominions.

But with the accession of the Whigs to power commenced a different system. They at once shewed, from their conduct, that they were actuated by that unaccountable partiality



for France, which has ever since 1789 distinguished their party, and for which the great writers of Revolutionary France have themselves not scrupled to censure Mr Fox and all his adherents. "The opposition in England," says Madame de Stael, "with Mr Fox at their head, were entirely wrong in the opinion they formed regarding Bonaparte; and in consequence that party, formerly so much esteemed, entirely lost its ascendancy in Great Britain. It was *going far enough to have defended the French Revolution through the Reign of Terror*; but no fault could be greater than to consider Bonaparte as holding to the principles of the Revolution, of which he was the ablest destroyer."\* The same blind admiration for revolutionary France, which Lord Grey had manifested from the outset of his career, was imbued with increased ardour by his whole administration, upon the breaking out of the Three Glorious Days; and the King of the Netherlands soon found, to his cost, that instead of an equitable and impartial arbitrator, he had got a ruthless and partial enemy at the Conference, in Great Britain.

The first measure in which this altered temper was publicly manifested, was by the permission of England to Leopold to accept the crown of Belgium. This at once dissevered, and rendered irretrievable, without a general war, the separation of that country from Holland, because it established a *revolutionary interest*, and that too of the strongest kind, dependant on the maintenance of that separation. This step was a clear departure from the equity of an arbitrator and a judge, because it rendered final and irrevocable the separation which it was the object of the *mediation to heal*, and which, but for the establishment of that revolutionary interest, would speedily have been closed. In truth, the Belgians were, after a year's experience, so thoroughly disgusted with their revolution; they had suffered so dreadfully under the tyrants of their own choosing; starvation and misery had stalked in so frightful a manner through their populous and once

happy streets, that they were rapidly becoming prepared to have returned under the mild government of the House of Orange, when this decisive step, by establishing a revolutionary interest on the throne, for ever blighted these opening prospects of returning tranquillity and peace.

But the matter did not rest here. France and England concluded a treaty in July 1831, eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office; a treaty by which they *guaranteed to Leopold his revolutionary dominions*, including that part of territory which included Maestricht, the frontier fortress of the *old United Provinces*, and the noble fortress of Luxemburg; and the free navigation of the Scheldt. This outrageous step was utterly ruinous to Holland. The terms which it imposed on the King of the Netherlands, especially the surrender of Maestricht and Luxemburg, and the navigation of Dutch waters by the Belgians, were utterly destructive of that country. It was the same thing as if the free navigation of the Mersey and the Thames had been guaranteed to the manufacturers of France and Belgium. The guarantee of Limburg and Luxemburg, including Maestricht, to Belgium, was still more unpardonable, because Luxemburg was part of the *old patrimony of the House of Nassau*, and Limburg, with its barrier fortress Maestricht, was no part of Belgium, but of *Holland, properly so called*. Holland could not part with them, if she had the slightest regard to her future safety. After Maestricht, its old bulwark on the side of France, and Antwerp, its new bulwark on the side of Flanders, were lost, its independence was an empty name.

Determined to perish, rather than yield to such ruinous conditions, the King of the Netherlands declared war against the new King of Belgium, and then was seen what a slight hold the revolutionary party possessed of the Flemish people. The revolutionary rabble were defeated in two pitched battles; the fumes of the Belgian revolt were dissipated; counter movements were beginning in Ghent and the principal

towns in the Netherlands, and Brussels was within half an hour of falling into the hands of its lawful monarch, when the armies of France and the fleet of England, yielding to the demand of Leopold, and bound by the guarantee contained in the Revolutionary Treaty, advanced to support the cause of revolution. The consequences might easily have been foreseen. The armies of Holland were checked in the mid career of victory, Brussels preserved for its cowardly revolutionary tyrants, and the ulcer of the Belgian revolts, when on the point of being closed, preserved open in the centre of Europe.

The King of the Netherlands gained something by this vigorous step; the French saw the utter worthlessness of their revolutionary allies; the crying injustice of demanding the cession of Maestricht and Luxemburg became too great even for the governments of the mediating Powers, and the Protocols took a new direction. Antwerp, and a free navigation of the Dutch waters, became now the great object on which France and England insisted, though it involved, by transferring the trade of the United Provinces to the Belgian territory, the total ruin of Holland. That is the point which has since been insisted on; that is the object for which we are now to plunge into an iniquitous and oppressive war.

Shortly afterwards, an event took place, which, by drawing still closer the revolutionary bonds between France and Belgium, developed still farther the system of aggression to which England had in an evil hour lent the weight of her once venerated authority. Leopold married the daughter of Louis Philippe, and Flanders became in effect, as well as in form, a French province. This event might have been foreseen, and *was foreseen*, from the moment that he ascended the throne of that country. It was well known in the higher classes in London, that Leopold had *more than once proposed to his present Queen, before the Belgian revolt*; that it was her disinclination to go to Greece which made him refuse the crown of that country; and that the moment he mounted the throne of Belgium, he would become the son-in-law of the King of France.

All this was distinctly known; it was well understood, that if Antwerp was demanded for Belgium, it was in effect demanded for France, and that the establishment of the tri-color flag on the great arsenals and dockyards of that city, was the necessary result of making it a *sine qua non* of the pacification of the Netherlands. All this, we repeat, was thoroughly known before Leopold was counselled by our administration to accept the throne of Belgium, or Antwerp was seriously insisted upon at the Conference; and it was in the full knowledge of that consequence that he was placed on that throne, and the cession of that great outwork of revolutionary France imperiously demanded by the French and English plenipotentiaries. And it is in the full knowledge that this effect *must follow*, that a war is now undertaken by England, the effect of which may be to throw Europe into conflagration, and the consequences of which no man can foresee.

And what is the present state of the Belgian question? The King of the Netherlands, like a worthy descendant of the House of Nassau, refuses to surrender Antwerp to the *single demand* of France and England, but agrees to submit all disputes regarding it to the joint arbitration of the *five Allied Powers*. The *five Powers* were the umpires originally chosen; and the *five alone* have any legal or equitable title to interfere in the matter. But how stands the fact now? Have the five Powers, whose united and balanced judgment was relied on by the parties to the arbitration—have they all combined in the measures of violence against Holland? Quite the reverse; Austria, Russia, and Prussia, have solemnly protested against such a measure, and its prosecution is likely to involve France and England in a desperate contest with these Northern Potentates. Who then insists on the spoliation? Revolutionary France and revolutionary England; revolutionary France, panting to regain the frontier of the Rhine, and secure the great fortified harbour of Antwerp, as an advanced post from whence to menace our independence; and revolutionary England following with submissive steps, like the Cisalpine or Batavian Republic



in the wake of the great parent democracy. And this is the first fruits of the government of the Whigs.

This puts, in the clearest point of view, the extravagant injustice of our present attack on Dutch independence. The mediation of the five Powers was accepted; the five, taken jointly, have *alone* the power of fixing the award. Three hold out, and refuse to accede to the violent measures which are now proposed; but two, carried away by an adverse interest, and having formed a marriage connexion with one of the submitting parties, insist upon instantaneous measures of spoliation. What title have *the two* to drop the pen and take up the sword, in order to enforce measures which the other three refuse to sanction? Who gave France and England, taken singly, any rights to act as arbiters between Belgium and Holland? Who authorized the fleets and armies of the great democratic Powers to partition the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, and force him to give up what his revolted subjects have not been able to wrest from him? It won't do to say, they derived the power from the acquiescence of the King of the Netherlands, in the forcible mediation of the Allied Powers; for what he acquiesced in, was the *pacific* arbitration of the five, and not the *hostile* intervention of the *two*. From what then do they derive their right? From the same title which Russia has to the partition of Poland; the right of the strongest; the title of a revolutionary state to extend and strengthen all the subordinate revolutionary dynasties with which in terror at a righteous retribution it has strengthened its sides.

Setting aside, therefore, altogether the obvious and crying inexpediency of this war, which is to restore to France that important naval station so threatening to England, which it took us so much blood and treasure to wrest from her in the last war; setting aside the extreme impolicy of irritating and spoliating our best customers and oldest allies, in the hopeless idea of winning the favour of a fickle and jealous manufacturing rabble; what we chiefly view with alarm is, the monstrous injustice and gross partiality of our conduct;

the total disregard of the faith of treaties, and the obligations of centuries which it involves, and the deplorable degradation to which it reduces England, in compelling her, instead of standing forward in the vanguard of Freedom, to follow an obsequious vassal in the train of Gallic usurpation. Not if her fleets were sunk, or her armies defeated,—not if Portsmouth was in ashes or Woolwich in flames,—not if the Tower of London bore the flag of an enemy and the tombs of Westminster Abbey were rifled by foreign bands, in defence of our liberties in a just cause, would we think so despondingly of our destinies, would we feel so humbled in our national feelings, as we do at thus witnessing the English pendant following the tri-color flag in a crusade against the liberty of nations. We have descended at once from the pinnacle of glory to the depths of humiliation; from being foremost in the bands of freedom, to being last in the train of tyranny; from leading the world against a despot in arms, to crouching at the feet of our vanquished enemy. That which an hundred defeats could not have done, a disgrace which the loss of an hundred sail of the line, or the storming of an hundred fortresses could not have induced upon *Old England*, has been voluntarily incurred by *New England*, to obtain the smiles of a revolutionary throne. Well and justly has Providence punished the people of this country for the democratic madness of the last two years. That which all the might of Napoleon could not effect, the insanity of her own rulers has produced; and the nation which bade defiance to Europe in arms, has sunk down before the idol of revolutionary ambition. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols; let him alone."

Suppose that La Vendee, which is not impossible, were to revolt against Louis Philippe, and by a sudden effort expel the troops of the French Monarch from the west of France—that the Allied Powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were then to interfere, and declare that the first shot fired by the Citizen King at his revolted subjects, would be considered by them as a declaration of

war against the Holy Alliance; that, intimidated by such formidable neighbours, France was to agree to their mediation; that immediately a monarch of the legitimate race were to be placed by the Allies, without the concurrence of Louis Philippe, on the throne of Western France, and he were to be married with all due expedition to an Archduchess of Austria; and that, shortly after, a decree should be issued by the impartial mediators, declaring that Lyons was to be annexed to the newly-erected dynasty, and that in exchange Tours should be surrendered to the republican party; and that, upon the French King refusing to accede to such iniquitous terms, the armies of the Holy Alliance were to march to the Rhine; how would Europe be made to ring from side to side, by the revolutionary press, at such a partition; and how loudly would they applaud the Citizen King for having the firmness to resist the attempt! And yet this is what France and England are now doing, with the applause of all the liberal press of Europe; and it is for such intrepid conduct on the part of the King of the Netherlands, that he is now the object of their obloquy and derision.

Ireland, which is perhaps as likely to happen, revolts against England. She shews her gratitude for the important concessions of the last fifty years, by throwing off the yoke of her benefactor, and proclaims a republican form of government. The Allied Powers, with France at their head, instantly interfere—declare that the first shot fired by England at her revolted subjects, will be considered as a declaration of war against all Europe, but offer, at the same time, their good offices and mediation to effect a settlement of the differences between Great Britain and the Emerald Isle. Weakened by so great a defection, and overawed by so formidable a coalition, England reluctantly consents to the arbitration, and a truce is proclaimed between the adverse parties. Immediately the Allies declare, that the separation must be permanent; that “it is evident” that England’s means of regaining her lost dominions are at an end, and that the peace of Europe must be no longer compromised by the disputes between the Irish and English people. Suiting the ac-

tion to the word, they forthwith put a foreign prince, without the consent of England, on the Irish throne, and, to secure his independence of Great Britain, marry him to the daughter of the King of France. Immediately after, the Allied Powers make a treaty, by which Ireland is guaranteed to the revolutionary king; and it is declared that the new kingdom is to *embrace Plymouth*, and have right to the free navigation of the Mersey. Upon England’s resisting the iniquitous partition, a French and Russian army, 150,000 strong, prepare for a descent on the shores of Kent. What would the English people, and the friends of freedom throughout the world, say to such a proceeding? Yet this is precisely what the English people have been led, blindfold, by their Whig rulers, and the revolutionary press, to do! If his character is not totally destroyed, terrible will be the wakening of the Lion when he is roused from his slumber.

The hired journals of Government, sensible that the conduct of their rulers on this vital question will not bear examination, endeavour to lay it upon the shoulders of the Allied Powers, and affect to lament the meshes in which they were left by the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen. Of all absurdities, this is the greatest; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, are so far from sanctioning the attack on the King of the Netherlands, that they have solemnly *protested against it*; and Prussia, preparing to second her words by blows, has concentrated her armies on the Meuse. The King of the Netherlands professes his willingness *still* to submit the question of Antwerp and the Scheldt to the five Allied Powers, though he refuse to yield them up to the imperious demand of two of them. How, then, is it possible to involve the other Allied Powers in an iniquity of which they positively disapprove, and for which they are preparing to make war? True, they signed the treaty which gave Antwerp to Belgium, and their reasons for doing so, and the grounds on which they are to justify it, we leave it to them and their paid journalists to unfold. But they have positively refused to sanction the employment of force to coerce the Dutch; and without that, the revo-



lutionary rabble of Belgium may thunder for ever against the citadel of Antwerp.

But because the three Powers who signed the treaty for the partition of Poland, have also signed the treaty for the partition of the Netherlands, is that any vindication for our joining in the spoliation? When two robbers unite to waylay a traveller, is it any excuse for them that *three others* have agreed to the conspiracy? We were told that arbitrary despotic governments alone commit injustice, and that with the triumph of the people, and the extension of democracy, the rule of justice and equity was to commence. How then are revolutionary France and revolutionary England the foremost in the work of partition, when the other Powers, ashamed of their signature at the disgraceful treaty, hang back, and refuse to put it in force. Is this the commencement of the fair rule of democratic justice? A treaty, which the three absolute Powers, the *partitioners of Poland*, are *ashamed of*, the revolutionary Powers have no scruple in enforcing—an iniquity which Russia and Austria refuse to commit, France and England are ready to perpetrate!

The pretence that we are involved in all this through the diplomacy of the Tories, is such a monstrous perversion of truth as cannot blind any but the most ignorant readers. When was the treaty which guaranteed Leopold's dominions, signed by France and England? in July 1831; eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office. When was the treaty, giving Antwerp to Belgium, signed by the five Powers? In November 1831, a year after the retirement of the Duke of Wellington from power. What treaty did the Duke of Wellington leave binding on his successors, in regard to Belgium? The treaty of 1815, which guaranteed to the King of the Netherlands his whole dominions. What incipient mediation did he leave them to complete? That of the *five* Allied Powers, for the *peaceful* settlement of the Belgian question. And yet we are told he involved Great Britain in a hostile aggression on Holland, and was the author of a measure of robbery by two of the mediating Powers!

To give a shew of equity to their spoliation, the revolutionary Powers

have summoned Leopold to surrender Venloo, and declare that Holland is to retain Luxembourg and Limburg. This is a mere colourable pretext, destitute of the least weight, and too flimsy to deceive any one acquainted with the facts. Luxembourg always was in the hands of the Dutch; it formed part of the old patrimony of the house of Nassau, and the Belgians have no more right to that great fortress, or its territory, than they have to Magdebourg or Lisle. Venloo is a fortress of third-rate importance, about as fair an equivalent for Antwerp as Conway would be for Liverpool. Who ever heard of any works of Napoleon on Venloo, or any effort on his part to retain it as part of the outworks of his conquering dominions? Venloo is situated on the right or German bank of the Meuse, and never belonged to Belgium; so that to consider it as a compensation for the great and magnificent fortress of Antwerp, the key of the Scheldt, is as absurd as it would be to speak of Harwich as a compensation for London.

Hitherto we have argued the question on the footing of the *real merits* of the points at issue, and not the subordinate question on which the negotiations finally broke off. But here, too, the injustice of the proceeding is not less manifest than in the general nature of the transaction.

It was stipulated by the treaty of 15th November 1831, signed by all the Allied Powers, that the evacuation of the provinces to be mutually ceded on both sides, should take place *after* the exchange of the ratification of a final peace. Of course, Antwerp was held by Holland, and Venloo by Belgium, until that event; and on that footing they have been held for the last twelve months.

But what do France and England *now* require? Why, that Antwerp should be ceded by Holland *before* the treaty is either signed or agreed to, and when weighty matters are still in dependence between the contracting parties. The advantages which the King of the Netherlands holds, the security he possesses by holding that great fortress, is to be instantly abandoned, and he is to be left, *without any security*, to the tender mercies of the father-in-law of his enemy, and the friendly sympathies of their democratic allies in this

island. Is this just? Is it consistent with the treaty of November 1831, on which England and France justify their armed interference? Is it not evidently a violation of both? and does not it leave the revolutionary states as much in the wrong on the last disputed point of the Conference as on its general spirit?

The answer of the King of the Netherlands to the summons of France and England to surrender the citadel of Antwerp, is so decisive of the justice of his cause on this point, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

“Holland having acceded, not to the treaty of the 15th of November 1831, but to the greater part of its arrangements, must found its proceedings on the stipulations which it has accepted. Among the articles agreed to in concert with the Conference of London, is included the evacuation, in a fixed time after the exchange of the ratifications, of the territories which were respectively to change hands, which point was regulated by the last of the 24 articles of 15th October 1831, by the treaty of 15th November, and in the projects of convention which have followed it. If, on the 11th June, the Conference proposed the 20th July for the evacuation of the respective territories, it declared, by its note of 20th July, that in making this proposal, it had thought that the treaty between Holland and Belgium would be ratified. To effect the evacuation at a time anterior to the exchange of the ratifications, would be acting in opposition both to the formally announced intentions of the Conference, and to the assent which has been given to them by the government of the Netherlands.”

“It is true,” says the Times, “that the territories were not to be evacuated on each side till the ratifications of a general peace are exchanged.” This puts an end to the argument: we have not a shadow of justice for our demand of the immediate evacuation of Antwerp, any more than for the preceding treaty, which assigned it to Belgium.

The war in which, to serve their new and dearly-beloved revolutionary allies, and enable them to regain their menacing point to our shores, we are now about to be involved, may last ten days or ten years: it may cost £500,000 or £500,000,000: all that is in the womb of fate, and of that we know nothing; but the

justice of the case in either event remains the same. That which is done is done, and cannot be undone: the signature of England has been affixed to the treaty with revolutionary France for the partition of our allies, and there it will remain for ever, to call down the judgment of Heaven upon the guilty nation which permitted, and the execrations of posterity on the insane Administration which effected it.

In this war, our rulers have contrived to get us into such a situation, that by no possibility can we derive either honour, advantage, or security, from the consequences to which it may lead. If the French and English are victorious, and we succeed in storming the citadel of Antwerp for the tri-color flag, will England be a gainer by the victory—will our commerce be improved by placing the navigation of the Scheldt in the hands of the jealous manufacturers of France and Belgium, and for ever alienating our old and willing customers in the United Provinces? Will our national security be materially improved by placing the magnificent dock-yards, and spacious arsenals, and impregnable fortifications, which Napoleon erected for our subjugation, in the hands of a revolutionary King of France and his warlike and able Prime Minister? If we are defeated, is the honour of England, the conqueror of France, likely to be upheld, or its influence increased, by our inability to bully a fifth-rate Power, even with the aid of our Jacobin allies? Whatever occurs, whether Holland submits in five days, or holds out bravely and nobly for five years; whether the united tri-color and the leopard are victorious or are vanquished, we can derive nothing but humiliation, danger, and disgrace from the event. We shall certainly incur all the losses and burdens of war: we can never obtain either its advantages or its glories.

Every man in England will soon be compelled to pay *ten pounds in the hundred* to undo the whole fruits of our former victories, and give back Antwerp to France!!! *And give back Antwerp to France!!!* This is the first fruits of our Whig diplomacy, and our new revolutionary alliance. Will the surrender of Portsmouth or Plymouth, or of an



hundred ships of the line, be the second ?\*

In making these observations, we disclaim all idea of imputing to Ministers any intentional or wilful abandonment of the interests and honour of England. We believe that as Englishmen and gentlemen, they are incapable of such baseness. What we assert is, that the passion for innovation, and their long-established admiration of France, have blinded their eyes; that they are as incapable of seeing the real consequences of their actions, as a young man is in the first fervour of love, or an inmate of bedlam in a paroxysm of insanity.

From this sickening scene of aggression, spoliation, and robbery, we turn with pride and admiration to the firm and dignified, yet mild and moderate language of the Dutch Government. There was a time, when their conduct in resisting the partition of their country by two powerful and overbearing revolutionary neighbours, would have called forth the unanimous sympathy and admiration of the British people: when they would have compared it to the long glories of the House of Nassau, and the indomitable courage of that illustrious chief, who, when the armies of Louis XIV. were at the gates of Amsterdam, declared that he knew one way to avoid seeing the disgrace of his country, and that was to die in the last ditch. We cannot believe that revolutionary passions should have so completely changed the nature of a whole people in so short a time, as to render them insensible to such heroic conduct: at all events, for the honour of human nature, we cannot forbear the gratification of adorning our pages by the following quotation from the last reply of the States-General of Holland to the speech of the King of the Netherlands, announcing the approaching attack of France and England.

“ Never did the States-General approach the throne with feelings similar to those of the present moment. They had fostered the well-grounded hope that equitable arrangements would have put a

period to the pressure on the country, but this just expectation has been disappointed. The States-General are grieved at the course of the negotiations. Whilst we are moderate and indulgent, demands are made on us which are in opposition to the honour and the independence of the nation; a small but glorious state is sacrificed to a presumed general interest. It makes a deep impression to see that foreign Powers entertain a feeling in favour of a people torn from us by violence and perfidy—a feeling leading to our destruction—instead of experiencing from the great Powers aid in upholding our rights. The clouds that darken the horizon might lead to discouragement, were it not for the conviction of the nation that she does not deserve this treatment, and that the moral energy which enabled her to make the sacrifices already rendered, remains in undiminished strength to support her in the further sacrifices necessary for the conservation of the national independence; that energy ever shone most brilliant when the country was most in danger, and had to resist the superior forces of united enemies; that energy enabled her to re-establish her political edifice which had been demolished by the usurper; and the same energy must, under our King, maintain that edifice against the usurpatory demands or attacks of an unjust defection.

“ The result is anticipated with confidence. The nation glories in her powerful means of defence, and in her sea and land forces, which are in arms to obtain equitable terms of the peace that is still so anxiously solicited.

“ The charges are heavy, but the circumstances that render them necessary are unexampled; and there is no native of the country who would not cheerfully make the utmost sacrifices when the honour and independence of the nation are endangered. Much may be conceded for the sake of the peace of Europe, but self-preservation puts a limit to concessions when they have approached to the utmost boundary. The Netherlands have ever made, willingly, great sacrifices for the defence of their rights; but never have they voluntarily relinquished their national existence, and many times they have defended them with small numerical forces against far superior numbers. This same feeling now glows in every heart; and still there is the God of our forefathers, who has preserved us in times of the most imminent peril. In

---

\* Of course the surrender of Antwerp to revolutionary Belgium, governed by the son-in-law of France, is, in other words, a surrender to the great parent democracy itself.

unison with their King, the States-General put their confidence in God; and, strong as they are in their unanimity of sentiments, and in the justice of their cause, they confidently look forward to the reward of a noble and magnanimous perseverance."

The revolutionary journals of England call this the obstinacy of the King of Holland. It is obstinacy; the same obstinacy as Leonidas shewed at Thermopylæ, and Themistocles at Salamis, and the Roman Senate after the battle of Cannæ, and the Swiss at Morgarten, and the Dutch at Haarlem; the obstinacy which commands the admiration of men through every succeeding age, and, even amidst the injustice of this world, secures the blessing of Heaven.

The Dutch may have Antwerp wrested from them; they may be compelled, from inability to resist, to surrender it to the Allies. All that will not alter the case; it will not ultimately avert an European war; it will not the less prove fatal to the progress of freedom. The Allies cannot ultimately allow the key to the Scheldt, and the advanced post of France against Britain, to remain in the hands of the French, or, what is the same thing, their subsidiary ally the Belgians. In every age the establishment of the French power in Flanders has led to an European war; that in which a revolutionary force is intrenched there, is not destined to form an exception. A war of opinion must ensue sooner or later, when the tri-color standard is brought down to the Scheldt, and the eagle of Prussia floats on the Meuse. When that event comes, as come it will, then will England, whether republican or monarchical, *be compelled* to exert her force to drive back the French to their old frontier. A second war *must* be undertaken to regain what a moment of weakness and infatuation has lost in the first.

But what will be the result of such a war, provoked by the revolutionary ambition of France, and the tame subservience of England, on the interests of freedom? If revolutionary ambition prevails, what chance has liberty of surviving amidst the tyranny of democratic power? If legitimate authority conquers, how can it exist amidst the

Russian and Austrian bayonets? When will real freedom again be restored as it existed in France under the mild sway of the Bourbons; or as prosperous a period be regained for that distracted country, as that which elapsed from 1815 to 1830? It is evident, that freedom must perish in the fierce contest between democratic and regal tyranny: it is hard to say, whether it has most to fear from the triumph of the French or the Russian bayonets. To their other claims to the abhorrence of mankind, the Whigs of England, like the Jacobins of France, will add that of being the assassins of real liberty throughout the world.

It is sometimes advantageous to see the light in which the conduct of Great Britain is viewed in Foreign States. The following article is from the Manheim Gazette of the 8th inst.:—"The French Ministry and the English Whigs have in vain asserted that they do not mean to rule by the principle of Propagandism; these assurances are no guarantee, since Propagandism subsists in the system they have established, and cannot cease till that system is at an end. The delegates of the people, for in this light must be viewed all Governments founded upon the principle of popular sovereignty, must of necessity seek their allies among other delegates of the same character; and to endeavour to find friends among their neighbours, is to act as if they sought to revolutionize such states as profess the monarchical principle. In this respect the influence of the Grey Ministry is more pernicious than that of the French Ministry. The former having commenced by revolutionizing England, and feeling itself closely pressed by a reaction at home, feels a greater desire to form alliances with other nations; and consequently it is less solicitous about treaties and rights than France, who would unite herself more readily with monarchical states, if she were not restrained by the alliance with England. It is evident that England now occupies the place which was occupied by France after the Revolution. Already the Grey Ministry finds itself compelled to repair one extreme resolution by another; and in a very short time, repose, order, and peace, will become impossible. We repeat, therefore,



that it is the Grey Ministry which threatens the peace of Europe." Such is the light in which our Government is viewed by the Continental Powers, and such the alarm which they feel at the threatened attack on Holland by the two revolutionary states; and yet we are told by the partisans of Administration, that they are going to attack Antwerp "*to preserve the peace of Europe.*"

The Ministerial Journals have at length let out the real motive of our conduct; the Times tells us that it is useless to blink the question, for if the French and English do not attack Antwerp together, France *will attack it alone*, and that this would infallibly bring on a general war. That is to say, we have got into the company of a robber who is bent upon assailing a passenger upon the highway, and to prevent murder *we join the robber in the attack.* Did it never occur to our rulers, that there was a more effectual way to prevent the iniquity? and that is to get out of such bad company, and *defend the traveller.* Would France ever venture to attack Antwerp if she were not supported by England? Would she ever do so if England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, were leagued together to prevent the march of revolutionary ambition? On whom then do the consequences of the aggression clearly rest? On the English Government, who, against the interests and honour of England, join in the attack, when they hold the balance in their hands, and by a word could prevent it.

It is evident that it is this portentous alliance of France and England which really threatens the peace of Europe, and must ultimately lead to an universal war. The Manheim Gazette is perfectly right; it is the Grey Administration who head the revolutionary crusade. Holding the balance in our hands, we voluntarily throw our decisive weight into the scales of aggression, and the other Powers must unite to restore the beam.

The years of prosperity will not endure for ever to England, any more than to any earthly thing. The evil days will come when the grandeur of an old and venerated name will sink amidst the storms of adversity; when her vast and unwieldy

empire will be dismembered, and province after province fall away from her mighty dominions. When these days come, then will she feel what it was to have betrayed and insulted her allies in the plenitude of her power. When Ireland rises in open rebellion against her dominion; when the West Indies are lost, and with them the right arm of her naval strength; when the armies of the Continent crowd the coasts of Flanders, and the navies of Europe are assembled in the Scheldt, to humble the mistress of the waves, then will she feel how deeply, how irreparably, her character has suffered from the infatuation of the last two years. In vain will she call on her once faithful friends in Holland or Portugal to uphold the cause of freedom; in vain will she appeal to the world against the violence with which she is menaced; her desertion of her allies in the hour of their adversity, her atrocious alliance with revolutionary violence, will rise up in judgment against her. When called on for aid, they will answer, did you aid us in the day of trial? when reminded of the alliance of 150 years, they will point to the partition of 1832. England may expiate by suffering the disgrace of her present defection; efface it from the minds of men she never will.

The Conservative Administration of England have had many eulogists, but they have had none who have established their reputation so effectually as their successors: Mr Pitt's glory might have been doubtful in the eyes of posterity, had he not been succeeded by Lord Grey. The contrast between the firmness, integrity, and good faith of the one, and the vacillation, defection, and weakness of the other, will leave an impression on the minds of men which will never be effaced. The magnitude of the perils from which we were saved by the first, have been proved by the dangers we have incurred under the second; the lustre of the intrepidity of the former, by the disgrace and humiliation of the latter. To the bright evening of England's glory, has succeeded the darkness of revolutionary night: may it be as brief as it has been gloomy, and be followed by the rise of the same luminary in a brighter morning, gilded by colours of undecaying beauty!

## THE AGE OF WONDERS ;

*Or, the New Whig War.*

## A NEW SONG.

TUNE—*Which Nobody can deny.*

I WONDER if wonders are ever to cease,  
 For at present they seem to be on the increase—  
 We are going to war in the mere love of peace,  
 And all to oblige Talleyrand and his Niece—  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

Are we not getting on at a wonderful rate,  
 When those whom it once was a credit to hate,  
 Can get us to give them a kingdom or state,  
 Just because it would render their boundaries straight ?  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

I confess that it strikes me with wonderment too,  
 That we thus interfere for that runaway crew,  
 The foremost in flight from thy field, Waterloo,  
 And who still to this day the same tactics pursue,  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

And I own that it raises my wonder as much  
 To hear our Whigs cry, " Let us now have a touch  
 At that pig-headed Protestant people the Dutch"—  
 So long our best friends, and behaving as such,  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

And then just to render our wonder complete,  
 I beseech you to think of the new " Combined Fleet"—  
 How different from *that* which, with full topsail sheet,  
 We cross'd the Atlantic twice over to meet,  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

'Tis wondrous to think how our DEBT will be paid  
 By this simple Whig plan, for the stoppage of trade !  
 How the country will thrive and our fortunes be made—  
 Throwing all our old statesmen quite into the shade,  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.

Oh ! who can reflect upon wonders like these,  
 And not be in love with this new French disease ?  
 So down with the Dutch, and their butter and cheese—  
 It's glory against but a firkin of grease,  
     Which nobody can deny, deny,  
     Which nobody can deny.



# INDEX TO VOLUME XXXII.

- Abercrombie came down like a wolf on the fold, 402
- Abrantes, Memoirs of Duchess of, 35
- Adam, Rabbinical traditions concerning, 745
- Æneid, scene of the last six books of, 76
- Affairs in general, 684
- Age of Wonders, or the New Whig War, 1010
- Americans, manners of, 92
- Ancient Norwegian war-song, 236
- Angler's Tent, 189
- Angler, the little, 724
- Angouleme, Duke d', invasion of Spain under, 336
- Antonio di Carara, a Paduan tale, 525
- Antony, Mark, character of, 951
- Antwerp, its importance as a naval station, 996—constant aim of France to invade England from that point, *ib.*—madness of the league to wrest it from the Dutch and restore it to France, 997—refusal of the Northern Powers to sanction this act of injustice, 1002—degradation which England incurs by this step, 1003—answer of the King of the Netherlands to the demand of England and France for the surrender of the citadel, 1006—light in which the conduct of England in this business is viewed by foreign states, 1008—an universal war must be the result, 1009
- Approach to a mansion, remarks on, 778
- Augustus, 949—his situation after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, *ib.*—his popular manners, 951—his marriage, 953—his daughter Julia, *ib.*—his relations with subject kings, 954—his cruelty, 955—his domestic infelicity, *ib.*
- Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie, 712
- Backwoodsman, Upper Canada, by a, 238
- Balboa and Pizarro, lives of, 359
- Ballad, a new, of the New Times, 640
- Ballot, vote by, 827
- Bank, affairs of the, 671—state of, during the panic of 1825, 686
- Barthelemy, his banishment, 436
- Bedouin's song of home in a distant land, 680
- Beer and spirits, duty on, 62
- Belgium. See *Flanders*
- Bill, working of the, 824
- Birdie, to my, 32
- Borough, our, by the Dean of Guild, Chap. I. 642—Chap. II. 647—Chap. III. 649
- Boxer, the, 284
- Bristol, trial of the Magistrates of, and reaction among the operatives, 956
- Britain, prospects of, under the new constitution, 343
- Brougham, Mr, appearance and manner of, 110, 855—His review of the Hours of Idleness, 387
- Bull, John, Fragments from the History of, Chap. III—How John's other matters were managed all this time, 313—Chap. IV. How Madam Reform got into John's house after all in spite of his neck, 321
- Bulwer, Rev. J., his evidence on the trial of the Bristol Magistrates, 960
- Buonaparte, character of, 36—*anecdotes of*, 38, 40, 44, 46, 50, 51—comparison between him and Charlemagne, 791—his character of the Jacobins, 614—his account of the destruction of liberty in France, 947
- Burial of the Mighty, 993
- Cæsar, the first, 551—Omens respecting, 601—Passage of the Rubicon, 602—His mother, 605—His munificence, 607—His scheme of a revolution, 608—His funeral, 610—His personal appearance, habits, and character, *ib.*—His oratory, 611—His Commentaries, *ib.*
- Cæsars, the, Part I. 541—Chap. II. Augustus, 949
- Caledonian Mercury, the leading Whig Journal of Edinburgh, its opinion *now* concerning the late French Revolution, 932
- Callias, Supper of, 766
- Cambridge, fellows and customs of, 112
- Canada, Upper, 238—Report concerning waste lands, 245—Directions to emigrants, 252—Climate, 255—Houses of settlers, 258—Amusements, 259
- Carara, Antonio di, a Paduan Tale, 525
- Catholic Emancipation, 62
- Chamans, Viscount St, on the causes of the late French Revolution, 937—his account of the conduct of Charles X., 938
- Charlemagne, James's History of, 786
- Charles X., views of his Ministers, 617—his Ordinances strictly consistent with the charter, 933
- Chateaubriand, No. II. *Genie de Christianisme*, 217
- Cholera Mount, by James Montgomery, Esq., 802
- Christopher at the Lakes, Flight Second, 121—Flight Third, 177
- Church, spoliation of the, 266
- Church Reform, 828, 844
- Clergy, Spanish, confiscation of their property, 335
- Colman, George, his censorship of the stage, 871
- Commodus, singular conspiracy against, 557

- Communion, sacrament of, 224  
 Conference, London, object with which it was assembled, 1000  
 Confession, sacrament of, 224  
 Conservative dinner on the anniversary of Waterloo, a new song for, 144  
 Conservative party, duties of, 139  
 Constitution, fall of the, 55  
 Constitution, new, prospects of Britain under the, 343  
 Constitution of 1812, the Spanish, 330  
 Corn Laws, repeal of, 269, 676  
 Cortes, the Spanish, 329  
 County voters, 832  
 Cringle, Tom, his Log, Chap. XI. The Chase of the Smuggler, 22—Chap. XII. Cuba Fishermen, 146—Chap. XIII. Vomito Prieto, 300—Chap. XIV. Scenes in Jamaica, 456—Chap. XV. The Cruise of the Firebrand, 751—Chap. XVI. The Pirate's Leman, 912  
 Cuba Fishermen, 146  
 Currency, changes in, 61  
 Cyclop of Euripides, 652  
 Delta, Devotional Melodies by; No. I. Return, once more return, 215—No. II. Oh! who is like the Mighty One, ib.—No. III. How pleasant is the opening year, 216—The Yellow Leaf, by, 638  
 Descamisados, the Spanish, 339  
 Devereux Hall, Chap. I. 486—Chap. II. 492  
 Diary of a late Physician, passages from, Chap. XIII. The Thunder-struck, 279—The Boxer, 284—Chap. XIV. The Magdalen, 878  
 Dramatic Literature, report of select committee on, 861  
 Dress-ground round a mansion, remarks on, 778  
 Dutch at Surinam, humanity of, 448  
 Dutch. See *Holland*  
 Early Dead, by the Hon. Augusta Norton, 971  
 Edinburgh parties, &c., 117  
 Egyptian Princess, lament of, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 804  
 Electors of the County of Mid-Lothian, a new song for, 401  
 Electors, to the future, of Great Britain, 263  
 Eliezer the Sage, and Eliezer the Simple, 193  
 Emigrants, directions to, 252  
 Emigration, report of Mr Richards concerning, 245, 250  
 Euripides, Cyclop of, 652  
 Exiles, the republican, 431  
 Faith, mysteries of, 223  
 Fall of the Constitution, 55  
 Farewell to Earth, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 968  
 Fences, remarks on, 782  
 Finances of the country, the Duke of Wellington on, 375  
 Financial embarrassments, danger to Britain from, 344  
 Firebrand, cruise of, 751  
 Flanders, rivalry of the manufactures of, with those of England, 997—defeat of its revolutionary rabble by the Dutch, 1001  
 Fleming's views of the Lakes of Scotland, 858  
 Florence, dissensions of the republic of, 523  
 Flower-beds, remarks on, 781  
 Foreign affairs, 614  
 Fragments from the History of John Bull, Chap. III. 313—Chap. IV. 321  
 France, Reign of Terror, 39—Want of religious instruction, 43—Change of fashions since the Revolution, 44—Change in the national character, 52—Deterioration of manners, 53  
 Free Trade, impossibility of, 61  
 French Revolution of 1830, 931  
 Funds, confiscation of, 270  
 Genie de Christianisme, 217  
 Gilpin on Landscape-Gardening, 773  
 God, existence of a, 228  
 Godwin, Mrs, Lyrics of the East, by, 680  
 Grant, Mrs, of Laggan, her appearance and conversation, 116  
 Griffin's Remains, 91  
 Harmer, Mr, his evidence on the trial of the Bristol magistrates, 960  
 Hemans, Mrs, Songs for Music, by—I. Oh, skylark, for thy wing, 234—II. Let her depart, ib.—III. Where shall we make her grave, 235—IV. Summer song, ib.—V. Ancient Norwegian war song, 236—VI. The stream set free, 237—The English Martyrs, a scene of the days of Queen Mary, by, 480—The Two Monuments, by, 969  
 Here's a health to Aytoun, 405  
 Hesiod, 165—No. II. 505—No. III. The shield of Hercules, 807  
 Holland, disgraceful league of England with France for the oppression of, 620—Importance of, as a commercial ally of England, 997—Address of the States-General in the prospect of the approaching war, 1007  
 Homer's Hymns, No. VI. Helius, or the Sun, 33—VII. Minerva, ib.—VIII. Diana, 34  
 How pleasant is the opening year, 216  
 Immortality of the soul, 232  
 Infant emigration, 244  
 Instincts of animals, 228  
 Irving, Washington, appearance and manner of, 111  
 Italian cities, their prosperity under the German emperors, 520—Their independence and consequent subjection to petty despots, 522  
 Italian liberty, Sismondi and, 518  
 Jacobin societies of Spain, 336  
 Jamaica, scenes in, 456



- Jameson, Mrs, characteristics of woman, 859
- James's History of Charlemagne, 786
- Jeffrey, Mr, appearance and manner of, 116, 854—His introduction in the *Noctes*, 696
- Jehosha ben Levi, his interview with the angel of death, 747
- Junot, anecdotes of, 48, 49, 51
- King's Bench, court of, 109
- La Coudray, his banishment, 437
- Lady of the Greenwood Tree, a legend of Transylvania, 875
- Lakes, Christopher at the, 121, 177
- Lament of an Egyptian Princess, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 804
- Landscape-Gardening, Gilpin on, 773
- Leopold, his advancement to the throne of Belgium, 1001—treaty to guarantee the possession of his dominions, *ib.*—his marriage with the daughter of Louis Philippe makes his kingdom in fact a French province, *ib.*
- Let her depart, 234
- Liberty, Italian, Sismondi and, 518
- Liberty, Roman, real nature of, 519
- Light and Darkness, 681
- Lines on Staffa, 452
- Lockhart, appearance and manner of, 110, 111
- Log, Tom Cringle's. See *Cringle*
- Lord John and the pedlar, 640
- Love no longer thrills my soul, 210
- Lover, the secret, 312
- Lower orders, 848
- Lyrics of the East, by Mrs Godwin, 680
- Mackenzie, Henry, his appearance and conversation, 111
- Magdalen, the, 878
- Manufacturing classes, increase of, 64—its effects on the national character, 65
- Marbois, Barbé, his banishment, 437
- Martignac, M., his account of the Spanish Cortes, 329
- Martin, his pictures, 857
- Martyrs, the English, by Mrs Hemans, 180
- Milan, its contest with the German Emperors, 521
- Montgomery, James, Esq., the Cholera Mount, by, 802
- Monuments, the Two, by Mrs Hemans, 969
- Moore, his appearance, 110—his singing, 111
- Murray, Colonel, his Highland Landscapes, 857
- Murray, Mr, literary party at his house, 111
- Natolian Story-teller, 971
- Netherlands, partition of the kingdom of the, 996
- New Ballad of the New Times, 610
- Noctes Ambrosianæ*, No. LXII. 381—No. LXIII. 693—No. LXIV. 846
- Norton, Hon. Augusta, *The Early Dead* by, 971
- Not Now! by Lady E. S. Wortley, 969
- O'Connell, power of his party, 272
- Og, Rabbinical traditions concerning, 744
- Oh, Skylark, for thy wing, 234
- Oh, who is like the Mighty One, 215
- Palmistry, basis of, 788, *note*
- Pandour and his Princess, a Hungarian sketch, 1
- Partition of the kingdom of the Netherlands, 996
- Peyronnet, M., his proof that the ordinances, which preceded the Revolution of 1830, were strictly consistent with the charter, 933
- Physician, passages from the *Diary* of a late, 279, 878
- Pichegru, his behaviour in banishment at Cayenne, 442—his escape, 445
- Pipe, the Clerk of the, 403
- Pirate's Leman, 912
- Pizarro, *Lives of Balboa* and, 359
- Plan for the abolition of slavery, 87
- Poetry—To my Birdie, 32—*Homers Hymns*, Nos. VI. VII. VIII. 33, 34—Farewell to Italy, 103—A New Song, for a Conservative dinner on the anniversary of Waterloo, 144—Westwater in a storm, 185—Westwater in a calm, *ib.*—Angler's Tent, 189—Love no longer thrills my soul, 210—Return, once more return, by Delta, 215—Oh! who is like the Mighty One, by the same, *ib.*—How pleasant is the opening year, by the same, 217—Six Songs for Music, by Mrs Hemans, 234—The Secret Lover, from the Persian of Jaumi, 312—*Vixi regulis majorum*, 392—Schedule A! Schedule A! 396—A New Song for the Electors of the County of Mid-Lothian, 401—Abercrombie came down like a wolf on the fold, 402—The Clerk of the Pipe, 403—Whar hae ye been a' day, 404—Here's a health to Aytoun, 405—The unequal conference and the vex'd debate, 408—The Pursuits of Politics, by Timothy Tickler, 413—To a Rose, 430—Lines on Staffa, 452—The English Martyrs, a scene of the days of Queen Mary, by Mrs Hemans, 480—The Cholera Mount, by James Montgomery, 802—Lament of an Egyptian Princess, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 804—Poland, 612—The Yellow Leaf, by Delta, 638—A new Ballad of the New Times, 640—Cyclop of Euripides, 652—The Three Rooks, a scene from the "*Birds*" of Aristophanes the younger, 669—Lyrics of the East, by Mrs Godwin, No. I. The Bedouin's Song of Home in a distant Land, 680—No. II. The Voice of the Wilderness, 681—Light

- and Darkness, *ib.*—Stanzas by a Lady, 683—There were times, my Lord Jeffrey, between you and me, 708—Aytoun, our dear Union Laddie, 712—The Little Angler, 724—The Lady of the Greenwood Tree, 875—The Farewell to Earth, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 968—Not Now! by the same, 969—The Two Monuments, by Mrs Hemans, *ib.*—The Early Dead, by the Hon. Augusta Norton, 971—The Burial of the Mighty, 993—The Age of Wonders, or the New Whig War, a new Song, 1010
- Poland, 612
- , atrocious conduct of England and France towards, 635
- Polignac, state papers of, 617
- Political Unions, 832
- Political Union, pledges recommended by the London, 348
- Politics, the Pursuits of, a poem by Timothy Tickler, 413
- Portugal, unprincipled conduct of England and France towards, 633
- Press, the only means of arresting revolution, 357
- Rabbins, traditions of, 727
- Ramel, General, his arrest by Augereau, 435—His banishment, *ib.*
- Reform Bill, introduction and history of, 68
- Republican exiles, 431
- Republics, Italian, their factions, and consequent subjection to petty despots, 522
- Return, once more return, 215
- Revolutionary inroads, 671
- Revolution of 1830, disastrous results of, 616, 931, 943—The Spanish, 328
- Riego, insurrection of, 332
- Robespierre, his wish to restore religion in France, 49
- Roman empire under the Cæsars, 542
- liberty, real nature of, 519
- Romans, their journeys in the night-time, 602, *note*
- Rooks, the three, 669
- Rose, to a, 430
- Rothschild, Mr, his evidence before the Bank Committee, 688
- Sarrans, M., his account of the extinction of liberty in France, 621—Of the principles of the revolutionary party, 625—Of their system of propagandism, 626—Of their efforts to revolutionize Italy, 627—Of the conduct of France to Poland, 636
- Scene of the last six books of the *Æneid*, 76
- Scenes in Jamaica, 456
- Schedule A! Schedule A! 396
- Scheldt, See *Antwerp*
- Scott, Sir Walter, appearance of, 115—Character of his mind and writings, 218—Allan's picture of, 856
- Secret lover, 312
- Shaftesbury, character of, 630
- Sismondi, and Italian liberty, 518
- Slavery, plan for the gradual abolition of Negro, 87
- Smuggler, chase of the, 22
- Solomon, Rabbinical tradition concerning, 734—741
- Southey, appearance and manner of, 113
- Spanish revolution, 328
- Staffa, lines on, 452
- Stanzas by a Lady, 683
- State and prospects of the Whig Government, 840
- Story-teller, the Natolian, 971
- Summer song, 235
- Supper of Callias, 766
- There were times, my Lord Jeffrey, between you and me, 708
- The Stream set free, 237
- Thunder-struck, the, 279
- Tickler, Timothy, the Pursuits of Politics, by, 413
- Timber trade with Canada, its importance, 249
- Traditions of the Rabbins, 727
- Times newspaper, falsification in its report of the trial of the Bristol magistrates, 959
- Turin, scenery around, 105
- Uction, extreme, 226
- Upper Canada, 238
- Valencia, famous decree of, 332
- Valuing of L.10 houses, system of, 837
- Vinuesa, Don Mathias, execution of, 337
- Vixi regulis majorum, 392
- Vomito Prieto, 300
- Waterloo, a new song for a Conservative dinner on the anniversary of, 144
- Water, remarks on the method of forming artificial pieces of, 784
- Wellington, the Duke of, on the finances of the country, 375
- Westwater in a storm, 185—In a calm, *ib.*
- Whar hae ye been a' day, 404
- Where shall we make her grave, 235
- Whig Government, state and prospects of the, 840
- Whigs, their command of the press, 59
- Wilderness, Voice of the, 681
- Windsor, description of, 109
- Wonders, the age of, or the New Whig War, 1010
- Working of the Bill, 824
- Wortley, Lady Emmeline Stuart, Lament of an Egyptian Princess, by, 804—Farewell to Earth, by, 968—Not Now! by, 969
- Yellow Leaf, by Delta, 638









AP  
4  
B6  
v.32

Blackwood's magazine

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY**

---

